Run 158

RHYTHM'N'BREWS

23 July 1995 | A Suppement to the Sunday Sport | Volume 1 Issue 4

Tokyo Joe practicing his arias before performing the down-down song.

GOBBLEDEEGOOK by MR UNCO

This slot very nearly was full of gobbledeegook due to a problem caused by one of our roving reporters (THE GREEN GODDESS) having a much more advanced computer than the Sunday Sport or any of its staff. Unfortunately, THE GREEN GODDESS' floppy got passed to RAWHIDE (the editorial manager) who managed to turn what was a perfectly sensible article about Hashing from a walkers point of view into complete jibberish. Knowing very little about the modern world of computers I am unable to expand on this any further.

Anyway, these problems have caused me, at short notice, to put pen to paper once again, which, of course, gives me the opportunity to write some of my own gobbledeegook. These are, I suppose, the problems one faces managing a national newspaper of such high esteem. We, the 'Nom Pen' Hash House Harriers, were very fortunate to welcome another eminent publisher to our little crowd last week — Michael Hayes has been Phnom Penh for over three years — why is it that it takes some people so long to participate in our Sunday afternoon rituals? Bring your friends along in the future — and get them to write some articles if they so desire (only if they have old fashioned computers, I hasten to add).

The standard of Hash signing is appaling. I can name on one hand the individuals who sing with all their migh regularly.

TOKYO JOE, WET ONE, and LOBSTERMAN set a fine example which we should aspire to. Right, that's enough I've filled the gap.

TROPICANA FIASCO
5 THINGS TO DO IN THE TROPICANA WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR MEAL
by NOSEJOB

1. Read the works of Shakespeare in brail (for those who can't read brail, don't worry, you still have time to learn)

2. Build a 1;1000 exact replica of Angkor Wot using toe-nail cuttings only (everyone uses matches!)

3. Try to persuade HASH SEX to lend you $5. You won't have time to complete this task, but it will fill the gap.

4. Moan alot (we all did!)

5. Think of other places you would prefer to be and then see No. '4' above.

Hash #158 by Anon

Due to mechanical difficulties the editors of this newsletter will be unable to bring the expected Hash Report for the beautiful hash that took place last week. Instead we will regale you with the wonders of computing by inputing this bit from some nobody who enjoys a hash or two periodically.

Not having had great experience with the P^2H^3 I was fantastically pleased with the Hash that took place last week. The hashers boarded a ferry which precariously carried us across the Mekong River. We arrived dry and raring to start our various forms of exercise.

To make a long story short, the scenery was very lovely and those of us who walked the trails enjoyed it to a much greater extent than any runners could ever dream. The weather was superb and the conversations even better. We worked up our own sweat while getting the opportunity to breath the fresh air and take in the natural setting. Needless to say, the first of the walkers arrived right on the heels of the runners and we hope that such an exhibition of fitness will quiet a few of the loudmouths who think walking is simply for wimps.

INSIDE:

MORE INSULTS FROM OUR RESIDENT GOSSIP COLUMNIST NOSEJOB
A POEM (I THINK) • ALL THE USUAL OLD CRAP • A COMPETITION ON PAGE 3!

AM I DREAMING OR AM I IN PHNOM PENH

BY MEENA

Blond and bashful UNCO asked me for some prose.
Myopic KY with starry eyes quite sociable and verbose,
discussed meanwhile his latest crush, all hush, hush,
so I cannot publicly declare lest I invite from KY
a myopic dirty glare!

Over two months ago fresh from India I was initiated
into this new found religion called 'HASH'.
A day of shocks and floundering (a virgin)
appalled at the sight of prophet Barry (4 INCHES) running
around in hideous underwear,
drunk and swearing and crazily baring himself to all who
cared or all who did not.

Maybe I did stare a little open-mouthed at first.
This was different and wildly so to the hum drum life which I had led in the quiet peace of home.

So many bodies sloshing in the spa
rumps and humps and in decent bumps!
till someone's mouth and someone's toe.....
Then I decided to go!

Slightly mixed, but not unhappy
I had a peaceful sleep that night
old zip-lip VOYEUR and bubbly CUCHI
amicable and open helped the floundering virgin
to put her at her ease introducing and encouraging
amidst clatter or platter and heaps of chatter,
very English mostly.
All things then began to normalize and settle.
The HASH Society began to blend in with herself.

Day after day,week after week the sky seemed so blue and clouds friendly were, the sun was all smiles
and the trees o so green.
The countryside quiet except for grunts and huffs and puffs of joggers so religious about their weekend rendezvous.

FOUR INCHES, MUFFY, RAWHIDE and all,
VOYEUR and CUCHI,
the big and the small all gathered together so strange and so same a beer and a laugh and life is a game.
ON, ON, comes later, some feast and some snack
Oh darling Phnom Penh I am glad to be back.

HASHING HATES

by NOSEJOB

As often is the case it started with a chance remark. The Down-Downs had just been finished and PARASITE was heard to remark that she hated catching her nipple on a cold can of drink! Pardon? Yes we all heard correctly, but as PARASITE pointed out she is more at risk than most. But what other hates I wonder lurk in the recesses of our fellow Hashers' minds?

"I hate paying for things" said HASH SEX (I know, the $5 you left in the Tropicana only paid 2/3 of your bill!), " particularly for moto's. I pay 500 riel (sorry NOSEJOB 1000 riel was a bit over the top Ed.) only although I did pay 1500 to a chap once who brought me up from Saigon".

KY hates Gerty. This was a suprise but apparently Gerty ditched KY for a young bullock (I take Gerty prefers boys with the snip then Ed.). Typical woman gets what she wants and 'Vooom', (shouldn't that be MOO, NOSEJOB), gone! WET ONE simply hates getting the Clap for all the wrong reasons. RAWHIDE and MR UNCO hate PROFESSOR for leaving them with this paper to print every week, while PROFESSOR hates falling off her motorbike (AKA covered - in- shite) in front of everybody (but we loved her for giving us a laugh).

MUFFY hastes the flat terrain in Phnom Penh. Anyone who saw her disembark, gazelle like, from the boat on Sunday knows that here is a mountain in womans clothing. She must dream of the hills, rocky ravines, bounding from craggy face to craggy face (Maybe that's why she likes RAWHIDE).

In more general terms, the Australians hate the French, the French hate Greenpeace, Greenpeace hate Shell, Shell hate the Khmer Rouge and the Khmer Rouge hate the Australians, and so the world goes round.

As for myself, I hate the pathetically weak two-ply here, especially when your finger goes through the paper and you end up with....., but perhaps we should leave that for another day.

THE SUNDAY SPORT

Managing editor RAWHIDE
Editing Manager MR UNCO
Typesetting BARBARA
Contributors NOSEJOB
Mama
GREEN GODDESSS
(nearly)
Anon

COLLECTIVE NOUNS CONFOUND

A NOSEJOB COMPETITION

As the HASHERS gathered in response to the AGM'S call on Sunday and the virgins were pushed forward in a frightened huddle, the question was posed "what's the collective noun for virgins?" A 'condom' of virgins was put forward and then pulled out, followed by a 'convent'. No said several women, giggling nervously. What about a 'French'. Definiitely not, it's virgins not hookers!.

Then of course there are the other main HASH positions. How about a 'Pubic' of Hares, a 'Rhythm' of Brews or perhaps something else of sinners.

Well there is a prize for the best suggestions so get thinking and hand your entry into RAWHIDE or MR UNCO or someone who knows them by Wednesday and they will pick the best.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. THE EDITORS DECISION WILL BE FINAL UNLESS CHANGED

2. THE PRIZE WILL BE COMPLETELY CRAP.

POTTIE BLOTTIE ~~RUN WALK~~ HASH#157

VIRGINS: Bridget Howard, Clive Schofield, Roland Rich, Nick Rulli, Dean Rosenfield, Russ Thompson and after just over three years in Cambodia Michael Hayes finally comes on the Hash.

RETURNEES: CAN'T COME returned yet again and this time to RETURNEE who joined him in a down down. Also returning was AWAY and HARPIST made up the quartet for wetting the HASH TRASH.

ANNIVERSARIES: Sally Baker 5 runs, Jim Culver, Helen Hutchbie and SQUIDGY have come 10 times, TIGER 20, UNZIPPER 25, UDDER BUTTER 30, MUFFY 45 times and finally MR KANE with a paltry 55 runs.

SINNERS: RAWHIDE, HASH SEX, UDDER BUTTER, SOCKETand Nicole were punished for name abuse. BANANA SPLIT was punished for organizing the Bastille Day ON ON ON at a French establishment where the tired HASHERS had to wait for hours for their food (it was a wonder anyone felt like eating after been led through the sewage by HASH SEX). Finally NOSEJOB was punished for having the best fun since he was 11 and his mates christened him Palmolive Nipples.

HARES: Hares for the day were MAJOR DISAPPOINTMENT and UNZIPPER. Brew was handled by UDDER BUTTER and Emma Oz.

MISC.: HASH SEX was punished for wearing renovated shoes, which unfortunately he could not drink out of as they were leaking. RAWHIDE was given a down down for getting his shoes dirty on such a dry Hash.

PHNOM PENH
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

INVITES HASHERS
TO
THE
ANNUAL GENERAL PISSUP
(AGPU/AGM)

LOCATION
VOYEUR'S HOUSE
HOUSE #51,STREET 302.

(BETWEEN MONIVONG AND STREET 63)

AGENDA: PARTY, MISMANAGEMENT ELECTIONS

LET YOUR VOICE BE HEARD YOU MISERABLE HASHERS