

The HASH HOUSE HERALD

Volume 2 Run 133

Sunday 19th to Saturday 25th February, 1995

3 Toejam-inspired heart attacks



Clitique and Can't Come bonding in a bin of ice as Cholimaster Tokyo Joe starts up at Run 132

Cyclos Storm Streets; Gecko Reported Missing

PROF S. AWE

The traffic police put on extra patrols tonight. The bartenders stocked their shelves and counted glasses. Lawyers rubbed their hands with glee at the thought of all those damages suits that will be filed in the morning - the morning after Cyclo Rally '95.

Organised to a T by Major Disappointment and Town Bike (who, by the way, entered as a team and even though they knew all the clues didn't win) with help from Deathwish and Lick Me There, the Rally encompassed every worthwhile bar in town and ten others.

Participants toted cyclos, puzzled out clues and got very, very drunk. Some teams, however, got carried away and actually stole items they were meant to collect - naughty, naughty Mr. Unco and Tattooed Dick!

Professor managed to get into trouble without even participating in the Rally - she slammed Rev. Feelgood up against a bar and ripped half his clothes off. Her story is she was looking for a gecko.

Some unorthodoxy was revealed to this reporter after the event: namely that a certain team used a utility (ute, for the Aussies) to transport their cyclos and were disqualified.

Another odd occurrence was one team refusing to drink alcohol. Wasn't that the point? Oh, it was a race!

The final stop, the New Wishing Well, was easy to find not only because of the fairy lights but the drunken singing helped as well. Several teams shamefacedly handed over stolen geckos.

Winners were Four Inches and Clare. Although there is a rumour that they cheated slightly....

Post-Cricket Hash a Bash

PROF S. AWE

Some of us were lucky to make it to the run site for last week's run. You see, the cricketing hashers thought they'd save themselves a trip and simply moved venue a few hundred yards from Prek Leap Ag College to a nearby pagoda.

However, those of us who had been throwing roasts around for four hours were not impressed either by the absence of life at the Railway Station or with the long, hot, dusty moto ride out to the site.

The brew was considerably confused as well, with the beer arriving in one car, being distributed into two others, and then reloaded into a fourth vehicle at the end.

The pack set off across the plain thom into the scrub. Town Bike wove in and out of runners, walkers and brew shouting encouragement, and living up to her name - everybody got a ride.

A metal bridge that somewhat resembled this reporter's Aunt Gladys' venetian blinds stumped the brew truck en route to the beer stop, but after Feel Free to Feel Me and Professor bailed out the crossing was achieved smoothly.

A large, comfortable tree overhanging the river provided the perfect resting place for tired hashers and the first ones in were the walkers!

A straight sprint back to the circle of cars and everyone collapsed onto the bonnets.

On3 was at the Ban Thai.

Socket and Plug are on holiday...



What's On On in Phnom Penh

Sunday, 5th March

Mekong Swim! Meet at 10 a.m. at Prek Leap Agricultural College or Deja Vu at 9 a.m. if you require transport. Contact Town Bike or Major Disappointment for details.

Saturday 11th March

Prostitutes & Pimps party! Contact (W)Angkorman, Harpist, Major Disappointment, Town Bike, Bundy or Ballantine

Sunday 12th March

Busy Lizzie (Har har har har har har har)'s last hash and On On On ata her house

Friday 17th March

Saint Patrick's Day party! Get out yer greens & dancin' shoes for a knees-up at CONCERN (St. 360). Contact Major Disappointment or anyone at CONCERN

Sunday 19 March

Saint Patrick's Day Hash. Contact Muffy, Major Disappointment, or Mr. Unco

Monday 20th March

Town Bike gets deported from Phnom Penh! Alert the KGB.

Saturday 25th March

Softball game (maybe the Aussies can play better softball than cricket?!) BYOB, followed by beers at the US abode. WHY? 'Cos all 17 of them are leaving us! Contact Scott.

Every Saturday

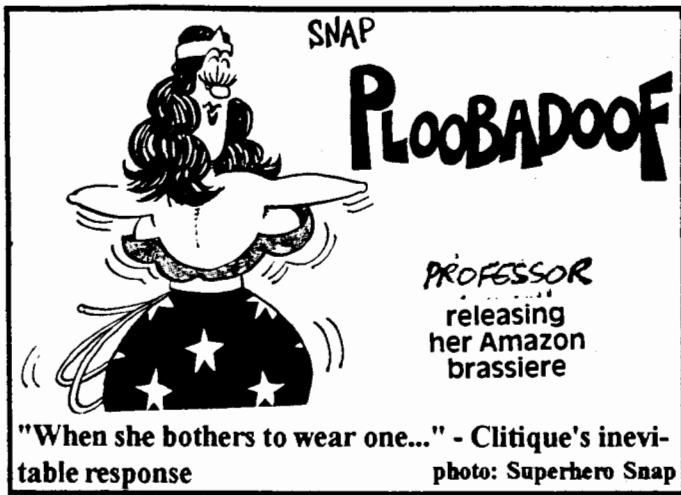
Touch rugby at Phnom Penh University 3.30 - 5.00 p.m. New players are most welcome. It costs you 500 Riels per week - but you get to see the most famous thighs in Cambodia in action! Contact Returnee.

April 2nd

Biathlon time! Swim in the International Youth Club pool, followed by a run. Contact Muffy.

Early April

Phnom Penh Players production!
Contact Professor, Wet One, or Four Inches for information.



Hash Hounds

THE THINKER

TIME ON HIS HANDS CO.

Having been running with the hash now for a few weeks one cannot help but notice the number of hounds involved, either running or providing vocal support from the sidelines. It leads me to question the old adage, "a dog reflects its owner". (*Only if the dog is highly polished!* - Ed.)

DO hash hounds reflect the hash is the burning question.

Detailed and meticulous observations were made, funded through a \$3.00 grant from the WWF. Some startling results were obtained:

1) Bundy

This dog is just plain fucking stupid. Prone to getting lost, jumping down deep holes (*just like his fathers, Clitique and Harpist - Ed.*), running close to those track-side Bar-Bies (*here we go. For more interesting spelling, see cricket page - Ed.*) during the down-downs, etc. Most amazing is Bundy's continued friendship with Whiskey, whose sole intention in life is to give Bundy a stab in the chutney larder with the old pork dagger!

2) Whiskey

Fornicator extraordinaire, Whiskey believes he was put on this planet for one reason only. Shagging! While money may be the root of all evil, Whiskey is definately the evil of all roots. Usually targeting Bundy, this little dog has disproportionate rear

thigh strength enabling him to operate at 150 TPM (thrusts per minute). Remember the embassy. (*He gets even more cryptic as time goes on - Ed.*) It has also been noted that Whiskey is not the only hasher with eyes on Bundy's cute little canine arse. Oh no, somebody else in the group also has that glint in the eye when Bundy trots by. Anyway, how did KY get his name?

3) Pickles

A mean motherfucker with no manners, this dog eats razor wire for kicks! Pickles is thought to have done two extended voluntary stretches in Wormwood Scrubs. Prone to kicking urine soaked soil over hashers ("What are YOU going to do about it, punk?") Pickles greatest pleasure comes from either squatting over hashers' feet or biting Muttley.

4) Muttley

A quieter and more reserved hound, Muttley also falls into the dumb-ass category as he always runs near Pickles who then takes the opportunity to test her jaw speed and strength with frightening results.

Overall the conclusion is that for the theory to be proved, hashers would need to be predominantly stupid, dirty and ill-mannered, with a permanent desire for a good root.

Result: theory proved.

It's great to be running with kindred spirits!

Ever wondered who belongs to whom? In a purely canine sense, of course...

Pickles & Minnie

- Snitch

Professor

- Lick Me There

Muttley & Nora

- Four Inches

Whiskey

- Voyeur

Suki the Wondermutt

- DuckFucker, Toejam, Professor

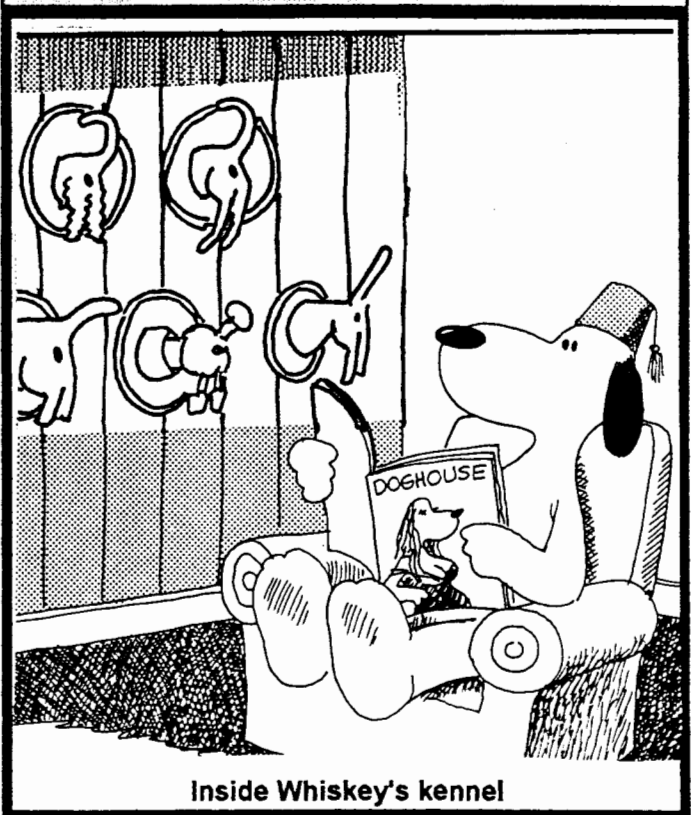
& Lick Me There

Bundy & Ballantine

- (W)Angkorman, Harpist &

Clitique

The Whiskey Side (with apologies to Gary Larson)



Inside Whiskey's kennel

SPECIAL CRICKETING

Two Tribes Go To Waugh (Errr, What is HE Good For)

While the sporting ignorant have been entertained recently by Ashes trivia in Australia, true officianados of the game of cricket gathered in Phnom Penh to watch the second in this best of 423 international series between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. (Is that the editor of Wisden over there?)

Anticipating practically no crowd whatsoever nobody turned up early to find the pitch in near-crap condition. Ngorn Home Early, pitch curator, was not available for comment but this had nothing to do with the fact that the toss coin was missing, according to Muk Y Fingers, head Dog Turd Remover at the ground.

Following a pitch inspection, Town Bike, Captain of the "Argh-stick-it-up-your-arse-mate" southern team was in high spirits (pissed again!) "It's a good

BRIAN JOHNSON

"I'M A BIT SMELLY NOW." PRESS

track mate, I reckon the ball will come onto the club really well. I just the umpires keep on top of the off-sides." (Jonners looks confused.) Captain of the "Oh-I-say-they're-not-wearing-whites-old-boy" northern Poofsters, Major Disappointment, commented "She knows fuck all about cricket. What we can say is that with a pitch like this we'll have a fast game with plenty of goals. Any of the three teams could win." (Jonners, in tears, leaves to re-enter grave so he can turn.)

The Poofsters opened the batting and immediately knocked up -5 runs. (Not even England achieved that although there are those who think having Gatting in your side is worth -50!) The Poofsters innings reached a high point when one member of the Arse-Mates, apparently angered

by consecutive lucky sixes, turned nasty, trashing an ornate, antique, highly valuable trellace. (*I think he means trellis but I'm not sure - Ed.*) The ICC, keen to stamp out the yob element from the game, acted swiftly, removing the culprit's left testicle. NO BALL!

Lunch was taken with the Poofsters scoring 118 (how the fuck did they get that many?) The normally sedate sandwiches were replaced by a tag wrestling match with 15 cold chickens. The chooks lost but the Arse-mates were clearly rattled by the lack of a Bar-bie (*I think he means BBQ - Ed.*) and never fully recovered their composure.

Meanwhile, Pickles, the famous chookaphobic, was receiving counselling. (*If she's not being sued by the chicken's own-*

ers, she's being counselled - Ed.)

Straight after lunch the Arse-mates had early success with the bat. Sufficient success in fact that Mr. Unco, Poofsters player coach, called on that legendary Irish Guards leadership as he ran away to avoid a humiliating defeat. The rest of his team had other ideas (mostly nothing to do with the cricket) and with some brilliant fielding ("Fuck, I've dropped it") managed to produce a close finish. As the last ball was bowled, however, with 98 on the board, the Poofsters knew they were sumburnt. (.....?! - Ed)

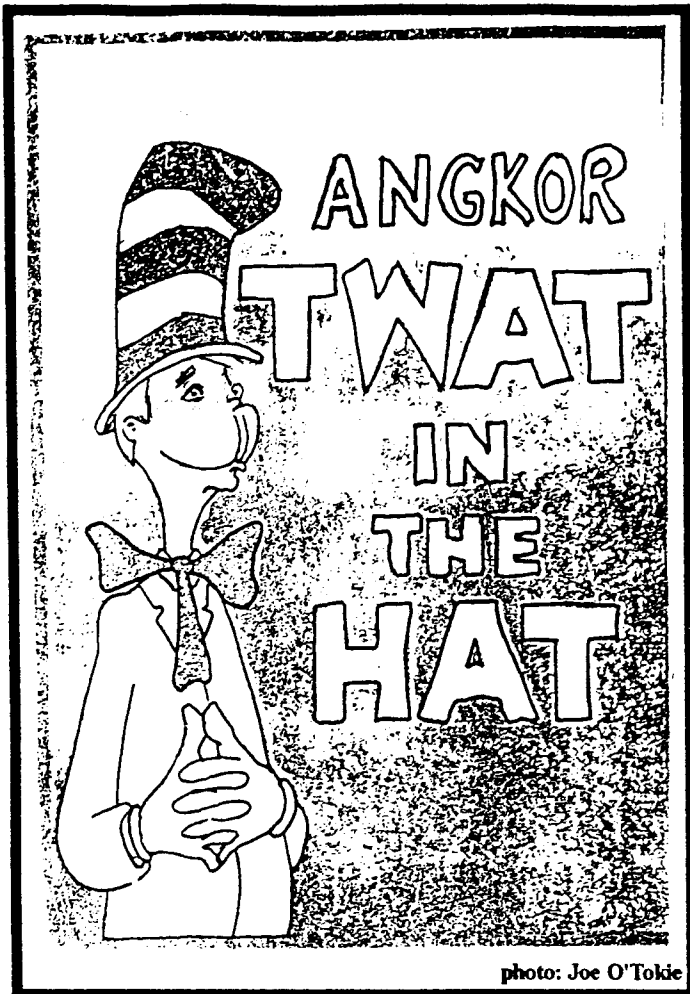
Throughout the game the conditions (personal stupidity) made life difficult for the umpires. Several close decisions were only made after calling for the third can of beer. Wicket keepers were also struggling but generally kept

cont. page 5...

The Winners.....

The Northern Hemisphere Team, looking boring and smug





This official photo, taken from IMIC personnel department files, shows the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers' own Angkor Twat in full cruising gear. A. Twat was christened at last week's hash in recognition of his nocturnal habit of lurking in grotty restaurants in the suburbs of Phnom Penh, where he regularly chats up Angkor beer girls in an attempt to have his evil way with them. Twat wisely removed his distinctive headgear before going into the circle for his down-down.

P2H3 on the Internet? Balls to that!

First we used the hash horn to herald our presence. Then the new telecommunications hash wand was developed. Now, thanks to Balls, the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers are in communication with Harriers International - by e-mail! We received this response to Balls' original message:

Hi Balls,

Shit: P2H3 on the Internet? Wow!

ONE: You can write me at Harrier International, GPO Box 1670, Bangkok 10501. This will save me a dollar I must pay to receive and send each e-mail message.

TWO: Kindly send me a copy of your last P2H3 newsletter/trash listing your mismanagement committee so that I may update the central Worldwide HHH database. Last info contact was Barry Rogers???

THREE: Can you please ask "Rock Hard" to settle US\$125 advertising in the Handbook - June 1994 edition. US\$ or UK pounds or Aust \$ personal cheque to "Harrier International" is okay. Otherwise register US\$ banknotes. Or pay heaps extra for a bank draft! Amex is also okay I suppose - but costs me 7% - so not too keen. Seems someone forgot about payment. Too busy running the establishment (and hashing) no doubt!

FOUR: The sales pitch: 12 Hares & Hounds HHH news publications; 6 Harrier International (includes 4 colour pages); 4 Hash HI-Flyer (Quarterly World Trash); 4 Harenet International (1/4 hashing the Internet). Annual subscription US\$26 airmail for the lot! World Hash Handbook & Directory - Run #7, 400 pages, HHH clubs, contacts, logos, hashstory, etc. US\$12.50 airmail

On On!

Tim MAGIC Hughes, PhhD
Hashstorian & Publish-hare

POTTIE BLOTTIE

Feb 19 Lovely little hashing virgins, don't be afraid....Mike Sabo, JJ Marsaly, Lindy Young, and Jim Anderson.

Feb 19 We had some visitors. What defines a visitor? A regional hasher or someone closer to home, like Battambang? Anyway, they didn't leave any calling cards, but we got their names: Mike Hinkley and Rapid Relief.

Feb 19 Returning were

Pat Dennis, Mark Petrie, David Hill, and Peter Mac.

Feb 19 Anniversaries: Paul, 5; Michael "Weibs", 5; KY, 15; Mike Zykes, 5; Short & Curly, 30; Voyeur, 70; Camouflage, 75; and Snitch, 95.

Feb 19 IMIC Paul was named Angkor Twat, a name this reporter finds singularly distasteful yet somehow in keeping with the hash. Dan Harper at last received his

hashname. Although not as popular as "Gumby", Harpist suits him quite well.

Feb 19 Busy Lizzie got one for being there; Clitique rode Town Bike; and Town Bike set the hash on her motorbike. I think she needs Snitch's School for Hashers, opposite.

Feb 19 Clitique and Can't Come were made to stand in a bucket for spillage

accrued earlier.

Feb 19 Tokyo Joe became the first ever recipient of the Herald Editorial Team t-shirt for writing five articles - in three weeks! Shame, people! Professor got done for being nice.

Feb 19 Hares were Town Bike and Major Disappointment. If you ever put a bridge like that in a hash again, girls....Brew was Steve and Feel Free to Feel Me. What else is new?

Mismanagement

They make you pound through the jungle with hangovers they've inflicted on you; they make you gulp down unwanted beer and Fosters; they publicly humiliate you and then expect you to turn up for more. These are the people that rule over the common hasher. Know them and their names - it might get you out of trouble.

Position:	Hash name:	Real name:
Grand Master	Four Inches/Axle	Barry Rogers
Asst. Grand Master	Snitch	Nick Hughes
	Voyeur	Jeremy Martin
Religious Advisors	Plug	Steve Scotchmer
	Socket	Jackie Geake
Hash Scribe	Professor	Trude Jacobsen
Hash Cash	Voyeur	Jeremy Martin
	Returnee	Marie Yeo
Hash Stats	Snitch	Nick Hughes
Hash Bash	Returnee	Marie Yeo
	Mr. Unco	Nigel Venning
	Muffy	Noelle O'Brien
	Ratatouille	Rita Poutiainen
Trail Mistress	Muffy	Noelle O'Brien
Hash Queen	Tokyo Joe	Paul Eaton
Hash Flash	KY	Paul Freer
Hash Brew	Feel Free to Feel	
	Me & CMAC	Dot Aleknevicus
Choirmaster	Tokyo Joe	Paul Eaton
Hash Forger	Vibrator	Bob Taylor



YOU'RE NICKED!

CONTRIBUTE NOW TO THE
HERALD'S "STITCH THE SNITCH"
LIMERICK COMPETITION.

The P2H3's own Snitch will be leaving us very soon (Pause for hysterical sobbing.) You've all been down-downed by this former flatfoot gone troppo - now's your chance to get your own back. Scrawl your very own Snitch limerick and hand it to Professor ASAP. See your name in the *Herald*!

photo: Interpaul

School of Snitchism

PROF S. AWE

The hashing world has, for the last two years, wondered why all of a sudden some really good hashes have been set by hitherto incompetent hares.

Now we on the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers know that Snitch is good. Damned good. When it comes to setting hashes, the only people that come close are Oh Shit and DuckFucker. Also, Snitch has set more (19) than any other P2H3 hasher.

Therefore it is not inconceivable that the academic institution pictured opposite is indeed what it says it is: Snitch's School For Hares, where hashers learn the meaning of "a wet hash"; differentiate between shit and shiggy, and how much of each to include on a run; and how to generally reduce the pack to tears. Whilst earning respect, of course.

**ABOUT TOWN WITH A
STENO PAD AND A
DIRTY MIND**

"I've been quite lucky, sexually"
- Town Bike, discussing moto
drivers

"It's in here somewhere and I'm
going to find it!"
- Professor, strip-searching
Rev. Feelgood for a "mis-
placed" gecko at the Cyclo
Rally

"There's something sticky drib-
bling out here..."
- Professor, surrounded by dec-
ades-old condiments

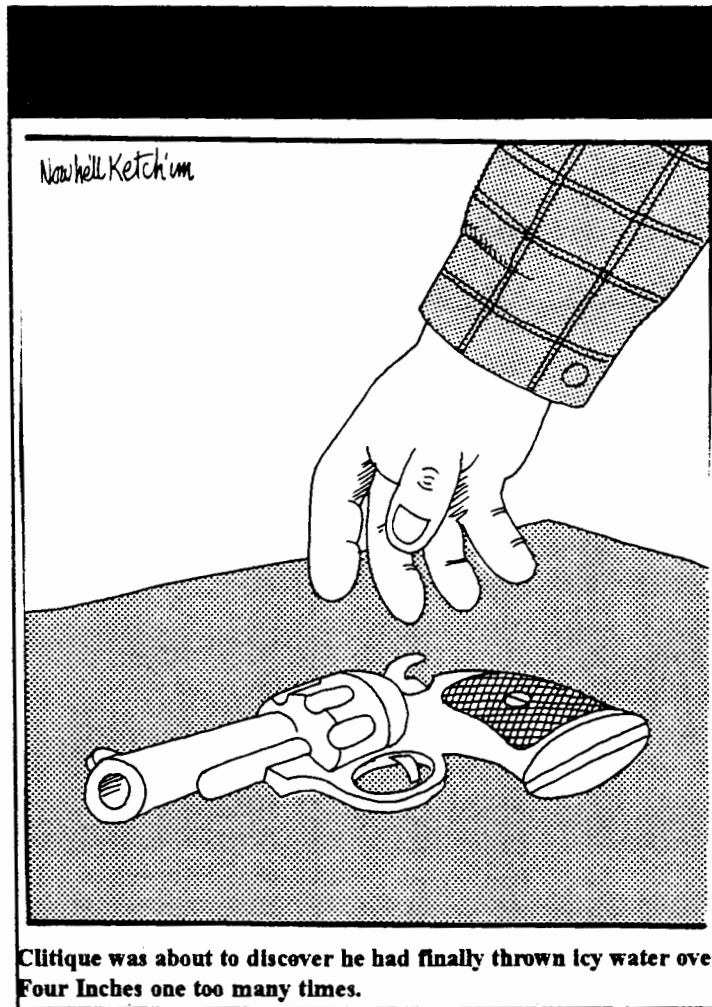
"Good God, that's a healthy-
looking cock!"
- Biggus Tittus, strolling through
a village at run 132

"I'm sorry I was late, sir, but I
got stuck behind that runner"
- Lee, explaining his tardiness
to fellow walkers at the beer
stop

"God, walkers have to do all the
work!"
- Busy Lizzie, strolling calmly
into the beer stop ahead of the
runners

"Show us that hole you've got
in your pants!"
- Clitique, regarding Professor's
unfortunate rip and lack of
knickers

STOP PRESS!
A little Morrissey-
esque bird told me
that Feel Free to feel
Me was so desperate
for a spa come 3a.m.
this morning that she
scaled the Harpers'
wall to get to it!
Unfortunately, she
knocked half of it
down in the process
(wall, not spa).



Clitique was about to discover he had finally thrown icy water over Four Inches one too many times.

Mekong Swim 1995

Something you've always wanted to do, but never quite got around to it. Now's your chance!

When?

Sunday March 5th 1995, 10 a.m. followed by lunch in down-
town Phnom Penh

Where?

Starting from Prek Leap Agricultural College. Transport
available from outside Deja Vu at 9.30 a.m.

Bring:

One boat & rings will be available, but swimmers are recom-
mended to bring their own floating devices, e.g. empty wine
casks/juice bottles etc.

Supporters welcome. Cost: Lunch afterwards.

For details contact Niamh or Margot: 015-913-971
after 6 p.m.

The Hash House Herald

Volume 2, Run 133
February 19-25, 1995

Editor
Professor

Reporters
Lots

Well, well, well. It took
me a long time to get there,
but I finally made it: an
eight-page Herald!

Luckily lots of hashers
were doing zany things this
week (zany meaning worth
writing about, for example
Returnee developing the
thigh orgasm).

Also luckily, most of
you never read what I write
in this column. If you did,
then I would expect I'd have
been put away long ago.
Particularly with regard to
last week's spiel on sinister
government projects with
blue plastic milk bottle
tops.

A surprise was in store
for the hash this run: the
return of Toejam! Yes, he
appeared out of the blue in
what was obviously a con-
spiracy to make Professor
lose her mind completely
after a harrowing few
weeks. Sadly, he's only
staying until Monday, so
make the most of him!

We do seem to be get-
ting a tad sporty as a com-
munity, don't we? Let's
look at the agenda: cyclo
rallying, swimming the
Mekong, touch rugby,
squash ladders, triathafuns,
biathalons, and God knows
what other kind of thons
and lons.

I for one will be glad
when the Players put on
their next production. It's
not only your bodies that
need to be abused, but your
minds, also!