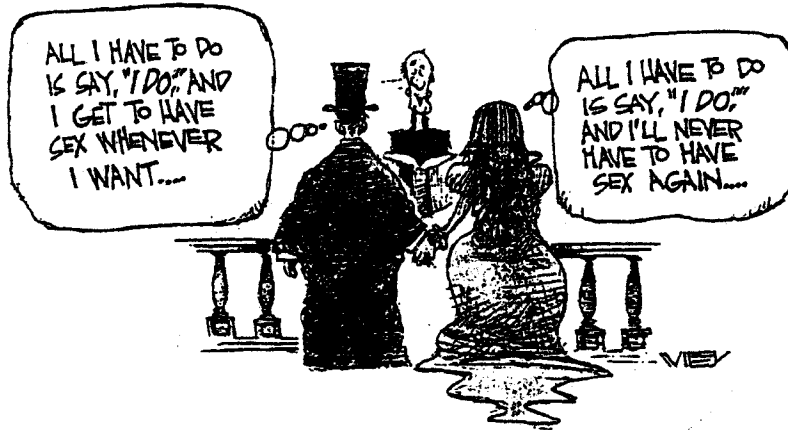
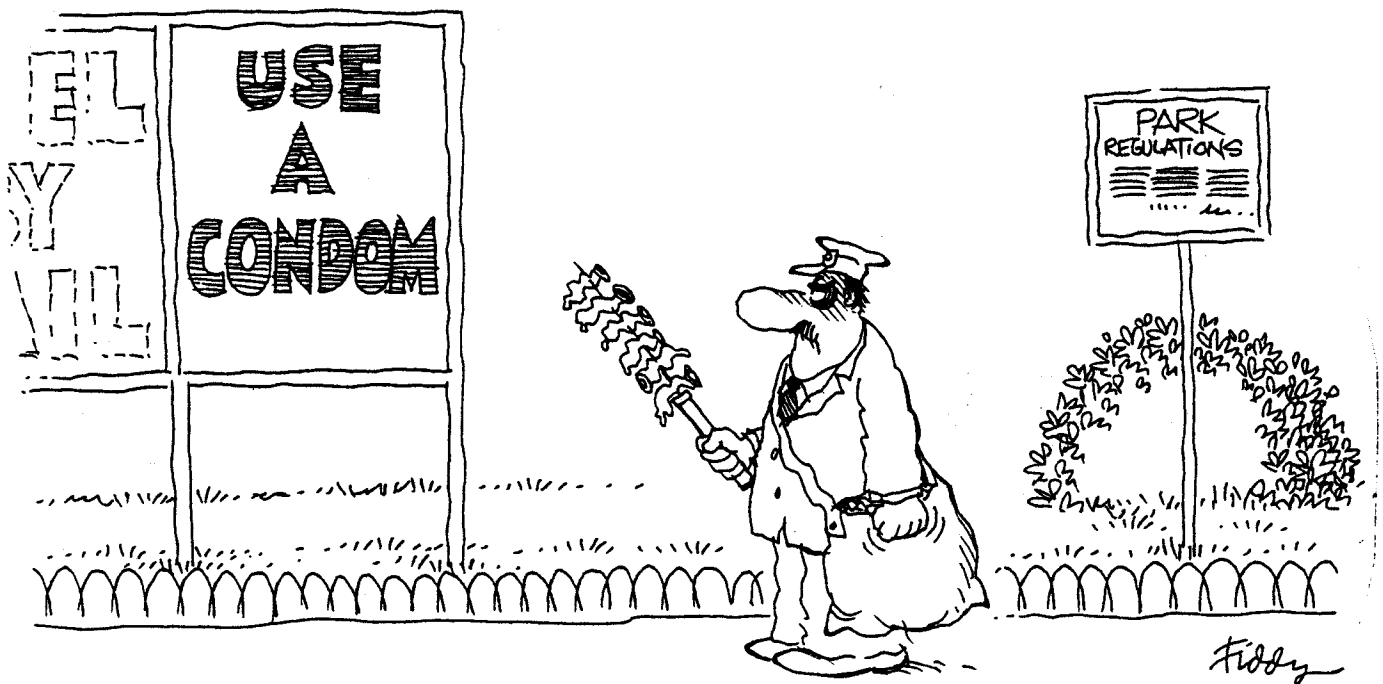


ON PAPER

The Organ of the London Hash



Menstrual and Neill



Garbage



LONDON HASH NEWS

April Falls Prey

Don't ask me for the April edition of On Paper. The editorial offices were raided by the vice squad who were checking for obscene publications. Unfortunately it was deemed not to be obscene enough and was confiscated.

Letters From Abroad

Pigshit from the sea bed off Singapore writes "So impressed am I over the February issue of On Paper that I wish to become London Hash's first overseas subscriber. Amazing, probably foolish. Could you please send me a copy monthly at least until the September issue so I can keep abreast of the 1000th Run information. To ease the burden on London Hash please find enclosed a cheque for five pounds. Looking forward to the March Issue" I'll send him a laminated waterproof copy that he can read while working.

IBM of Port Melbourne, Australia writes "Hope you are all OK - we're fine, looking forward to the 1000th which we are planning on attending. Keep up the On Paper quality, we get the odd (very odd ...) copy posted and it's nice to catch up! One comment - please finish the gossip page with the 'answers' for overseas readers as we haven't got a clue what most of it's about."

I Know a Man Who Does

Organise quizzes that is. Forget-Me-Knot has organised the Hash Quiz Night for Friday 25th June at the Rutland, Lower Mall, Hammersmith. There will be cash prizes, a late bar etc. Watch out for flyers soon. Let's hope Prince gets posted abroad so we can all have a chance to win!

Pope's Offer

West London H3's GM, Pope, is even more generous than I first thought. His bottle of wine prize is awarded each time On Paper is published. It goes to the person who contributed most West London run write-ups in that issue. Incredibly this means that the March prize goes to Nosedive for his effort written in 1988 which turned up in his attic, and was published for the first time in the last issue.

Are You On Shorts?

Although the world in general probably does not want to see your legs, Graenia is planning to order some London H3 shorts. She needs advance orders so that we don't get a large stock of the wrong size so if you are interested let her know your favourite colour, size, number of legs etc. as soon as possible.

A Year of Two Halves

If you pay your London H3 subscription half-yearly, your next instalment is due NOW! To avoid embarrassment see you nearest Hash Cash immediately and cough up.

Checkpoints

- For each run that you do, tick your run-list. Give completed run-lists to Ratshit to update the stats.
- On away trips this year, make sure you publicise the 1000th Run. Take flyers and get a publicity T-shirt from Pope.
- Help keep the subscription costs down. When haring a run, do prepare the landlord for the request for free down-downs. More importantly, make sure there will be enough staff on duty when the run finishes, especially with those thirsty summer runs coming up.

Thank You

Contributions (keep them coming) this month from: IBM, Little Jon, Pope, Prince, No Hands, Banshee, Legless, Wee Bev, Strewth!

Let's have some new names in the contributions list.

Send articles to:

Andy Millard ("Hedgehog"), 52B Russell Road
Wimbledon, London, SW19 1QL (081-542-5768)

If you can give me your write-ups on IBM PC disks it gives me more options. Call for details.

Next Issue Deadline: May 15th

Prince



St. Margrets 20th March 1993
London Hash Run

Hare : Ratshit

It was a beautiful spring day as we gathered outside the British Rail station. Wee Bev managed to find the right station despite a slight detour. Various old faces showed up such as Stroke, Stripper and Jo. The start was delayed as people ambled off to the to drop off their stuff or for a quick slash.

After a few brief announcemnts we were off. The first check was down Amyand Park Road by the footbridge over the railway lines. Here I half heartedly started to check it out and was called back before I managed to get up the steps. This proved to be the only checking I did for the whole run. The trail went down a footpath into marble lane and then across the Richmond Road to Orleans Road. Another check, which was quickly found, then the trail headed along Riverside to a check just before Eel Pie Island.

The check was held and once the walkers caught up, the FRBs shot off over the bridge on the Island with most of the pack following. The rest including me looked slightly worried as we realised that the bridge was the only way on and off the island except for swimming. To our relief, the pack turned on its heels and headed back over the bridge.

The trial then headed along Cross Deep /Strawberry Vale/ Twickenham Road etc to Kingston Lock. At this point Bubbles came haring passed, stopped and looked at some ancient hash trail pointing in the opposite direction and enquired which way. I just Here, various hashers spread out in all directions looking for the trail, shouting as they went. These actions caused a mixed

pointed to the group of forty odd people standing on the bridge in full view of where we were. There ensued a few mutterings about Periodical's trail. Bubbles was then quietly informed that Ratshit was the Hare, his reply was " Well that explains it!" Of course Bubbles first words to Ratshit when we arrived at the bridge were "Good Trail."

The trail then headed along the other side of the River up towards Richmond. By this time any idea of keeping up with the pack was gone, so I ambled along at the back with Nookie and Please Sir having a natter.

After a bit we espied several hashers on the other side of the river, was this a false trail - my legs turn to jelly at the thought. No a miracle the foot ferry was running and the opportunity for a huge short cut. The snag was I needed 30 pence, I called to my wife for some money but she said I needed the exercise and ran off. Fortunately for me and some 16 other souls Periodical had a fiver on him and thus the short cut was taken.

The On On was the Turks Head, a fine Fullers pub, most were happy to stand outside and bask in the spring sunshine. Pubic was the RA and organised the Down Downs. The lucky reipients were the Hare; Myself for talking about the 1000th & Mcpiggy for having to put up with me; Stroke for hoping that if she did not run for a while we would forget her hash name; Billy the fish and Cathy for some offence so hideous that I can't remember it. The rest has been erased from my memory.

Overall a very enjoyable run and on on.

POPE

Cookham - a while ago

Another outstanding success in the recent saga of London hash runs (no boat race run, no St Patrick's day run, no hare for Westferry, no trains for Westferry, etc.) (Who said Rashid was a wanker?). Anyway, this was miles away with a crappy rail service, so it wasn't a huge surprise when very few people turned up and most of these had driven.

Some people drove down to Maidenhead station to see if anyone was stuck there waiting for the connection but found no-one. The only two people who had missed the train were Thunderthighs and Smash'em (sounds like a title for an old Marvel comic - "see The dastardly Smash'em do battle with the invincible Thunderthighs, the winner to take on Superman over 10 rounds next week" or something like that.) The upshot was that we started over half an hour late which I think may be a new record. Even then Tricky still managed to miss the beginning. Kaffir did the announcements in his usual laid-back (dead?) drawl and off we went.

Eileen was the hare and he led us towards the Thames and we followed that for a while. The trail was notable for the hare's behaviour throughout. At some point between checks he would suddenly disappear from our midst and miraculously reappear several miles into the distance, looking suspiciously like he was setting the trail. And then remarkably he was back amongst us again or waiting at a check. All this and he still managed to look after the people at the back. The swine did lead us up several steep hills (or rather the same steep hill several times) and this had the effect of slowing everyone down. At one particular scenic look-out (and very scenic it was too) there was a lonely ice cream seller who we took pity on and several of us bought his wares. From there it was downhill literally all the way. The hare stopped in a pleasant village pub and blatantly drank a pint in front of us as we were checking which I found extremely unamusing. It was there that we met a mad corgi which, if thrown a stick, would race after it, pick it up and promptly eat it. This of course meant that the game didn't last long.

It was a good length run and it was not long after an hour that we got to the pub - the Crown. (Incidentally Cookham and the surrounding area has loads of pubs and would be an excellent place for a pub crawl one day. I was a bit dubious about the one called the Jolly Swan-Uppers mind you.) Anyway the pub was very pleasant and had a couple of good beers on. Several people ordered food and, as usual, many more actually ate it. Down downs were given out by Kaffir and included the hare, Buns, a visitor from Vancouver, Bonk, a non-hashing colleague of Hooray's, and myself and Pink Imp for having an ice-cream. At some stage Tricky arrived back from his version of the run and the afternoon drifted on as did everyone else eventually.

(Prince)

HASH ON!

Hashers: The zany, Marx Brothers of the running world

↑
HEADLINE FROM THE
WASHINGTON POST

names.

"Hey, Snot, you looking for Roto Router? He's talking to Missionary Position. Where's Quick Drawers?"

The Marx Brothers of the running world, hashers are not a crowd for those who stand on ceremony.

From The Press

Stretch and squeeze

MEN WHO are keen on back exercise should wear loose, soft clothing — otherwise they could suffer from "stretcher's scrotum", a doctor in Wilmington, North Carolina, has warned.

He describes in the *New England Journal of Medicine* the case of a 40-year-old athlete who suffered acute scrotal swelling and pain for several days after performing stretching exercises for the lower back. The man had been wearing "restrictive gym shorts" and his routine involved bringing one knee up to the chest — unwittingly squashing his testicles in the process.

In HIS evidence, Mr Flumistead admitted that he fired a shot at Mr James James because of Mr James's failure to get an erection. "My girlfriend, Sharon Pickett, and I decided on a threesome. James was recommended to us by a well-known escort agency. He turned up on time and we gave him a beer. The ground rules were: nothing anal, no same-sex, no intimate kissing, and no ejaculation inside Ms Pickett. Then we got down to it. But he couldn't get an erection. He said the ground rules were inhibiting him, and in any case he had done four jobs that evening before he reached us. So I asked him to return my \$260 and leave, saying he could have another beer on his way out. But he said he had done his level best and he was going to keep the money. So I fired a shot from a rifle into the roof."

From the Sydney South Harbour H3 hash trash.

was then a pleasant run home along the out trail through the park along the banks of the Cook River. Following the arrows backwards threw some of the pack including Enos and the visiting Thunderthighs who became disoriented and well bushed somewhere in the Gough Whitlam Park and arrived home 20 minutes after the pack.

From ftturner@madge.mhs.compuserve.com Thu Apr 1 08:36:09 1993
From: Francis Turner <FTURNER@madge.MHS.CompuServe.COM>
To: The Hash World <harriers@usc.edu>
Subject: Royal hasher
Date: 01 Apr 93 01:00:20 EST

A royal first!

Japanese Royal family goes Hashing.

Down downs: Thunderthighs from London H3 set a new Larrikin Record for the slowest down-down. The voices of the assembled grew hoarse from singing "why are we waiting, oh why are we waiting, ...".

As you may know (or not) Japan's Crown Prince is engaged to be married later this year. His fiancée is a Japanese diplomat who has worked in a number of countries including Vietnam. Why is Vietnam so important? Well this is why... she used to be a member of the Hash in Hanoi!

Anyway another Japanese Diplomat in Hanoi who is also a hasher has been back in Tokyo for the last few days. He used to run with the hash here so he thought he'd come along again - he also knows Her Royal Highness to be so he invited her too!

Right now its the cherry blossom time in Tokyo so last night's April 1st run was always going to be popular as it was going to involved running under lots of cherry trees and was to put it simply a run with a different sort of flower than usual.

Last night's run had more police than the notorious Dallas run we read about recently. HRH is strictly guarded now so she turned up with a whole squad of guards - some on motorbikes and some on foot to escort her. The hare thought he was going to be arrested for marking the streets or something and the rest of us thought we'd come to the wrong place!

Needless to say the police were a bit peeved by the run - especially the ones on the motorbikes because they couldn't go up the steps we went up nor down the little windy paths. Its obvious that the police who get picked for guard duty aren't the ones who do six minute miles - these guys hadn't realised what they were letting themselves in for because they were in uniform so even if they had been fit they wouldn't have been running very fast but as it was they were really slowing the pack down - we didn't want to leave HRH behind and they didn't want to let her leave them behind!

Still HRH Aepuriruflooru enjoyed herself a lot and did a down down in style, her guardians refused to do so and probably wrote up a report describing the has as a threat to national security or something. Pity really as they won't be the first hashers who've been made fools of.

On On

Dirty Dingus

Tough Guy Run

By now you have probably heard all the stories of how hard this run was and how much everyone did or didn't enjoy the race. After a few pints, the "Tough Guys" might even say that they will probably do it next year. But what did they say immediately afterwards?

Patherfinder (Sub Sixty H3) : "Piece of piss!"

Phequem " It was bloody wet but the Brandy half way Round was good."

D.B (Old Coulden H3 ?) : "Loads of Shiggy, not many checks. Excellent Run!"

Anon: "long, hard, no booze"

Wee Bev : "Hilarious to watch"

Smash'em : " It was like 10 hashes in one go."

'Arold : Not a bad run until the last half hour so which was cuntin' fuckin' cold arsehole bastard shite. All for a bunch of nags whose visit to the dog meat factory is well overdue. Lots of brownie points (piss) to Trigamist for organisation and fuck all to the dubious charity. Good to see Robocop looking so ill. Worth it for that alone through seems to be looking fine now.

Anon : Well I found it hot and spicy with plenty of fruity beers. Oh hang on you wanted to know about the run. Well there must have been something good about it?

Hooray : "Tough Guy? I will never complain about a 1.5 hour hash again, that is a piece of piss. Pope put up with my snoring & farting, I put up with his farting & shitting. Wet suits - you'll be far too hot in that they said. No way, I recommend it."

Anon : "Fuck'ell, I lost me boots- some gunge gunge suckin' mud got to me."

"We counted the green shirts out and counted the brown shirts in." Anon

Anon : " Was it middy or was it muddy?
It was mucking Brilliant!"

Anon : "I trust your feeling has come back, mine hasn't."

Anon : "Now I know how a hippo feels!"

C. Balls(Old Coulsden H3) : Good weekend, a bit easy compared to previous years. Well done all.

Hover (OCH3) : "Why did the drinks station have to be underwater?"

Glad to say I wore my Lycras & didn't suffer with cramp like most of the guys. Who is sensible then? Fantastic weekend Trigamist. Muchos Gracias. - Anon

"Sincere thanks for all the offers to rub vaseline on my inner thighs." Anon (Female)

Ratshit : " Last time I say Yes to a quiet weekend in the country."

Jack & David " Brilliant event & well organised but we are F***ED!"

"Mud mud glorious mud." A pervert.

Marion : "I did ask someone to rub my chest after the race, but they said they couldn't find it. I bloody could."

Hopefully Hedgehog has printed the map so you can see what a bastard trail it was. Added to that the scale changes dramatically from page 1 to page 2. On page 1 about 3 to 4 miles of the course is shown and on the second page 9 to 11 miles depending on who you talk to and probably how many pints they have had !

POPE

Tough Guy Results

88th	Phuckem	2 hrs 5 mins
224th	Bubbles	2 hrs 17 mins
542nd	Smashem	2 hrs 40 mins
580th	Robocop	2 hrs 42 mins
806th	Pope	3 hrs
895th	Harold	3 hrs 6 mins
1194th	Hooray	3 hrs 30 mins
1248th	Le Voisin	3 hrs 38 mins

Nowhere Ratshit

Team Result - 23rd place



782-V17

Pictures: MARTIN POPE



THE LONDON AWAYDAY TRIP TO THE GUINNESS BREWERY 1993

Thursday.

Stanstead airport 7pm. We thought we were travelling ahead of the mob, but banged into Cheryl & Tony of the C_____ hash and had a few drinks before almost missing the plane! Arrived Dublin airport 10.05, down at the Bleeding Horse pub drinking Guinness at 10.30

Friday

Breakfasted at Bewley's scrumptious coffee house, visited the Guinness brewery for lunch, just a wee bit too early to meet the Terrorist with Bubbles, Slug, Cathy & a handful of complimentary tickets for unlimited sampling (those that pay the entrance fee are limited to one half pint). We met Vince there, and spent the remainder of the afternoon checking the quality of the Guinness in a few of the more select pubs. Several pints later we arrived at the Brazen Head. We were greeted by Mary-Two-Fingers, who provided us with hospital arm-bands, maps indicating important locations - the starting points of the runs, the on-inns, plus info on venues for late night muzak.

The hare was apparently still out setting the run, it was supposed to start at 8pm, 'What run' we asked, 'You're surely not going to run tonight? We thought it was a wind up'. This statement was heard repeated many times as each party staggered into the pub.

A reasonable crowd assembled; a couple from Scarborough, half a dozen from Wirral & Chester, Hooray & Penny, Hedgehog & his wee pal Ellie, Stranger & Jan, The terrorist, Slug (alias Carolyn) & Bubbles still in shock after having their car broken into. Soak & Romney-Marsh having made a slight diversion on their way to the Dordogne, Nightmare, Sue, Wee Karen from N.Z., Nick the Greek, Rhona & Tim, Irish Cathy dressed to kill in case any fellow countrymen/women might think her down on her luck, Kipper & Ailie from Glasgow/Edinburgh, plus many more.

I believe the run did eventually start about 9.15pm, but we stayed in the pub, just to keep spaces for everyone you understand. Someone had to welcome the latecomers, just as well as we were witness to the unexpected arrival of two hash ladies who thought they were in Dublin incognito, one of them, Myff (GH3), was NOT with her husband, Fitzy (ex EH3 and the apple of Charlie Tuck's eye); well, she doesn't have a husband!

The Brazen Head is reputed to be the oldest pub in Dublin by the manager & the Guinness book of records, if so archaeological evidence apparently suggests they must have been serving ale to the fishes in the 11th century! The landlord got quite upset when I doubted his word, but if the Guinness he was serving was anything to go by we were right to

question him. It was the worst I'd tasted since I'd arrived in Ireland.

There were down-downs too but unfortunately we were out of earshot at the bar. Several Jamesons later we crawled off to our beds.

Saturday

After another Bewley's breakfast a reasonable sized pack gathered at St Stephen's Green, to the bemusement of Dublin's Saturday shoppers. It was a chilly day so we were relieved to start the run more or less on time at 3pm. We set off round the Green, and immediately lost Bubbles, Nightmare & Hooray answering the call of the rugby on the telly and unable to resist the closeness of the ON-INN. The rest of us, made of sterner stuff, headed off in the opposite direction.

There were lots of false trails & many back checks for the thinking hasher involving counting back a specified number of flour blobs before searching for the new trail! We passed a pawnbrokers with an interesting set of balls before hitting the grassy banks of the canal. There were a few minor detours ending in checkbacks which kept the pack quite well together, before we looped back towards 'the Green'.

Guided by the locals the front of the pack waited at one corner of the green whilst the remainder gathered at another; after a while we realised what was going on and joined the others, but after waiting 20 minutes in the circle with no sign of beer & freezing to death I retired to the warmth of the bar. It was another hour before the others joined us (twice as long as the run itself) all suffering from hypothermia, glad I had more sense.

The Guinness flowed freely, especially as the Irish team had beaten the Welsh, and when defrosting was complete we set off to the next pub on the list Paddy Murphy's. To ensure we did not get too drunk & disorderly some of us stopped for a pizza/kebab, whilst others were already being turned away by certain landlords!

In the last Pub of the night we had a bit of a sing song, guitar played by a very able chap from Wirral & Chester. We were so good we managed to drown out a local jam session in another corner of the pub, our repertoire included classics such as Country road by Olivia Newton-John & Boo-Boo bear by ????. We performed until we were thrown out, when some with energy to spare went night-clubbing whilst others - Kipper, Ailsa, Soak & Romney spent a couple of hours lost in a Dublin taxi trying to get back to Two-fingers' place.

Sunday

Sunday morning /afternoon we assembled at O'Dwyer's where Nick & his putter-upper Alan were tucking into two massive platefuls of brunch, an old Dublin tradition, but these two had skipped going to mass first! They certainly would not need any roast beef & yorkshire after that.

I can't remember what time the run started, maybe 2 o'clock, the pack had swollen since Saturday, one chap had come all the way from Bahrain. After instruction from Two-fingers to be careful as the trail overlapped slightly with Saturday's. We set off along the canal & back towards the pub. Was this going to be the shortest run on record? No, one of those counting checkbacks directed us back towards the town, it was a pretty scenic run too past the museums & government buildings, where it was a bit like Bayswater Road on a Sunday, lots of artists showing their wares, I stopped to have a look whilst the others ran off on a false trail.

We ran through Trinity college (old haunts of Slug & The terrorist when they were young), another false trail had us running up Grafton Street, past Bewley's. I could contain myself no longer, I had to go in & treat myself to a cream cake. I emerged as the pack were heading back towards the check, then we headed back towards St Stephen's Green where we were

rewarded with a Guinness Stop. We had one false trail and a check back before the pack, despite being warned, got completely confused. The daftest ones headed off on a false trail from Saturday, the main body of the pack had decided enough was enough and headed towards the beer.

As we approached the 'circle' one of our group, a Dubliner, was so desperate for a beer he took a short cut and dived into the canal rather than negotiate walking over the lock gate. The setting for the 'circle' was obviously carefully chosen by a dog lover as it was quite difficult to get a beer without getting covered in dog shit!! A new meaning to the Hashit award.

Down downs were awarded to the hare of course. The assistant RA got one of many for a pair of brightly coloured "new" boots. I got one for my cream cake (they were just jealous), Slug & the guy from Bahrain for being too amorous in the circle. There were many others, including some under age who were forced to drink coke down downs, rather than me. Back at the pub, a few beers & a pizza later we headed off to catch our plane.

In all a very enjoyable weekend, but it's a shame they didn't tell us that their actual birthday run was on the Monday, I wouldn't have minded staying another day.

Wee Bev

The Edinburgh H3 Rugby Sevens run

A pack of about twenty were congregated outside the Humble primary school, others had been distracted by some rugby tournament going on in the town. Some people have no sense of priority.

We set off down the road only to find the first false trail of the day, that gave Stuart time to catch up with us. After another five minutes of tarmac we were to get a taste of what the run was really going to be like; along a slippery farm track where the first mucky brecks were in evidence Scoop of the Trossachs had difficulty staying on her feet. Into the forest and down a steep grassy bank, into the river, and out the other side. We managed to lure at least half the pack up a dastardly false. Climbing back up the bank we came across Stuart suspiciously walking through another false, but hares are allowed to do that. He kindly pointed us in the right direction & off we scampered in an enthusiastic sort of way

Stuart had carefully selected a number of well trodden paths, well trodden by fairies, birds, animals but not by humans, fallen branches, brambles & nettles had to be negotiated. I'm sure they would have been impenetrable in summertime, but the forest smelt wonderful. We reached a check at a high clearing and at this point some of those a bit keen to get back cottoned on to the in-trail a bit too early, but we were enjoying ourselves so we happily ignored them and headed back into the forest in a completely opposite direction. A couple of checks later we were back on the river bank and after a bit of confusion we found the

trail amongst the fir trees. We crossed the river into some rather strong garlic pasture, Rashid had apparently thought the smell was Charlie the morning after! Poor Charlie.

The trail meandered back & forth across the river; according to Stuart there were six river crossings, we lost count. Helena was a victim of her own front running, reaching a check, she heard the back markers calling On On so ran to join them only to find that she'd been there before.

We ran through a small housing estate in need of much renovation but neither Peter Lindow or John Anderson were present to appreciate it, or make any suggestions. A pretty forest track led to a nasty little uphill loop where Stuart had a bit more fun sending the pack on whilst he short-cut, the pleasures of being hare & having a gullible pack.

We reached the on inn trail along a doctored false from the out-trail then it was a half mile run back to the cars, though' Stuart kindly chauffeured the back-markers in his courtesy car. A lovely run, well worth the trip from darkest London. Down downs to the hare, of course, visitors, Me, Rashid, Father Abraham & Scoop Trossachs H3, Dave & Noreen, mates of Sheila & Wangus from Delta hash days

Wee Bev (Exiled EH3)
18th April 1993, EH3, Humble

Greenwich, 18 April 1993

This is not an April Fools Day joke!!!!

Lofty Graenia & Strewth (I) are running THE London Marathon.

We are collecting sponsorship on behalf of the 'Macmillan Nurses' who work with cancer patients. If you would like to sponsor us please see either of us (before we catch you!).

It was a drizzly English day similar to the previous 363 days, not counting the one sunny day when it could have been a scene in Gods own country (ie. Australia).

A pack of 2000 runners gathered in Fleet. Most looked fit and healthy and able to run a half marathon. Two strangers stood amongst the crowd with 'HASH' emblazoned across their chests.

"What is the hash?" asked a couple of innocent bystanders.

"A drinking club with a running problem" came the reply as our intrepid duo lined up at the 'much more than 2 hours and possibly never to be seen again' start point.

The crowd moved, the twosome followed as is their usual habit (they've learnt that flour and chalk is not needed if you follow the crowd).

The miles disappeared as the conversation flowed.

The crowds cheered and the duo thanked them politely until it was discovered the loudest cheers were actually for the FRBs who were running the ON INN which overlapped part of the first loop.

The finish loomed ahead and those intrepid Harriettes still hadn't found a check, not unusual really, what was unusual is that they had RUN ALL THE WAY!!!. Before they knew it, 13.1 miles and 2 hours & 15 minutes after they had started they sprinted in to collect their medals. Another good days marathon training completed.

Do you believe it? ON ON to the London Marathon!

This is not an April Fools Day joke! Please get your name on a sponsorship form before space runs out!!!

Lofty & Strewth!

It was an unusually early start for a run but nevertheless a surprisingly large number of visitors and virgins had turned out. The regulars, on the other hand, were in short supply, perhaps because they had spent the previous evening enthusiastically drinking, enthusiastically arguing over the price of a pint in a Brick Lane restaurant, enthusiastically walking out *en masse* and finally enthusiastically drowning their sorrows in the Pride Of Spitalfields.

The trail, unusually, was set in blue paint. It began with a tricky loop around Greenwich and Woolwich, finally reorientating itself at that famous landmark the Cutty Sark. On on from there eastwards towards the city and over Tower Bridge. Here the hares had devised a very devious loop, which managed to fool the entire pack. The trail took them west as far as the Isle Of Dogs, within spitting distance of Europe's Tallest Building, and then rushed back towards the city, finally going back under itself once more at Tower Bridge. And all this without so much as a single check or regroup.

The hash regulars who hadn't been able to make it to the start turned out in impressive numbers to catch up with the pack just before the second arrival at Tower Bridge. But by then they had had a few cans and there was no great enthusiasm for joining in. So instead they cheered on the visiting runners, some of whom had turned out in fancy dress for the occasion. There were some rhinoceroses, the odd fairy (not on the hash please) and even a gorilla (or was it just Tricky?). Meanwhile Rambo had run a false trail 20 feet up a roadside sign in order to put up a hash banner, but the wind had other ideas and the banner came down to earth almost as quickly as he did.

By the time Strewth and Lofty had caught up with the pack the pubs were well and truly open. In fact they were probably thinking about closing time. The fan club

therefore headed straight on home for the on on at the Wellington. Meanwhile the pack still had a little more work to do. They ran up the Embankment, then darted inland for a final devious loop around St. James' Park and then back to Waterloo Bridge. There they were treated to some hash food and given a big shiny beer token.

Considering that many thousands of visitors had turned up for the run, the showing at the Wellington was piss poor. On the other hand, it was hard enough to get a pint anyway, so I shouldn't complain. 2am administered the down-downs, and all those who had earned a big shiny beer token were duly rewarded. Worm and Bubbles got down-downs for pretending to be Ratshit and Hooray respectively (or is that disrespectively?). Included in the celebrations were various visitors from San Francisco, North Wilts, etc. The hares didn't turn up at the on-on at all.

A well laid trail, even if it was a trifle long, and enthusiastically run. Certainly I can remember hash runs that were almost as long - some of the Berkshire Nash Hash runs for instance, and this one was better set. On the other hand, some people still got lost - what could have kept Strewth and Lofty so long? Five and a half hours! After the run some amazing enthusiasm was shown by the likes of Banabee and Early Bird, who are already discussing making a special effort to turn up next time there's a 9am run from Greenwich. Someone please remind them of this when the application forms come out in October.

Special mention goes to Strewth and Lofty who are likely to raise over 500 quid for the Macmillan cancer nurses from their efforts, so please pay up promptly if you were stupid enough to sponsor them.

Little Jon

Electronic Hashing

This is the computer age. Cars, washing machines, toilet paper dispensers ... - everything seems to have a computer in it. No area of life (except, perhaps *THAT* one) remains untouched by electronics. Even, believe it or not, The Hash has entered the modern era. An electronic mail (E-mail) discussion list exists which is devoted to The Hash and Hashing worldwide. It is based in the US but is open to "subscribers" in the UK and elsewhere. As yet only a few UK hashers take part in this forum so it does have a rather parochial North American feel to it. It would be good to get a few more members from this side of the Atlantic. Most of the, er, discussion takes the form of verbal abuse exchanged between a limited range of people, plus some run reports and announcements of future events, big and little. Requests for information on foreign hashes are quite common too. One memorable prolonged exchange of messages concerned the proper method of punishment for a delinquent hare. Suggestions ranged from tarring and feathering the offender to making her drink a yard of ale, upside down. Some felt that good beer shouldn't be wasted on such a person! The Hash Email list costs you nothing provided you have an Internet or Janet account (these are common throughout the University and research world). Alternatively you can obtain an account on a commercial system that provides Internet connectivity (eg. Compuserve, UKNet, PIPEX) but this will cost you something. You might also be interested in another discussion list which devotes screenfuls of messages every day to the very important subject of beer.

Be warned though that while Hash Email can brighten up an otherwise dull day at work it can prove embarrassing if a colleague or your boss creeps up behind you to discover your VDU filled with f***k's, c**t's, w**k's etc! I speak from experience.

To join the list you should send a message requesting same to:

harriers-request@usc.edu

If your site doesn't have direct Internet access (i.e. to JIPS) then send your message to:

harriers-request%usc.edu@uk.ac.nsfnet-relay

On On

No Hands, West London H3

(Frank Norman) Email: f-norman@nimr.mrc.ac.uk

From: zippyp2h4@com.aol
To: harriers@edu.cmu.cs
Subject: Great Press in Dallas
Date: Wed, 24 Mar 93 23:45:37 EST

No shit, the Dallas-Fort Worth H3 knows how to advertise. Check out the following newspaper article!

Monday, February 22, 1993

No Hate Intended

Runners club spread flour at black complex to mark trail, man says

By Nancy St. Pierre
Staff Writer of The Dallas Morning News

Delbert Hirst of Arlington fessed up Sunday. He was one of the white males seen spreading "white powder" Saturday through a predominantly black apartment complex in Old East Dallas.

He doesn't see anything wrong with it. He does things like that most weekends in similar areas of Fort Worth. He sees it as harmless fun.

Some people in Dallas, including police, were baffled by the mysterious action. The Police Department began investigating the incident as a possible hate crime.

"I was shocked so much was being made of it," Mr. Hirst said Sunday. "I guess it just shows how sensitive things must really be over there when it comes to racial issues."

Mr. Hirst, 40, is part of an international "social" running group called the Hash House Harriers. The Dallas-Fort Worth chapter meets Saturdays, to enjoy a human version of "the hare and the hound."

Police said Saturday that they were investigating the powder-spreading as a hate crime "because the white males did this in Roseland Homes, which is predominantly black."

Police also sent out samples of the powder for testing. If Mr. Hirst is correct, the lab will find it is a substance common to kitchens and supermarkets: flour. The runners use it to make their trail.

The runners' fun turned serious Saturday, when residents of the apartments at 2100 North Washington Avenue told police that they thought Mr. Hirst and two other men were committing a hate crime.

Residents described the men as "skinheads" because of the "way they dress and because their heads were shaved," according to a police offense report.

The men put the powder in the grass, around the base of a tree, inside a tire where children play and in a tunnel area, residents told police. The men also handed beads to children and spread more powder on a nearby playground.

Residents told police that they believed the men were skinheads trying to poison children.

If that behavior wasn't strange enough, the men ran "through the complex chanting as though they were worshipping some type of god," the report read. One man even carried a shrunken head, residents told police.

The Hash House Harriers act that way on purpose to blow off stress, Mr. Hirst said. They sometimes dress in outlandish costumes and run through neighborhoods, wooded areas and other parts of town to spice up their daily running routine.

"We can run on the street anytime," he said.

Mr. Hirst was one of three "hares" who scoped out a trail for the "hounds"

P.S. Reminds me a bit of the recent WLM3 Southall run.

Up to the 10th October 1992 I..... have done's runs with London Hash House Harriers (cross my heart and hope to die...we've got PW's auditing our accounts by the way). Below are the runs I have done so far this year

947 SUN 11-Oct-92 CLAPHAM SOUTH	GRIM LEAPER
948 SUN 18-Oct-92 SOUTHALL	ROBOCOP
949 SAT 24-Oct-92 BAKER STREET	KAFFIR
950 SAT 31-Oct-92 ACTON TOWN	RAMBO
951 SAT 7-Nov-92 CHEAM - NONSUCH	HEDGEHOG
952 MON 9-Nov-92 LOUGHTON	JOINT FULL MOON
953 SUN 15-Nov-92 MORDEN	PEACEMAKER
954 SAT 21-Nov-92 ARNOS GROVE	GARBAGE
955 SUN 29-Nov-92 BETHNAL GREEN	PRINCE
956 SUN 6-Dec-92 EAST CROYDON	Coulsdon Hare
957 SUN 13-Dec-92 NEW BARNET	NICK THE PRICK
958 SUN 20-Dec-92 BROMLEY-BY-BOW	PRINCE
959 SAT 26-Dec-92 BAKER STREET	GRAENIA
960 FRI 1-Jan-93 TRAFALGAR SQUARE	SPUNKY
961 SUN 3-Jan-93 WIMBLEDON	HEDGEHOG
962 SUN 10-Jan-93 WINDSOR Central	ALAN WHO?
963 SUN 17-Jan-93 GIPSY HILL	KAFFIR
964 SAT 23-Jan-93 KINGSBURY	GARBAGE
965 SUN 31-Jan-93 LANCASTER GATE	ROBOCOP
966 SAT 6-Feb-93 BARNES Red Lion)	RATSHIT
967 SUN 14-Feb-93 DENMARK HILL	BUBBLES
968 SAT 20-Feb-93 SNAREBROOK	EARLY BIRD
969 SUN 28-Feb-93 HAMPTON WICK	PUBIC
970 SAT 6-Mar-93 BOND STREET	FORGETMENOT
971 SUN 14-Mar-93 HAMPSTEAD	LITTLE JOHN
972 SAT 20-Mar-93 ST MARGARET'S	RATSHIT
973 SUN 28-Mar-93 BOXHILL & W HUMBLE	BUBBLES
974 SAT 3-Apr-93 COOKHAM	EILEEN
975 SUN 11-Apr-93 WESTFERRY	LIVE
976 SAT 17-Apr-93 LIVERPOOL ST	NICKOLATOSS
977 MON 19-Apr-93 GREEN PARK	HELP ME
978 MON 26-Apr-93 LONDON BRIDGE	HORSE
979 MON 3-May-93 ANGEL	CATHERINE(Mrs Green Card)
980 MON 10-May-93 STAMFORD BROOK	HOORAY
981 MON 17-May-93 OAKWOOD	GARBAGE
982 MON 24-May-93 FINSBURY PARK	PRINCE
983 MON 31-May-93 PIMLICO	SMASHEM

The above are all the runs since October '92. I have had 5/6 people hand in run stats so far. To make it easy for you all please tick off above the runs you claim to have done, so I can update the runstats for the Hash records/1000th magazine. Please return the above ASAP, even if not completed to end of May 1993. The latest runstats as I have in the records are elsewhere in this mag. ON ON- RATSHIT



Frankfurt / Main
Hash House Harrier
Host of the



Frankfurt / Main
Hash House Harrier
Host of the

Sponsored by:

Schenker International
DE- Consult

2 mailing about 5th GERMAN NASH HASH

We got a few letters from all over the place, asking all kinds of questions, but mostly the same.

Here are the answers!

The 5th GERMAN NASH HASH is taking place on July 21...25, 1993 in Büdingen. map attached. Costs are listed somewhere, so is a Bankaccount No. if you want to transfer your money. Ocurring costs will be on your behalf. We'd like to get your cheque in the mail, and soon. Space is limited, not badly, but the first 125 to sign up, will have beds, who needs them anyway. We want a rough idea of how many we can expect. So sign up soon, because it also gives you a discount.
To save postage money, which makes us able to by more beer, we'll send out only 1 confirmation letter to each Hash group, which signs up.

Programme:

Friday 23rd
19:00hr.....Registration and Welcome Party
23:00hr.....Torchlight Run

Saturday 24th
till 10:00.....Breakfast
11:00 - 14:00.....Registration
15:00.....NASH-HASH-RUN
17:00.....ON IN and DOWN-DOWN
19:00.....BBQ
20:00.....Partytime and FUN, FUN....

Sunday 25th
till 10:00.....Breakfast
11:00.....Hangover
12:00.....DOWN-DOWN
14:00.....Bi-Bi see you next NASH-HASH

Sponsored by:

Schenker International
DE- Consult

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION FORM

Name : _____
Hash Name : _____
Current Hash : _____
Address : _____
(Please print name & address)
Emergency contact: _____ Tel: _____
I will be arriving on the ☐ 23rd at approx. _____ hrs.
☐ 24th at approx. _____ hrs.
Arrival by: ☐ Car
☐ Train
☐ Bus
☐ Plane Arrival from: _____
☐ I need pickup service from: _____

WAIVER AND RELEASE

In consideration of your acceptance of this entry and of participation in this event, I hereby waive and release any and all claims I or my heirs and assigns may be entitled to make, as a result of my participating in this event, against the FRANKFURT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS, their officers, members, agents, event sponsors and their employees, and all persons assisting or volunteering for this event. I acknowledge that there are various risks associated with this event, some of which I have thought of and others which are unknown to me at this time. This event will involve running over rough terrain, mud, water and through trees and man-made structures, some incomplete. I accept all of the risks of this event, have and will have, for myself alone.
I acknowledge that I have read this waiver in its entirety, I understand it and I am signing voluntarily without influence from anyone. The invalidity of any of the terms of this waiver shall not affect the enforceability of any other

The undersigned voluntarily subscribes to the two standard Hash rules for Hash related injuries:
I CAN HURT MYSELF IF I WANT TO and IF I GET HURT, IT'S MY OWN FAULT !!!!!

DATE: _____ SIGNATURE: _____

Please copy to other harkers meeting to register for a great weekend in Frankfurt

Remember the Costs: Adults and Kids over 14:

Date	Fri. - Sun.	Sat. - Sun.
paid til 15.June 1993	DM 140.-	DM 110.-
paid til 15.July 1993	DM 150.-	DM 120.-
After	DM 160.-	DM 130.-

Kids: with age of 4...14

Date	Fri. - Sun.	Sat. - Sun.
paid til 15.June 1993	DM 105.-	DM 85.-
paid til 15.July 1993	DM 115.-	DM 90.-
After	DM 120.-	DM 100.-

Horrors under age of 4 free, but no Shirt!

What you get for it?:

T-shirt
Overnight sleeping accommodation
Free drinks
Breakfast on Saturday (if booked from Friday on)
BBQ on Saturday, Sat'daynight party
Breakfast on Sunday, Hangover RUN on Sunday
FUN, fun, fun

Payment: Send Cheques to:

Wolfgang Merkel (H) 06103/67427
Wingertstraße 54 (W) 069/24789364
6072 Dreieich Spremlingen

OR BY BANK TRANSFER TO:

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
c/o Christian Freuer
DRESDNER BANK
Acct #: 4923 00 501
Bank Nr.: 500 800 00

Please - don't send Cash!!!!

Contact persons:

Wolfgang Merkel (Onsec) (H) 06103- 67427
Wingertstr. 54 (W) 069- 24789364
6072 Dreieich- Spremlingen (FAX) 069- 24789285

American contact:

Mark Crawford (H) 06171- 21871
1047 A-6 (Camp King) (W) 06171- 61- 754
Hohemarkstr.145 (FAX) 06171- 61- 734
6370 Oberursel

or

SFC Mark Crawford DSN 325-2754/2538
RHC, 22d Sig Bde
Unit 25506
APO AE 09065

How to get to Büdingen

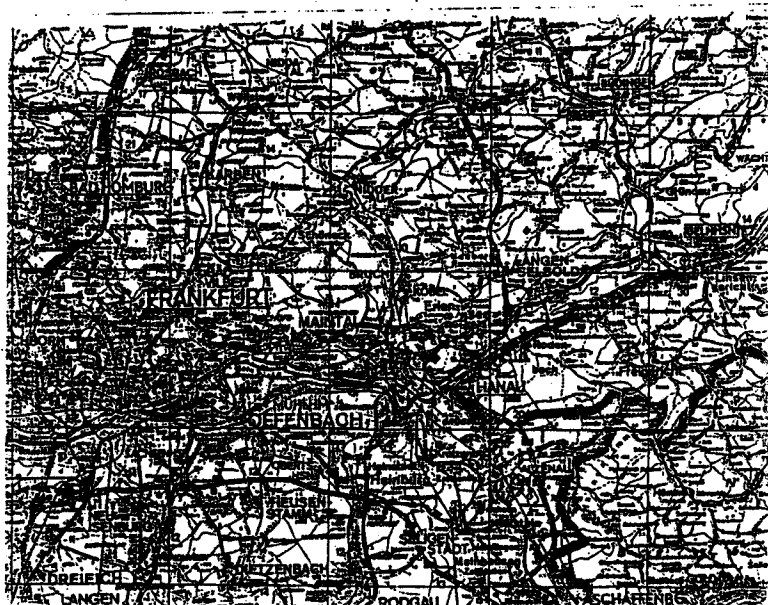
From Frankfurt: Take the A66 towards Hanau / Gelnhausen. Take exit Gründau / Liebslos and follow route 457 to Büdingen.

From Autobahn A3: Drive towards Würzburg, take exit Hanau. Follow the signs to Hanau B45, B43a to Hanauer Kreuz, change to A66 towards Gelnhausen. Take exit Gründau / Liebslos and follow route 457 to Büdingen.



Then look for HHH-Signs.
(Also have a look at the map below.)

from the north - take A 45 - exit 10 km last



Male of a Time

We arrived on Friday night and checked out the accommodation. A converted Barn, not too bad except somebody forgot to remove the animals and for once I'm not talking about the hashers. Well not all of them!! A quick exit though the fire escape landed you right on top of the cows, sheep, and silage that shared our accommodation, and I thought the smell was only Ratshit's last effort in the toilet! One large room of 10 bunks and a small room of 4 made up the sleeping accommodation. The lower bunks were definitely in top demand, getting out of the top bunk with a hang-over is not what you want to face 1st thing in the morning.

The outside view of the roof provided a rather romantic image of a starry night sky, just in case the real one was clouded over. Actually it was dramatically similar to a sieve. Lucky it wasn't raining - yet!!

We found the others, surprise, surprise at the local pub hogging the open fire. Ronda was having problems working out how to break in her new walking boots. Rambo, Alan, Ratshit and Zam were having a few problems themselves - convincing her that urine was really the best remedy. So have you told her the truth Yet!!

Saturday morning arrived too quickly. We were woken by the gentle roar of the of Rambo and Rondas snoring. So much for 'the peaceful countryside!' The cows had also been woken, they were making a dreadful din. Strong suspicion was pointed toward Nick who had a fetish for cows.

After a delicious breakfast prepared by Wee Bev, we were set for our hill walk. Bev had disappeared to the shops, her 5th time on the trip to get a few little extras she had forgotten the day before. ie the chillies for the chili! So Alan was left in charge to get the troops together for the days outing. Total confusion was accomplished by Alans masterful skills of organisation.

The group was split into two. Those wanting a 'harder, longer' walk and those wanting a shorter walk. Somehow everybody ended up on the longer walk (mugs!) except for Alan and Dave who for some strange reason decided to opt for the shorter route. We were ushered into two awaiting cars and sped off in surprisingly the correct direction. By some small miracle we arrived at the correct destination - quite a coincidence really as nobody knew where to go, at least not in our car, which was in the lead!!!

Layered with our raincoats and packed lunches we trudged up the hill noting that Wee Bev had returned and was following in the rear (about 25mins in the rear) with Sally and Donor. We waved to them from the top of the hill and continued on our way.

Soon after the rain began to fall and the wind increased. You couldn't see the anticipated view because of the mist. But this did not dampen our spirits (like hell!) we carried on regardless. Expecting to meet the short walkers for a picnic at the arranged meeting point!! During this time superman Alex believed he was invincible and somehow could keep dry without a rain coat! Linda and myself were dying of thirst as Alan had taken our lunch with him on the short walk. Great Planning!

After three or so hours we arrived at the meeting point for our picnic. Surprise surprise, nobody was there. So after quick negotiation we decided to head for the nearest pub with an open fire (best decision that had been made all day).

Hours later, toasty warm and dry in front of the fire with pint in hand, who should walk in but Dave unaccompanied by Alan who had returned back to the hills to search for Wee Bev, Donor and Sally. It should be mentioned here that Zam also offered to go searching for the missing at 3pm - the following evening. There was added motive behind this extended concern. Donor was his means of transport back to London!!

A few more hours passed and a few more pints. I saw what I believed was Ratshit running past the Pub but was told it couldn't be. 1. Ratshit wouldn't be running and 2. He definitely wouldn't be running past the pub. We missed the Grand National, we missed Wee Bev. Worm arrived with Loosey and finally, freshly down from the hills, a drippy, cold looking Alan arrives after 7 unrewarded, unsuccessful hours in the wind and rain, some short walk. Little did he know that the others were safe and well and cooking our dinner!

Wee Bev wouldn't bring the chili down to the pub for us so we had to return to the barn. Some made it others discovered that there was another pub only thirty metres away from our accommodation. But finally we were all seated around the long tabled toasting to the days activities.

After dinner we voted unanimously to go to the pub (just for a change) and help The Terrorist compose his music, 'I'm leeeaving on a jet plane.' They loved us, in fact they loved us so much that they asked us to leave. Maybe it was The Terrorist turning down the bar maids advances or Linda dancing with the broom? So we took our talents else where (the other pub) and rocked the night away.

Eventually the pub closed. We even tried to persuade them with The Terrorist singing (bad move kicked out for certain). So back to the barn we staggered to huddle around the raging open fire. Well we were hopeful. Rambo the pyromaniac tried his best to burn Alans trousers. Alan, the barn, actually anything that was within reach. Worms petrol did wonders. But still the fire did not light. So while some huddled around the romantic gas burner most tottered off to bed. Except for The Terrorist who had extreme problems getting up into the top bunk.

Morning arrived and after another huge breakfast we set off for our run. The sun was shining and the trail long, weighed down by breakfast most opted to walk and talk rather than challenge the steep terrain. Except for Ratshit who was showing off his extensive marathon training. It was a steep climb to the beer stop where Worm found his one and only true friend and equal (a real worm!) We then descended down a mud slide. Ronda having rather more difficulty than most had to be assisted by Alan. Unimpressed with this chivalry, Spreadsheet decided to throw mud bombs. We continued onto the 'view point' of the valley, soaked in the pleasant surroundings then sprinted back to the pub. Well almost!!

Ronda greeted her 'darling' on return to the pub (a sheep which was stuck in the fence) most others were more interested in getting a beer or the rather amorous activities of the two cows in the adjacent field. Massive cues at the pub caused by a large group of pony riders!!! forced us to another bar. Many wanted to make a fast get away back to London (bets me why!) so drinking time was cut short and numbers departed.

10/10

WEST LONDON HASH - NORTH EALING

Hare: POPE
Date: 18th March 1993

Rule Number One in writing a run report is to ensure that it is written as close to the time of the run as possible so that one can remember what happened. I didn't and damned if I can remember very much. But then I may not have been able to remember much anyway as not only did I not know the area but I was just recovering from a bad case of the flu which left me a little light headed. (Some may say that's my permanent state but they're wrong). Anyway the point is that on arrival at the run, after a couple of weeks absence, I was asked by Pope to do my bit for the newsletter his motto being any run report is better than none - so here goes.

My first recollection was running through a dark park with Philip in front of me; next thing I know Philip and the rest of the pack - plus the SCB's who had not entered the park - had darted across the main road and taken off. I was none too pleased with this as I now was stuck at the lights in the company of only Maid Marion, Zebedee and Wolfgang on a bike. Bloody hell I thought here I am sick, God knows where I am and the packs taken off - then low and behold there's Pope waiting a little distance ahead with the good news of a short cut. "Go to the Hanger Lane Gyratory" he said. "Bloody Hell - the Gy what???" Anyway the three of us, and the bike, take off to a large underground roundabout where we were told to wait for the rest of the pack. Having a few minutes to spare Wolfgang and I had a conversation, which as far as I can remember had him telling me he had some German friends coming over and would I be nice to them. Before I had time to ask what being nice to them entailed the frontrunners arrived. I remember seeing Roz there - but then she's always up front (show off), and I'm sure Wee Bev would have been with her had she gone to the right station at the start of the run, which she didn't. At this checkpoint I took this opportunity to ask Robo Cop whether he would stand in for me the following weekend as I was going to Somerset. The request was pre-empted by me telling him I thought he must be the best of the RA's. My flattery got me nowhere as he also was going away, but he thanked me for the compliment and as we took off said if he hadn't been running he would have given me a kiss for my kind words. NO - I didn't trip him, I'm not quite that desperate - yet! So off I took with Rob in front and Wanna (Sleezie's wife) alongside me. I remember running up a hill - a couple of hills actually - and thinking what fortitude I had to run up when the majority of the pack was walking. But I forget Pommies go into a state of shock when they see a hill - not like the intrepid Aussies.

Anyway.....(what a long paragraph)at the top of one of these hills somewhere west of London I spied Periodical. "Cooee" I said "How about standing in for me next Sunday". "Charmed I'm sure" said Periodical. (Well he didn't actually say that but that was the gist of it). He was so charming he actually asked me how I was. Well....this gave me the perfect opportunity to tell my woes. "Ohhhhhh" he said starting to sprint "Stay away from me if you've got a cold". Boy talk about feeling unclean, I felt as though I should have been running around with a bell around my neck. But then Periodical often has that effect (or is it affect) on me.

Next and last recollection has me with Wanna and, I think, Periodical amongst others, being sent off by Pope on another shortcut to the on inn Apparently the herd did a large loop while the small group of us headed on down a lovely street dotted with fake 16th century houses.

I really can't remember much more about it, neither can I remember having a conversation with anyone else. Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. Should any of you on reading this remember this occasion, and me, from my scanty description please let me know.

I suppose I should end this on a note of congratulations to the hare for giving me a kindly run but as I've never said anything nice about Pope I can't think of a reason why I should start now.

ON ON

West London H3 - Osterley

We gathered in the drafty foyer of the Underground station, the talk was of the events after Saturdays LH3 run where Rambo and Worm decided that they would stand up for their rights when confronted with a bunch of local louts. Black eyes were much in evidence with Rambo's, a vivid purple, looking like something out of the Bash Street Kids!

Announcements were brief due to the cold and we headed off in the direction of Osterley Park. There was a check just outside the park and true to form the on on was called on the footpath leading into the Park. This footpath however went passed the warden's front door, and on hearing us promptly lept into his car to head us off at the gate. He then politely told us to piss off and escorted us off the premises.

Spreadsheets (one of the Hares), started laying a new trail to meet up with the old. Not to be put off, the new trail went out of the Park and back in 200 m up the road passed two gatehouses. Having safely got past the guards the trail circumvented the (well almost). At the far side we met up with a small group including Little John and Ros, who had been late and thus been able to run the original trail without any interference from the Warden. What was worse we couldn't even accuse them of being short cutters!

The trail then went across the M4 and into Norwood green. A quick run round the green follow by a dash through an alley which lead into a field full of horses. Here, various hashers spread out in all directions looking for the trail, shouting as they went. These actions caused a mixed

reaction from the horses some just ignored us and others went loopy. One unfortunate hashers was seen to do a very odd dance which he explained later was to avoid the chain attached to the most startled horse. The effect of this 'dance' was to frighten the horse even more resulting in yet another wild jig. Eventually we all made it out of the field in one piece. It was about now that we had a peach snaps/oranges/chocolate digestive stop. This was much appreciated though hedgehog seemed to prefer reading gravestones or was he going off for a firtive slash?

After ten minutes it was back on the run which only lasted another ten minutes before heading off to the pub, The White Bear ?

The pub was one of those typical local pubs that had not been decorated for ten years but rather than looking seedy had a relaxed and comfortable feel about it. This obviously had affected the landlady, who sanctioned the down downs while having a bath. Rainbow being a "Gentleman" declined to go up and scrub her back, even though she was more than generous with the beers.

Down downs were given to the Hares, the Dancer, a visitor from Hare & hounds H3 some virgins and various others. The circle was finished off with a song from our visitor and worm.

ON ON

POPE

1000th Update

Registrations as at 15th April

We have confirmed bookings of 96 together with a further 10 taken over the phone.

Since the last list we have received registrations from Dublin, Bahrain, Pattaya Dirt Road, Scandihooloigan, Helsinki, Tinbeewah, Lakeside, Hong Kong South Side

The total number of registrations from London hashers is 29, West London 15, City 2 and Barnes 6.

Whats new

Since Newssheet No.3 was issued the Budget has come and gone. The result of Norm's tax changes were not as bad as we feared therefore we have increased the number of beers or wines to 11 ints of beer or 1.65 litres of wine for the weekend. We have also decided to provide a "light meal" on the friday night.

Sponsorship/Advertisers

Wetherspoons and the Hogs Back Brewey have agreed a deals with ourselves which has allowed us to provide a meal on friday.

Ascics had offered to give us start and finish banners, race tape and numbers. But alas they said no to our counter proposal it was the set package or nothing

Ron Hill is our only advertiser to date.

Pre 1000th jobs

If you have time on your hands and wish to help then there are various ways you can.

- * Chase various potential sponsors/advertisers (Even if it is only 2 or 3 it would be very useful). - See Pope or Rene
- * Hold a fund raising event. This should be something which is enjoyable to all who attend so that they feel they got value for money. - See Pope or Rene

* Tell us where you can obtain wrist tags.

* Take 1000th flyers with you when you go to away events or visit other hash clubs. Tell non London hashers about the 1000th when you meet them.

* Register if you haven't done so already.

* Have you any contacts which might be useful useful ?

Jobs at the 1000th

At the event, there are various jobs which need to be done if you want to volunteer please see the one or more of the following :

Site set up & registration :	Pope
Food :	Ros
Behind the bar duties :	Pete the Pilot
Driving the minibus :	Cathy
Site maintainance :	Rene
Hash Games :	Rambo
Hares :	Prince

Items wanted

- Any banners, sarongs, posters from Interhash or other hash away events to decorate the hall for the weekend. Contact Splash or Pope
- Old sheets any colour for splash to paint on or to be made into togas.
- Donations for raffle prizes.

Fund raising

As we know raffles have been held monthly this is to raise money for the optional extras such as enhanced food on friday, additional chemical Loos over that already provided for the Harriettes, Hash games, improved goody bag and T-shirts for hares, mismanagement and helpers. Your support of the raffle and other fund raising events helps ensure the event will be a success.

* Events organised or about to be organised are the Quiz Night (See Forget me not), Hash Masters and Race nights (see Pope) & River Boat Disco (Banshee).

Remember the success or failure of the 1000th will reflect on you!

Evening Standard

LONDON, FRIDAY, 19 MARCH, 1993

30p


**Franco Nero on what
women really want**

PAGE 11

**Lawson on
Lamont**

PAGE 9

**Dame Judi Dench on
love and passion**

PAGE 26

SHAKE-UP FOR DRINKING LAWS

Clarke paves the way
for Britain to have
Continental style cafes

by David Shaw

CHILDREN will be allowed into pubs and alcohol will be on sale in sandwich shops and cafes under an easing of licensing laws signalled today by Home Secretary Kenneth Clarke.

The good news for the drink and tourist industry came in the Commons when the Minister announced a relaxation of the laws which have made most pubs no-go areas for families.

He will introduce a system of "children's certificates" so that youngsters under 14 will be able to go into suitable bars.

There will also be coffee house licences which will allow places serving snacks and sandwiches to sell wine and other drinks in a move which could see an upsurge in the number of French-style cafes across Britain.

The Government also wants to make it easier for people to get a drinks licence and plans to strip licensing

Warmer welcome for tourists: Page 7

magistrates of their all-powerful role which lets them dismiss applications, often without giving reasons.

In future, they will have to specify their precise legal grounds for saying no. Measures are also planned for Wales to stop some areas declaring themselves "dry" on a Sunday.

The moves are a personal initiative from Mr Clarke, whose plans for family pubs were first revealed in the Evening Standard.

The cigar-smoking, wine-loving Minister believes it is time for a further loosening of the law which many Continental visitors regard as ridiculous and which Britain's tourist industry has long campaigned to change.

A consultation exercise will start today, with views sought by the end of June. Legislation will be necessary so the changes will not be in place for the summer's tourist rush but Whitehall hopes they can be ready by the autumn or next spring at latest.

FREDS SANDWICH BAR HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

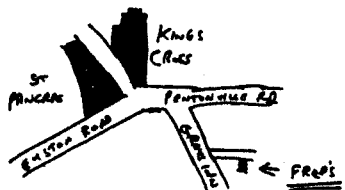
8.00am start

19th August 1994

Meet at FRED's for an informal run through Kings Cross

Cappuchino's at 7.45 am, followed by Bacon and Egg sarnies

Whitbread ales and Double Diamond on tap, with guest beer - Wameys Red Barrel



WIRRAL and CHESTER

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



THE 333rd RUN WEEKEND

When 21-23 MAY 1993

Where Upton Recreation Centre
Plas Newton Lane
Upton
CHESTER

DETAILS: ROBIN STANTON 0925 723129

Wirral & Chester are there! At last after six long years running around, shouting ON ON and drinking beer, we have reached that magical goal. The 333!

All are invited to a weekend of fun and festivity and the pleasure of your company is looked forward to. We have organised a damned good event to thrust all you hashers out there in hash land into the summer.

There are three fantabulous runs for the three days of the event. A pub crawl on Friday evening, the beautiful Delamere Forest on Saturday afternoon and the historic city of Chester itself on the Sunday morning.

The price includes all runs, down-downs, transport, facilities, five meals, t-shirt, hash rag, and camping space. (LIMITED CRASH SPACE AVAILABLE - SEE FORM). Beer is not included, but it is cheap and plentiful.

The Saturday evening is complimented by a disco, with hash acts welcome (provide details when booking please)

There is additional haberdash available. Sweatshirts £9.00 and Joggers £7.50.

For those who can't face a couple of nights under canvas and who miss out on crash space there are a number of small hotels within an easy stagger of the venue:

Abbotts Ford Court 0244 390898	Gloster Lodge 0244 348410
Bawn Park 0244 324971	Leahurst 0244 344889
Egerton Lodge 0244 320712	Brookside 0244 381943

Please phone for prices and book direct.

The price for all this is ludicrously low:

£25.00 for Friday arrivals (includes Sat breakfast)
£23.00 for Saturday arrivals (doesn't)

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET BOOKED!!

PLEASE DO NOT BRING OWN BOOZE TO THE SITE!!



(HEDGEMG HAS REGISTRATION FORM + MAP)

INVITATION

to

PRELEWD LUBE

PRELUDE TO INTERHASH NZ '94

Sydney

18, 19, 20th Feb., 1994

Phone: Tubby
61-2-908-3673
or Sling Bean
61-2-311-3107

PO Box 378
Strawberry Hills 2012
AUSTRALIA
Fax 61-2-311-3107

The events:

Fri 18th Registration & Party, Party, Party
Sat 19th Runs to suit all cummers then On On On On On
Sun 20th Mystery train ride, runs, On On On On

Mon 21st, 4 Hash dubs, Tue & Wed 1 dub each
to run with (visitors fees apply)

The cost:

Register by:
31st May 93...AUD\$ 80.00
30th November 93...AUD\$ 100.00
10th February 94...AUD\$ 120.00
At registration...AUD\$ 150.00

Day trippers...AUD\$ 75.00 Per day

Accommodation

*** AUD\$ 45.00 Per Person/Night Twin Share
**** AUD\$ 55.00 Per Person/Night Twin Share
***** AUD\$ 75.00 Per Person/Night Twin Share

Prices quoted are firm at time of printing but subject to change without notice

Transport

For the very best deals on Air Travel
contact

Air New Zealand

Official Carrier & Sponsor of Interhash '94

RSVP - ASAP

Phone Tubby
61 2 908 3673
or Sling Bean
61 2 311 3107

SYDNEY PRELUDE TO INTERHASH NZ '94

18, 19, 20th Feb., 1994

REGISTRATION FORM

Family name Given name

Address

Phone # Fax #

Hash name Club

ACCOMMODATION

of Stars # of people arrvng /Feb 94 dprtn /Feb 94

PAYMENT

Payment should be made by either :

1; Electronic transfer of funds to;

ANZ Bank,
20 Martin Place,
Sydney, NSW 2000, Australia.
Telegraphic transfer to 012 002 2580 16755

2; Bank draft in Australian funds, made payable to " Hash prelude".

Remember

**** NO PAYMENT NO REGISTRATION ****

DOB Male/Female

GARMENT & RUNS

Shirt size XXL XL L M s Run length L M S

INTERNATIONAL VISITOR DETAILS

Passport # Consulate phone #

Next of Kin (NOK) NOK phone #

Signature: _____ Date: _____

PO Box 378
Strawberry Hills 2012
AUSTRALIA
Fax 61 2 311 3107



RECEDING HARELINES



UK Events

May 21-23 Wirral & Chester H3 333rd Run. "Oliver" Robin Stanton (H) 0925 723129
 Jun 5/6 Bristol H3 500th Run. Mark Young 0272 521890
 Jun 12/13 Milton Keynes H3 Cow Turd Anniversary. Lonely (Carl Slater) 0860 542800
 Jun 26/27 Herts H3 8th Birthday. Fartin (Martin Byers) (H) 0438 357222
 Jul 3/4 Barnes H3 450th. Saddlesniffer (Steve Edwards) (H) 081 330-6861
 Jul 10/11 Haunch of Venison H3 500th. Fovant near Salisbury. "Haggis", 1 Towell Hill, Salisbury, Wilts, SP4 8LU 0980 52679
 Jul 24 First Hampton Inter-Tw.A.T. Hash Periodical
 Aug 14-15 West London H3 400th
 Aug 28-30 UK Nash Hash. Cheltenham. - Kerbstone, 4 Fir Tree Close, Prestbury, Cheltenham, Glos. GL52 3EU 0242-510159 [February issue]
 Sep 2 A.S.S. 100th, Aberdeen. Soak (H) 0224 632934
 Sep 17-19 LONDON H3 1000TH Run. Paul Maidment (H) 081-567-8313 (W) 071-351-2144
 Sep 24-26 Glasgow H3 432 Run. Kipper, Flat 9, 65 Partickhill Road, Glasgow, G11 5AD 041 334 1741
 Nov 5-7 T.N.T. Edinburgh H3 500th. Biggles, TNT Hash
 Nov 7 Cairneyhill 250th. Peter Vamplew (H) 0383 860685
 Nov 29th F.U.K. Full Moon H3 50th
 Dec 18/19 Elgin H3 500th. Dave Dougal (H) 0343 544219

Coming to a Planet Near You

May 14-16 First Dash Hash, Vezac, La Dordogne, France. Soak and Romney 0224 620090 (details in March issue off[On Paper]
 May 21-23 Vindobona H3 500th. Vienna. John Russell (H) 01043 222 7158706 or see "Eileen" at a London run. [or March issue of On Paper]
 May 22/23 West Rhine 600th. Germany. Al Watters (H) Germany 2161 551158
 May 28-30 Eurohash '93 Madrid, Spain. Chris Bell 01034 1 345-7888 Fax 01034 1 345-7887 [August On Paper]
 May 28/29 Borneo Nash Hash. Lubuan H3 01060 87413431
 May 29-31 Calgary H3 500th Run, Canada. Stuart Crichton (W) (403) 233-3387 [See Hedgehog for more details]
 Jun 5/6 Almancil Area 500th, Algarve, Portugal. Dick Skidmore 010 351 8990275 (Fax) 010 351 89 399014
 Jun 12/13 Inter-ScandiHash, Copenhagen. Joergen Rokkjaer, Moelleaaparken 11, 2.mf., DK-2800 Lyngby, Denmark 01045 4587 9536
 (More details in March issue of On Paper)
 Jun 19/20 Bonn H3 400th Run. "Ninja Turtle" Yvonne Dahm (H) 01049 228 333951
 Jun 19/20 Grand Bru H3, Ardennes, Belgium. Pim Sluyter (H) 01031 40 835 553
 Jul 9-11 Budapest 10th Anniversary. Ron Rimmer c/o British Embassy Budapest, FCO, King Charles St, London SW1A 2AH 010 361 266 2888
 Jul 17/18 First Baltic Hash Weekend, Tallinn, Estonia. Cor Schouten (Helsinki) (H) 010 358 0428 167 (F) 010 358 0654 734 [Info in March issue]
 Jul 23-25 German Nash Hash, Frankfurt. "Firehose" (H) 01049 69 2183747 (Fax) 01049 69 2182109
 Aug 27-29 Canadian PreRamble & Vancouver 300th. Bam Bam PreRamble '93 PO Box 4886, Vancouver B.C. Canada V6B 4A6 (H) 604 876-5568
 Aug 27-29 Hanover H3 5th Riepenburg Weekend, Hamlyn, Germany. Ingo Meyer, Gerhart Hauptmann Weg 82, 3000 Hannover 51 Tel 511650155
 Sep 3-6 Americas Interhash '93, Calgary H3, Canada. Richard the Red (H) 0101 403 275 5599 (W) 0101 403 268 0117
 Sep 10-12 Hague H3 600th Run. Hans Kamerman 01031 70 347 3089
 Sep 12/13 Aarhus Festival Hash, Denmark. Lord J.C. Hancock (H) 01045 86 12 6996
 Oct 2-3 Amathus H3 333rd run/Near East Interhash, Limassol, Cyprus. Alan Jones (W) 375 5-343846 or PO Box 127, Limassol Cyprus
 Oct 8-10 4th Pan-Asia Hash. Singapore. CS Ang, 233 Bukit Batok East Ave 3 #04-162, Singapore 2365. Tel/Fax 567 5553

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Feb 18-20 PreLewd Lube - Prelude to Interhash, Sydney, Australia. Tubby 01061-2-908-3673
 Feb 25-27 Interhash 1994, Rotorua, NZ. (Registration form in August On Paper) Bruce Eagar 01064 73487793

London H3

Contact 'Thunderthighs' (Jane Ackroyd) (H) 081 881-4379
 (all runs at 7pm unless stated)
 May 10 Stamford Brook
 May 17 Oakwood
 May 24 Finsbury Park
 May 31 Pimlico

West London H3

Call 'Menstrual' Nigel Collins (H) 081-968-6730 (W) 071-486-5544
 [From Tube/BR stations on Thursdays at 7pm unless stated]
 May 6 Green Park
 May 13 Chiswick Park
 May 20 Southfields

C.U.N.T. H3 (Contact Menstrual)

City H3

(Hotline 081-749-2646)
 [From Tube/BR stations on Tuesdays at 7pm unless stated]

Details correct at time of typing - if you hear of an alteration, please tell me. Send details of events to Andy Millard ('Hedgehog'), 52B Russell Road, SW19 1QL. If you want further info on a particular event, ask Thunderthighs, Menstrual or myself. Thanks to Periodical for much of the above.

BR often play with their train sets at weekends under the guise of 'engineering works'. Don't miss the run, check the train times by telephone.
 (For Victoria, Waterloo, Charing Cross call 071-928-5100)