

NOVEMBER 1991 Issue

# ON PAPER

The Organ of the Hash in London

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In this issue:

Write-ups from May, June, July, August, September and October. Who needs a yearbook anyway!

All your favourite writers, plus a few crap ones.

International reports from America and Poland.

Crossword

Gossip

Essex Harriette jokes (sorry!)

London H3 Xmas Party - December 13th

London H3 900th Run - New Year's Eve

## MESSAGE FROM YOUR SCRIBE

Welcome to ON PAPER, the new look London hash trash. I shall endeavour to bring out my organ on a regular basis but its size will depend on your contributions. These can include (but are not limited to) run write-ups, info received from other hashes around the world, cartoons, photos, slander, libel and gossip etc. I will be looking to discover your creative writing talents, even if you haven't discovered it yourself yet. Of course I realise that hashers are by nature a modest and retiring bunch, so sneak to me (in complete confidence) if you suspect someone of hiding their writing light under a bushel and I'll nab them.

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Partly as gesture towards the environment, but mainly as a convenience to me, this magazine is cleverly designed to be **RE-CYCLABLE**. I reckon that most of you throw away your hash trash shortly after (or in some cases before) reading it. I didn't get where I am today by standing in front of a photocopier just to have people drop my efforts into a passing wastepaper basket so unless you intend to keep the magazine for posterity, please drop it back into your duffle bag and return it to me at your next games lesson. That way I will have some spare copies for people who missed it the first time around. (By all means tear off the back page if you want to keep the diary information.) All you have to do is think of your sports bag as a trash can (not too difficult for some of you).

If you type your write-ups on a P.C. you could help me by giving me the article on floppy disk as I then have the option of printing it instead of photocopying. I can handle Word for Windows, DisplayWrite or plain text files on an IBM-compatible 3.5" (only) diskettes which I will return. **NO VIRUSES PLEASE!**

HEDGEHOG

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A report on the 888th/AGM run will appear in the next issue, but to refresh your memory the newly appointed committee are

GM - Nick the Greek	On Sex - Thunderthighs
Grand Matress - Jo	Hare Raiser - Kaffir
RA - Periodical	Hash Haberdash - Graenia
Social Sex - Wang	Scribe - Hedgehog
Hash Cashes - Catherine, Quiche, & Andy	

And newly co-opted Martin as Curate (asst. R.A.) and Nookie w/o portfolio.

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Upcoming events : XMAS party, Friday 13th Dec. at Presley's, Tottenham Court Road. The theme is 60's.

900th run - New Years Eve - details to be announced

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Feature writers in this issue:	PRINCE WEE BEV LITTLE JON	STRENGTH! NOOKIE MENSTRUAL	DIPSO FART plus the Hatton Cross writer	HEDGEHOG
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### Tattenham Corner - a long time ago

Good afternoon and welcome to the second running of the London Hash House Harriers Handicap derby from Tattenham Corner. It's glorious weather and the crowd are looking forward to a great day's racing.

The field today is large with a good mixture of fillies, colts and some old nags which should have been in the glue factory a long time ago, but we'll have a closer look at Stripper later. I see Menstrual (sired by Unknown and out of Luck) trotting past already looking thirsty and uninterested, and as I speak I can see his odds lengthening. I wish he'd put them away. Ah, now here's Spunky. First outing for a while and the fact that he's not had a ride for some time may count against him. A complete contrast to Worm who never seems to have problems finding a mount. From the Irish stables over here today is Nightmare, carrying quite a bit of extra weight and will have to perform well to gain a place. Carrying most weight today is Banker. This colt relishes soft going and will be unhappy with the dry ground. Some confusion between Forget-me-not and Domino who are both sporting the colours of black and blue. It may be remembered that while out training recently Domino was struck by a car. She was fine but the car had to be destroyed. Nice to see the old grey Pilot still going; one of his many outings this year.

And we have some late betting: The Train has just come in at 4-11 and will leave in a minute's time and Garbage has gone out like a light.

I'm afraid there's been a slight delay to the start but now they are all in their boxes and under starter's orders. And they're off. Well, they are off to a slow start. IBM has galloped away in front, a few are following and the rest of the field is bunched at the back. And here they come to the first hurdle and, oh dear, Forget-me-not has fallen at the first. We all know how much Stripper likes a good jump and there she spreads her legs and gets over that comfortably. Well it has been said she's built for comfort. Boy from Brazil has trouble getting his leg over but at last he's managed. Well done. The field is spread all over the place at the moment and it's difficult to see who's leading but I think it's Hooray first to the water jump. Wait a moment, he's slowing down, he's stopped. My word, he's drunk the entire water jump in one go. Well, that should slow him down.

Meanwhile the pace is slowing down and there seems to be some confusion about which way to go. And this is extraordinary, half the horses have gone straight to the finishing post, led by Bubbles who is normally the first to a nose-bag. The rest of the field are continuing and you can see the determination, well thirst anyway, in their faces. As they approach the winning post the field is extremely bunched together. I can see some whips flailing so it looks like the Witch and the Wardrobe will be enjoying themselves too much to finish the race. And as they cross the line it's a photo finish. Where the hell did Charlie come from, I thought he was in the knackers yard.

The tension mounts as we await a result. There has been a steward's enquiry to which the answer was '27 pints of bitter and a packet of crisps please'. I thought Filofax had won by a nose, or maybe Blow by a head or possibly Prince by a length (he wishes). At last we have a winner, it's Horse. He came in between the rails and that extra spurt helped him to victory.

That was a memorable Derby indeed and I've no doubt the celebrations will carry on well into the next few minutes which all goes to prove - you may be able to take a horse to water but not make it drink but try stopping the bastard if it's beer.

[by that long-legged gelding, Prince]

KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN

EMBANKMENT RUN

DATE OF DISPENSING: June 6<sup>th</sup> 1991

PACK SIZE: 30

INDICATIONS: A taste for beer - the GOOD AUSTRALIAN stuff

PRECAUTIONS: A live hare, a river and SIX bridges

DIRECTIONS: ON ON over Hungerford Bridge to the South Bank Centre - lose some. Then ON ON to Waterloo Bridge (was it a hasher in the bullring who thought Spreadsheets had nice legs?). ON ON to the "Pete the Pilot" check (where was the Pilot?) - lose some more. ON ON to the South LONDON Poly, wherever that is! "Nookie - who was Barney?" - lose some more. ON ON to Elephant and Castle - Lost me!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR RECONSTITUTION OF THE PACK:

TAKE:

- 1 x LONDON Bridge - for the truly lost
- 1 x Lambeth Bridge - for budding Archbishops
- 1 x Blackfriars Bridge - for phallic symbols
- 1 x Southwark Bridge - "boring"
- 1 x Waterloo Bridge - looking for Wellington or the boot?
- 1 x Hungerford Bridge - for those who got lost at the South Bank Centre.

30 Hashers

No maps, arrows, flour or trail

1 x pub - "The George"

METHOD: Call ON ON and allow hashers to find their own way to the pub by means of any of the 6 bridges (refer to "directions above).

SIDE EFFECTS: Down Downs and Christenings:  
"The Old Tart"  
"Golden Shower"  
"Bubbles" - the hare

TREATMENT OF OVERDOSE:

Ethanol - preferably administered as BEER.  
Suitable brands are XXXX, FOSTERS, SWAN etc.



### WARSAW H3 444

Warning: Running with Warsaw can severely damage your liver.

17.45 I arrived at the Heineken pub where I was glad to see the honour of the London Hash was being upheld. Forty five minutes before the official meeting time and already Hedgehog, Nookie and Elizabeth were there, along with Phil (one of the many Warsaw drunks I was to meet during the course of the weekend). This opening evening was to prove to be a realistic assessment of how the weekend would go.

I have run with a fair number of hashes in my time and with all my previous hashes the normal experience is to have maybe two or three beers beforehand, then start the run and finish up back at the beer to start drinking again around eight in order to consume copious quantities of beer. Not so with Warsaw. Three and half hours after arriving in the pub we finally clambered onto a bus. My personal state of health had not been helped by a joker called Alan (aka Yak) giving me shots of what he called Polish water. Somewhere in my befuddled brain I realised that we were off to run. I was wrong. We arrived at the run site to be greeted with more beer plus some sarnies which were offered in a vain attempt to soak up the booze already swilling round people's system. Next came another example of Warsaw's efforts to do everything arse about tip. We were gathered outside in a circle, in order to get instructions for the run think I. Wrong again. We started singing. Coming to the end of Alouette a voice from the circle suddenly shouted "Its midnight On On" and we were off into the pitch black night.

Again Warsaw showed great originality. Night runs are a good laugh, but it is not unreasonable to be expect to be able to use a torch during the run; especially when the run is in the country. I was granted special permission to were my miners lamp around my head earning the title of brain surgeon for the rest of the weekend. The last laugh was with me though since in the end only four of us managed the complete trail (and we all had torches). The rest of the pack were led round in a short cut by Detlev and Stefan. The run finally ended at a huge bonfire which is were the serious drinking started. Herman the German (aka Sleepy) started the first of the weekend's bar-be-ques and Juerg (spelling?) started the down downs. Angela, who put me up at the start of the weekend, and Nicola (both virgin hashers) were very unimpressed at having to drink out of their shoes. Finally crawled into bed just as dawn was breaking.

Saturday's run was more conventional, a good run through the forest with a beer stop just in time to revive my body. Still as Hedgehog remarked it would have been better named as the first hangover run. Again vast numbers of down downs followed by food. It was at this point that the alcohol must have taken over my brain (yet again). I can think of no other reason why I should have joined the marines in swimming in some of the shittiest water I have seen for a long time. The only consolation was the sight of Phil on his hands and knees in the water looking desperately for his car keys. These were found, surprisingly, by Craig who then showed a strong streak of sadism by not revealing this fact for another 10 minutes.

After resting my eyes for a few hours at the hotel (having managed to pull the curtain off the wall) it was time for the main party. The main event was the raffle. First prize, which had been kept very secret, turned out to be a 2m by 4m road sign stating Warsaw 444. A band of intrepid hashers had driven to Berlin armed with hacksaw blades and cut it down in broad day light on the main Berlin warsaw motorway. Try that on the M1 some time. The rest of the raffle was a benefit for Cristophe who seemed to win just about every prize going (although Hedgehog did win a very nice crystal tankard).

And now girls, a warning on the perils of dating a Warsaw hasher. Alan decided he wanted to spend a magic moment with his girlfriend so he asked her outside. He tried for a kiss only to be pushed back on the grounds that he was pissed and stank like a brewery. I am proud to say that Alan responded to this treatment as only a hasher can; by throwing up at her feet!

Back inside Elizabeth was complaining that coming to the hash without Pat was terrible because whilst there were people there she could dance with she missed having a bonking partner. Nookie was not too happy either. Having foolishly believed that the evening was to be formal dress she had turned up in her best glad rags. She was horrified therefore when all the visiting hashers were called up for yet another down down. "I am not going up" was all she could be heard to mutter for about five minutes.

The finale of the evening, if the sex of the performer had been different I could almost say the climax of the evening, was one of the most professional strips I have seen for quite a while. The bummer was that it was performed by Peter the Cock. The number of women watching with fascination and wondering just how far he was going to go without actually removing their eyes from his body was a tribute to his skill. However when the male hashers shouted as one that a female member of the hash should reciprocate there was a marked lack of volunteers. Last memory of the evening was drinking vodka shots in one with Jeff, Herman and Alan until the bar ran out of vodka and Jeff fell off his bar stool.

Whilst we were driving to Sunday's run, with a beer in my hand, I realised I had not had a non alcoholic drink for forty eight hours. Warsaw were certainly living up to their promise of unlimited beer.

After the run, set by Herman who was still drunk from the night before and was subsequently wearing a most interesting pair of socks, it was competition time. Throughout the weekend the US Marines had been emitting yells that can best be described as the sort of noise a rutting bull makes when it suddenly realises it has entered the wrong hole. During yet more down downs (when Nookie did what must be one of the slowest coke down downs ever witnessed) a competition was held to see who could best copy this sound. It was won by Alan, probably because he just copied the noise he made whilst throwing the night before.

And thus the official hash weekend finished. I went back with Stefan and Frank who were putting me up for that night along with Craig and Phil for more beer and tequila. Went to eat in a Vietnamese restaurant that night where most of the warsaw hash seemed to be and then passed out.

All that remains is for me to thank all those from the Warsaw committee who took so much trouble to ensure the weekend was the success it was and if you're ever in London.....

On  
Dipso (DIPSO)

# The Great £££ Giveaway !!!

**Yes it's true! Examine the banknote below carefully. One lucky reader has the genuine article. Look after it carefully and when you have collected 500, you have enough for a pint.**



WEST LONDON H3 - LATIMER ROAD - JULY 25TH 1991

A pleasant sunny evening, arrived at uptown Latimer Road in time for a quick 1/2 in the Pig & Whistle. Only to discover that everyone else was in the pub across the road. Can't get it right all the time.

Worm made a token appearance to award a couple of pre-hash down-downs to slow down the front runners (probably hoping that they would still be 'ON' when he returned from the dinner party he beetled off to). Didn't even offer to bring us back a doggy bag.

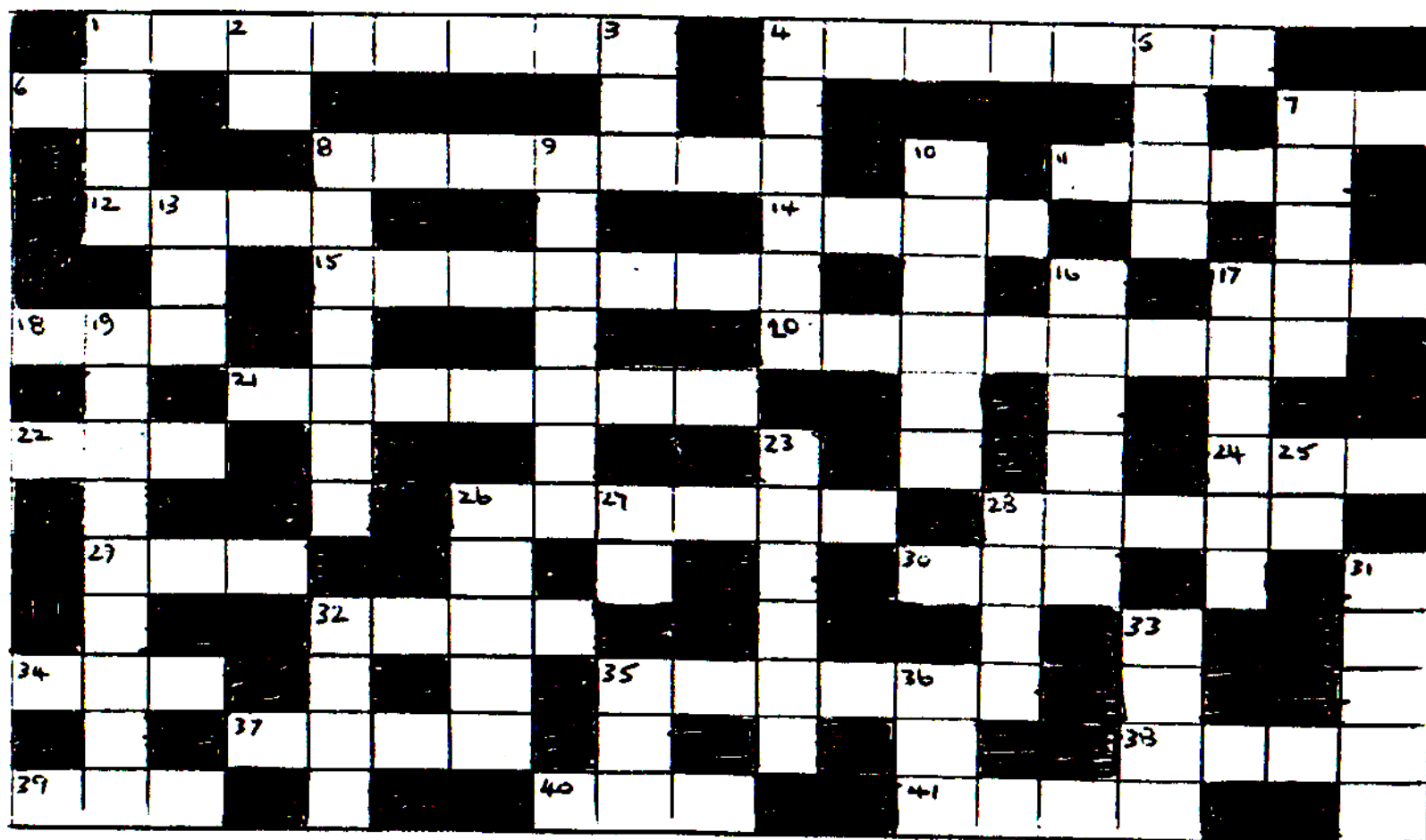
I don't know if it was because I hadn't run in the city for so long, but I enjoyed the run. In and out of seemingly endless maze-like housing estates where no virgin hasher should venture alone. We got quite confused at times but were helped along by the enthusiastic cries of the local inhabitants. One wee chap was so taken with us that he offered Jo a single rose. No 'He-man Hasher' would have done that, too much like chivalry huh! All I can say is thank goodness they were there as there was precious little shouting from our so-called fellow hashers. So look you lot : NOT everyone knows how to get to every pub in London without the aid of an A-Z so how's about looking out for each other for a change. Call someone back if they're checking in one direction and the pack is bugging off in the other.

We eventually found our way back to the Duke of Clarence at Shepherds Bush, where for my sins, I was voted R.A. for the night. Obviously these people had never heard my feeble attempts before. I may have a voice which carries well but I'm certainly not accustomed to the demands of public speaking (unlike Worm!)

We gave down-downs to: Steve Doner the hare, Speedturd for his 69th, Nightmare for his 300th, Jo for accepting flowers from strangers (was it the deodorant she had on?). A number of virgins ????, Liz/Carrots for yet another hash nickname something to do with a smelly hole! Pete for reminding me of an old 'Aberdonian' acquaintance from the days when hashing was just being discovered in Scotland. A couple of chaps who revelled in carrying their heavily laden packs around the whole hash thinking they were on some kind of SAS training would have got one but they had already bugged off home.

ON ON .... REMEMBER THOSE WORDS .... YOU BASTARDS

Wee Bev



by Nookie



ACROSS

- 1 SEE 16 DOWN  
 4 MENSTRUAL'S TRANSPORT  
 6 IN CHARGE OF THE WEATHER  
 7 SHORT STREET  
 8 FOREIGN COUNTRY  
 11 NORMALLY WHAT YOU'D DEPOSIT WITH A 4 DOWN  
 12 THE DAME  
 14 SEE 10 DOWN  
 15 RUBBISH  
 17 PRE-OCCUPATION?  
 18 PINK ----  
 20 GET TOGETHERS  
 21 WHERE TO PUT THE BAGS  
 22 & 27 DOWN HASH EVENT 1988 ---/---/ONE  
 24 A HARRIETTE  
 26 USED TO SEE THE DRINKS?  
 28 SEE 16 DOWN  
 29 ON INN  
 30 YOURS TRULY  
 32 TRAILS GET THIS BY HARES  
 34 SHIGGY  
 35 FLOUR FIGHT  
 37 POSTMAN  
 38 LEFT OF THE CITY  
 39 CAN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT WOMEN  
 40 & 7 DOWN DANGEROUS PURCHASES  
 41 & 33 DOWN DRINK IT ---- ----

DOWN

- 1 SOUNDS LIKE WHAT IEM'S NOT GOT A LOT OF  
 2 SHORT FOR ROAD  
 3 DON'T SEE MUCH OF THIS IN LONDON  
 4 JOE'S DAD  
 5 QUADANNUAL HASH  
 7 SEE 40 ACROSS  
 8 PUT THIS IN 21 ACROSS  
 9 P.C. 49 IN THE FUTURE?  
 10,25 DOWN & 14 ACROSS LOST HIS MEMORY  
 13 SUE MIGHT TAKE ONE IN THE SEA  
 16,28 DOWN,28 ACROSS & 1 ACROSS CAPITAL GROUP  
 17 WET PERSON?  
 19 NIGEL'S HEADING FOR THIS  
 23 JOURNALIST  
 25 SEE 10 DOWN  
 26 PICKLED ----  
 27 SEE 22 ACROSS  
 28 SEE 16 DOWN  
 31 ON-ON-ON-ON  
 32 CUNNING PLOY  
 33 SEE 41 ACROSS  
 35 BEER  
 36 BACKWARD COMPUTER LANGUAGE

NOTTING HILL GATE

19.9.1991

Not sure why I have to do a write up on a West London run for the London magazine. I think Pope must have been slightly out of his head when he asked me.

I can't remember much about the run except that I spotted Jo and A.N.Other (sorry whoever you are with blonde hair and moustache) SCBing in the opposite direction from everyone else. I decided to follow and managed to be one of the first three home! Not that it's a race you understand, but the bar was completely free of desperate thirsty hashers, which meant I didn't have to wait to be served. SCBing definately has it's advantages.

I remember that Jane Streuth's chips were excellent. Pity she didn't manage to try any, but it was very silly of her to leave them on the table infront of me, Jo and Roz.

I got a down down for complaining about the time we had to wait before the down downs. But I do think (I'm being SERIOUS now!!) that they could be before 9 p.m. for people who need to leave early to get home. (Moan over).

Today's date was palindromic. - No, that's nothing to do with the weather!

Next palindromic run date: Saturday 29.2.92

NOOKIE

LONDON H3 COMMITTEE MEETING MINUTES - 11 SEPTEMBER 1991

1. Jan has arranged the run list for the next 3 months, including 4 joint runs. It has proven difficult to find volunteers to set runs to coincide with the alternate Saturdays and Sundays.
2. Mike Carr raised an objection to the Saturday runs being changed to 4pm without consultation. (In fact it was carried at the last AGM). Whilst there are points for and against, the committee decided to proceed with 4pm runs for the current run list but agreed to monitor and review for the next run list.
3. It was agreed that the AGM on 12 October should have a serious side instead of the usual chaos. Also that Jane should invite other (appropriate to the locale) hashes to the 888/AGM event.
4. Rene said that he had heard some objections to the increased membership of £25. It was however decided that those paying in advance of the AGM or those going to the event could have a £5 reduction.
5. The committee had each experienced wingers wingeing about various things and agreed to welcome different people to the committee should they put themselves forward.
6. Committee positions were discussed and it was agreed that individuals should be asked to stand for the committee.
7. Nick agreed to prepare an account in time for the AGM.
8. It was agreed that a maximum of £50 could be spent on food/drinks for Lesley's Wapping run.
9. It was suggested that there should be hash socks/ties etc. Next haberdasher to investigate.
10. A date and venue for the Xmas party were discussed. Friday 13th December was chosen and venue of Presley's at 46 Tottenham Court Road would be investigated.
11. A social event at London Dungeon was discussed but proved too expensive.
12. It was decided to hold a New Years Eve party but a venue is yet to be found.
13. It was agreed that the next meeting be held on 29 October at Grosvenor. (Subsequently altered to 4 November).

GM of West London is <b>PRINCE</b> He's rarely involved in the sprints If you're looking for pubs Or seedy drinking clubs He can surely give you some hints	<b>WANG's</b> job is to fix social functions We hope without brain malfunctions But don't be too sure His record is poor We can't take any more Mitcham Junctions!
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## WHERE THE F\*\*\* IS WAUKESHA ANYWAY ?

### **- Prince Paws Prone Partner - Menstrual Man-handled ! -**

For millions of European immigrants before us, New York was the gateway to the land of Liberty, Equality and Serial Killers, and it was clear from the start that Worm in particular was determined to explore the liberty aspect, Prince was on the track of the mass murderers, and Menstrual was going to eat pizza. I was just out to survive America's Interhash in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Is jogging in Central Park at night dangerous ? Well I checked it out with New York City Hash and it's all true. When you have lost the pack in the hordes of other joggers, skaters, and roller bladers it's like searching for a Snickers bar in a pile of dog turds (of which more anon).

However, Prince set the tone for the holiday when in the midst of some horribly perverted dream he shoved his hand down the front of Menstrual's pants and made a grab for his pepperoni. A bit of a shock for poor Nige who was himself dreaming of being mugged in the street by a thin Neapolitan with extra mushrooms.

### **- Molson Beer - Jim Dunk says "You've drunk it all" -**

On the train from New York to Milwaukee (18 hours), Prince, who was still trying hopefully to change the subject from the Rape of Menstrual, told us that Milwaukee was not only host to the Waukesha Hash but to a recently captured serial killer, one Geoffrey Dahmer, who dismembered his victims, kept the bits in the freezer and fondled or fricaseed them at his leisure. In return we told Prince that it was his round. They do say you get sick of chocolate if you work (as Dahmer did) in a chocolate factory but eating humans ?.

The Broadway Limited was rumoured to be a Hash train, passing as it did New York, Summit, Rumson, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago. This turned out as reliable a rumour as all hash misinformation and we picked up just one poor sod from Rumson, and as he had circulated the train info in the first place I suppose he felt he had to do it. Also in our carriage was the Mandatory Screaming Brat (in addition to Menstrual) who you are guaranteed to find on any overnight transport so it turned out to be as noisy as a hash train anyway.

P, M and W set about seeking respite from the M.S.B. by chain-drinking cans of Molson until the lounge car closed at midnight, and continued at 7am with Bloody Marys and Screwdrivers for breakfast in the dining car. After I granted them permission to leave the table they returned to the lounge and demanded more Molson from the steward, who was busy with coffee and danish. By 9am there was a conspicuous pyramid of cans on the table, and by 10 the Molson had run dry. Just as well it was not a hash train!

We rolled into downtown Milwaukee a few blocks from the hash hotel, the Hyatt, where IBM (in town for the mosquitoes convention) and Mike "Vibrator" Stevens were already at the bar.

### **- Spectacular Canyons - Surfers' Paradise ! -**

Of course, Wisconsin is most famous for not having spectacular canyons and parched deserts, and for not boasting great seafood, surfing, beaches and casinos. The postcards in the souvenir shops depict mosquitoes, cows, beer steins and skyscrapers. (They also have poison ivy, but I couldn't find it on a postcard.)

Wisconsin is "The Dairy State" and Milwaukee is the self-styled beer capital of the USA (or of the world if you believe the postcards). The Waukesha Hash duly gave us foam rubber cheeses to wear on Run #1 in downtown Milwaukee, and supplied a different beer every day, whilst avoiding your standard Bud/Miller/Michelob. However in-depth analysis showed all the beers to be American piss.

The other memorable run (from a bunch a fairly boring runs overall) looked like it was going to be a touch on the short side as our bus driver got confused and dropped Pigshit and myself at the On On. After taking our fill from the beer trailer we gave in to temptation and reboarded the bus, the driver using the radio to home in on the other buses, 10-4.

#### **- West London Take Marquee-Sliding Championship -**

When the time came for the cabaret acts, Worm found that he had spent too much time correcting Rambo's errors in the Hash Songbook and not enough time learning the words. So how could the West London lads stamp their presence on the America's Interhash? Simple! (It had to be.) With a few friends they clambered up the back of the marquee and slid simultaneously down towards the assembled multitude. Three seconds later, Menstrual slid simultaneously down also - funny, I heard he usually comes early!

With Rumson Hash proclaiming themselves 'Hells Angels of Hashing', our gallant heroes Prince (who was still trying to change the subject), Worm and Menstrual still had work to do. They entered the wibbly-wobbles event (or Izzy-Dizzy as the Yanks call it) wearing a striking team strip, with 'strip' being the operative word and left a lasting impression. Tourism to London could be at a low next year.

#### **- Americas Interhash - The Next Generation -**

An amusing presentation with overhead foils ensured that Rumson would once again not be awarded the chance to host the event, in spite of promising a fee of just 3 bucks and predicting that Chunnel II would ease the transport problems for British hashers. A feeble effort by Pittsburgh ensured that Calgary got the vote. (It looked like Calgary borrowed their slides from the Canadian Tourist Office).

#### **- Doin' the Charleston -**

The gang of three left to wend their drunken, naked way eastward in a (probably stolen) Lincoln. On the way I am told they raped and pillaged Chicago, Pittsburgh, Rumson, Summit and for all I know Menstrual again. Meanwhile I accepted an invite to historic Charleston, South Carolina, where IBM also showed up. If you have as many grey hairs as I have, or as few hairs in total as IBM you may remember ex-London hashers Bob and Rachel Allen (Cunning Linguist & Sweet Cheeks), now based in Charleston.

Picking up the idea from Waukesha, we were 'iced' by Charleston H3, but got our revenge by doing the Mars Bars trick. (Admittedly, to make it look like an authentic American dog turd we had to use a Snickers bar, but the effect was undiminished). Then On Back to the UK via Westchester H3, the only hash I know that sing barber-shop harmony!

#### **- Lessons to Remember -**

- Guys - don't do it with **Eager Beaver**, but if you must, be careful.
  - don't sleep within arm's length of Prince (or the length of your manhood if longer than Prince's arm).
- Gals - avoid Aussie animal **Enos**, under any circumstances. (makes Tail End Charlie look bashful!)
- All - don't do anything in Wisconsin, or with Rumson.

HEDGEHOG



WEST LONDON H3, MARYLEBONE, 12TH SEPTEMBER 1991

I was pogo-ing around my bedroom with a pair of my girlfriend's knickers on my head (well she does live 3000 miles away!) when I suddenly remembered that I had to do this stupid run write-up. As you can imagine; little Percy was no longer standing to attention, so I took up my pen and wrote.

Don't expect anything special as the run was the same as any other run. The hare lays a trail [What's so usual about that ? Ed.] and the pack try to follow it, once the run has finished, everybody meets in a pub and gets pissed. What was interesting was that having been away for two (2) years, I was unfamiliar with the "who's bonking who" scene. LITTLE JON is now knobbing the antipodean piece that Spunky was knobbing when I left. Also Nightmare is now flirting with Mary (TWO FINGERS, I believe) from Dublin H3. This young lady was introduced to Hashing along with her friend INCH, when SPERM WHALE and I went to Dublin to watch the rugby international three (3) years ago.

Of course I mustn't forget that POPE is now married to the old haggis basher, and that COVERGIRL is now married to that bloke who looks like Billy Bunter (nobody under 30 would appreciate that!) complete with sprog. [Ed. I'm not sure NOSEDIVE would either.] Does this mean an end to the Fat Slag sketch with Lesley ? Only time will tell.

HOORAY HENRY is knobbing BOY FROM BRAZIL's sister, who is knobbing a girl named BOSTIK. (How's your glue pot?!) And MENSTRUAL who once fucked anything that stood still for 30 seconds, has given up trying and is now content to play with (his) worm.

One sad loss is BANKER who, as I understand, has gone off to the countryside to shag sheep, good luck to the fellow. Happily his loss is balanced by the arrival of lots of new faces whose names I don't know, but as most of them appear to be female I should be able to give you an update on that situation pretty soon.

On On, FART



Has anyone told Coming Mother about his aftershave ?

**West London H3 Run #29\_ at Hatton Cross Tube on September 26th, 1991**

This eventful run consisting of concrete, BA aeroplanes and rain began with a Bonker award to Slacknuts. The co-hare had reportedly spent the last hour(s) in the BA employee canteen consuming massive quantities of beer and chatting up a cute Pakistan woman. For proof of his sexual prowess he persuaded the woman to smear lipstick all over his face. We weren't fooled but Prince awarded him the Bonker award anyway for his cuming. The pack started off across the A30 and proceeded to follow a series of cloverleaf loops around the tube station to enable latecomers Dildo [Ed. you mean Dulldo] and Zebedee to catch the pack easily. Bombarded by the drone of the aeroplanes above us, the hares took extra precautions to keep the pack together with their shrill whistles. The plentiful rain provided most of the interest on trail as the pack danced in the puddles. Pope made a great target of himself by kissing the ground beside a giant puddle which Worm promptly took advantage of. A false trail under the underpass provided temporary relief from the rain and an excuse to exercise our lungs. Worm tried in vain to prove his virility by swinging at least one harriette over his shoulder. A well needed pub stop sponsored by the hares and WLH3 (for not pre-warning the pack) brought a smile to the faces of all except Prince. However the intelligent pack let it be known that they could not be bought with less than a full pint to upgrade the run to good/great. Prince was out of character without his mates Menstrual and Spunky and was the first to leave the pub. The run mercifully ended just when Maria swore it would never end.

On On to great pub ... the Green Man for a closer look at the planes above. Unfortunately the pub refused to give us free pints due to poor planning from the hares and poor negotiating by Worm. Down Downs first to Sleazy for supposedly misprinting the start location as Hatton Cross rather than Hounslow Central (Hounslow Heath has to wait another day). This was a rather convenient cock-up for the hares Speedturd and Slacknuts. And finally to the four male hunk visitors from Vienna ... Wilf, Christian, and ... (the other names were lost since Worm "punished" the scribe for trying to get these important details). Worm got the respect he deserved when he was "pants" [what?] by the scribe and again when K.C. gallantly doused his exposed gyrating bum with his pint.

Anon.

**Q. How do you know when an Essex Harriette's had an orgasm ?**

**A. She drops her bag of chips.**

**Q. What's the difference between an Essex Harriette and a washing machine?**

**A. You can dump a load in washing machine and it won't follow you around for a week.**

**Q. Why does an Essex Harriette wear knickers?**

**A. To keep her ankles warm.**

HASH ?, DATE ?, LOCATION ?, AUTHOR STRENGTH!

[Editor's note. To be read loudly in a shrill voice]

Oh panic! Oh me! Oh my! POPE wants a run rite-up. Oh panic! Oh me! Oh my! Does he want to know that we ran up and down lotsa roads (zzzz) and through a park (again?). Maybe he wants to know that INTERESTING and LITTLE JONNY (whoops) were front running (again!) or would he rather know that they share the same birth date and therefore star sign. (What does this mean I wonder?) Does he (Pope) want to know about the rat-pack? Don't ask the 'OLD-TART'. Does POPE want to know who was last and lost again? Or who got down-downs? ....

[Ed. Sorry if this doesn't make sense but you know what STRENGTH! is like. I am typing it as it was written and this bit was written on the back of the cheque reproduced below]


(cont'd) .... Whoops have just run out of paper and look what LITTLE JONNY gave me! Just my luck! The only cheque he has ever given me!! What does this tell us? Back to business ... a run write-up. [Ed. could have fooled me] POPE, I'm sorry. I have to confess I can't remember which run I was supposed to cover! And if I did I probably wasn't there! Oh well, can't win them all!

STRENGTH!



## Yet Another Great £££ Giveaway!!!

**Yes it's true as well! Examine the cheque below carefully. One of you has got the real thing. Who said you get nothing back from the Hash?**

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№ 100175 № 20117921: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ AND THEY WOULDN'T EVEN ACCEPT IT!!

Wood Green  
1 October 1991

Dear Pope,

Well I really am very sorry that I haven't got around to doing a write-up for you for the run at Marylebone which you asked me to do, but what with all this hashing interspersed with bouts of drinking, not to mention having to dash across the big city every day to the office, where I'm plagued with phonecalls from salesmen in the morning and spend all afternoon trying to get hold of people in Prague and Cairo, and you can never get through, and when you do they're not in and their answerphones redirect you to a small pharmacy just outside Paris whose non-English speaking staff haven't a clue who I am, but promise to send a packet of paracetamol and a gross of used condoms at discount prices (anyway that's what I thought she said, my French not being what it once was) I just hadn't got around to doing the write-up until last Wednesday, but then I had a few ideas and jotted them down on the way home, but I left them on the 17:48 to Waterloo and for all I know they've been picked up by BR's cleaner (I'm sure they don't have more than one) and are probably by now in a neat plastic bag in the forensics corner of the porn squad brothel/offices, and as if that wasn't bad enough, the beer I had at the following Thursday's run gave me a bout of amnesia so the next time I found time to gather up my quill and parchment I couldn't remember a thing about the run except that it was probably the Marylebone one, but then maybe not, and I began to think of things I could remember, like the crowded beer garden at Notting Hill ( a beer garden in September!) and dreadful weather at Hatton Cross. oh, and the sign there that said "Pass card holders only beyond this point" which someone pointed out didn't say in which direction one had to pass it (and the hash always comes from every direction), but of course intellectuals like Hedgehog read it as meaning that the only place you were allowed to overtake card holders was on the other side of the sign, and so we went to the pub where Speedturd bought everyone a half (pints next time please Speedy!) and then a long evening was spent under the rumble of jumbo jets (or were Worm's guts the source of the noise?), but I digress, because I'm supposed to be going on about the run at Marylebone, about which I remember almost nothing, as you will remember unless you are suffering from amnesia, and the one thing that I do remember is being accosted by a policeman while the pack were stopped for a rest, (after all, he'd have given us trouble if we'd been resisting a rest) and I had to give him the usual story about how we'd started running in Malaysia in the 1930s and had arrived in London about fifteen years ago and were still looking for the pub, but I don't think he believed much of it, because none of us looked old enough to have even been crawling in the 1930s - Drainoil and Le Voisin being absent at the time - but I think I managed to convince him that we weren't rioters from Newcastle who had somehow lost our way and our stolen GTi's, and so we ran on, round the streets of London, and to an On On in the ...er...well, a pub somewhere near Marylebone where I suspect I must have had so much beer that I could barely remember where I'd been, and so, dear reader, I shall apologise for failing to do a write up, and as punishment, I will commit myself to long sentence.

Little Jon



#### Tattle sheet number two ....

X-mas is coming & the breathalisers are getting fat (?). Slacknuts was stopped the other night after some four pints & failed the first chance to "blow in this bag sir". After hyperventilating all the way to the station he managed to pass numbers two & three (26 & 30, limit 35 !).

Scintillating Sarah has been asking if anyone knows where she can get a (extra large ?) pair of leopard skin leggings. Must be the Witch's effect.

Dave Wallace became Local Bike after a drunken fall (at the end of his road) off his push bike.

Periodical is a man of modest daily needs; he leaves his car & house keys plus gold credit card in Little Jons car & doesn't notice for two days.

The CUNT in Cambridge was fun; the dirty dozen managed to lose Worms shoe (more, much more !) out of the train on the way back after visiting several hostalries.

If you haven't seen Nightmare recently, the poor lad's back in Dublin after he job expired.

Sleazy knows the way to run a housewarming ! One, have it at someone elses, two, find a nice Brazilian girl. Did anyone notice Sue (without Robocop) was very, very smashed ? Is it because Rob (Inspector Beckley to you son) got his job in Southall ?

#### Barnes 350th Do

The WL, Bristol & FOM combined H3 "Chippendales" made an appearance; the front line groupies saw all they wanted (or rather more one suspects). Whilst some were happy enough to tear off Rambo's protective nipple covers, others were not so happy at being "invited" to do a slow number with a naked Worm. Menstrual also participated.

Liane "wasn't talking" to her Bristol mate (as she said to him !); all clear for Spunky then ?

Poor Maggie has torn a groin muscle; but was it after being escorted home by Slacknuts ? Also on Slacknuts, he's apparently managed to get propositioned by a gorgeous girl in a pub; he regretfully left on the grounds he had a run to set !

#### Romance Section

Liane's friend, first seen at the Barnes do, is attracting comment. "Prossie" is front runner as a suggested name & the bets are going on on how many hashers will succumb by X-mas (Worm says four, Prince otherwise). She appeared to be making a start at WLH3 Paddington run

Ex Columbo H3 harrlette Art Fuzz is on the loose ! She turned Spunky down but had to be firmly repulsed by Prince; he seemed more interested in his brothers ex (of some years ago) who recognised his teeth ! After this she offered to "roll" Bubbles while Blow listened in. Kiwis are either deaf, thick, very tolerant or ignorant as neither of them reacted to this.

Serina (NH4) spent some efforts at Bristol in Worms direction to his disinterest. It is believed he was rescued by Menstrual ....

After Americas InterHash there are a few worried faces anticipating phone calls in the night. They gave out home phone numbers of all registrants at the end !

After the summer of weddings is this the autumn of discontent ? Worm & Early Bird plus IBM & Amanda so far. Who's next of the long standing couples ??? Did anyone get lucky at Glasgow ?

One Hung Low had her hen night, where Early Bird & Billy the Fish seemed to be talent spotting, but when she got home at two thirty Mark was still out having a "quiet drink with the lads" on the day before his stag night ! McPiggy had left much earlier, picked up by an obedient (I'm not under the thumb) Pope.

#### Nash Hash

Prince & Bubbles arranged to share a room at Nash Hash for "safety"; what can they mean ? Note neither Pink Imp or Blow was there ! In the end, they ended up separated, but it is believed that the straight & narrow was kept. Pete the Pilot was seen making early morning bed checks in one case whilst Prince was so ill (before consuming significant amounts) on Saturday he occupied his all afternoon & evening.

The DJ seemed suprised by the enthusiasm that his game was entered into. The Witch wielded the bullwhip with gusto on the (semi) naked players wearing a fetching (?) little leopardskin number with fishnets. Well it attracted Horse anyway who was spotted engaged in a mutual tonsilectomy with her !

Periodical is believed to have spent a comfortable Saturday night, but Smelly Hole may not have been so lucky despite looking hard for somewhere warm to rest; at one stage she even had trouble getting into her room ! However her room mate Golden Shower (who was so proud of her name she was telling everyone at work about it until they told her what it meant) was spotted giving at least mouth to mouth resuscitation to someone.

It's probably better not to ask why Pope was wandering naked around the corridors at three AM. Maybe he would like to outdo Two AM (now wandering the world).

As ever the the arduous nature of a Hash do took its toll on the athletes. Also the walking wounded included Amanda (a few stitches), Billy The Fish (sprained ankle on the way back from a beer stop she walked to) & Scintillating Sarah (no special reason).

The "Chippendales" made a second (last hopefully) outing. Rambo seems to have a nice line in zipped up pouches with matching wellies; Worm made a late side entrance. Not as musical or attractive as the Cambridge H3 Strumpets or even Gurnsey H3 mass choir also billed. Rambo also was spotted dancing in a pair of leggings with a rather prominent star (positioned over that zip) that expanded & contracted in line with his gyrations.

Shocking news on Garbage (also George Wilkes & Eric The Red); inoffensive all weekend !

Pope & McPiggy had a minor row but which of "you spend too much time socialising with the Hash (& not enough with me)" or "you don't spend enough time socialising with the Hash (& too much with me)" was the theme is unclear.

Stripper had a good time with an old acquaintance. She also made a new one in the shape of Wanda (?), the Phuket H3 GM, who spotted her Lion City Singapore T shirt & get her assistance in a song. The chorus ending "dirty old whore from Singapore" !

Wanda also lost to Worm in the pie eating race (sponsored by Olympric, ex LH3 now Aberdeen GM).

London maintained their banner thieving record. IBM & Rambo failed to lift the San Francisco one, but Worm & Big Leg Emma (Cambridge H3) are rumored to have the Nash Hash one tucked away.

An amusing game of "lets bring some spare beds into the marque" was temporarily interrupted by someone who disliked it so much they let off a smoke bomb. This turned the disco into a surreal pea souper for a while but the only long term effect was purple bogies !

IBM found a shop selling pump action water pistols; Hooray, Rambo & assorted other Hashs promptly aquired them also which livened the games up. In the games most of London were in White team, runners up to dark horses Black team, who had defectors Pope & Banker. Also loudly featured was the rather large figure of Gobbytart from Jebel H3. Mind you it seems all teams claimed to win the last game, a Wobbly rerun but mass cheating had already started in the tug of war (11 against 25 at one stage ?) ....

After the games Gurnsey held their customary X-mas cocktail party (with a revivalist flavour this time). A dangerous mixture based on pernod & fertilizer was dispensed from watering cans to all.

Same old stories bit : Boy from Brazil was seen using the big white phone & Worm attempted to drink 25 pints in a day.

Poor Claire's (as in Boy from Brazil) sock suffered from maltreatment; pissed on by Olympric, wiped on Banker's backside then partially eaten by Worm. It was the last which caused a few to reconsider their breakfast !

Thanks should go to the barstaff early Monday morning; three rather than one barrel were accidentally (?) put on to bar manager Yorkshire H3's Mojo displeasure. This ensured free beer for all on Monday, even for those few who had exceeded their tickets. Talking of tickets worm lost fifteen of his, or rather they were confiscated (for his own good of course) !

The runs ? All four on Saturday seemed to take three hours, possibly the paces varied though ! On Sunday the Shiggy team was out, choosing a run with a superb beer stop in a pitch black disused rail tunnel; dry ice machines, fireworks, wax torches, dripping water & hysterical claustrophobia featured. Aberdeen H3 were low on numbers & East Grinstead H3 absent, so the "dirtiest hash" title was retained with little competition. At the end a large hill prompted Penny of Barnes H3 to scrounge a lift up on trials bike; not sure what the reward promised was for this service.

Extras were laid by the FUKFM (Full Moon) H3, on a nearly full moonlight Sunday night & by the CUNT H3 on the Monday afternoon. Not sure if it's significant but the numbers were not evenly distributed; about 200 to 5 !

#### West London 300th

What a cock up ! If you think of : the weather (pissing down), run (lost most of the pack - thanks Rambo), food (ran out of everything except deep fried grease), boats (grumpiest driver competition ?), delay in after run beer (no cups), walk back to the ON ON ON in the rain, disco with a wonky turntable, choir (discordant or what) & underwear theme (most hashers should screw in the dark) - it was amazing everyone seemed to enjoy it !

The North Hants girls appeared, judging by the mutterings, to have outvoted & eaten the home crowd. Or was it they are prettier ???

The after party group went to chez Menstrual (who rents a room to Worm - but would like to dump him in favor of Filofax); obviously the safest place to store the left over six polypins. Whilst there some new party games were devised; by Kipper "go to sleep in the middle of the dance floor" & Garbage "go to sleep & let people stand on my head". Poor Sleazy just got lost on the way so he couldn't take part.

Someone known as Soap, an Aussie, was busy alternated between taking pictures & dancing (mainly off with the nicer girls) while dancing he the camera back to his wife.

Libby was on the prowl again ! Names later ?

It emerged that Periodical seems to have a size complex (with his penis that is) ! Twizzle (Jo) is being very supportive to him.



# LONDON

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



### RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

All are welcome on our non-competitive hour long runs which include loops, false trails, check points, regroupings and rest stops followed by recovery at a local pub afterwards! £1.00 per run for club funds or £25.00 p.a. subscription (£13 a half year).

Contact phone numbers:- 'ON SEC' JANE AKROYD 081 881 4379 or HASH HOT LINE 081 968 6730

<u>RUN</u>	<u>DAY</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>VENUE</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>HARE</u>
890	SAT	02-Nov-91	BEXLEY BR <i>Charing X - Dep:10.28/Arr:11.03</i>	11.00 AM	PETE THE PILOT
891	SUN	10-Nov-91	ELSTREE & BOREHAMWOOD BR <i>Kings X (Thameslink) - Dep:10.35/Arr:10.56</i>	11.00 AM	NOOKIE
892	SAT	16-Nov-91	ST MARGARETS BR - (Party to Follow) <i>Waterloo - Dep:15.35/Arr:16.01</i>	4.00 PM	PERIODICAL
893	SUN	24-Nov-91	BAKER STREET <i>Bakerloo/Circle/Jubilee/Metropolitan lines</i>	11.00 AM	ROBOCOP
894	SAT	30-Nov-91	FINSBURY PARK - NTH MIDDLESEX CRICKET CLUB <i>Piccadilly Line (W2 or W7 bus from Finsbury Park Tube)</i>	4.00 PM	GARBAGE
895	SUN	08-Dec-91	UXBRIDGE <i>Metropolitan Line</i>	11.00 AM	WEE BEV
896	SAT	14-Dec-91	HAMPSTEAD <i>Northern Line</i>	4.00 PM	LESLEY
897	FRI	20-Dec-91	WANSTEAD <i>Central Line</i>	7.00 PM	JOINT FUKFMH3
898	SUN	22-Dec-91	BOND STREET <i>Central Line</i>	11.00 AM	POPE
899	SAT	28-Dec-91	FOREST HILL BR <i>Charing X - Dep:15.35/Arr:15.52</i>	4.00 PM	RENE
900	TUE	31-Dec-91	TO BE ADVISED <i>Special Run to celebrate 900th run and the New Year</i>	11.00 PM	PRINCE
901	WED	01-Jan-92	TRAFALGAR SQUARE <i>Run starts from Nelson's column</i>	6.00 PM	SPUNKY
902	SUN	05-Jan-92	BRENTWOOD BR <i>Liverpool St - Dep:10.20/Arr:10.50</i>	11.00 AM	JOINT ESSEX H3
903	SAT	11-Jan-92	HAMPTON WICK BR <i>Waterloo - Dep:15.35/Arr:16.02</i>	4.00 PM	RAMBO
904	SUN	19-Jan-92	STREATHAM HILL BR (Greek meal to follow) <i>Victoria - Dep:10.51/Arr:11.06</i>	11.00 AM	PEACEMAKER
905	SAT	25-Jan-92	MAZE HILL BR <i>Charing X - Dep: /Arr:</i>	4.00 PM	JO
906	SUN	02-Feb-92	BROMLEY BY BOW <i>District Line</i>	11.00 AM	PRINCE
907	SUN	09-Feb-92	WINDSOR CENTRAL BR <i>Paddington - Dep:10.00/Arr:10.28</i>	11.15 AM	JOINT BERKSHIRE



### RECORDING HARELINES

West London H3 (Contacts: 'Prince' Colin Pridham (H) 071-263-8949  
'Menstrual' Nigel Collins (H) 081-968-6730 (W) 071-486-5544)  
[From Tube/BR stations on Thursdays at 7pm unless stated]

Nov 14 Lancaster Gate (Central)  
Nov 21 Chancery Lane (Central)  
Nov 28 Tooting ~~Mottingham~~ (Northern) *Bec*  
Dec 5 Vauxhall (Victoria)  
Dec 12 Boston Manor (Piccadilly)  
Dec 19 Westmoreland Arms, 34 George St, W1 (bring a present)  
Dec 26 6pm Boxing Day run somewhere in central London

### Coming to a Planet Near You

1992

Feb 29 2nd Leap Year Hash, London (Prince (H) 071-263-8949)  
May 1-3 Assen, Holland. 10th Birthday. Micky Rondel (H) 010 31 5920 45200 (W) 010 31 5920 62087  
May 2-4 Paris 300th (WLE3/LE3 to organise bus trip)  
Jun 4-6 4th German Mash Hash, Berlin  
Jun 27-29 KLE3 Malaysian Pre-Ramble. GMP Committee PO Box 12666, 50728 Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia  
Jun 27-29 Pattaya Pre-Interhash Bash. PO Box 23, Pattaya, Choburi 20260, Thailand  
Jul 3-5 INTERHASH, Thailand. PO Box 22, Patong Beach, Phuket 83150, Thailand

### M.A.S.H. Hash House Harriers (Contact: Russell (H) 081-316-0659)

Dec 8 Sun 11am Abbey Wood (BR)  
Dec 26 Thu 11am Falconwood (BR)  
---1992---  
Jan 12 Sun 11am ?? (Call Russell)  
Feb 9 Sun 11am New Eltham (BR)  
Mar 8 Sun 11am Beckenham Junction (BR)  
Apr 12 Sun 11am Crayford (BR)  
May 10 Sun 11am Abbey Wood (BR)  
Jun 14 Sun 11:45 Barrier Arms pub, 10 mins walk from Charlton BR. (A - Z PUB RUN !)

### Old Coulsdon Hash House Harriers

(Contacts: Jack Scarborough 0737 843804, Alan Gardiner 0444 55088,  
Sue Whitehorn 081-655-1348, Sally Justice 081-660-0218.  
[Sundays 10:45 registration for prompt 11am start unless stated otherwise])

Nov 10 The White Bear, Featherbed Lane, Fickleshole OS 389604  
Nov 24 The Sportsman Pub, Mogador  
Dec 8 The Bell, Old Orsted  
Dec 22 The Clubhouse, Lloyd Park, Coombe Rd, Croydon  
---1992---  
Jan 5 Village Hall, Charwood  
Jan 19 The Ship, Tatsfield  
Feb 2 Red Barn Inn, Blindley Heath OS 370452  
Feb 16 Chelsham Common, Ledgers Rd (Old Coulsdon ?)  
Mar 1 Car Park, Ide Hill  
Mar 15 The Pond, Godstone Green  
Mar 29 Bookham Station (BR)  
Apr 12 The Harrow, Stanstead Rd, Caterham on the Hill  
Apr 26 Magical Mystery Tour

Q: WHAT DOES AN ESSEX HARRIETTE PUT BEHIND HER EARS TO ATTRACT MEN ?  
A: HER ~~EEEE~~ FEET.....

Q: WHAT DOES AN ESSEX HARRIETTE DO WITH HER ARSEHOLE AFTER SEX ?.....  
A: SHE TAKES HIM DOWN THE PUB.....