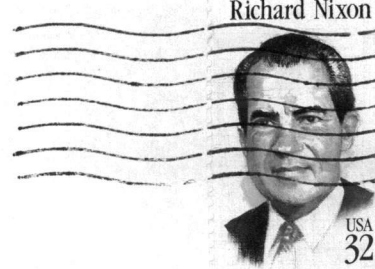


5 Orange Ave.  
Cranford, NJ 07016



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## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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NORA & DAVE CARY  
4 HILLVIEW TERR.  
CONVENT STATION, NJ 07961

|||||      |||||  
**SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**HASH HOT LINE: 908-277-4127**

**GRAND MASTER** Drew "Miscast" Fischlein, 7 Brookside Rd.,  
Succasunna, NJ 07876 (h) 201-584-8210

**JOINT MASTER** Andy "Orgasmitron" Norris, 1438 Deer Path,  
Mountainside, NJ 07092 (h) 980-789-8767

**JOINT MASTER** Tony "Dog Meat" Saitta, 34 Candlewood Dr.,  
New Providence, NJ 07974 (h) 908-665-0786

**HASH CASH** Keith "Breaststroke" Johnson, 20 Sterling Dr.,  
Livingston, NJ 07039 (h) 201-994-2314

**ON-SEX** John "Papoose" Bashaw, 501 Orange Ave. Cranford.  
NJ 07016 (h) 908-276-4818

**TRAILMASTER** Jim "Seoul Brudda" Whitely, 46 Colonial Way,  
Short Hills, NJ 07078 (h) 201-376-2392

**ON-SCRIBES** Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George &  
Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

Next Run: No. 401: FIRST MONDAY RUN OF THE YEAR  
(May 15<sup>th</sup> run listed on next page)  
22

**Date: MONDAY, 15 MAY 1995 AT 7:00 PM**

**Hare: MASSENGIL**

**Place: SEELEY'S POND, WATCHUNG RESERVATION**

**Erections:** I-78W to Exit 44. Make right at light to Glenside,  
follow to Valley Rd. and make right. Entrance is  
first left. Or, I-78E to Exit 43. Right off exit  
ramp to first light (McMane Ave.) and make right.  
Follow to end and make right onto Glenside. Follow  
above directions.

PLEASE SEND YOUR \$25 DUES TO NEW HASH CASH, OLD ONE HAS FLED TO THE BAHAMAS.

Next Run: No. 401<sup>22</sup> - ANNUAL NEW BOOT RUN - BRING A FRIEND!

Date: Monday, May 15<sup>22</sup>th at 7:00 PM

Hare: PAUL BUNYON, Phhd.

Place: Bryant Park, Summit

Erections: See flyer in this newsletter.

## AGM

The AGM went well and as soon as one of the new Scribes writes it up, I'll publish it. However, it was duely noted that our outgoing Grand Mattress has plenty of cinamon buns for all that needed them. Read on.

## HASH TRASH

# Biologist finds sex lacks benefits for most species

By BOYCE RENSBERGER

What good is sex? Though the answer is perfectly clear to most people, biologists consider it one of the great unanswered questions. At least as far back as Darwin, scientists have argued—and many microbial species have proven—that reproduction can be accomplished quite well asexually.

Now a Canadian evolutionary biologist, writing in the *Nature*, asserts that the mystery is even deeper than had been thought.

"Not only are the old theories inadequate," said Rosemary J. Redfield of the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, "my work shows that the biological cost of sex for females outweighs any proposed advantage. I've made the problem worse."

One popular theory is that by combining genes from differing ances-

tries, sexual reproduction reduces the risk of getting two doses of harmfully mutated genes. Instead, the offspring of a sexual liaison usually would get only one mutation, balanced by a normal gene from the other parent.

Another, earlier and widely repeated hypothesis was that sex produces more genetic variability, giving evolution more to work on.

This theory appeared to be reinforced by recent research showing that sperm are more likely to bear novel versions of genes than are eggs. This is because their genes are the product of a mass-production process that involves many more re-copyings in the gonads than does the production of eggs. Errors in the copying process are well-known to be a major source of mutations.

Most random genetic changes, as biologists have long known, are not useful and, in fact, they are more likely to be harmful than helpful. In other words, Redfield concluded, a female would be more likely to have genetically healthier offspring by NOT combining her genes with those of a male.

Lest radical feminists usurp her case, Redfield took pains to note that her hypothetical, computerized species did not represent human beings.

"I especially want it clear that these ideas do not apply to the vast majority of human males, who make many very important non-genetic contributions to their offspring."

## WEIRD SCIENCE

# Scent of Pumpkin Pie

It's common knowledge that smell and sexuality are linked. That's why there's a perfume industry. But until now, the importance of food aromas to romance has received scant attention.

Dr. Alan R. Hirsch, director of the Smell and Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Chicago, has determined that certain odors can increase blood flow to the penis, contributing to erections.

A preliminary experiment suggested that foods like cinnamon buns had the desired effect. A later test of 31 men from ages 18 to 64 showed that the food odor that worked most powerfully was a combination of pumpkin pie and lavender. One might imagine that it suggests a combination of delicate femininity and robust domesticity. But then how to explain some of the other exciting odors like licorice and doughnut, or pumpkin pie and doughnut, Nos. 2 and 3 in order of stimulating effect.

And the point is? The center reports that scents might have some use in treating impotence or, conversely, deconditioning criminal sex offenders.



THE SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
ANNOUNCE

# NEW BOOT RUN '95

GRAB YOUR CRONIES AND FEMALE  
CO-WORKERS AND DISTANT RELATIONS AND  
CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES AND THAT GUY THAT

PICK  
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According to the HARE the run will be 60 minutes of DELIGHT! Some may even consider parts of the event worthy enough to recount to their Grandchildren.

Run No. 402

All the Yuengling's Traditional Lager BEER you can drink for \$3.00

You can count on:

Free snacks (some of the HARE's Specialties). **HARE: Paul Bunion, Phhhd.**

A month of planning to offer the discriminating HARRIER a variety of terrain and scenic challenges.

Date: Monday, May 22nd at 1900 Hours (7PM).

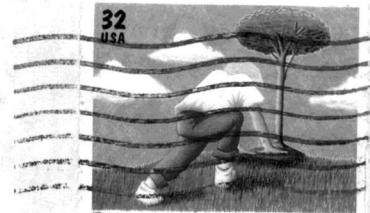
The ON-ON will be at a great location w/ private room and all the food you can eat for \$9.95.

Erections: From center of Summit go East on Morris Ave. one mile to Bryant Park parking lot.

Location: Bryant Park, Summit, NJ



501 Orange Ave.  
Cranford, NJ 07016



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## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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ON-SCRIBES Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George &  
Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

Next Run: No. 402:

Date: MONDAY, 5 JUNE 1995 AT 7:00 PM

Hare: DOG MEAT

Place: MEMORIAL PARK, CHATHAM

Erections: Rt. 24W to Exit 7B-A and bear right to River Rd. in  
Summit. South on River Rd. 1.15 mi. and turn left to  
stay on River Rd. (2nd left after traffic light). Go  
1.35 mi., passing Flynn's and Bryant Park. Make  
right at traffic light onto Southern Blvd. Go  
0.75 mi. to Memorial Park on left, under power lines.

REMINDER: SEND \$25 DUES TO HASH CASH. ADDRESS LISTED ABOVE. ON-ON!

## OFF THE FAIRWAY

# “Women are handicapped by having boobs. It's not easy for them to keep their left arm straight.”

—CBS GOLF ANALYST BEN WRIGHT, AS QUOTED IN A DELAWARE NEWSPAPER, ON WOMEN GOLFERS' LIMITATIONS; HE CLAIMS HIS REMARK WAS MISQUOTED AND MISCONSTRUED

Next Run: No. 403:

Date: Monday, 12 June at 7:00 PM  
Hare: Orgasmitron  
Place: Tamaques Park, Westfield  
Erections: Rt. 22E to Springfield Ave./Cranford Exit (site of demolished Springfield Hotel). Right onto Springfield Ave. Go to 3rd traffic light and turn right onto E. Broad St. In center of Westfield (movie theater on left) get into left lane and turn left onto Central Ave. About 1 mi. (4th traffic light) turn right onto Grove St. Take to end and turn left. Go about 1/2 mi. to Willow Grove and turn right. Go to Dixon (about 1/2 mi.) and turn left into Park. Go around to tennis courts and park.

## FUTURE RUNS:

Our new Trailmaster has been hard at work, read on.

Run No.	Date	Hare	Place
404	19 June	Shonts	Presidents Cup, Millburn
405	26 June	Breaststroke	TBA
406	4 July	Papoose	Firecracker 4, Cranford
407	10 July	Locomorrow	TBA
408	17 July	Keyhole	TBA
409	24 July	Hare Needed	TBA
410	31 July	Seoul Brudda	1st Passaic River Run
411	7 Aug	Maliboo	2nd Passaic River Run
412	14 Aug	Pumper	TBA
413	21 Aug	Forsekin	Downtown Fiasco
414	28 Aug	Hare Needed	TBA

**D**ENTISTS give me a pain, but they give me the nerve to pull these jokes on them: A dentist is one whose bill makes a mountain out of a molar ... A professional man who always looks down in the mouth ... A man with more pull than a politician ... Dentistry is a profession that advises you to be true to your teeth or they will be false to you ... Only a dentist can tell a woman to open up or shut up.



■ The guy from the IRS said to the dentist's secretary: "Just tell him his partner is here" ... The man said to his dentist, "My dentures are great, but I can't stop smiling — I'm a mortician" ... Celebrity dentist **Dr. Marc Lowenberg** was asked if he

accepted non-celebrity patients. "Yes," he quipped, "If they give me their autographs on a check."

■ The dentist said, "The bad news is you have three cavities — The good news is your gold crowns have tripled in value" ... Dr. Lowenberg had a patient call to say she would be late, saying "Don't start without me" ... Another said she was a manic depressive. "I've tried everything," she explained. "I want you to give me a smile" ... For a dentist he's very honest — He looked at her mouth and told her it would be cheaper to hire a dog to chew her food for her.

■ My dentist bill is so large my bridge cost more than the one over the River Kwai ... "He started out as a dentist and then became a world famous brain surgeon" — "How did he make the change?" — "His drill slipped."



Run #401

Hare: MASSENGIL

Location: Seeley's Pond, Berkely Heights, NJ

Date: May 15, 1995

Hashers: Breaststroke, Paul Bunion, Dogmeat, Gil  
Jackson (Rumson), Keyhole & son John, Mum Ali  
Locomorrow, Primordial Flooze, Miscast  
Pumper and Trester (new boot)

Non-Hashers: Secaucless & Alex

The pack gathered at the appointed hour but no one knew for sure if we had a Hare or a trail. Speculation as to the physical condition of the Hare abounded. They were momentarily distracted by the arrival of a short, bald, sock-footed new boot who couldn't even stand straight! Secaucless introduced this stranger as Alex and claimed him as his own. Nice kid but a bit bored and unimpressed by those around him including the alleged father.

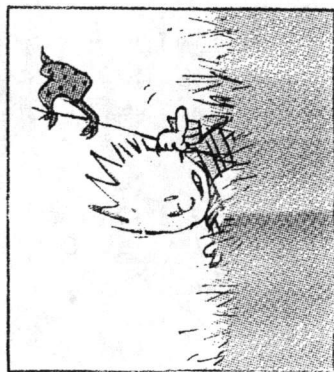
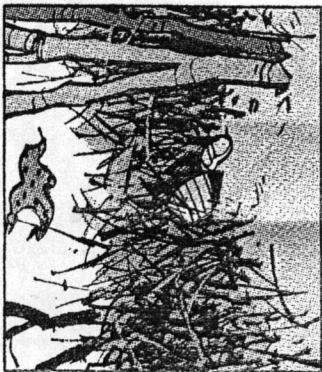
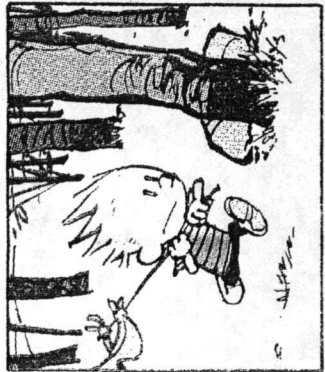
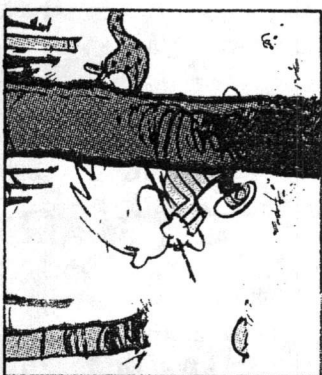
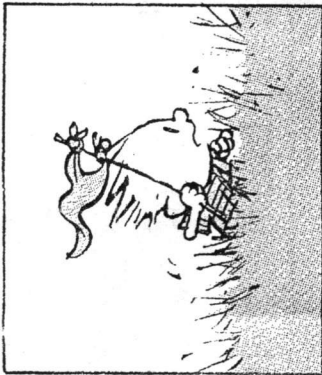
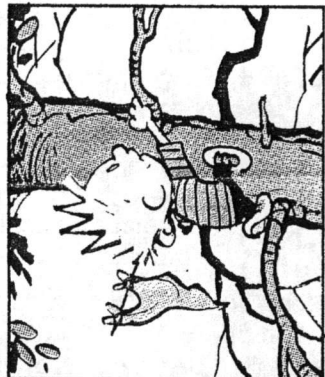
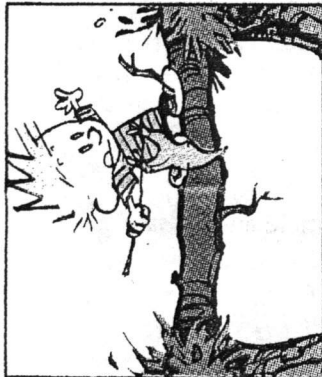
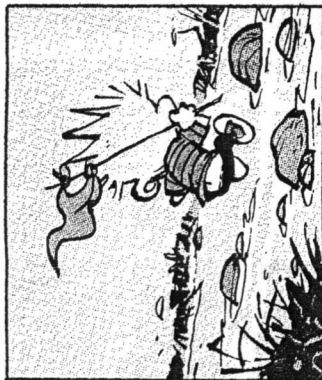
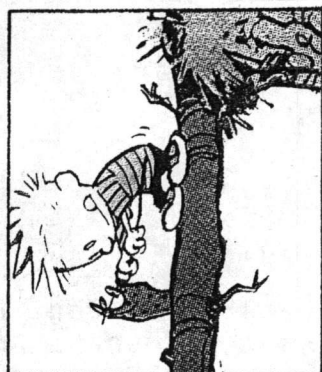
As the pack wandered toward the direction the Hare usually started this off Hashed location, he mystically appeared all white and sweaty. He claimed a miraculous recovery from some feigned illness. After a few quick instructions and a call for a Hashmobile, the Hare pointed us toward the A to B trail. Keyhole set his pedometer and the pack picked up the trail quickly. A series of early checks didn't fool the pack as most were straight ON-trail. There was this feeling of being setup for a tricky, sticky and wet run which are trademarks of a Massengil laid trail. But no, we just kept traveling mile-after-mile until a roadside beer check was found near the shelter of baying hounds. The pack was treated to Schaeffers beer which for those of us who are long-of-tooth remembered fondly.

Darkness fell upon the motley crew as they continued their trek ON-UP the hilly trail towards Summit. Once the pack emerged in an affluent part of town, most recognized the locale of the Hare's estate. The ON-IN was easy to find but a "for sale" sign on the Hare's house led to rumors of his family being driven out of town by neighbors complaining of loud, raucous, drunken, smelly people who urinate frequently. Whatever the reason, the Hare was careful to explain the location of the "can" in his house. More Schaeffers followed by cheeseburgers, macaroni, and potato salad satiated the pack. MISCASST, in his new role as GRANDMASTER, tried to exert his leadership as he called for a DOWN-DOWN for the Hare, but he was severely castigated for not showing up for his own induction into office. He was forced to do his DOWN-DOWN first. Perhaps it was the long trail (6 miles plus according to Keyhole) or the warm weather, but there was more talk than song on this first Monday evening run. Paul Bunion is "up" for his much-awaited Hare duties next week at Bryant Park in Summit. The SH3 should be back in true form by then.

# calvin and Hobbes

by WATSON 0195

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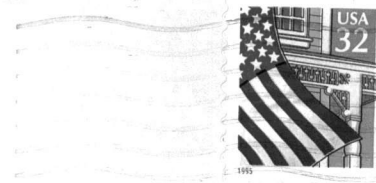








501 Orange Ave.  
Cranford, NJ 07016



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4 HILLVIEW TERR.  
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SUMMIT HASH 1 |||||

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ON-SCRIBES Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George &  
Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

Next Run: No. 404:

Date: MONDAY, 19 JUNE 1995 AT 8:00 PM  
Hare: The Sneaker Factory's Presidents Cup 5K  
Place: Charlie Brown's in Millburn  
Erections: For most people, take Meisel Ave. into the center  
of Millburn. You'll see Charlie Brown's and the  
starting point of the race. Find one of the  
Municipal lots to park in.

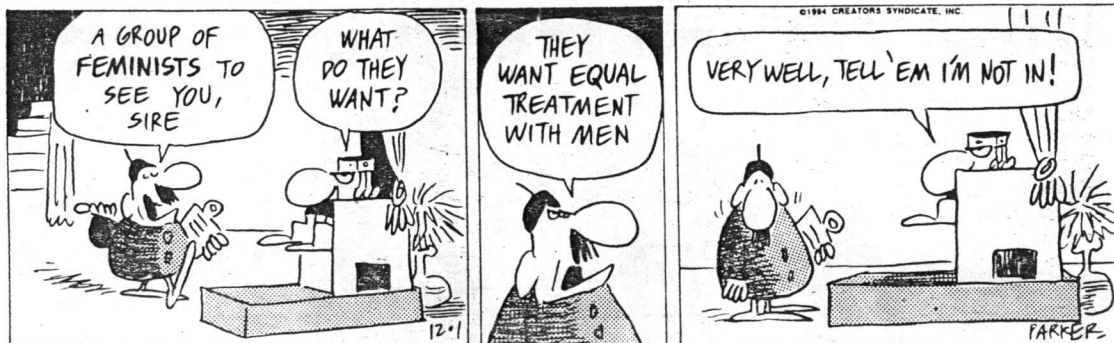
Next Run: No. 405:

Date: Monday, 19 June at 7:00 PM  
Hare: Breaststroke  
Place: Whippany, NJ  
Erections: I-287N to I-80E. Go 1 mi. to Exit 45 - Whippany (this exit doesn't exist west bound). Right off ramp 1/2 mi. to Troy Meadows Rd. Make left and go to end. Or, I-80W to I-287S. Go to first exit and loop around. Then follow previous instructions.

FUTURE RUNS:

Our new Trailmaster has been hard at work, read on.

<u>Run No.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Place</u>
405-oops!	26 June	Breaststroke	TBA
406	4 July	Papoose	Firecracker 4, Cranford
407	10 July	Locomorrow	TBA
408	17 July	Keyhole	TBA
409	24 July	Hare Needed	TBA
410	31 July	Seoul Brudda	1st Passaic River Run
411	7 Aug	Maliboo	2nd Passaic River Run
412	14 Aug	Pumper	TBA
413	21 Aug	Forsekin	Downtown Fiasco
414	28 Aug	Hare Needed	TBA



## Just asking

WHICH top female official in the Clinton Administration not only likes other women, she also likes whips and chains?

# 1995 FIRECRACKER FOUR MILER PRESENTED BY CRANFORD JAYCEES

Fun Run- 9:00

Tuesday, July 4, 1995

Four Miler- 9:30

The 16th annual Firecracker Four Mile Run. Come out and join one of North Jersey's finest events. Race Director John Bashaw. Race Coordinator Jack Martin, Westfield High School Track Coach.

**Timing** by Mogenforf Finish Systems. **MULTICHUTES.**

**Scoring** by Compuscore-All four mile finishers will receive a postcard with overall and complete category results.

## RACE INFORMATION

Start and finish at Nomahegan Park, Springfield Ave, Cranford(opposite Union College). Garden State Parkway Exit 137. Parking and Restroom facilities available. Flat and scenic course. Tree lined street and bike trail. Mile Splits. Water Stops.

**Post Registration and T-Shirt pick-up** begin at 7:45 a.m.

**Refreshments and Awards following Race.**

**Pre and Post Race Music.**

**Pre-Registration Fee:** Four Mile- \$10.00 (postmarked by June 30, 1995) includes T-Shirt; Fun Run \$5.00 includes T-Shirt.

**Post Registration Fee:** Four Mile- \$12.00 includes T-Shirt while supply lasts; Fun Run \$5.00 with T-shirt while supply lasts.

## Prize Categories

**Age Groups (Male and Female):** 13 & under, 14-19, 20-29, 30-34, 35-39, 40-44, 45-49, 50-59, 60-69, 70 & over.

**Male Clydesdale Divisions:** Bantan (190-199), Light Heavy (200-214), Super Heavy (215 & over).

**Female Clydesdale Division:** Bantan (150-159), Light Heavy (160-169), Super Heavy (170 & over)

**Partners Categories (only one):** Husband-Wife, Parent-Daughter, Parent-Son, Couple (M-F). **All partners entries must be pre-registered.** Both Partners entries must be submitted together during pre-registration

## NEW THIS YEAR! AGE GRADED RESULTS!

The overall age graded performance, male and female, will receive special prizes. All finishers will receive age graded results.

**RUNNERS MAY ENTER AGE GROUP, ONE PARTNERS CATEGORY, AND CLYDESDALE DIVISIONS. AGE GRADING APPLIES TO ALL FOUR MILE ENTRIES.**

## Four Miler Awards

*Dr. Frank W. Krause Trophy* and \$250 to first male and female finishers.

*Dr. Arthur J. Bilenker Runners-up Awards:* \$100 to second male and female finishers, and \$50 to the third place male and female finishers.

**Merchandise prizes** to the first three finishers in each age group; first place team in each partners category; first place finisher in each of the Heavyweight divisions; and to the first age graded male and female finisher.

**THE OFFICE** will provide gift certificates to all overall and category winners.

## Fun Run Awards

Medals to the first ten finishers. Ribbons to all finishers 12 & under.

**Raffles** will be held and prizes awarded during post race festivities.

## CHECKS

Make all checks payable to the **CRANFORD JAYCEES**; Mail to **Race Director, Firecracker Four Miler, 501 Orange Ave, Cranford, NJ 07016**

## ENTRY FORM (PLEASE CHECK ONE)

FOUR MILER ☐

Fun Run ☐

Last Name

First Name

MI

Sex

Age






Mailing Address Street Include Apt. No

City



State

Zip Code

Area Code

Telephone Number

Hometown Paper






T-Shirt Size-Adult Sizes

S

☐

MD

☐

LG

☐

XLG

☐

Competitive Category: (You may check more than one)

Individual Age Group Competitor ☐

Age Group

Partners Competition: ☐ (Only One)

Husband-Wife

☐

Parent-Son

☐

Parent-Daughter

☐

Couple (M-F)

☐

Heavyweight Division

☐

Weight




In consideration of the acceptance of this entry, I hereby waive all claims for damages or injury I may have against the Cranford Jaycees, the Town of Cranford, Sponsors, and any other persons connected with the race. I also certify that I am in physical condition to complete this race.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ (Parent if under 18) \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Race Director Firecracker Four Miler 501 Orange Ave, Cranford, NJ 07016

\$10.00 Pre

\$12 Post

NON-PROFIT ORG.  
U.S. POSTAGE  
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CRANFORD, N.J.

RACE DIRECTOR  
FIRECRACKER FOUR MILLER  
501 ORANGE AVE  
CRANFORD NJ 07016  
(908) 276-4818-EVENING

**16th Annual**  
**FIRECRACKER**  
**4 MILLER**  
**CRANFORD JAYCEES**  
**A Four Mile Race and One Mile Fun Run**  
*"One of the summer's best Road Races"*

**July 4, 1995**  
**Fun Run-9:00 a.m.**  
**Four Miller-9:30 a.m.**

**Firecracker Four Miller Sponsors**



**Oscar Gruss & Son**  
INCORPORATED

**CRANFORD**  
*The*  
**HOTEL**

**NEIGHBORS**  
**HELPING**  
**NEIGHBORS**  
Summit Bank



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Refreshment, Pure And Simple:

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Cranford, N.J.  
**FRANK W. KRAUSE D.D.S.**

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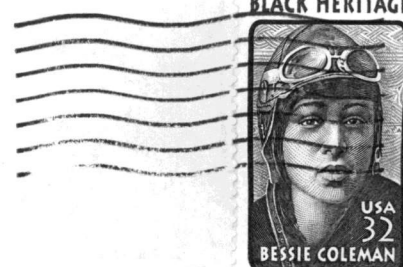
**Blue Cross Blue Shield**  
**Health Center**  
at Cranford



501 Orange Ave.  
Cranford, NJ 07016



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ON-SCRIBES Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George &  
Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

Next Run: No. 410:

Date: MONDAY, 24 JULY 1995 AT 7:00 PM

Hare: SEOUL BRUDDA'S 2ND ANNUAL FAKE PASSAIC RIVER RUN

Place: SHORT HILLS MALL

Erections: GSP to I-78/Rt. 24W. Stay on Rt. 24W to Summit Ave.  
Exit. Straight on Rt. 124W. Right on Canoe Brook  
Rd. Go past Mall and Water Co. to parking lot on  
left and look for Hare.

ON-ON will be at Scotty's on Morris Turnpike at the  
corner of Millburn Ave. in Springfield.

Q. What do you call a lesbian dynasaurus?

A. A "Lickalotapus."

Next Run: No. 411:

Date: MONDAY, 31 JULY AT 7:00 PM  
Hare: MALIBOO - 8TH ANNUAL PASSAIC RIVER RUN  
Place: GILLETTE TRAIN STATION  
Erections: I-78 to Rt. 24 split. Exit Rt. 24 at Broad St. Take Broad St. to Springfield Ave. west. Turn right on Mountain Ave. Follow Mountain Ave. to Train Station. (Give yourself extra time. Maliboo had no idea of how to get there, so, I took these directions from Run #301, in 1992. They were provided by Rubbermaiden. Need I say any more?)

#### FUTURE RUNS:

<u>Run No.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Place</u>
412	7 Aug	Gunga Dung	Chatham
413	14 Aug	Mum Ali	TBA
414	21 Aug	Foreskin	Downtown (NYC) Fiasco
415	28 Aug	Pumper	TBA

## Sexy shorts have that sweat smell of success

TOKYO — Leave it to the Japanese to find inspiration in perspiration.

Scientists purportedly have produced a new product for a man's olfactory arsenal: sweat-laced underpants. Not just any sweat, either. Synthesized sweat without that gauche locker-room smell.

Apparel and cosmetics maker Kanebo says millions of tiny capsules in the fabric contain a synthesized pheromone found in the sweat of a man's underarms. Friction breaks the capsules, releasing the scent, or so says Kanebo.

The firm claims it has recreated the effect of the pheromone — a natural attractant secreted by animals — without unpleasant odor. An added musk scent intensifies the effect, the manufacturer says.

Those opting for full pheromonal assault will also be able to get neckties and handkerchiefs made of the

## Officer Held for Firing Gun

By GEORGE JAMES

It may be unusual that a prostitute calls the police for help. And it's not every day that a police officer is arrested after the prostitute calls him her customer. But that is what happened early yesterday in the Chelsea section of Manhattan, the police said.

A prostitute stopped a police car about 4:30 A.M. yesterday and said a male customer had fired a gun at her after she refused to finish a sex act in his vehicle, a black Chevrolet Blazer, on West 28th Street between Ninth and 10th Avenues.

About the same time, the 10th Precinct station house got several calls from other prostitutes reporting gunshots, said a police spokeswoman, Sgt. Frances Haimeck-Mladenich.

Police officers quickly picked up a suspect in a black Blazer in the vicinity, the police said. He turned out to be an off-duty officer whose arrest comes as the department seems to face a new scandal every week.

The officer, identified as George L. Clarke, 29, who is assigned to patrol in the 88th

Precinct in Brooklyn, was under arrest last night on charges of second-degree attempted murder, first-degree attempted assault and reckless endangerment, Sergeant Haimeck-Mladenich said.

The prostitute who stopped the police car, a woman in her 20's, was not arrested. She told the officers a man "was patronizing her in his vehicle," Sergeant Haimeck-Mladenich said. "She said he was taking up too much of her time, so she lost patience with him and left the vehicle, and he fired a shot at her."

Two more shots were fired, the sergeant said, one of which traveled across a parking lot and went through a window in the rear of 427 West 26th Street two blocks away, striking a video cable box in an apartment. No one was injured, she said.

After Officer Clarke was taken in for questioning, they discovered that three shots had been fired from his off-duty, five-shot, .38-caliber revolver, the police said.

Officer Clarke, who is single and was appointed to the department in April 1991, was also suspended.

## RUN 408: PLACE - EDISON, HARE - LOCOMORROW

-I seen them, I did!

-Excuse me? To whom are you referring?

-Its that bunch of wankers I told you about before. But now I saw them in Edison of all places!. They were all get up and ready to go behind that building with the big 75 on it. It must be some oil company or something. Anyway, when they finally did go Loco gave them a live hare run for the first 20 yards 'til the pack saw some of the flour leading into Mrs. O'Neill's back garden just off route 27.

-And was that their final destination?

-No fucking way, if you'll pardon the french, but that was just the start. For the next ten minutes they were going down route 27 with side checks up every street, until they finally went in past that big light-house thing and into some woods, with trail marked by little yellow stickit things when the flour ran out.

-I hope for the sake of the tranquillity of Edison that the ensemble was limited in number. Their hoots and moans present such a disturbance even at the best of times.

-Well, I don't know about onsombulls but there was a bunch of them there, like Dogmeat, Massengil, Primordial Flooze, Mum, Breastsroke, Seoul Brudda, Rubber-maiden, Paul Bunyon, Suck Em Up, Baby George Pushner, just to name a few, plus some poor unsuspecting women sent by her friend! Anyway, the amazing thing is that Loco managed to run the pack in rings around a small park with plenty of shiggy and tick-infested garbage and right in the middle of Edison, and they never once had to go through an Indian restaurant. Of course, there was plenty of his usual tricks, like seven foot fences. Some of the pack, Seoul Brudda and Orgasmitron included, managed to get around the first one, but were fucked at the second. The whole pack was soon up a creek, running along the bed of a stream with more crap then water, but they had to get their feet wet. The oil and toxic slime on the surface kept them going though, until they came to a tunnel that not even Paul Bunyon would enter.

-And were they now far removed from their point of departure?

-Not at all. They were almost back at the start, or 'A' as they say. But the thing was they all crawled back to that 75 building but there was no hare in sight and no beer until he arrived 10 minutes later. And then the 'on on' was a total cock-up. First they went to the Rahway Inn!

-I have not had the pleasure of dining at that particular establishment, but my wife and I would be interested in your appraisal.

-Appraisal you want! Its a dump - even by the standards of that crowd. Although I think what did it for them was the limited beer selection - piss or light piss - and the food shortage. Despite the fact that Loco was getting on with the house frau the pack abandoned him and crossed the road to a more bearable place with decent beverages and grub but a shortage of TVs. But you can't have everything.

-That is a fact, and there is my bus. Please convey my respect to your little women.



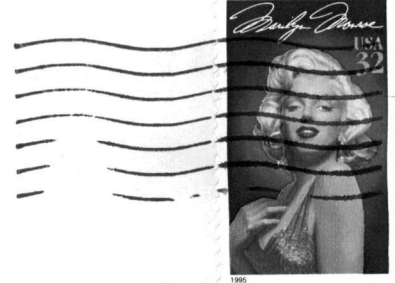
## The ratings, stupid

I DON'T get it. I thought the sexism in the Connie Chung situation occurred when she got the job. And that her firing had nothing to do with any "ism." It was over the only thing television cares about: money-making ratings.

## 52 Good Reasons Why Beer is Better than Women!

1. You can enjoy a beer all night long.
2. Beer stains wash out.
3. You don't have to wine and dine beer.
4. A beer will wait in the car while you go and play football.
5. When your beer goes flat, you toss it out.
6. Beer is never late.
7. A beer doesn't get jealous when you grab another beer.
8. Hangovers go away
9. Beer labels come off without a fight.
10. When you go to a bar, you can always pick up a beer.
11. Beer never has a headache.
12. After you've had a beer, the bottle is still worth 5 cents.
13. A beer won't get upset if you come home and have another beer.
14. If you pour a beer right, you'll always get good head.
15. A beer goes down easy.
16. You can have more than one beer in a night and not feel guilty.
17. You can share a beer with your friends.
18. You always know you're the first one to pop a beer.
19. Beer is always wet.
20. Beer doesn't demand equality.
21. You can have a beer in public.
22. A beer doesn't care when you come.
23. A frigid beer is a good beer.
24. You don't have to wash a beer before it tastes good.
25. If you change beers, you don't have to pay alimony.
26. You can't catch social diseases from a beer.
27. When you re interrupted by a beer it's for a good reason.
28. A beer is always satisfying.
29. A beer gets lighter the longer you hold it.
30. A beer won't tell you its pregnant for fun.
31. A beer does not come with inlaws.
32. No matter what the package, a beer still looks good.
33. To cool off a beer, all you have to do is put it in the ice box.
34. All you have to do to get over a beer is take a leak.
35. Beer doesn't complain about farting.
36. The only thing a beer tells you is when its time to go to the bathroom.
37. You are never embarraessed about the beer you bring to a party.
38. Its okay to leave a party with a different beer than the one you bought.
39. Beer won't drive you to drink.
40. You can shoot a beer.
41. A beer chaser is easier to catch.
42. You don't need a license to live with a beer.
43. A tree is good enough for a beer.
44. Beer doesn't grow hair where it shouldn't.
45. Beer doesn't care how much you earn.
46. Beer and "ice" don't mix.
47. Beer won't complain about your choice of vacation it goes along happily.
48. Beer doesn't care if you go to sleep right after you've had it.
49. Beer is happy to ride in the trunk of your car.
50. You never have to promise to respect a beer in the morning.
51. Beer never complains about a wet spot.
52. You can put all your old beers together in one room and they won't fight.





## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Erections: EASY TO GET TO! Park in either Hoboken, Newark, or Jersey City and take the PATH train to the World Trade Center. Up the escalators and exit the building. Walk east to William St. and south to Pine St. On-On!

Next Run: No. 415:

Date: Monday, 28 AUG at 7:00 PM

Hare: BROKEN PUMPER

Place: "The Roxbury Rumble Run" at Horseshoe Lake

Erections: Rt. 24 to I-287N 1 exit to Rt. 10W. Go 11 lights (11 miles) to Eyland Ave. Go past Mobil station and loop around in order to get onto Eyland Ave. The go 1/2 mi. and turn left into the Horseshoe Lake Recreation Area. Follow road on right around and behind lake. Look for the Hare.

FUTURE RUNS:

<u>Run No.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Place</u>
416	9 Sep	Mum Ali	TBA - First Saturday Run
417	16 Sep	Massengil	TBA
418	23 Sep	Suck 'Em Up	Chester, again
419	30 Sep	Primordial Flooze	TBA
420	7 Oct	Rubbermaiden	TBA
421	14 Oct	Bone Bumble	TBA
422	21 Oct	Summit Interhash	TBA

## Just asking

WHICH Manhattan dentist drives to Two Mile Hollow Beach in East Hampton in his white 500SL convertible and gives out his phone number to young men? "It's easy to remember," he says. The first three digits are F-A-G. ... WHICH Hollywood leading man shouldn't be too quick to settle millions on his recently split wife? With a little digging, he could turn up a French restaurateur, a titled Spaniard, a Southern book publisher and a continental interior decorator who all put the horns of a cuckold on his thinning head ... WHICH restaurateur was so taken with an exotic dancer that he chauffeured her out to his Hamptons hideaway and had her perform a naked backstroke, breaststroke and freestyle while he panted poolside?

**T**HE business pages are filled with talk about bulls and bears. But today we shall speak of the asses who run it all: The brokers who

are modern magicians — they know how to make your money disappear ... He's called a "broker" because after you see him, you are ... It makes me shudder, all these people driving down to Wall Street in their Rolls Royces to get advice from someone who came to work on a bus.

■ My favorite broker, George Venezelos of Wheat, First, Butcher, Singer, told me this one: "A client calls his broker and says 'Buy me 2,000 shares of XYZ and sell when I break even'" ... George says, "The best way to make a small fortune on



Wall Street is to invest a large one" ... The only sure way to clean up on Wall Street is to become a janitor at the stock market.

■ I lost so much money in the market this year — I can afford to tell the truth on my tax refund ... My broker promised me a modest return of 8 percent, and he came through — I now have 8 percent of the money I had a year ago ... I've done so badly this year, I decided to switch brokers — from stock to pawn.

■ The only thing I've learned about the stock market is that you have to be patient and the way it's going lately, I'm going to become one ... I had a big talk with my broker yesterday and I feel much better about the market. We set up a calculated, all-encompassing program designed to reach certain investment goals during the next five years — like getting even.

Run No. 410: "The Special Olympics of Hashing"  
Hare: REPO MAN

The Special Olympics of Hashing are located in Summit, NJ - this was clearly evident last Monday night with the singularly biggest screw-up in recent memory.

Repo, also known as "Mr. Special Olympics FEMA Coordinator" (who, by the way will finally be relocating to CT to the relief of chez Scarborough, and, come to think of it, to the relief of most of Central Jersey) set what will go down as a complete and total diaster. Having spent several hours reconnoitering what was to be a wonderfully creative and clever run, Repo briefed the "pact of seven" (sounds like an international monetary conference attended by heads of state) about the trail...blah, blah, blah...blah, blah, blah...blah...blah...blah...

The pact takes off, runs 120 degrees in the wrong direction...finds the in-trail and is "done" in 7 minutes. However, at this point, Repo is two and one-half miles away at the beer check. After the usual 10 - 15 minutes of Summit procrastination, the Pact decides that "Repo must have set the beer check at his house" and takes off again and runs for 3 miles to be greeted by locked doors, lights off, no cars in the driveway, no hare and no beer. Go figure. Wasn't it Jethro Tull who wrote the song "Thick as a Brick"???.....hmmmm.

Based on the performance of the Pact so far, each and every one of them will actually be competing in the Special Olympics as athletes next time. Now, this brings me to why I don't hash in Summit - they are all bonkers. Vying to be the world's best neanderthal hash, Summit is certainly close to the Rumson A-holes, and even the propeller heads of Ridgefield can't hold a candle to these "big girls' blouses" from Morris County. Boy, what a bunch - and some of these guys are even employed, by the government no less!

You know, Repo even had the nerve to try and recruit yours truly and a bunch of New York Hashers to forgo our usual Monday night bash, and trek out to the swamp-lang of the Garden State to attend this fiasco. We didn't.....

Respectfully submitted,

MAX HEADROOM



# The Summit Hash House Harriers announce another Downtown Fiasco!

All Hashes are welcome to join in this very old and completely useless tradition that dates back to we don't know when, maybe sometime in the early eighties, when there were lots of possibilities in this area for all sorts of new and different trails, when local



hashers came out from under all sorts of rocks and joined up for the half-minded adventure of stumbling through the canyons and derelict gin-mills of lower Manhattan, singing filthy songs and eyeing street girls with cleavage you could get lost in.

But we digress.

*Monday August 21 at  
7:00PM. Chase  
Manhattan Plaza,  
Corner of William and  
Pine streets, Island of  
Manhattan.*

*Hares: Foreskin and  
Depthroat.*



*The Hares have put  
together an  
outstanding running  
experience that can  
only be appreciated  
after the consumption  
of many frothy  
refreshments that will  
be offered at the  
conclusion of the event  
for a nominal fee.*

*No bloody whingeing!*





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
JANUARY 1954  
JAMES H. HARRIS  
JAMES H. HARRIS  
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501 Orange Ave.  
Cranford, NJ 07016



NORA & DAVE CARY  
4 HILLVIEW TERR.  
CONVENT STATION, NJ 07961

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## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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|||||.....|||||.....|||||.....  
SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

HASH HOT LINE: 908-277-4127

GRAND MASTER Drew "Miscast" Fischlein, 7 Brookside Rd.,  
Succasunna, NJ 07876 (h) 201-584-8210

JOINT MASTER Andy "Orgasmitron" Norris, 1438 Deer Path,  
Mountainside, NJ 07092 (h) 980-789-8767

JOINT MASTER Tony "Dog Meat" Saitta, 34 Candlewood Dr.,  
New Providence, NJ 07974 (h) 908-665-0786

HASH CASH Keith "Breaststroke" Johnson, 20 Sterling Dr.,  
Livingston, NJ 07039 (h) 201-994-2314

ON-SEX John "Papoose" Bashaw, 501 Orange Ave. Cranford.  
NJ 07016 (h) 908-276-4818

TRAILMASTER Jim "Seoul Brudda" Whitely, 46 Colonial Way,  
Short Hills, NJ 07078 (h) 201-376-2392

ON-SCRIBES Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George &  
Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

Next Run: No. 419:

Date: SATURDAY, 30 SEP 95 AT 15:30 Hours

Hare: PAUL BUNION

Place: MILLBURN TRAIN STATION

Erections: NJ Transit to Millburn Station, or, alternatively,  
Meisel Ave., cross, Morris Ave. and take to  
center of Millburn. Turn right onto Millburn Ave.  
First left, go under train tracks and park on north  
side of station. BUNION promises McSorley's on tap  
along with other goodies and surprises. As the rest  
of his runs, this one shouldn't be missed. ON-ON!



Next Run: No. 420:

Date: SATURDAY, 7 OCT 95 AT 3:30 PM  
Hare: RUBBERMAIDEN  
Place: BRIANT PARK, SUMMIT  
Erections: I-78W to Rt. 24W. First exit is Summit/Springfield/  
Millburn. On ramp follow signs for Summit to right.  
Go over overpass, stay in right lane and follow signs  
for I-78/Rt.24/Park & Ride. Follow signs for Middle  
Rd. About 1/10 mi. make left onto Springfield Ave. &  
immediate right to Briant Park. ON-ON!

SUMMIT INTERHASH ON OCTOBER 21ST AT 3:00 PM

Yes! It's that time of year again - just a little bit  
earlier though. The weather should be ideal for hashing. Please  
note, however, that DOGMEAT would like to clear up some confusion  
that has arisen regarding the date of this fine event. It  
appears that some ASSHOLE, who just so happens to look like him,  
was passing out flyers at a recent hash that listed the date as  
October 28th. Well, it's not. If it were on the 28th, DOGMEAT  
and the rest of us would not be able to attend Phillie's annual  
Halloween Hash. So there! THE SUMMIT INTERHASH WILL BE IN THE  
SOUTH MOUNTAIN RESERVATION ON OCTOBER 21ST AT 3:00 PM. BE THERE!  
ON-ON! (See new flyer in this newsletter)

FUTURE RUNS:

<u>Run No.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Place</u>
421	14 Oct	Bone Bumble	TBA
422	21 Oct	SH3 INTERHASH - DOG MEAT	SO. MTN. RES.

HASH TRASH

## Drug's side effect arouses interest

LONDON (Reuters) - An anti-depressant drug is giving patients an uplifting bonus - when they yawn, they have an orgasm.

And some patients who are over their depression have asked doctors to be allowed to go on taking the tablets because of the side effect, British newspapers reported yesterday.

The newspapers quoted a scientific study published in the latest edition of New Scientist magazine.

"One woman, better after being depressed for three months, wanted to keep taking the tablets. She even found she could experience an orgasm by deliberately yawning," the New Scientist report was quoted as saying.

One male patient avoided possible embarrassment by permanently wearing a condom, it said.

The report said 5 percent of patients taking the drug clomipramine had noticed the side effect, which had also been noticed by people taking another drug, Prozac, even though the normal effect of both drugs is to inhibit sexual desire.

The discovery could herald a new era in sexual relationships, the newspapers said. "People who experience it would presumably actively seek out the most boring person they could find at parties," they quoted the magazine as saying.

# Easygoing hashers make mincemeat of serious exercise

Trailing a venerable past of merry-making in Britain and its colonies, hashers romp — but please don't call it running.

by Dan Tracy

THE SENTINEL STAFF

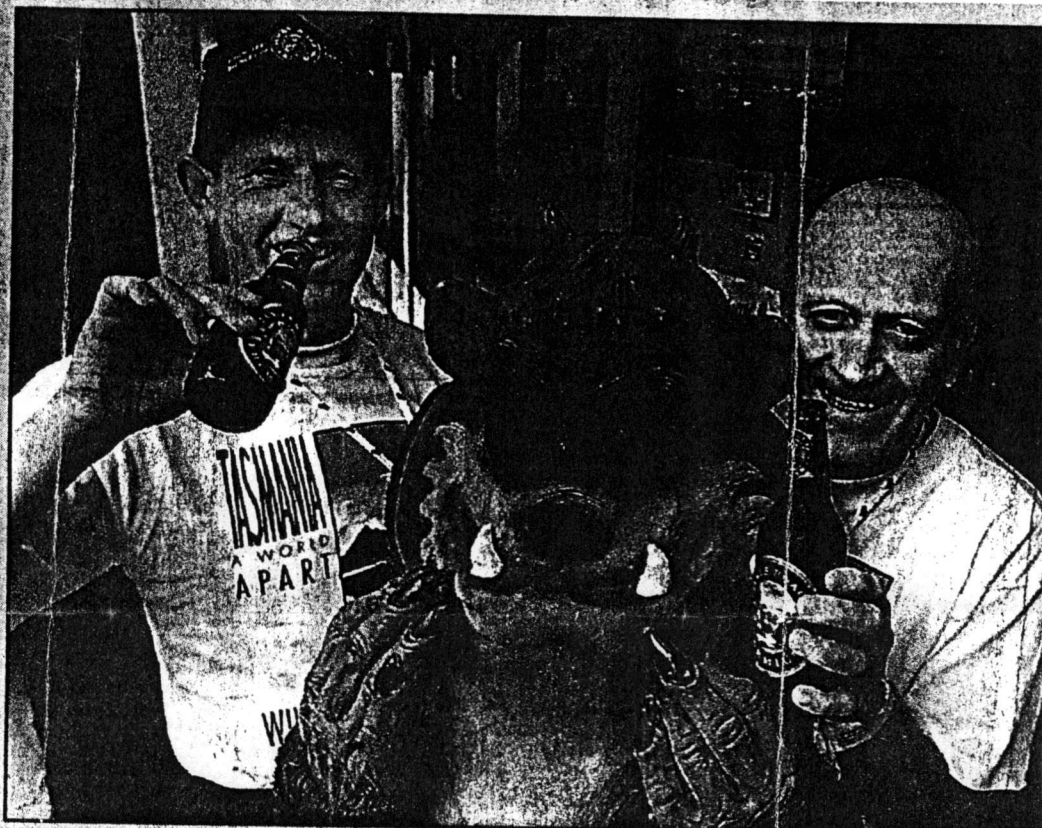
With health clubs booming and celebrities making exercise videos seemingly from every street corner, hashers offer what could be considered the wellness antidote.

They have, in fact, expunged the word "run" from their vocabulary.

"You're not allowed to mention it. It's the 'V' word," said Giles Padgett-Wilkes, who organized a four-day meet that ended Monday and brought nearly 800 hashers from around the world to Central Florida.

They bounded across the marshes and back roads of Orlando that most tourists and residents never see.

Please see **HASHERS**, C-5



GEORGE SKENE/THE ORLANDO SENTINEL

Tasmanians Alan Rider (left) and Mike Bowerman toast their Tasmanian devil mascot after their efforts in the Orlando meet, which drew hashers from 40 countries during the weekend.

## Hashers love rough routes, sudsy finish

### **HASHERS** from C-1

But what, exactly, is hashing?

It's an often raucous permutation of a form of cross-country running called Hares and Hounds first credited to British boarding schools in the 18th century.

In short, a hare, or lead runner, takes off, marking a trail with flour or paper, and is followed 5 to 15 minutes later by the hounds, or pack.

Unlike their serious distance-running predecessors, hashers seek fun more than a good workout. Their routes invariably are circuitous and misleading, always ending with beer and parties.

That reinforces one of hashing's founding principles, as put forth by Padgett-Wilkes, a 45-year-old irrigation specialist: "If you've got half a brain, that's all you need."

In the conventional sense, hashing has no real winners with ribbons and trophies. The event and accompanying camaraderie are the true rewards.

"It sort of frees you from all the rigors and responsibilities of life. It's real. It's not structured," said Jamie Streich, a 39-year-old Orlando

hasher who sells janitorial supplies.

According to hasher tradition, the first, or mother, hash occurred in 1938, when lonely British citizens in Kuala Lumpur decided to combine alcohol with running to streamline waists thickened by eating — you guessed it — hash. (Historically, one meaning of "hasher" was one who chops, mangles and generally makes a mess of things, which may have something to do with the name as well.)

The loosely knit hashing network now claims more than 1,200 clubs and 100,000 members worldwide. Orlando boasts four hashing groups, including one for mountain bikers.

"It's kind of like a big, dirty family," said Jeff Hughes, a 31-year-old bike hasher whose nickname is Skidmark, a reference to injuries he suffered in a wreck during a group outing.

Hughes, an X-ray technologist,

is one of 80 Central Florida residents participating in the Orlando hash, which attracted representatives from 40 countries, including England, New Zealand, Okinawa, Malaysia and Tasmania, an island off the southern tip of Australia.

Alan "Easy" Rider, 47, came from Tasmania, pausing for a hash in England, to romp through greater Orlando swamps and cow pastures.

After one outing in the spongy undergrowth near Sea World, Rider said, "It's exciting. We don't know where we're going."

Walking, short-cuts and

virtually any form of transportation are encouraged, hashers say. Anything, that is, but running.

So tell us, what is the penalty for uttering the 'R' word?

The time-honored chug-a-lug ritual: Drink a 12-ounce beer without stopping or have the rest poured over your head.

"It's not," said Skidmark Hughes, "a horrible punishment."

“  
It's kind of like a big,  
dirty family.

— Jeff "Skidmark" Hughes,  
31-year-old bike hasher

## TOP TEN LIST

If you were like almost every other member of the SH<sup>3</sup> you missed Suck 'Em Up's last run (#410) because you didn't follow the directions the ONE time they were actually precisely correct! Because only Miscast, Dogmeat and Virgin Jim had an opportunity to "enjoy" the run, below is presented

### The Top 10 Things You Missed at Suck 'Em Up's Last Run

- #10 A chance to run without Rubbermaiden
- #9 Cases of cold Ponies and Yuengling (it's a shame there were so few of us to share in the sweet nectar).
- #8 Lots and lots of Checks, with long false trails.
- #7 A chance to preview the trail the Hare will use again this Fall.
- #6 Young ladies with short shorts and long legs at the On-On.
- #5 A thunderstorm with lots of dangerous lightening and high winds.
- #4 See # 10 again.
- #3 A Beer Check after only 1 1/2 hours of running (with the Hare telling us how we were sure to enjoy the second half in the dark).
- #2 Parking in mud pits with a chance to see if your AAA towing service contract had expired.

and the #1 thing you missed by not being at Suck 'Em Up's last run was . . .

- #1 the correct turn on to Pottersville Road which would have brought you to the right start!

## Baptism of ire for Jewish mom

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo. — A Jewish mother wanted her kids to appreciate other religions. Instead, one was "accidentally" baptized, she says.

Audrey Ausgotharp said, she told church members who invited her two kids to Sunday school that she didn't want them baptized — especially because of a lawsuit against the church claiming other kids had been coerced into baptism.

"They said, OK," Ausgotharp said, so she signed a permission slip allowing her children to visit the Cornerstone Baptist Church.

Two women from the church accompanied her children home and said one had been baptized "by mistake."

"I said, 'How do you baptize a child by mistake?'" Ausgotharp said.

AP

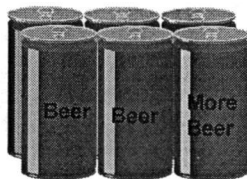
## All eyes

VETERAN writer **Dominick Dunne**, who's chronicling the **O.J. Simpson** trial, had his most eye-popping experience to date in court Tuesday. A buxom blonde woman in a skin-tight violet dress, with only one straining button holding her top together, stood up across from the esteemed scribe at the end of the session when off shot the button — and out fell an eyeful. Grateful Dunne beamed to one spectator, "They were the most beautiful pair I've ever seen — and they were tan!" To the further surprise of properly-dressed reporters, scantily clad **Brandy Sanders** — an actress in **Aaron Spelling's** new project, "Pier 66," was in the audience to learn more for her part. ~~She plays a reporter.~~

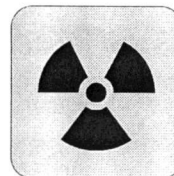
# THE SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

announce their

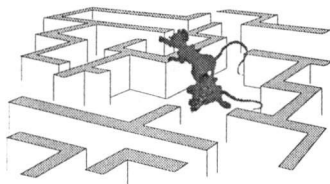
## INTERHASH '95



**All Hashers are Invited to Join Us**  
**Saturday, October 21**  
**3:00 PM**



**Turtle Back Rock (not the zoo)**  
**South Mountain Reservation**  
**West Orange, NJ**  
**Co-Hares: Dogmeat and Orgasmitron**



### Special Features:

- ✓ *Two (count 'em -2) Beer Checks*
- ✓ *Lots of cold, liquid carbo-loading for Marathon wanna-be's*
- ✓ *The best damned Interhash give-away since the last Interhash give-away*
- ✓ *Naked Women \**
- ✓ *All for a reasonable payment to Summit's Hash Cash*

=====

**ERECTIONS** (if this isn't enough help, call Dogmeat at 908-665-0786)

### From Route 78 (eastbound or westbound)

Route 78 to Route 24 West to Exit 7C. Follow signs to JFK Parkway (see below).

### From Route 287 (northbound or southbound)

Route 287 to Route 24 East to Exit 7. Bear right and follow signs to JFK Parkway (see below).

### From JFK Parkway

Go 3.8 miles north of Route 24 to Northfield Avenue. Turn right (eastbound).

Go 3.0 miles to Walker Road. Turn right. Go 0.2 miles and turn right into Turtle Back Rock parking area.

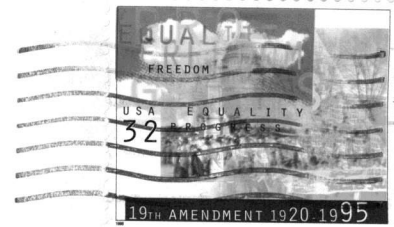
### By NJT Train

Take the 1:37 Train from Hoboken to Millburn (call 201-762-5100 to confirm schedule). To guarantee a ride from the train station, call Dogmeat at 908-665-0786 in advance.

\* Provided several Harriettes comply by disrobing







NORA & DAVE CARY  
4 HILLVIEW TERR.  
CONVENT STATION, NJ 07961

GRAND MASTER	Drew "Miscast" Firschlein, 7 Brookside Rd., Succasunna, NJ 07876 (h) 201-584-8210
JOINT MASTER	Andy "Orgasmitron" Norris, 1438 Deer Path, Mountainside, NJ 07092 (h) 980-789-8767
JOINT MASTER	Tony "Dog Meat" Saitta, 34 Candlewood Dr., New Providence, NJ 07974 (h) 908-665-0786
HASH CASH	Keith "Breaststroke" Johnson, 20 Sterling Dr., Livingston, NJ 07039 (h) 201-994-2314
ON-SEX	John "Papoose" Bashaw, 501 Orange Ave. Cranford. NJ 07016 (h) 908-276-4818
TRAILMASTER	Jim "Seoul Brudda" Whitely, 46 Colonial Way, Short Hills, NJ 07078 (h) 201-376-2392
ON-SCRIBES	Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George & Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

Date: SATURDAY, 14 OCT 95 AT 3:30 PM  
Hare: BONE BRAMBLE  
Place: MORRISTOWN  
Erections: I-78W. At Short Hills Mall, exit onto Rt.124W (this is the old Rt. 24, do not take the new Rt. 24). At the center of Morristown you will hit the large Square known as "Morristown Green." Go 1/2 around the Green and continue 3.7 mi. on Rt. 124W and park in Patriot's Path parking lot on the right. This is a small lot opposite Sunrise Lake. ON-ON!

Next Run: No. 422:

Date: SATURDAY, 21 OCT 95 AT 3:00 PM  
Hare: DOG MEAT & ORGASMITRON  
Place: SOUTH MOUNTAIN RESERVATION  
Sponsor: BUDWEISER!  
Erections: See flyer in this newsletter!

SUMMIT INTERHASH ON OCTOBER 21ST AT 3:00 PM

See flyer in this newsletter!

FUTURE RUNS:

<u>Run No.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Place</u>
423	28 Oct	Halloween Hash	Filthadelphia, PA

Yes that's right. The Trailmaster couldn't find a hare for this day, so he decided that we should all pack our bags and head down to Phillie for their Annual Halloween Hash. Their Elder Hashman, Tip O'Neil, promises it to be raunchier and wilder than anything you can imagine. If you were around in 1987 at the Americas Interhash in Phillie (arranged by Tip), you know what that can be like. Most experienced Interhashers unanimously agree that the Phillie Bash was the best ever. So, drop the kids off at soccer and leave the wife with her mother, and head on down to Phillie.

At the time that this fine newsletter was mailed, the Phillie flyer may or may not have been included. If not, we hope to have them for distribution by the Summit Interhash on October 27th. So right now, the exact details are not known. If you're interested in going, call either Seoul Brudda or myself. ON-ON!

DUES. YES, DUES. ON THE SUBJECT OF DUES, I'VE BEEN INFORMED THAT THE HASH CASH IS CLOSE TO BEING "BROKE" (ALL THOSE TRIPS TO EXOTIC PLACES I GUESS). HOWEVER, DESPITE THE FACT THAT BUSWEISER WILL MORE THAN LIKELY GIVE US AT LEAST 2 KEGS FOR THE INTERHASH, OTHER PURCHASES WILL HAVE TO BE MADE. SO, IF YOU HAVE NOT YET PAID YOUR 1995 DUES, YOU ARE ENCOURAGED TO MAIL YOUR \$25 ANNUAL DUES TO OUR HASH CASH, BREASTSTROKE, WHO IS LISTED ON THE NEWSLETTER MASTHEAD. THANKING YOU IN ADVANCE FOR YOUR COOPERATION. ON-ON!

**Run 418: Place- Chester-Again- Black River Farm Area ↔ -Hare: Suck-Em Up Again**

The scribe arrived just as the Hare was giving the last of the send-off instructions so he had a little bit of a challenge ahead of him for he had not arrived in his Hashing attire. The scribe had, of course, followed the instructions for the start to the letter, but this time he was assisted by an HHH reminder on the incoming roadway.

What a treat.

It was a bit Wanker- Puffta -ish of the Hare to think that we couldn't follow a few simple directions. But that's Suck Em Up for ya.

It needs to be said that the reason the Scribe was delayed to the start of the Hash was due entirely to the encounter (altercation) he had with The Great Pumpkin as he/she/it was crossing Pottersville Rd. just a few miles before the sign for the Black River Estuary (Farm). The Scribe was enjoying *the true driving experience*, that Honda has enabled all of it's owners, when the desire to make the trees go past the windows at a greater rate became all too tempting. So as the Scribe was enjoying a little bit of Hyper-Space that the Chester roads were all too happy to provide, suddenly a Giant Orange being resembling The Great Pumpkin (and I know this because of the cape she/it/he was wearing) bounded out in front of my *Ever So Bluish-Green Honda Craft* and then suffered the consequences of a combination of inertia, gravity, and momentum all at once. Pumpkin seeds covered the hillside. Orange pulp dangled from tree limbs in the mid-afternoon breeze. A once proudly displayed cape joined the other bits of scattered road-stew in the rain gullies of Pottersville Rd. near that fateful bend against the blinding mid-afternoon sun next to the pumpkin patch in Chester.

Oh well. A quick squirt of the windshield wiper fluid and I was on my way. Stupid pumpkins should go by the rules everybody else is obliged to. "Cross at the green not in between" or use the painted white lines you stupid Pumpkin Super Hero. I mean who did it/she/he think she/he/it was anyway?? And then there was the issue of speed. Would you be willing to for-go the chance for a little bit of Hyper-Space before the Second Running of such a legendary Hash as Ed's?? Hell no!! Fuck the Great Pumpkin!!

Oh, so where was I?

The pack left me there as I pulled in. No one wondered why I was the seemingly last to arrive. No one even cared that I hadn't changed into Hashing formal wear yet. So I took the Rubber Trail. The Rubber trail left from the .....

*Ed won't let me tell you.*



There was the Scribe up in a tree. The pack approached and the Scribe attempted to use his elevated vantage point to expedite the efforts of the larger cause (find the first of many beer checks). His first attempt to assist the masses was taken for granted by the FRBs who arrived a short while after he had tested three or four trees and nested in around the fifth. After watching the pack gather and stop to complain about the lack of beer checks thus far (yes Snipper- you complained), we were off again down thru, over around, and a little over the woods to the next mark. This sort of flour mark type following continued until we scurried down a path that led to a road with a Suck Em Up Vee-Hickle waiting with brew-Haaaa.

The group was rather overwhelmed with the choice of liquid refreshments. We bantered about for aprox. 1 drink each and then scampered off with Ed in the background saying something to the effect that we had just experienced the first of many beer checks. It had only been 20 or 25 minutes to the first beer check so another sounded quite nice.

We ran some more and had another beer check. This time we were treated to a vista upon which to enjoy our libations. All good beers deserve a good view to go along with them somebody must have said. At this point Diane AKA "George's Main Squeeze This Week" spoke up because she announced that she was going to leave the run in order to take up company with a grove of trees that she felt a deep desire to be familiar with.

After all the running was done with, the entire pack drove back over the remaining strands of pumpkin meat left on the drive and continued to the Top of the Hill for the On-On.

**W**E'VE had Gay Pride Week, gay parades, Gay Olympics and gay plays winning Tonys — So here's some of the gayest jokes around: "The Canadians have their first gay Mountie. He not only gets his man — He gets to keep him ... When Pearl found out her nephew was gay, she rushed over to console her sister. "It's not so bad," said Sylvia, "At least he's going with a doctor."



■ A homosexual is someone who doesn't believe in mixed marriages ... They have a new gay doll. Wind him up and he totally ignores Barbie and takes Ken to the movies.

■ I went to dinner in Greenwich Village with my wife last night. She

■ These two college girls went to Europe for vacation. They checked into their hotel room. On the first night one turns to the other and says, "I have to tell you a secret about myself." — "What is it" said the other. "Well, let me be frank" — "Oh no, let me be Frank," says the other, "You can be Harry."

got three propositions and I got four ... They had a drag race in the village with three different categories — high heels, pumps and sling backs.

■ One of the country's top Mafia dons is gay. When he gives you the kiss of death — it includes dinner, dancing and champagne ... Then there was this Australian sailor who left Victoria for Sydney ... A man comes home to his wife of 20 years and announces, "I have a gay lover." "I can't believe it," she cries. "What's he got that I haven't got!"

## HOOKER CUTS OFF BRONX MAN'S PENIS

By PHILIP MESSING

An enraged prostitute — upset over a client's refusal to pay — used a knife to cut off most of his penis yesterday, Bronx police said.

Domingo Morales, 67, was recovering after emergency surgery last night, but authorities said the severed portion had not been located.

"We looked for it, but we couldn't find it," one detective said.

Morales was attacked by the unidentified woman inside his fifth-floor apartment at 2712 Decatur Ave. at about 1:30 p.m., police said.

Police said the woman took out a knife and cut off about three-fourths of his penis when he refused to pay for services rendered.

After the woman fled, the victim managed to call for help.

Morales was transported to Jacobi Hospital by Emergency Medical Service workers and underwent more than two hours of surgery, a hospital spokesman said.

The spokesman said the surgery will permit him to urinate "but not to do much more."

**Run 419: Place- South Mtn. Reservation - "Only The Flat Part" ↔ -Hare:  
Paul Bunion**

The clock ticked past 3:30 and a combination of familiar and not so familiar faces gathered at the train station in Millburn. Pune-TANG was one of the first to ask where the closest bathroom was only to be answered by a collection of glances towards the wooded area due North. Discontent with that solution she sped off in her car to find a pubic rest room in the down town area.

About twenty or so gathered in her absence. Six were faces seen not since the last Paul Bunion Fall Fiasco. They claimed to be friends of the "Son Of Bunion" - a.k.a. Tom or Tim or some "T" name that gets him through the door at Thanksgiving when he comes home. You could tell that they had not Hashed in quite some time because of all the importance they attached to stretching and wearing the proper "RACE" shirts to show us all that they would fit in even if we couldn't remember their names for the life of us.

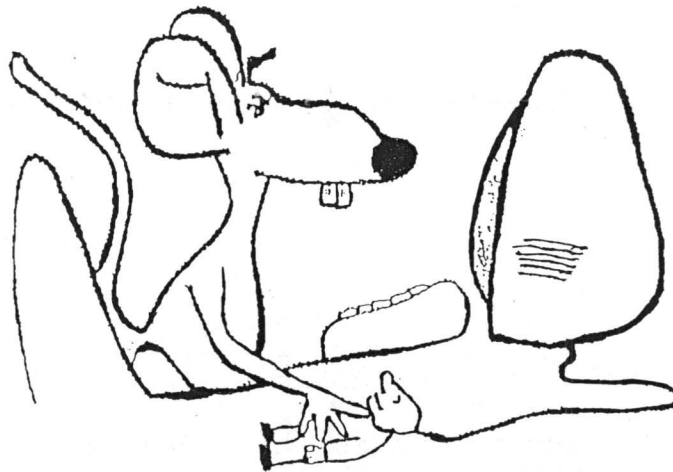
So Pune- made it back in time to start with us. After a On-That-Way from the Hare, the gathering dispersed from the parking area and off to the train tracks. A quick circle jerk and the pack was off to the woods. Meanwhile the Hare managed to escape, undetected by the group, off to the wooded area NW of the parking spot. The Hashers Hashed on.

From the woods we entered more woods until at last the first of many impossibilities occurred. The trail dead ended into what seemed to be a rock wall with only a vertical escape. The first of many to reach the spot where the rocks met the skyline was said to have leaned up against the mighty mineral deposits and wondered out loud for a better way only to find a knotted rope in 'is/er hand. (Note the avoidance of gender in the last characterization). It must be said now that we were about to embark upon another truly typical Paul Bunion Runyun.

Several more ascent/descent slash odorfull brushes with altitudes took place before it was noted that we were being led around by the Hare. That's right!! After the majority of the Checks the Hare was quick to point out to the smattering of check-hangers that the direction was.....

The SCBs had their own opinion. As much as they are told, so they will follow with denial and *independence of direction*. For as much *Direction* as the Hare provided, there was always confidence that the Hare was dead wrong about the shortest way to the end. So after about 5 rope assisted rock climbs/drops the crowd was rewarded with a Bloody Mary Check. It also needs to be said that Dog Meat was too wimpy and distrustful too make the full descent for the Turbo-Charged Bloody Merriment. And I don't know about Summit, but just about every other Hash in existence would give a Down-Down for even less of an action. I believe another good-willing provider made the climb to allow Dog-Breath a portion of the Blood-Red libation.

We ended up in a picnic area that overlooked the parking area we started from. Most stayed to view and smell what they knew would eventually emerge from the Irish-Swede's picnic basket. Soon the water was set out to shroud the forbidden odor of the dead fish Jim always managed to bring along. He claimed it to be some old family tradition that went back to the days of using rocks to clean laundry and mud to color cocoa. Well Jim.... you never fail to bring us back to the true essence of Hashing.



## When a kiss was just a kiss

One of the enduring sideshow mysteries of the World War II era seems to have been solved. Last week, amid the celebrations of V-J Day's 50th anniversary, the identity of the sailor whose enthusiastic public kiss of a nurse in Times Square came to symbolize America's joy over the fact that the war had ended was apparently established.

It's long been known that the nurse in the Alfred Eisenstadt photograph — immortalized by Life magazine — is California resident Edith Shain. Over the years, however, lots of folks claimed to be the man in the picture. Shain, after meeting and talking to several of the would-be kissing sailors, now says she believes that Carl Muscarello, a former New York City detective, was the young man who kissed her in the photograph.

Nice to have the riddle solved. But the recent focus on this particular representation of the euphoria that gripped the nation 50 years ago got us to thinking: What would happen today if, at a public

celebration, a young serviceman took a young woman into his arms and kissed her on the lips?

We hesitate to consider the prospect.

In the first place, the sailor himself would undoubtedly be arrested and charged with aggravated sexual battery.

Then, several dozen Washington-based naval commanders and subordinate officers would be pressured into taking early retirement. A few might well be drummed out of the service entirely. After all, sexual harassment — recorded for posterity in a national magazine — isn't something the Navy can be expected to tolerate.

We expect that Rep. Pat Schroeder (D-Col.) would hold hearings on Capitol Hill. It's also likely that the offending sailor's shipmates would be forced to undergo sensitivity-training sessions.

In short, it's true that times have changed since 1945. But not, in every case, for the better.

## Things I Wish I'd Said at the Orlando Interhash

By TrinBad (AKA What's 'is name, or Crazy Butt; my parents call me Elephant Dick) - Rumson Hash [sent to Internet 9/12]

1) After the Trinidad presentation for Interhash '97, I should have started our pitch by saying "Rumson's sort of at a loss right now - we never expected the Fucking Jamaican Bobsled Team." Then the whole audience would have wished it had said, "NO ONE expects the Fucking Jamaican Bobsled Team!"

2) After CORNBALLER told the joke, "Why do women douche? Because a vagina can't go PTUIII!", EVERYONE should have said "We bet yours can!"

3) The SPARE RIBS joke: SPARE was in the 2nd grade when one day the teacher asked everyone to tell a story that illustrates a moral. Little GILES PUSSY-KILLS gets up and says (through his interpreter) "I spilled soda on Mum's new rug, and I thought maybe if I blamed it on me brother, she'd beat him instead of me. But I told the truth, and Mum said because I was honest I wouldn't be punished. The moral is, Honesty is the Best Policy." Then little AQUA LUNGS stands up and relates "We wanted to play in the front yard, but Mom said it's too dangerous, you'll have to play out back like always. A little later we heard a crash - a car had run into a tree in our front yard. We could have been killed! The moral there is, Mother is Always Right, and how do you like my tits so far?"

Teacher said "I think you've got the idea, but we haven't heard from SPARE yet." SPARE is hulking in the corner in an extra-wide seat; he had that wide body even in 2nd grade (of course, he was 18, 19 and 20 years old then). He lumbers to his feet and says "OK, I've got one. In World War Two, my father was on an island in the Pacific. He was in a foxhole with a squad of Marines, but he was the only one still alive. He was completely surrounded by Nips, I mean people of the Japanese persuasion. It was a moonless night, and he could hear them crawling toward him from all sides. All he had was 30 rounds of ammo, 2 grenades and a quart of Jim Beam. So he chugged the Jim Beam, threw the grenades, and stood up and blasted away til the ammo was gone. When the smoke cleared all the POTJP were dead, and he had captured the island." SPARE sits down. The teacher says "That's a fascinating story, but what moral are you trying to illustrate?" SPARE gets back up - "Oh yeah, Don't FUCK With My Old Man When He's Drunk."

Aside to the bimbo-to-be-named-later (CHEESESERAPREAD) who pissed about four imperial gallons of pussy piss on TRINIDAD MIKE: how do you get that stuff off? You're killing him!

In summary, Rumson has apparently offended our significant other, and we've been put on Double Secret Masturbation for the near future; we may surface in Toronto in November. As for '97, if you queafers would rather party with a bunch of Totally Nudeless Tobaggan-Heads than with us - we're there, dude!



Thing I wish I'd sent to the Internet:

Not to be racist, but when OJ walks, white people around the country should riot in outrage. The problem is, we don't have a clue about how to riot. We've got to start planning now if we hope to have well-organized, tasteful riots. Please submit any ideas to White Riots, c/o the Rumson Hash. Some possibilities:

\*\*\*Break into Hagen-Daz stores and trash their Vanilla Fudge\*\*\*Break into Mercedes dealerships and fill the ashtrays with ashes\*\*\*Break into delis, and cut the crusts off the sandwiches\*\*\*Sabotage L. L. Bean operations, causing them to shut down overnite\*\*\*Burn copies of the Wall Street Journal\*\*\*Picket the NBA\*\*\*Turn over and burn the entire Hertz fleet\*\*\*Go golfing without a teeoff time\*\*\*

One thing's for sure, it will be open season on Hacking Big-Breasted Blondes to Death (they're so dumb, they'll be saying "Thank you Sir, give me another please!")

The Good news for racial equality is that we're all the same color under the skin. The Bad is that it's a yellowish purple-gray, which is just below Gook on the prejudice ladder.

Thing I stole from the Internet:

Husband calls wife from the office, says "Honey, pack your bags, I just won the lottery!!

She: "Whoopee! But should I pack for a warm climate, or a cold one?"

He: "I don't give a fuck, so long as yer ass is out of the house when I get home."

## Hip Pocket Lingo

If foreign tourists seem to be spouting more gibberish than usual, it could very well be that the new USA Phrasebook from Lonely Planet is at fault. Below are slang terms and phrases that the Australian-published guide claims are actually in use in various corners of these United States (definitions are taken from the book):

**Cher sugar:** artificial sugar

**cuspy:** excellent

**decruitment:** corporate euphemism for laying off workers

→ **flip a bitch:** make a U-turn

**going postal:** euphemism for being totally stressed out

**monkey time:** let's roll, let's go with it, *LET'S JERK IT OFF*

**no doubt:** a way of agreeing without really listening; it beats "uh-huh"

**nostril shot:** unflattering TV or film footage of a subject

**telephone-number salary:** a seven-digit salary

**TV parking:** finding a parking spot right in front of where you want to be; a phenomenon that only happens on TV shows



IF YOU CAN HANG A PALM  
OR A LOULIE, WHY NOT  
FLIP A BITCH?

Another example of language gaps is the folks at Subaru. Their cars have "horizontally opposed" pistons, the so-called "boxer" design, and they brag about the advantages of "the horizontal boxer" engine, not realizing that in countries that have boxing, "the horizontal boxer" carries something of a stigma.



Time - 1 Mile Fun Race - 10:30 AM

6 Mile Race - 11:00 AM

Sign-up begins - 9:30 AM

Place - Cheesequake State Park, NJ

Take Exit 120 off the Garden State Parkway and follow signs

Awards - Three in each age category

### The Course -

Once again we invite all road runners to experience the thrill of trail running (this is different than "the agony of the feet" as seen on Wide World of Sports). With 225 entrants in 1994 we held the largest non-school off-the-road race in New Jersey. The Hashathon is not "golf course style" cross country. You will run up winding wooded trails and down steep gullies, across foot bridges, small streams & fallen trees. Cheesequake has a lake, cedar forest and beautiful wetlands. It is dramatic terrain and you will experience all of it. The race is tough but nearly everyone finishes generally intact and ready for our post-race party. So if you're tired of the same old pavement, why not join the Rumson Hash House Harriers for something completely different & just a tad crazy.

### ENTRY FEES - 6 Mile Race

\$5 (pre-entry)

\$8 (post-entry)

1 Mile Fun Run - \$1

# 16th ANNUAL

# HASHATHON

NOVEMBER 5, 1995

## A Six Mile Trail Race

SPONSORED BY THE  
RUMSON HASH HOUSE  
HARRIERS IN  
COOPERATION WITH THE  
JERSEY SHORE RUNNING  
CLUB.

\*\*\* Please note that November 5th is the correct date.! Some publications have been listing dates other than the 5th. November 5th is correct!!!!!! \*\*\*

## 1995 HASHATHON TRAIL RACE ENTRY FORM

Make checks payable to: Rumson Hash House Harriers

Mail checks & entries to: Mark Griggs, 3228 Atlantic Ave., Allenwood N.J. 08720-0150

Need more info. ? Looking to buy Real-Estate with "no-money down"... Whoops -- sorry I got carried away, Wrong flyer! Call Mark Griggs at (908) 528-0132

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

SEX : MALE ( ) FEMALE ( )

AGE GROUP: 14 & UNDER ( ) 15-19 ( ) 20-29 ( ) 30-39 ( ) 40-49 ( ) 50-59 ( ) 60 & up ( )

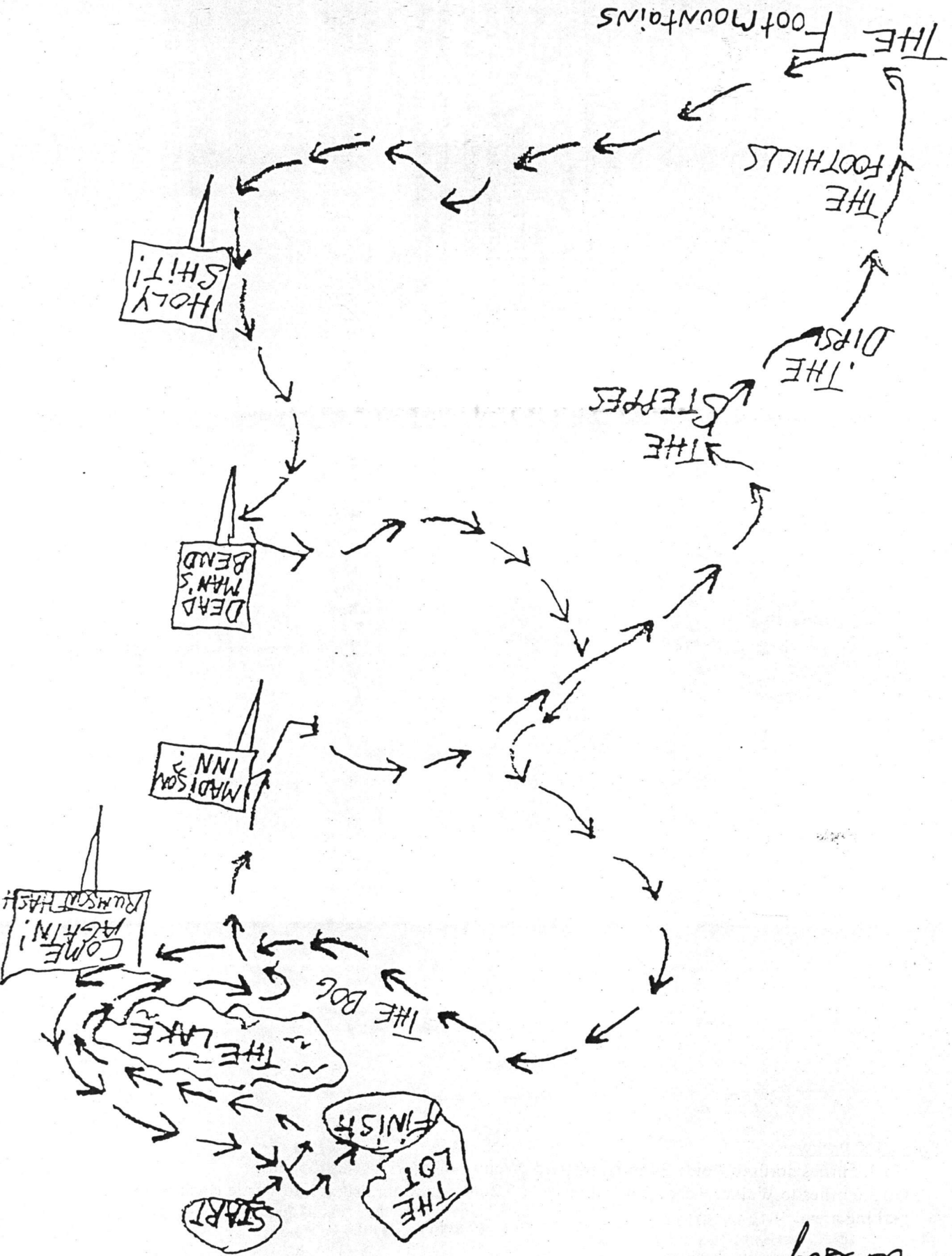
RACE: 6 MILE RACE ( ) 1 MILE FUN RUN ( )

This is an off-the-road race on rough wooded trails. I acknowledge that there is a risk of injury to me by participating in this event and that I accept that risk. I hereby for myself or my son or daughter waive and release any claims that I may have against the organizers of this race or their representatives for any injuries that may be suffered by me, my son or daughter in this event. If I get hurt, it's my own damn fault!

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

# ROMAN RIVER MEMORIAL HASH HODS HARRERS

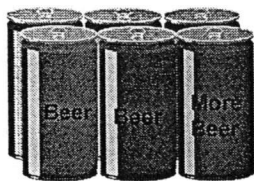


Roman River Memorial Hash Hod's Harriers  
"A Superior Race"

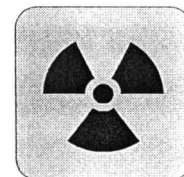
# THE SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

announce their

## INTERHASH '95

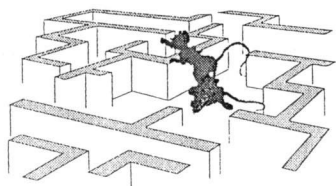


**All Hashers are Invited to Join Us**  
**Saturday, October 21**  
**3:00 PM**



**Turtle Back Rock (not the zoo)**  
**South Mountain Reservation**  
**West Orange, NJ**

**Co-Hares: Dogmeat and Orgasmitron**



*Special Features:*

- ✓ Two (count 'em -2) Beer Checks
- ✓ Lots of cold, liquid carbo-loading for Marathon wanna-be's
- ✓ The best damned Interhash give-away since the last Interhash give-away
- ✓ **Naked Women \***
- ✓ All for a reasonable payment to Summit's Hash Cash

=====

**ERECTIONS** (if this isn't enough help, call Dogmeat at 908-665-0786)

From Route 78 (eastbound or westbound)

Route 78 to Route 24 West to Exit 7C. Follow signs to JFK Parkway (see below).

From Route 287 (northbound or southbound)

Route 287 to Route 24 East to Exit 7. Bear right and follow signs to JFK Parkway (see below).

From JFK Parkway

Go 3.8 miles north of Route 24 to Northfield Avenue. Turn right (eastbound).

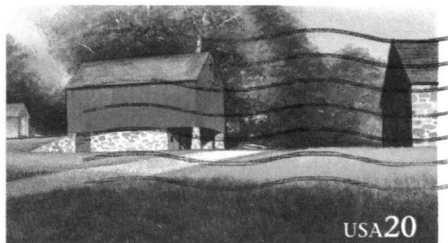
Go 3.0 miles to Walker Road. Turn right. Go 0.2 miles and turn right into Turtle Back Rock parking area.

By NJT Train

Take the 1:37 Train from Hoboken to Millburn (call 201-762-5100 to confirm schedule). To guarantee a ride from the train station, call Dogmeat at 908-665-0786 in advance.

\* Provided several Harriettes comply by disrobing





NORA & DAVE CARY  
4 HILLVIEW TERR.  
CONVENT STATION, NJ 07961



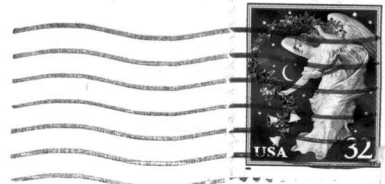


SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS  
NEXT RUN: MUM ALI'S REVENGE  
SATURDAY, SEPT. 9TH AT 3:30 PM  
PLACE: WATCHUNG RESERVATION  
TAKE RT. 22W TO SUMMIT RD. EXIT IN  
MOUNTAIN SIDE. GO TO TOP OF HILL  
AND MAKE LEFT AT TRAFFIC LIGHT.  
GO TO CIRCLE AND TAKE 3RD ROAD OFF  
CIRCLE (3/4 AROUND). GO ABOUT  
50 YDS. AND LEFT INTO CARPARK.

501 Orange Ave.  
Cranford, NJ 07016



## SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



NORA & DAVE CARY  
4 HILLVIEW TERR.  
CONVENT STATION, NJ 07961

### SUMMIT HASH H

HASH HOT LINE: 908-277-4127

GRAND MASTER Drew "Miscast" Fischlein, 7 Brookside Rd.,  
Succasunna, NJ 07876 (h) 201-584-8210

JOINT MASTER Andy "Orgasmitron" Norris, 1438 Deer Path,  
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Short Hills, NJ 07078 (h) 201-376-2392

ON-SCRIBES Ed "Suck 'Em Up" George &  
Scott "Rubbermaiden" Wheeler

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS WE PRINT"

Next Run: No. 423:

Date: SATURDAY, 28 OCT 95 AT 3:30 PM  
Hare: PRIMORDIAL FLOOZE'S HALLOWEEN RUN - WEAR A COSTUME!  
Place: SUMMIT TRAIN STATION (NO RUN IN PHILLIE TODAY)  
I-78W. Take Rt. 24W split to Summit - Summit Ave.  
exit. At top of ramp turn left onto Summit Ave.  
Go about 1 mile into Summit. Go past Summit Diner,  
make right. One block on left is train station.  
Meet on south side.

NOTE: FILTHADELPHIA H3 IS RUNNING IN WASHINGTON DC THIS DAY.

Next Run: No. 424:

Date: SATURDAY, 4 NOV 95 AT 3:00 PM  
Hare: LOCOMORROW  
Place: NEWARK  
Erections: Rt.22E. Pass Wequaick (sp) Park and follow signs for Newark Airport, Rt. 1-9S. Make first right onto Haynes Ave. Go over the bridge and look to the left. There's a warehouse with some parking spots and you should see the Hare's car, a green Silhouette. Park.

TORONTO INTERHASH - NOVEMBER 17-19

Anyone interested in going to the Toronto Interhash, let me know. Reportedly, this will be one of the greatest Hashing times you'll ever have (so say the Rvmson guys, but what do they know?). The "bill of fare" is as follows:

AC733 leaves NWK at 10:35 AM arrives TOR at 12:02 PM on 11/17/95  
AC736 leaves TOR at 3:15 PM arrives NWK 4:31 PM on 11/19/95  
(Air Canada also has a few other flights each day).  
Airfare = \$236.00

Lodging at Days Inn Beaches. CAD\$79/night Single Occupancy.  
With two beds in the room, total room cost is CAD\$89/night.  
Includes breakfast.

Fri. 7 PM Tacky Dress Run from Hotel Bar  
Sat. 1 PM Buses leave hotel  
Sun. 11 AM Hangover Hash (back at hotel by noon)

Cost of Interhash is CAD\$75 before 10/31/95 and CAD\$85 after the deadline. If you want to save the CAD\$10 by sending your registration fee in early, send it to Gerry Docherty, 105 Isabelle St., Apt. 506, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 1N9. ON-ON!

FUTURE RUNS:

<u>Run No.</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>Place</u>
425	11 Nov	Repo's "Cumming Out Party"	TBA
426	18 Nov	Miscast	TBA
427	2 Dec	Keyhole's "Back In Town Party"	TBA
428	9 Dec	Breaststroke	TBA
429	16 Dec	Seoul Brudda's Christmas Extravaganza	
430	1 Jan	Papoose, Dr. Art & Redickless present the Annual "Hare Of The Dog" Run.	

Bloody Marys served at 10:45 AM, Hash begins at 11:00 AM, Frenchy's at 12:30.

IF ANYONE STRONGLY FEELS THAT THERE SHOULD BE A HASH ON THANKSGIVING WEEKEND, CONTACT SEOUL BRUDDA ASAP.

**Run 417: Place- Seeley's Pond - ↔ -Hare: Massengil**

It was a 3:00 start for Hashes typically starting at 3:30. People were late. The Hare had some lame duck reason to leave early -- some pressing appointment (Jerry's McKenzee's Bachelor Party) that was going to require an early departure from his own Hash. Jim Whitley. Dr. Orgasmatron showed a keen interest in being part of this momentous event. Dawn "Pune-Tang" Stratton had made an effort to be on time for her first Summit Hash since meeting RubberMaiden at the Middletown Full Moon Hash just a few days before, but apparently she got held up by her travel mate and TOTAL VIRGIN Anne Marin.

Repo was also late on the start but his excuse involved some sort of entanglement with a large black canine that insisted on taking him for a run. Mum was suprisingly on-time as were Suck-Em Up and Lou Crapper. We had a Non-Runner Tag along by the name of Dog Meat who so graciously joined us for a mid-run beer check.

Does this sound like it was written up in the ex-way-post-facto mode?? Uhhhh- Huhhh.

Along the trail the FRBs encountered a few wide-eyed trail walkers who were anxious to find out about the "RACE" they thought they were seeing. Ed & I felt obliged to tell them that we were from the Park Police and it was more of a Man Hunt. After a nervous grunt or two from the now uneasy Nature Lubbers, we also mentioned that those noisy ones behind us would have dogs and guns to protect them. LocoMorrow.

So we got to the beer check in about 3 or so clusters. Primordial Flooze. Several of the faces crossing Glenside Ave. for a cold drink were not visible at the start at 3:20 PM. It was like a reunion. The 2nd or third flock was led by a large black Kahuna and trailed by the founder of the new sport called "dog-surfing". So Repo tied the dog to the car and began to survey the various wounds surrounded by clumps of vegetation. John Bashaw?

After a beer-check's worth of beer, On-Over & Up the Fire Drill Hill into the back of the former Nuclear Missile Base on the edge of the Governor Livingston Regional High School. The trail seemed to lead under a fence and into some sage but after going under that ratty fence and around that blind corner and then a tight squeeze (that tore Pune's tights in a rather revealing spot) it was discovered that the trail actually led around the outside of the fence obstacle and that rodent-smelling half-breed of a Hare had run the trail into a small circle.

Sly. Cunning. Arch-Brilliant. We were. For we had found the trail again and were now headed for the brick sided institution of higher learning better known by the locals as GL. Up and around the side we traveled over the many signatures of past graduates scribbled out on the walk in paint. Because this few had stayed a little longer at the beer check to savor the epervescent highway fumes, the assistance of the pack was no longer available. Two roller-Bladers were of absolutely no help at the side of the school. They didn't know

Run 417: (cont.)

if they had seen anything. Their short-term memories had also been affected by the I-78 vapors that drifted up the hillside.

A quick down and around got us to an ON-IN in flour letters that could be easily spotted from an air plane. So a quick two miles of asphalt pounding got our group of 3 back to the parking lot in time to see the last of the roadies tossed into the park receptacles.

Some knew the way to Massengil's house. Some didn't. A caravan formed and a very nice back yard styled On-On catapulted most to an early evening of deep slumber.....

Run # 421      Sunrise Lake Parking lot      Morristown - Mendham, NJ  
Hare: Bone Bramble

Hashers: Papoose, Bone Bramble, Mark, Poon-Tang, Suck 'Em Up, Rubber Maiden, Dog Meat (sort of), Dan (1 beer, 1 slice only), Who Broke My Pumper?

Dark gray skies above. Heavy soil from the morning rain. Runoff filled the creeks. Hashers filled the parking lot (well, sort of). Only 5 or 6 showed on time (within 15 minutes) and it was going to rain soon no matter when we left, so it seemed as good a time as any for a pony. I started it. Others gave in until the masses were consuming the pony sized brews in wait for the inevitable later cummers. But they showed not. So we ran.

On over into the wooded area at the end of the parking lot. Suck 'Em up decided not to wear clothes on this Hash so he was the first to look for marks on the high ground. Papoose scurried off into the bush with Poon-Tang, and Mark just ran real fast into the woods (he got a little caught up in the excitement of the moment). Pumper and Rubber took up the rear and check hung because no one was really ON yet. Ed came and went a few times in each direction all the long blowwing his horn while all the others were still looking in the first direction. The trail was eventually found by using a little Hash Intuition (look for the Hare - see why he's ("he" in this case but not all cases) not following) and the flock herd moved on up the incline.

The woods were nice but it was raining now. Ed was convinced that the lack of clothing would lighten his load during the run and the rest of the flock was convinced that Suck would get pneumonia and die when temperature dropped later during the run.

Dawn changed clothes several times before the run started. The sweatshirt. The sweatshirt AND the jacket. Just the jacket. A tee shirt. How about a tee shirt (which was under all this the whole time anyway) and rain gear? She was convinced she had Hashed enough to know better. Florida had taught her to deal with the rain, and her childhood in Oregon had taught her how to deal with the rain AND the hills. But still she insisted on having more runs on or about an hour in duration or she was going to make herself real scarce on the SH3 runs. HINT.



## Run 421: (Cont.)

Mark was THE LAST MARK. We found this out when someone yelled 'Last Mark!', from the distance and Mark said "I'm Right Here!! You idiot!!" Funny because I thought I heard someone call him Tiny Tim or Little John or something on one of the other runs. Go figure.

Lee was showing true colors when the rain changed forms and became a wave instead of droplets like nice little rain should be. Yeah his red hat melted right into his once gray shirt and his shorts took on quite a mix of colors. Poon's Tang marks melted from her tights to her silkies. She bragged about them after the run as she changed behind Bone's trick two-way umbrella in the soggy parking area.

But what about the run you say?? It was wet. Verrrry wet. During the 2+ hours from start to finish (70 min running time as logged in by Suck-M) the area experienced more rain than the entire state had seen since May. Fortunately we all had clothes on (except for Ed) so we could take home some of the valuable H2O resources that were bestowed upon us.

Did I mention the beer checks?? One at the start in the parking area. One on a road somewhere in Morris County (because it was raining). And one at Historic Bone Brambles House near the end of the run on Patriot's Path.

As Poon and Rubber worked their way out of the mudd pits of Mendamn (we know it was because we saw the sign on the road) and up some really unappreciated incline towards God knows where, an ON-UP! sounded from some fenced-in property high to the right. A little more up a street to the right and onto the Historical Property when two dogs charged us head on. A few seconds later Bone Brambled over and calmed the precocious pups and let us in for a beer check. His wife stayed inside because she knew better. We stayed outside because we liked watching all the little bleu bumps forming on Ed's body as we consumed Becks brew. His lips also looked as if he had just finished a quart of Grape Cool-Aide.

The wind picked up and blew us all back to the parking area. Patriots Path ran parallel to a creek which flowed into the path at times. Papoose was seen brushing up on his surfing skills just before leaving the path. The Path led back to the parking area from the beer check.

The rain stopped just long enough to suck down another beer and then after learning the whereabouts of the On-ON we departed for a place in Morristown called Danny's Pub. It was right across from HQ Plaza and had free parking in back and didn't give us parking tickets. Did everyone pay off their tickets from Maliboos's \$50 run??

# How to be a Good Wife

Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal is part of the warm welcome needed.

Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so that you'll be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your makeup, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.

Clear away the clutter. Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. Then run a dust cloth over the tables. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too.

Prepare the children. Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces (if they are small). Comb their hair and, if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

Minimize all noise. At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of the washer, dryer, dishwasher or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet. Be happy to see him. Greet him with a warm smile, be glad to see him.

Some don'ts: Don't greet him with problems or complaints. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Count this as minor compared with what he might have gone through that day. Make him comfortable. Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Fluff his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soft, soothing and pleasant voice. Allow him to relax and unwind.

Listen to him. You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.

Make the evening his. Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment. Instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure, his need to be home and relax.

The goal: Try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can renew himself in body and spirit.

*-From a 1950s high school Home Economics textbook*

# SECOND (ANNUAL?) VIRGINIA INTERHASH

**WHEN:** 10, 11, & 12 NOVEMBER 1995 (that's this year)

**WHERE:** LAKE ANNA, VIRGINIA

**WHAT:** THE USUAL....BEER, FOOD, TRAILS, ETC.

**WHY:** BECAUSE WE WERE TOLD TO DO SOMETHING

Yes indeed, folks, it is going to happen. Starting Friday night, November 10, the pack will be off and the beer will be flowing at the **SECOND VIRGINIA INTERHASH**. Your host hash for this stupendous weekend, the **Richmond Hash House Harriers**, have pulled this one out of their shorts to hold nothing back from it being a noteworthy weekend. With a supporting cast of misfits from Fort Eustis and Tidewater (any other volunteers?) how can we go wrong?

We've opted to camp out again this year and have found a great location. It is located one hour west-by-northwest from Richmond (45 minutes north on 95 and then 15 minutes west). We've made arrangements with the following establishment for our mutual lodging pleasure:

Rocky Branch Marina and Campground  
5153 Courthouse Road  
Spotsylvania, VA 22553  
PHONE: (703) 895 - 5475

They have a big open area for us to set up our tents without a rock or a root in sight. A prime fishing location, too, if you have time for that sort of thing during this incredible, colossal, dazzlingly brilliant weekend of hashing in the Virginia heartland. For those of you who prefer more plush surroundings there is a motel across the street, not more than a five minute walk (or a ten minute stagger). They have minifridges and a microwave in each room. You are welcome to make your own arrangements for lodging with them at:

Lakewood Motel and Restaurant  
5152 Courthouse Road  
Spotsylvania, VA 22553  
PHONE: (703) 895 - 5844

We request that the whiners stay there as well, since we don't want to put up with their incessant bitching. They only have 20 rooms available so don't delay if you will be staying there.

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*If you're seriously interested in going, Call Massengil*

*(o) 908 - 273-8998 (h) 908 - 277-0312*

## SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

**FRIDAY:** The first draught is drawn. The hounds will be let loose on the trail at 8:00 PM. Refreshments will be served.

**SATURDAY:** After a brisk swim around Lake Anna, a repast will be made available. The pack sets off at NOON. The Circle and down-downs will follow. Then food, Hash Olympics, skits, singing, and all the typical late night activities.

**SUNDAY:** This will be a resplendent run with the live hares being supplied by Fort Eustis in order to celebrate their 24 years of hashing. This commemorative hash will set off at 10:00 AM. Some haberdashery stuff after that (or before - whatever). Followed by more nonsense. Then go home.

We did mention Saturday night skits, didn't we? Each Hash can either bring their own or be given one on Saturday morning (this will allow for rehearsal time, which is so important when presenting truly dramatic theater).

Prizes will be awarded for whatever we see fit.

**Other suggested items to bring are:** lawn chairs, blankets, Frisbees, clean underwear, your personal drinking vessel (for the environmentally conscious), lanterns, flashlights, etc.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE VIRGINIA INTERHASH CAMPSITE:

**FROM RICHMOND AND POINTS SOUTH AND EAST:** Go north on route 95 and take exit 118 (45 minutes north of Richmond), for "Thornburg." Go west on route 606. In about 4 miles this will overlap with route 208 west. Follow route 208 west (Courthouse Road) and STAY ON IT. LOOK FOR THE "HHH →" SIGNS. Pass the right-hand turnoff for Lake Anna State Park and in a few more miles you'll see the sign on the left for the "Rocky Branch Marina and Campground." Take that left. On the right is the sign for the "Lakewood Motel." If you want to go there then turn right.

**FROM POINTS NORTH OF FREDRICKSBURG (THIS INCLUDES D.C.):** Go south on route 95 and take exit 118 "(Thornburg)". Go west on route 606 and follow the directions as detailed above.

**FROM CHARLOTTESVILLE AND WEST:** Get on route 64 east and take exit 143. Follow route 208 east through the town of Mineral and cross over Lake Anna. LOOK FOR THE "HHH→" SIGNS. In two miles you'll see the sign for the campground on your right and the motel on your left. Make a decision and turn.

# REGISTRATION FOR THAT 1995 VIRGINIA INTERHASH THANG

Make your checks payable to "Caroline Thielsch," who is our unsuspecting Hash Cash for this event. The cost is either \$55 (\$60 for the late registration) if you will be camping for the weekend, \$45 (\$50 for the late registration) if you will be in the motel for the weekend (you pay for the motel), or \$30 (\$35 for the late registration) for those participating in Saturday's festivities only. Mail your checks along with the form below (filled out and signed, please) to:

Caroline Thielsch  
8212 Stone River Court  
Richmond, VA 23235

If you have any questions concerning this flyer or the weekend you can call Big Bird or B Cubed at (804) 745 - 7198. We hope to see you at Lake Anna this November 10, 11, and 12!

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

HASH NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

(in case we need to contact you with any late breaking details)

HASH AFFILIATION: \_\_\_\_\_

T- SHIRT SIZE:                      M                      L                      XL

\_\_\_\_\_ I will be there for the whole weekend. Here is my check for \$55 (or \$60 if after Oct. 25).

\_\_\_\_\_ I am a weenie since I will not be camping out, but I will be there for the weekend. Here is my check for \$45 (or \$50 if after Oct. 25). *I WILL MAKE MY OWN MOTEL RESERVATION.*

\_\_\_\_\_ I will be there for Saturday only (no overnight stay). Here is my check for \$30 (or \$35 if after Oct. 25).

THIS IS THE TYPICAL DISCLAIMER PART, absolving all individuals who may have participated in the planning, organization, or presentation of this weekend of hashing, from any liability should I suffer any injury, malady, or come to any harm in the event that I or any other participants or those aforementioned organizers of this event screw up through accident, design, oversight, or other.

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_  
(sign on the dotted line)

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_



# Only truly Jaded will enjoy this sick flick

\_\_\_\_\_ HASHERS UNITE !

**J**ADE" is a steamy stinker — loaded with kinky, highly sexualized violence.

The film begins with the piercing, anguished screams of an unseen victim who is being butchered in his bedroom with an ax, a few minutes later we see the victim's bloody, disemboweled, horribly mutilated carcass hanging on a bedroom door.

There's also a sequence in which a gorgeous call girl

Michael  
Medved



— played by supermodel Angie Everhart — is chased and then handcuffed by police.

A short while later, she is deliberately run down by a speeding black Thunderbird, which then turns around to finish the job, running over the grievously injured woman a second time as her bones and skull go "crunch" and "splat" at deafening volume on the soundtrack.

Of course, director William Friedkin also gives us an overhead look at Everhart's totally nude, bruised and broken corpse as she's lying at the morgue awaiting autopsy.

Jade also offers graphic depictions of huge dildos, special pillows for deeper penetration, a bedside collection of different colored pubic hair in silver snuff boxes and references to potent drugs and potions to enhance sensual response.

A central plot element involves the videotaping and photographing of various hookers and their clients in the midst of fevered sex, and we see the results of this process repeatedly in the course of the film.

Obviously, ELEPHANT DICK  
from Rymson was a paid  
consultant to this movie.

# SUMMIT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

## 1995 INTERHASH SONGBOOK

unashamedly taken from ZIPPY's Hash Songbook  
Note to Rumsoners: Large type version is available

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### A Story in Anagrams (to 1994)

OJ, He Seminal Sportsman  
Host OJ, Primal Meanness  
Mr. OJ, Meanness, Hospital  
OJ, Immense Sharp Talons  
Heisman Plot, Snare Ms. OJ  
Moonlit James Sharpens  
"Immense Harlot!" OJ Snaps  
OJ Slashes Prominent Ma  
Heisman Person Jolts Ma  
Inept OJ Slashes Mom, Ran  
She Enjoin Mortal Spasm  
Ms. OJ's Ron, Lame Thespian  
I'm OJ, Slashes Neat Ron, PM  
Hapless Ron Join Tame Ms.  
Patrolmen Hiss OJ's Name  
Jam, Solemn Shapiro Sent  
Ashen Patrolmen Miss OJ  
Shapiro Menses Jolt Man  
OJ's Solemn, Marsha Inept  
Ron Set OJ, Heisman Plasm  
OJ, Him Last Manson Spree  
OJ, Less Mama, Then Prison  
Orenthal James Simpson

### As I was Walking

Tune: Old One Hundredth  
(Hymns Ancient and Modern)

As I was walking through the wood,  
I shat myself, I knew I would.  
I cried for HELP! but no help came,  
And so I shat myself again.

As I was walking through Saint Pauls,  
The vicar grabbed me by the balls.  
I cried for HELP! but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my balls again.

As I was walking through St. Giles,  
Some bastard grabbed me by my piles.  
I cried for HELP! but no help came,  
And so he grabbed my piles again

As I was walking down the street,  
A whore grabbed me by the meat.  
I cried for help but no help came,  
And so she grabbed my meat again.

As I lay sleeping in the grass,  
Some bastard rammed it up my ass.  
I cried for HELP! but no help came,  
And so he rammed it up again.

### Ball of Kirriemuir

Four and twenty virgins,  
Came down from Inverness,  
And when the ball was over,  
There were four and twenty less,

#### CHORUS:

Singing balls to your partner,  
Ass against the wall,  
If you've never been fucked on  
Saturday night,  
You'll never get fucked at all.

The village cripple he was there,  
He wasn't up too much,  
He lined them up against the wall  
And shagged them with his crutch.

The Queen was in the parlor,  
Eating bread and honey,  
The King was in the chambermaid,  
And she was in the money.

They were fucking in the ante-room,  
And fucking on the stairs,  
You couldn't see the carpet,  
For the cunts and curly hairs.

First lady forward,  
Second lady back,  
Third lady's finger,  
Up the fourth lady's crack.

Officer O'Malley he was there,  
The pride of all the force,

They found him in the stable,  
Wanking off his horse.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there,  
She had the crowd in fits,  
Jumping off the mantelpiece,  
And landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the parlor,  
They were fucking in the grass,  
And all that you could see were waves,  
Of undulating ass.

Mick McMudock when he got there,  
His prick was long and high,  
But when he fucked her forty times,  
He was fucking mighty dry.

McTavish, oh yes, he was there,  
His prick was long and broad,  
And when he fucked the furrier's wife,  
She had to be rebored.

Dino had a even stroke,  
His skill was much admired,  
He gratified one cunt at a time,  
Until his skill expired.

The chimney sweep he was there,  
But soon he got the boot,  
For every time he passed some wind,  
The room was filled with soot,

The minister's wife was at the ball,  
A-sitting in the front,  
A wreath of flowers 'round her ass,  
A carrot up her cunt.

The village builder he was there,  
He brought his bag of tricks,  
He poured cement in all the holes,  
And blunted all the pricks.

Little Jimmy he was there,  
The leader of the choir,  
He hit the balls of all the boys,

To make their voices higher.

The village idiot he was there,  
A' leaning on the gate,  
He couldn't find a cunt,  
So he had to flatulate.

The Vicar's wife she was there,  
Dressed in a long white shroud,  
Swinging on the chandelier,  
And pissing on the crowd.

There was fucking in the hallways,  
There was fucking in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the music,  
For the swishing of the pricks.

The Parson's daughter she was there,  
The cunning little runt,  
With poison ivy up her ass,  
And thistles up her cunt.

The village doctor he was there,  
He had his bag of tricks,  
And in between the dances,  
He was sterilizing pricks.

A couple of Hashmen they were there,  
A' looking for a fuck  
But all the cunts were occupied,  
And they were out of luck.

Little Tommy he was there,  
He was only eight,  
He was too small for the women,  
So he had to masturbate.

The Parson's wife she was there,  
Sitting in front of the fire,  
Knitting rubber Johnnies,  
Out of India rubber tire.

Four and twenty prostitutes,  
Came up from Glockamore,  
And only one went home that night,  
And she was double-bore.

The village magician he was there,  
Doing his favorite trick,  
Pulling his foreskin over his head,  
And vanishing up his prick.

The Vicar's wife she was there,  
Back up against the wall,  
"Put your money on the table boys,  
I'm fit to do ye all."

The Vicar and his lovely wife,  
Were having lots of fun,  
The Parson had his finger,  
Up another lady's bum.

Father O'Flannigan he was there,  
And in the corner he sat,  
Amusing himself BY abusing himself,  
And catching it in his hat.

There was fucking on the couches,  
And fucking in the punts,  
And lying up against the wall,  
Were rows of grinning cunts.

Farmer Brown he was there,  
A' jumping on his hat,  
For half an acre of his corn  
Was fairly fucking flat.

Giles he played a dirty trick  
We cannot let it pass,  
He showed his lass his mighty prick,  
And shoved it up her ass.

The village postman he was there,  
He had a case of Pox,  
He couldn't fuck the lassies,  
So he fucked the letter box.

The village butcher he was there,  
His cleaver in his hand  
And every time he turned around,  
He circumcised the band.

The village plumber he was there,  
He felt an awful fool,  
He'd come eleven leagues or more,  
And forgot to bring his tool.

There was fucking in the kitchen,  
And fucking in the halls,  
The most predominate sound,  
Was the clanging of the balls.

The bride was in the kitchen,  
Explaining to the groom,  
The vagina, not the rectum,  
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the parlor,  
Explaining to his bride,  
The penis not the scrotum,  
Is the part that goes inside.

The village smithy he was there,  
Sitting by the fire,  
Doing abortions by the score,  
With a red-hot piece of wire.

The smithy's brother he was there,  
A mighty man was he,  
He lined them up against the wall,  
And shagged them three by three.

The village economist, he was there,  
His penis in his hand,  
Waiting for the time to come,  
When supply would meet demand.

The tax collector he was there,  
Collecting all his tax,  
The woman who couldnt pay,  
Were paying on their backs.

The village lawyer he was there,  
Collecting all his fees,  
The men who couldnt pay,  
Were paying on their knees.

The village baker she was there,

All covered up in dough,  
Men were kneading her up and down,  
And slippin it in her ho.

The village witch she was there,  
In an upstairs room,  
The men were ignoring her,  
So she was riding on her broom.

The local herder he was there,  
And he began to weep,  
All these willing ladies,  
And not a single sheep.

Yet another idiot he was there,  
He wasnt such a fool,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head,  
And whistled thru his tool.

The village decorator he was there,  
Interiors he likes to design,  
Men were leery of him,  
For he'd fuck them from behind.

The village nurse she was there,  
Checking all the cocks,  
She said of all these blisters,  
It isn't chicken pox.

The local harlot she was there,  
A lay'in on the floor,  
And every time she spread her legs,  
The vacuum shut the door.

The village leper he was there,  
Sitting on a log.  
Peeling off his foreskin,  
And feeding it to the dog.

The village baker she was there,  
All covered up in dough.  
Men were kneading her up and down,  
And slippin' it in her ho'

The village doctor he was there,  
Examining all the men.



Having them turn their heads,  
and grabbing all he can.

The village prince he was there,  
With his sword in hand.  
Every time he turned around  
He circumcised the band.

The groom was all excited,  
And racing 'round the halls,  
A-stumblin' on his pecker,  
And tripping o'er his balls.

### Barcelona

Tune: Manana

CHORUS:  
Manana, manana,  
Is my banana good enough for you?

Way down in Barcelona,  
Where ladies learn to knit,  
A lady stuck a knitting needle in another lady's  
tit.

Said the lady to the lady,  
"We're here to learn to knit,  
Not to stick a knitting needle in another lady's  
tit."

Way down in Barcelona,  
Where drummers play the drum,  
A drummer stuck a drumstick up  
another drummer's bum.  
Said the drummer to the drummer,  
"We're here to play the drum,  
Not stick a drumstick up another drummer's  
bum."

Way down in Barcelona,  
Where lepers decompose,  
A leper picked a snotty from another leper's  
nose.  
Said the leper to the leper,  
"We're here to decompose,

Not to pick a snotty from another leper's nose."

Way down in Barcelona,  
Where ladies learn to swim,  
A lady put her finger up another lady's quim.  
Said the lady to the lady,  
"We're here to learn to swim,  
Not to put our fingers up another lady's quim."

Way down in Barcelona,  
Where beggars beg for food,  
A beggar chucked a lunger in another beggar's  
gruel.  
Said the beggar to the beggar,  
"We're here to beg for food,  
Not to chuck a lunger in another beggar's gruel."

Way down in Barcelona,  
Where wankers yank their crank,  
A wanker took a yank of another wanker's crank.  
Said the wanker to the wanker,  
"We're here to yank our crank,  
Not to yank a crank off another wanker's crank."

Way down in Barcelona where the miners shovel  
coal,  
A miner shoved a shovel up another miners hole,  
Said the miner to the miner,  
We're here to shovel coal,  
And not to shove a shovel up another miners  
hole.

Way down in New York City,  
Where the cabbies drive so fast.  
A cabby rammed his cab up another cabbies ass,  
Said the cabby to the cabby,  
(Wind down window)  
FERK YOU BUDDY!

### Bestiality

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Boys

CHORUS:  
Bestiality's best boys,  
Bestiality's best, fuck a wallabee.

Bestialitys best boys,  
Bestialitys best boy,

#### MENS VERSES:

Make a llama a mama  
Put your load in a toad  
Move your tool in a mule  
Shoot your spunk into a skunk  
Stick your dork in a stork  
Make an eel squeal  
Put your juice in a moose  
Out your wool next to a bull  
Have intercourse with a hose  
You can only wish for a fish  
Bring a flea to his knees  
Stick your log in a frog  
Make a moose real loose  
Jam your cam in a ram  
Stick your needle in a beetle  
Put your sperm in a worm  
Put your spear in a deer  
Stick your rod in a cod  
Stick your cock in a hawk  
Put your thing in an orangutan  
Drop some goo in a shrew  
Skull fuck a duck

#### WIMMINS VERSES:

Ground your mound on a hound  
Rub your beaver on a retriever  
Rub your cunt on an elephant  
Drip your juice on a moose  
Rub your clitty on a kitty  
Give your milk to an elk  
Put your brillo next to an armadillo  
Rub your box on a fox  
Rub your clitoris on a hippopotamus  
Drip your yeast on a wildebeest  
Rub your twat on an ocelot  
The best course is a horse

#### Carolina

Way down in Alabama where the bullshit lies  
thick,  
The girls are so pretty that the babies come

quick.

There lives Carolina, the queen of them all,  
Carolina, Carolina, the cow-puncher's whore.

She's handy, she's bandy, she shags in the street.  
Whenever you meet her she's always in heat.  
If you leave your fly open she's after your meat,  
And the smell of her cunt knocks you right off  
your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls,  
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.  
I saw Carolina there using a stick,  
Instead of the end of a cow-puncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down  
there.

And parted the tresses of curly brown hair.  
Inserted the prick of my sturdy horse,  
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster went my sturdy steed,  
Until Carolina rejoiced at the speed,  
When all of a sudden my horse did back-fire,  
And shot Caroline right into the mire.

Up got Carolina all covered in muck.  
And said, "Oh dear, what a glorious fuck!"  
Two paces forward and fell flat on the floor,  
And that was the end of the cow-punchers whore.

#### Chicago

Tune: The Bear Went Over the Mountain

#### CHORUS:

I used to work in Chicago,  
in a department store.  
I used to work in Chicago,  
but I don't work there anymore.

A woman came in for a computer  
(a computer from the store)  
A computer she wanted; my Wang she got,  
and I don't work there anymore.

A man came in for a telephone  
(a telephone from the store)  
A.T.T. he wanted; T.I.T. he got,  
and I don't work there...

AND:

a woman came in for a:  
doughnut - glazed she wanted. cream filled she  
got  
elevator - my shaft  
carpet - laid  
spring - BOINGed  
screwdriver - screwed  
hammer - nailed  
T-bone - my boneless round  
carpet - pile she wanted, shagged she got  
gun - banged  
nylons - hosed  
floppy disk - my hard drive  
metaphysical conversation - fucked  
velvet - felt  
liquor - lick her I did  
bolts - my nuts  
sailors - semen  
ham - porked  
cigarette - camel, humped  
plastic - rubbers  
plumbing - my pipe  
pipe - hosed  
stockings - hosing  
liquid Plumber - pipes cleaned  
canned ham - porked  
gift wrapping - packed  
butter - spread  
seafood - lobster , crabs  
beer - 6-pack, ate  
fabric - silk, felt

ALSO:

a man came in for a:  
balloon - blown  
doughnut - my hole  
lollipop - sucked  
horse - ridden  
carpet - shag he wanted, piles he got  
Wheels - rimmed

Beer - Bush (w/visual aids)

AND...

A lady came into the hatshop,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Felt," she said, Felt her I did,

A lady came in for a water-bottle,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Rubber," she said, Rub her I did,

A lady came in for a sweater,  
I asked, "What kind would you like?"  
"Jumper," she said, Jump her I did,

### Doggies Meeting

The doggies held a meeting,  
They came from near and far,  
Some came by motorcycle,  
And some by motorcar.

As each doggie passed the entrance,  
Each doggie signed the book,  
Each doggie hung his asshole,  
Upon his very own hook.

An when they were assembled,  
Each mother, son and sire,  
A dirty little mongrel,  
Got up and shouted FIRE!

The dogs they were in panic,  
They had no time to look,  
Each doggie grabbed an asshole,  
From the nearest hook.

A dog is often listless  
For it is very sore,  
To wear another dogs asshole  
Hes never worn before.

And thats the only reason,  
A dog will leave his bone,  
To sniff another dogs asshole,  
To se if its his own.

## Engineers Dream

An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,  
An engineer told me before he died,  
Ah-hum, ah-hum,  
An engineer told me before he died,  
I have no reason to believe he lied,  
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum,  
Ah-hum, titty-bum, titty-bum, titty-bum.

He had a wife with a cunt so wide,  
Ah-hum.....etc.  
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,  
Ah-hum.....etc.  
He had a wife with a cunt so wide,  
That she could never be satisfied,  
Ah-hum.....etc.

So he built a bloody great wheel,  
Two balls of brass and a prick of steel.

The balls of brass he filled with cream,  
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

He tied her to the leg of the bed,  
Tied her hands above her head.

There she lay demanding a fuck,  
He shook her hand and wished her luck.

'Round and 'round went the bloody great wheel,  
In and out went the prick of steel.

Up and up went the level of steam,  
Down and down went the level of cream.

'Till at last the maiden cried,  
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied.

Now we come to the tragic bit,  
There was no way of stopping it.

She was split from ass to tit,  
And the whole fucking thing was covered in shit.

It jumped off her, it jumped on him,  
And then it buggered their next of kin.

It jumped on an uptown bus,  
And the mess it made caused quite a fuss,

The last time, Sir, that prick was seen  
It was over in England fucking the Queen,

There is a moral to the story I tell,  
If you see it coming better run like hell.

Nine months later a child was born,  
With two brass balls and a bloody great horn.

The moral of this story is mighty clear.  
Never fuck an engineer.

## Gang Bang

CHORUS:

I love a gang bang, Oh yes I do,  
'Cause a gang bang makes me feel so good.  
When I was younger, and in my prime,  
I use to gang bang all the ti-i-ime.  
But now I'm older, and turning gray,  
I only gang bang twice a da-a-ay.

"Knock-knock"

Response: Who's there?  
Ida

Response: Ida, who  
Ida want another gang bang

Ranger,  
Ranger who?  
Arranger for best entry at the gang bang

Oliver....  
All of her clothes were off at the ....

- Peter Meter....  
My peter'll meet her at the ...  
- Ben...  
Ben-d over and have another gang bang

- Dolly Parton.....  
 Dolly's partin' her thighs at the...  
 - Turner...  
 Turn 'er over, let's have another...  
 - Bob...  
 Bob down and let's have another...  
 - Yurin...  
 Yurin for sloppy seconds at the...  
 - Sam and Janet...  
 Sam and Janet evening we'll have a...  
 - Tiajuana...  
 Tiajuana bring your mother to the...  
 - Kissinger...  
 Kissinger great, but fuckin her's  
 better at the...  
 - Betty...  
 Bet he'll have a sore dick after the...  
 - Orange...  
 Aren't you glad your at the gang bang?  
 - Aspen...  
 I spend too much time at the ...  
 - Europa...  
 You rope her to the bed post for the...  
 - Charlie Pryde...  
 Charlie pried her legs apart at the...  
 - Lena...  
 Lena up against the door and we'll have a...  
 - Alexander...  
 I licks under her ass at the...  
 - Irish...  
 I wish we were at the gang bang....  
 - Virginia...  
 Virgins are welcome at the...  
 - Shelby...  
 She'll be sore after the gang bang...  
 - Anita...  
 I need a little rest before the...  
 - Dairy...  
 Dare we invite .. to the gang bang?....  
 - Mountain grown...  
 Mount and groan, mount and groan at...  
 - Police...  
 PPPPPlease take me to the gang bang...  
 - Charlotte...  
 Sure lot of fucking at the...  
 - Platypus...

Plenty O puss at the gang bang...  
 - Howard...  
 How were the tits at the....  
 - Martha...  
 More the merrier at the gang bang...  
 - Theodore...  
 The O door was locked at the gang bang...  
 - Extinct...  
 It stinked like fish at the gang bang...  
 - Maybell...  
 Maybe she'll do us all the gang bang...  
 - Chester...  
 Chests'll be everywhere at the...  
 - Ilene...  
 I leaned her over the couch at the...  
 - Sharon...  
 Share and share alike at the...  
 - Head...  
 Had a lot of sex at the gang bang....  
 - Bender...  
 Bend her over the counter at the..  
 - Mason Dixon...  
 My son's dick's in the girl at...  
 - Shirley...  
 Surely you got laid at the gang bang....  
 - Ima...  
 I'm a glad we had this gang bang.....  
 - Eisenhower....  
 It's an hour late for the gang bang...  
 - Witchy...  
 Whichy one you gonna fuck at the...  
 - Gladiator...  
 Glad he ate her out before the...  
 - Adolph...  
 I ate off the bed at the gang bang..  
 - Dixie...  
 My dicks erect at the gang bang...  
 - Satellite...  
 Sat alot on her face at the...  
 - Kenya...  
 Can ya give me directions to the..  
 - Pasteur...  
 Passed her over me twice at the...  
 - Abbott...  
 I bet you won't be alone at the...  
 - Comrade...



Come right on over to the gang bang....

- Mikey...

I lost my keys to the handcuffs at the...

- M.R....

M.R. some nice tits at the....

- Banana...

Banana na na na na na....

- Orange...

Orange you glad I didn't say banana na na...

### Give Me That Good Old Vino

I like my gin - it helps me get in,

But give me that good old vino.

I like my vino,

It gives me a schwing supremo.

CHORUS:

Aye-yi-yi-yi,

Si, si signora.

My sister Belinda she pissed out the window  
And filled up my brand new sombrero.

I like my brandy it makes me feel randy,  
But give me that good old vino(CHORUS)

I like my stout it helps me get out,  
But give me that good old vino(CHORUS)

I like my rum it helps me to cum,  
But give me that good old vino(CHORUS)

I like my beer it helps cure gonorrhea,  
But give me that good old vino(CHORUS)

I like my liquor it makes me cum quicker,  
But give me that good old vino(CHORUS)

### Good Ship Venus

T'was on the good ship Venus,

By Christ you should have seen us,

The figurehead was a whore in bed,

And the mast was the Captain's penis.

CHORUS:

Frigging on the rigging,

Wanking on the planking,

Masturbating on the grating,

There's fuck all else to do.

The Captain's wife was Mabel,

Whenever she was able,

She gave the crew their daily screw,

Upon the galley table,

The cabin boy's name was Kipper,

A cunning little nipper,

He lined his ass with broken glass,

And circumcised the skipper.

The ladies of the nation

Arose in indignation,

They stuffed his bum with chewing gum,

A smart retaliation.

The ship's dog's name was Rover,

We fairly bowled him over,

(The whole crew did him over,)

We ground and ground that faithful hound,  
From Singapore to Dover.

The First Mate's name was Hopper,

By Christ, he had a whopper,

Twice round his neck, once round  
the deck,

And up his ass for a stopper.

The Captain's randy daughter,

She fell into the water,

Delighted squeals revealed that eels,

Had found her sexual quarter.

T'was on the China Station,

To roars of approbation,

We sunk a Junk with a load of spunk,

By mutual masturbation.

The Second Mate's name was Carter,

By God, he was a farter,

When the wind wouldn't blow and the  
ship wouldn't go,

We'd get Carter the farter to start her.

The cook whose name was Freeman,

He was a dirty demon,

He served the crew with menstrual stew,  
And foreskins fried in semen.

The Captain of that lugger,  
By Christ, he was a bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit,  
From one ship to another.

The Third Mate's name was Wiggun,  
By God, he had a big 'un,  
We bashed that cock with lump of rock  
For friggin in the riggin.

The next Mate's name was Andy,  
By God, that man was randy,  
We boiled his bum in red-hot rum,  
For coming in the brandy.

The Fourth Mate's name was Morgan,  
A homosexual Gorgon,  
A dozen crow in rows could pose,  
Upon his sexual organ,

On the trip to Buenos Aires,  
We rogered all the fairies,  
We got the syph at Tenneriffe,  
And a dose of clap in the Canaries.

Another cook was O'Mally,  
He didn't dilly dally,  
He shot his bolt with a hell of a jolt,  
And whitewashed half the galley.

The Captain was elated,  
The Crew investigated,  
The found some sand in his prostrate gland,  
He had to be castrated.

Another Mate's name was Paul,  
He only had one ball,  
But with that cracker he'd roll terbaccer,  
Around the cabin wall.

The Boatswain's name was Lester,  
He was a hymen tester,  
Through hymens thick he'd shove his prick

And leave it there to fester.

The engineer was McTavish,  
And young girls he did ravish,  
His missing tool's at Istanbul,  
He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the Purser,  
He couldn't have been warser,  
With all the crew he had a screw,  
Until they yelled, "Oh, no sir."

'Twas in the Adriatic,  
Where the water's almost static,  
The rise and fall of arse and ball,  
Was almost automatic.

The ship's cat's name was Hippy,  
His hole was black and shitty,  
But shit or not it had a twat,  
The Captain showed no pity.

So now we end this serial,  
Through sheer lack of material,  
We wish you luck and freedom from  
Diseases venereal.

### Hash Hymn

(words and actions)  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan,  
And what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
A band of (fucking) angels,  
Coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Tell all my friends,  
Im coming too.

Coming for to carry me home.

With Reverence (humming only)

Silently (motions only)

Double Time (quickly)

### I Love My Wife

Tune: Traditional

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do,  
I love her truly,  
I love the hole that she pisses through,  
I love her lily white tits and her ruby red lips,  
And her little brown asshole,  
I'd eat her shit, gobble-gobble, chomp-chomp,  
With a rusty spoon (with a rusty spoon).

### Incest is Best

Tune: Tie Me Kangaroo Down Boys

CHORUS:

Incest is best boys,  
Incest is best - Fuck a relative!  
Incest is best boys,  
Incest is best,

Give a piece to your niece boys  
Give a piece to your niece  
Give a piece to your niece boys  
Give a piece to your niece, because -

Put your knob in Uncle Bob boys  
Give a blow to your bro girls  
Shower your sis with some piss boys  
My significant others my brother girls  
Shoot some goo on Aunt Sue boys  
Do the bum of your Mum boys  
Give a kiss to your sis boys  
Make lovin to your cousin boys  
Ive just had my dad girls

Put your sis in bliss boys  
Lets fuck Uncle Buck girls  
Rub your palm on your mom boys  
Hide the salami with your mommy boys

### Mobile

Tune: Shell be Coming Round the Mountain

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,  
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,  
Oh the eagles they fly high,  
And they shit right in your eye,  
Thank the Lord the cows don't fly in Mobile.

CHORUS:

In Mobile, in Mobile,  
In-mo, in-mo, in-Mobile,  
A-a-sshole, a-a-sshole, a-a-a-sshole.

There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,  
in Mobile,  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah in Mobile,  
There's a girl by the name of Dinah,  
Who thinks there's nothing finer,  
Than a prick up her vagina in Mobile.

Oh the vicar is a bugger in Mobile.....etc.  
And the curate is another,  
And they bugger one another in Mobile.

There's a shortage of bog paper in Mobile.....etc.  
So they wait until it vapors,  
Then they light it with a taper in Mobile.

If you're ever thrown in jail in Mobile.....etc.  
Well there's no need for bail,  
'Cause the sheriff's wife's for sale in Mobile.

Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile, in Mobile,  
Oh the Hashers get no tail in Mobile,  
So for want of recreation,  
They indulge in masturbation,  
It's a hell of a situation in Mobile.