The HARRIER DAILY

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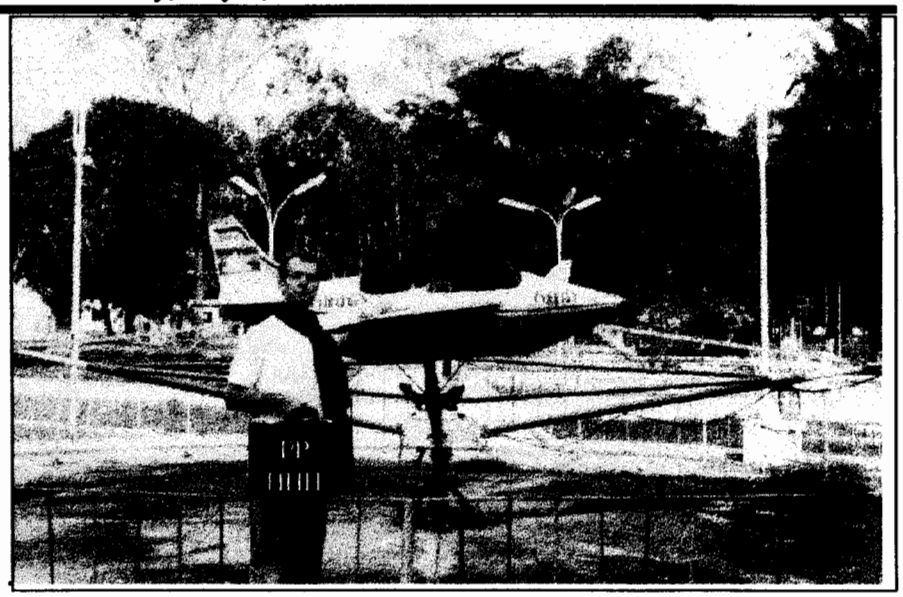
Hash Choir-master Does a Runner



Hash Choirmaster Tokyo Joe Moments Before Capture at Svay Rieng Airport

SVAY RIENG-by Joe O'Tokie, Agence Hache Presse.

The normally sleepy provincial town of Svay Rieng saw great excitement last week as customs agents of the Phnom Penh Hash House Harriers swooped down on errant Hash Choir Master Tokyo Joe.

Joe, a long standing member of the illustrious Phnom Penh cultural, philanthropical and wind-breaking group was apprehended at this eastern metropolis' transportation hub as he attempted to flee the country with the sacred Hash memorabilia entrusted to him.

"We gave him every smutty and tasteless Hash Song that was ever handed down to us. Even those donated by the infamous Snitch, who donated a copy of the Jakarta Hash songbook." said one Hasher, who wished to remain nameless but who is in fact Mr. Nosejob of 51 Street, Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

The Harrier Daily contacted legal advisor Mr. Hash Sex, who declined comment, unless "Down-Down the Blighter!" can be so construed.

Details were still sketchy at press time, owing to the malty contents of a number of "roadies" accidently falling down the throat of this columnist, but reports seem to indicate that Tokyo Joe stuffed the songs into his briefcase and tried to escape under Hash Committee diplomatic cover to arch-rival Hash, the Saigon Hash House Harriers. There he intended to peddle the priceless memorabilia of the Phnom Penh Hash for a song.

Incriminating evidence in the form of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot","Fanny Morgan", "The Good Ship Venus", and most shocking of all, one of the P2H3's most prized songs, "A Frenchman Went to the Lavatory", were found in his briefcase and confiscated by Hash House Customs Officers.

It is alleged that Mr. Tokyo Joe, now incarcerated in T-3 (Tom's Third Bar on 63 St.) awaiting trial, automatic conviction and down-down, is in fact a mole planted years ago by the Vietnamese group, a hash whose nefarious trickery knows no bounds.

"The Saigon H3 will stop at nothing to infiltrate our Hash. They even entered our territory during the 200th Hash and moved the flour and chalk marks ten metres to the west.", stated Grand Mooseturd Mr. Voyeur, a long-time voiciferous critic of Vietnamese movements.

GM Lets Off Wet One

Cathouse Bar, 51 St.

In a surprise ruling by the Grand Master, Mr. Wet One, former (thank God if you're thirsty) Hash Brew, was released into the custody of a dozen Filipina bar maids in a moment of leniecy.

"I chose to release Wet One into protective custody rather than administer the usual down-down. It seemed fitting, since the crime for which he was being punished was that of 'roadie-ing.' More beer didn't really seem a fitting punishment for this man."

'Roadie-ing' is the sin of snatching up a hash brew after the circle is over and guzzling it down while driving home. This is considered to be not in keeping with the Hash's cultural sensitivity policy, as the rapid ingestion of alcohol often causes the homeward bound Hasher to mimic and parody the everyday driving habits of ordinary Cambodian citizens.

Run Report

Last Week's run was noteworthy in that the Hares didn't turn up. Fortunately, some impromptu live run setting by some of our most intrepid hashers saved the day. Plans are afoot to locate the errant hares and bucket them. The committee is looking for a source of dry ice for the bucket. Slow singers wanted for choir.

Letters to the Editor

Cher Monsieur:
Allow me, on behalf of all French Hacheurs to congratulate the world's other hacheurs on our permitting them to rejoin us in ***HATO*** (Hash Alcohol Tippling Organization) after their 30 year expulsion from this illustrious society by our beloved Grand Master, Charles de Balls. Naturally, we Hacheurs have certain unique requirements which must be immediately catered to:
1.) Acceptable vintages of French wines will be served to us should we deign to accept a down-down.
2.) The singing, by your silly and Anglo-Saxon so-called Choir Master of that offensive and obnoxious song must cease immediately. I refer, Cher Monsieur, to "A Frenchman Went to the Lavatory", which this man sings to the tune of "La Marseillaise".

In lieu of this disgusting affront to our national dignity, we propose, in all fairness, the following neutral tune, to be sung to the tune of "God Save the Queen".

Les couilles de mon grand pere
Sont pendues au platfond
Et ma grand-mere se desespere
De les voir se dessecher.
Car c'etait la plus belle paire de couilles
De tout le quartier
Et ma grand mere se desespere
De les voir se dessecher.

Yours sincerely, Colonel Hippolite Connard-mal-Content, Retired.

Editor's note:

THE HASH CHOIRMASTER WAS GIVEN RIGHT OF REPLY:

Dear Connard,
You, Sir, are a beastly Froggie! You will never take away our beloved Hash song "A Frenchman Went to the Lavatory" only to replace it with this outrage to all that is good and decent. I close by saying that you are a garlic-eating, moustache-twirling Continental who makes love with his face.
T. Joe, Hash Choirmaster

Dear Editor
Certain beastly Froggies are trying to challenge all that we hold dear. I propose that the Committee consider the following amendment to our Charter:
That, henceforth, the British Imperial System of measurement be the only system of measurement to be used on the Hash. All trails are to be measured in miles, furlongs, chains, perches and yards. Penalty for offenders: **Down-Down!**
signed, "Disgusted"

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM

OUR READERS