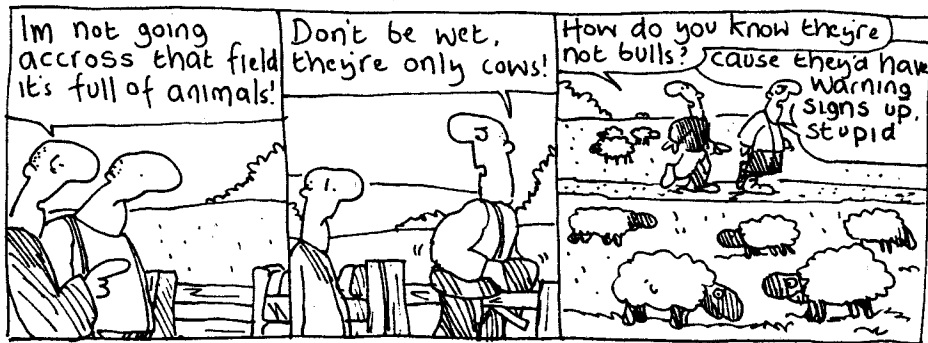


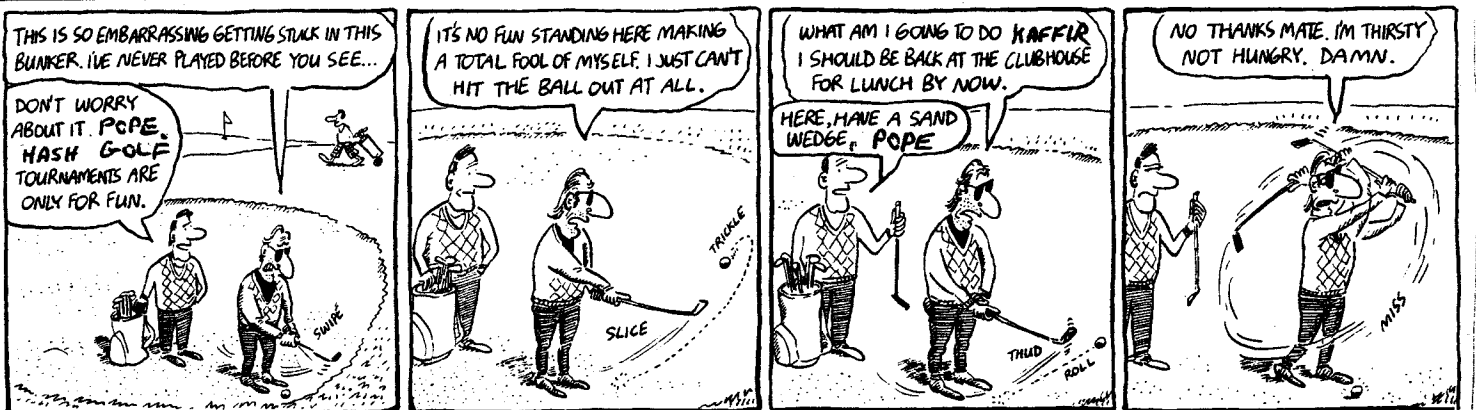
# ON PAPER

The Organ of the London Hash

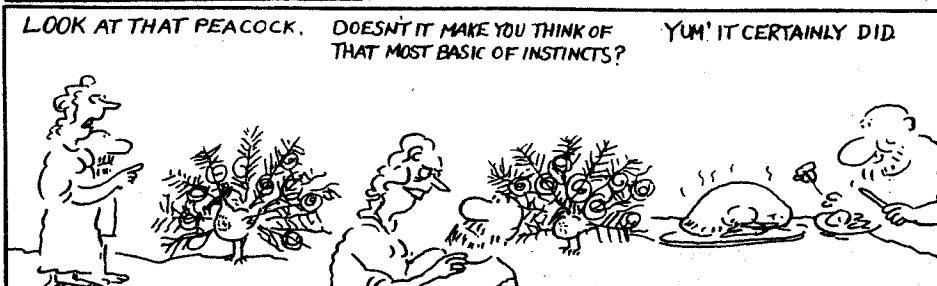
## Any London Hasher in Madrid



## Pope and Kaffir at the Hash Masters



## Menstrual and Neill



# LONDON HASH NEWS

## Letter From Surbiton

Tea Cosy (Chris Danks) writes to say that he wishes to be remembered to you all and cannot hash at the moment because of work commitments at the Post Office - if your letters go astray, blame him.

He also says can he have his 300 run sweatshirt please.

## 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: Pope, K.C., Tricky Dicky, No Hands, Forget-Me-Knot, Robocop etc.

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: July 15th

# Prince's originals take the biscuit



**SPORT AROUND  
THE WORLD**

## Naked runners escape angry oglers

**O**FFICIALS at Southwest Missouri State University, where it happened, tell *USA Today* they want everyone to know they had nothing to do with the Naked Mile.

Advertised as a fundraiser for the university's athletics team, the race turned ugly when some of the 3,000-4,000 spectators thought the runners were starting before they could get a look.

In the ensuing melee, two security guards were sprayed with their own tear-gas, one was hit with a beer bottle, and another was knocked down and kicked. The naked runners kept running, and escaped unscathed.

Pubic in Madrid



*'One can go through an entire medical career without encountering such a hangover ...'*

## Widows urge Pope to damn Mafia

Try telling this to Prince!

## Alcohol 'can reduce bone breakage'

DAILY drinking over years can reduce the chances of elderly people breaking their bones, research from the United States has revealed, writes Celia Hall.

Strewh! and Little Jon



## London H3 - Boxhill & Westhumble - Sunday 28th March 1993

Not a huge pack for this run, but large enough to contain a minority (Prince and Horse allegedly) who forgot to put their clocks forward and so turned up an hour late. No one admitted turning the clocks the wrong way and arriving two hours late, although had they done so, they would still only just have beaten tail-enders to the pub on this 90-minuter.

This was about the closest London Hash will get to a Scottish Hash run, with gradients a plenty, and almost scenic views from the top. The 'normal' people alighting at Boxhill station were carrying maps and backpacks, which gives those of you who missed it an idea of the terrain. Ascending one of the steeper gradients, Wee Bev told Ratshit that the hills would do his bum some good. I couldn't resist querying this, and Bev admitted that the only thing that would be good for Ratshit's bum is a cork.

Not much in the way of road running, just the odd dual carriageway. Occasional hashers Jane and Linda (?) made more use of it than most by following it home, claiming they lost sight of the pack whilst nattering. Funny how it was just before one of the steepest climbs on the trail. The idyllic Sunday morning peace was being enjoyed by some bird watchers crouched in the shrubbery with their Tampax Autofocus Cameras. when along blundered the pack yelling their heads off, ruining any chance of winning the 'David Bellamy Cute Furry Thing Photography Award'.

The down-downs were roughly as follows. [I record them mainly for the benefit of the G.M. as he was inside stuffing his face with pub grub when they started.

**Pubic** for being run over by a car the day before - is he by any chance related to Frank Spencer? I think we should be told.

**Rona** - Awarded a hot cross bun for having a bun in the oven, but she made **Tricky** eat it out of his shoe. It didn't pour very well. [Once again, note how her name is spelt, you illiterates.]

Visitor - **Firehose** from Copenhagen

Virgins - **Deborah** (more of a mountain climber apparently) and **Angela**, more of a visitor really as she has hashed City H3.

Hares - **Bubbles** and **Carolyn**

**Timeout** - Thinking he was about to be fined by the ticket inspectors he was ready to bolt from the train before it left Zone 2.

**Strewth!** - for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the eardrums

**Garbage** - for doing his own run. Seems like a waste of beer to me as he always does it. (Similarly **Wee Bev** for front-running, but aptly she had already departed.)

Hedgehog

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## London H3 - Denmark Hill - 14th February 1993

Bubbles was the Hare, and this being St Valentine's Day he was presented with a flower in his down down by the Pubic the R.A. (Aren't you supposed to have Flora on your sandwiches rather than in your beer?) As the Hash gold reserves couldn't cover the cost of red roses, Pubic had to make do with red tulips, probably nicked from the local cemetery if you ask me. Bubbles chose to eat the crunchy bloom, which doesn't say much for Thunderhighs' cheese rolls which were the alternative form of sustenance.

Three virgins turned out for this run (Jane, Paul and Helen). Where are they now? They were outnumbered by the five visitors: Need from Bristol; Pigshit from Singapore (aka Barbarian from the Dirt Road Hash) looking 'cute' in his woolly hat; Prince Charming from somewhere undefined; appropriately for this venue Abominator the R.A. from Odense H3 and another Dane.

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## London H3 - London Bridge - 26th April 1993

The pack divided neatly in two at the first check and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't get it together again. The ancient George was the pub, and the ancient Horse the Hare. Dean & Kathy visiting from San Francisco for the marathon, were down-

downed for wrecking their hire car. Dean was getting attached to the shiny Rover - unfortunately so was the other vehicle. Deaf Stupid Bastard got one for spilling a pint and some poor geezer was new shoed. It's a wrap.

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## West London H3 - Sudbury Town - 15th April 1993

"Sudbury Town" sounds like a British Rail station near Didcot, not an anonymous 30's suburb near Wembley. Neither are particularly appealing so it was surprising to see a bouncy pack of almost 50 runners. They bounced off from the start before I arrived but I caught up with them near the pub.

Off we went onto greenery and, to the Hare's credit, stayed on greenery. The greenery was slightly wet at places and Pope and Worm had to find shiggy, which they shared with people like me, the bastards. Ratshit got to the top of Horsenden Hill, and stayed there. This reluctance to exert himself is leading to the development of his own Horsenden Hill, just around his waistline.

The area just happens to be part of my jurisdiction; all this plain clothes patrolling in large packs of runners is the new Commissioner's policy of frightening off the

criminals. Which we certainly did, at least some people like Rambo did by farting near some locals and Speedturd did by chatting up a local gay or gang [I couldn't read Robocop's writing. Ed.] The Hare did well although he could have extended the run slightly and used some interesting territory near the canal. Then we could have pushed him in. That would have been interesting. The pub were mean bastards who will now be regularly raided on a Friday and Saturday night. The service was slow, the barman and barmaids were miserable and they gave no down-downs.

The down-downs went to two old enemies from a far away Hash who became friends, for 30 seconds. Also other people got them, but I can't remember who. I wobbled home on my bike. A reasonable Hash, I think.

Robocop

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## London H3 - Twickenham - 7th June 1993

I was not intending to do a report of this run, but the down-downs started to get funny (shock horror) so I grabbed my trusty notebook. Glorious weather predictably persuaded several train drivers to be 'sick' and delayed a few hashers but the remainder slogged around in the sunshine. Like all Phuquem trails this one made liberal use of the Thames towpath, with few enough checks to remind one of Madrid. Some were showing off their new T's from Eurohash, but Rambo and I had done that the previous week when the rain chucked it down at Smash'em's Pimlico run.

The pub was 'The Moon Under Water', a topical reference to the brewing industry's plans to water down our precious nectar. Banshee was presented first with a down-down (and a Fiftieth Run shirt) because she is going away. This announcement was greeted with a tumultuous reception, and promises that the rest of us would not forget her - we would continue to send insults by postcard. Thereupon Banshee stood up to take over her role, and announced that her first award was to someone she considered an 'arrogant selfish bastard', and before she could enlighten us Robocop, Worm, Periodical and others leapt forward claiming eagerly to be that very bastard [they all seemed plausible to me]. Of course it was Periodical as you will have guessed - I can't remember what the down down was for though.

The sole visitor, Captain Titanic from Virginia (Mt. Vernon H3 and others) was awarded a pint, as was

Phuquem the Hare. Horse got one for being up to no good in Madrid. The Terrorist was done for warning Banshee to look out for a juggernaut, but she confessed to not knowing what a juggernaut is. "*You should do - you've got two of them!*" cracked a wag, and chaos descended again. (Although taking place inside, the publican at this stage closed the doors, mindful of an injunction taken out by one of his NIMBY neighbours.)

Banshee then called for "Linda" and a Linda came forward to be told that she was not "Linda". "Linda" turned out to be Legless (Karen) penalised for slipping whilst scaling a fence, Thunderhighs and Trish were had up also for crossing a road. [This sounded funny at the time but in the cold light of day I can't for the life of me think why. Must have been something they slipped in the beer.] There was one pint left, and by popular demand, Doner was called forth for his It'll be Alright on the Night act on a bough across a stream. One moment he had victory in his sights, the next he was swinging underneath like a chimpanzee, and finally in a vain attempt to swing to the bank, plunged into the depths. Like a true showman, he had waited for the pack to gather on the bank before attempting this dangerous and exciting stunt. Realising that we could not possibly emulate the feat of such an athlete the rest of us ambled off to the nearby bridge.

Hedgehog

## London H3 Run #974 - Cookham - 3rd April 1993

The turnout for this run was small, only twenty or so willing bodies arrived for the run despite the start being delayed by half an hour. The reason for this was that the BR station was only serviced once an hour from a connection at Maidenhead and that a couple of hashers who were coming were known to have missed the connection [I missed the train as well Ed.] So Hooray, Pink Imp and 'Arold set off in their cars to pick up those unfortunate souls and any others who happened to be there. Just as they were pulling out of the station Smash'em and Thunderthighs leapt out of a taxi, Hooray asked of Thunderthighs if she had come from the station. She replied "no" so off the convoy went. While chatting to Smash'em he said that they *had* come from the station and nobody else was there so the twenty minute wait/journey was a complete waste of time! Well Rene did turn up 25 minutes late so he made the run, which was not as bad as Tricky Dicky who turned up 40 minutes late.

So off we went into the beautiful Berkshire countryside. The trail set by Eileen essentially went round a large hill which had a golf course on top of it

and yes Eileen chose the steepest path up to the top just for us. This finished me off as far as running was concerned and I then consistently short cut together with Forget-Me-Knot & Pink Imp. At the three-quarter mark there was a re-group next to an ice-cream van where Prince and Pink Imp and the hare all indulged in a 99 ice-cream. From here I sloped off with Hooray, & Forget-Me-Knot was convinced he knew the way back but both Hooray and myself took the first opportunity to check with the locals much to Tony's disgust! Forget-Me-Knot and I headed for the pub when we arrived back, Hooray went in search of a loo.

The pub was a Courage pub called The Crown and was typical "Nice country pub", various walkers, locals etc. came in and decided once they saw us it was no longer nice! Down downs went to Bank (virgin), Hare, Prince & Pink Imp (ice creams). The RA was Kaffir.

On On, Pope

[If you have a feeling of deja vu about this article, this is the second write-up for the Cookham run. Ed.]

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Date: Tue, 20 Apr 1993 23:00:14 EDT  
From: magorbg@edu.musc.lp  
To: HARRIERS@EDU.USC  
Subject: LRH3 DOES CLINTON, AND THE SECRET SERVICE TOO!

Fellow reprobates - Thought I might point out a recent article in "Runners World" that I was given a copy of (as a hasher I could never subscribe to such - only to "brewing times" and "Better Beer Guts"). In any case it goes something like

Soon after getting elected, Clinton was running thru Little Rock with family in tow (on bikes) and a band of secret service agents. Soon after he descended into a s - I think) came running out of the bushes and in the direction of Clinton. Of course the secret service and went slightly ape-shit, but before they could mow down the hashers one of the secret service agents stepped forward calm the situation and explain hashing to his black shades and Uzi toting brethren - the magazine called the agent a "reformed hasher".

Now the scary part of this whole story is not that the whole Little Rock Hash was nearly slaughtered (though LRH3 might beg to differ), but that you 'mericans have your head of state being guarded by a hasher. Now we all know that ad, which means that anyone willing to part with a cold six-pack (or enough beer for all the "reformed hasher" secret service agents) can have direct, instant access to Clinton.

Its a shame. With that little beer gut and bright red nose Clinton even looked a little like a hasher.

Are there other important things like a FEDERAL BEER RESERVE also being guarded by

"reformed hashers"

Am I just babbling an endless line of drivel. Me thinks so. Beer-ho

On On

Royal Canadian Mount Her, Charleston SC H3

## WESTFERRY EASTER SUNDAY

London H3 Run

Well, if you have to cock up, cock up in style! The Hareraiser did just that selecting a venue, where the DLR serviced the location and this being a weekday only service, there were no trains. Then he forgot to tell the hare Cathy she was setting it or told Cathy when she was pissed. Either way when the small pack of twenty people eventually turned up there was no trail to follow.

At this point being ever helpful, I said I had some plasterboard in the car. BAD mistake as both myself and Prince were volunteered to set the run. Now normally I wouldn't mind but the day before I had been at Rambo & Billy the Fish's impromptu Barbecue which started at 3pm and finished at 1.30 am ish. My head and gut were in a very delicate way and definitely not up to haring a live run with the FRBs trying to catch us. Prince so I leant was in a similar condition, so the Auspices were not good for keeping ahead of the pack.

We set off at a slow jog around the streets of Docklands and Limehouse .... Well I think thats where we went. We only once heard what might have been the pack despite our slow jog/walk setting the trail.

We arrived back at the station where we met up with a sorry looking Rambo and pubic who had lost the trail. Back at the Pup The House They Left Behind, White Trash told us that he thought he saw us at one point but dismissed it only to find the trail looped round to the exact spot that he had thought he had seen us. The pack came in and were generally complementry of the run.

The Down downs were awarded to the Hares, Nosedive, Rambo (for looking so ill), and

Banshee. The last was given for being a total airhead, She was left to lock up my car with the majority of hashers gear in it, while I set the run. The time came to set off and off she went leaving the boot wide open. Fortunately Rene had gone to see if anyone had arrived at the station got back to the pub just in time to see the pack disappearing round the corner and the car still wide open.

The moral of that story is it only takes half a brain to hash and for some even less!

## POPE

✠ Hardial Singh, 41, a married hosiery knitter from Leicester, slipped and impaled himself on a broom handle as he rested on it while trying to open a window after taking a bath. The handle perforated his rectal wall, he had a colostomy the next day, but died two weeks later, probably from blood clots in his legs which had entered his lungs. *Leicester Mercury, D. Mirror, Sun, 20 Nov 1992.*

■ A Dutchman who went into hospital to be circumcised awoke to be told by doctors that he had been given a vasectomy because of a mix-up in patient cards. "He was getting married and went to the hospital to get his circumcision done by professionals", said a spokeswoman for the Dutch patients' rights group. The man's reaction is unrecorded. *[Reuters] 4 Sept 1992.*

✠ An elderly woman in Donetsk, Ukraine, probably a vagrant, was blown to pieces near the city's railway station when she pulled the pin out of a hand grenade she had mistaken for a can of beer. Seventeen other people were injured. *Police Review, 16 Oct 1992.*

✠ Shy married couple Sachi and Tomio Hidaka, both 34, waited 14 years to make love - and died of heart attacks the first time they tried it. They had no history of heart trouble, according to their doctor in Chiba, Japan. *D.Mirror, 11 Oct 1992.*

## 'Bubbles' will

Viscountess Rothermere, known as "Bubbles", who died last year aged 63 from what the coroner described as an "incautious overdose" of prescribed drugs, left £3,837,000.

Why, oh why are London H3 holding their "unreal" 1000th bash within one month of Nash Hash? Surely this will undermine the U.K's premier event as most Hashers can now only afford to go to one major event a year; even though one does get value for money. Referring back to the lead article, I already know of several CH3's who have chosen London instead of Nash Hash. They will get a fair trial, the guilty bastards! If London were so keen to hold their 1000th, why didn't they offer to host Nash Hash '93 and just slot in a few midweek runs as usual to bring this event forward into August?

[From CAMBRIDGE H3.]

Dear Cardholder,

SAS has introduced a new "EarlyBird" service from Heathrow to Gothenburg adding to the existing "EarlyBirds" to Copenhagen, Stockholm and Oslo. The new flight will

FINSBURY PARK      25 May 1993

I arrived at the tube just after 6:30. Met Nick Galvin and did a tour round trying to find other Hashers. These tubes with exits miles apart can be quite wearing. Found Eric Southerland, George Wilkes and John? imbibing at the nearest pub. These northern types can't stand the warm weather of the south and need to take in a good deal to compensate. Prince was to be the Hare, more later, but Postman stood in. Quite a large pack really. Rene decided to address us from the top of a waste paper bin on the opposite side of the road. The pack stayed close to the pub. Rene decided after about 5 minutes that we couldn't hear him so crossed back to join us just as half the pack had cottoned on and started to cross. Usual confusion. Lots of notices - most importantly about the HASH BALL on July 31st and of course the HASH QUIZ NIGHT on June 25th, two events I shan't be missing. John started the pack off.

The run meandered round the streets, plenty of false trails and checks to keep the pack together. Crossing a railway bridge, I took careful note of the terrain. The track below was quite straight. Looking to my right, I couldn't see a bridge anywhere, on the left there was another bridge about half a mile away. Knowing these things certainly helps at checks and for short cutting. Sure enough, the trail led slowly but inevitably round to the said bridge. At the check, I had no hesitation in wandering over. At the call, it was a while before most of the pack managed to pass me.

At this point, I was wandering along with Martin, who it turned out knew the area well. Without the need of much persuasion, we soon had a breakaway group, Nookie, Streuth, Terrorist etc following, as we strolled home, to arrive in time to order our drinks before the main pack arrived.

Of course, there were a few there already, including the Scots, who were now more than overwhelmed with the heat. Prince arrived plastered, and doing a Long John Silver impersonation.

Not being a very social person these days, I handed round some leaflets advertising the HASH BALL and the HASH QUIZ NIGHT, and then pissed off.

OnOn Forget-Me-Knot

## No Rules But ...

A few weeks ago (at Finsbury Park) we saw a couple of visiting hashers bring down the tone of downs.

Whilst most of us don't mind seeing the odd pint of beer thrown at the R.A., sexually abusive behaviour of this type should be discouraged, even if it is the R.A. The episode mentioned was not only offensive to a number of our regular female (and some male) hashers but may have discouraged a couple of new runners from returning.

Possibly of greater importance however is the image of London Hash House Harriers in the year of our 1000th Run weekend. We are actively looking for sponsorship, and had any potential sponsors or the media been present, they may well have had second thoughts about having anything to do with us.

As long as I've been running, the Hash has always prided itself on the fun associated with our post-run gatherings. Let's try and keep it that way without overstepping the mark.

Kaffir



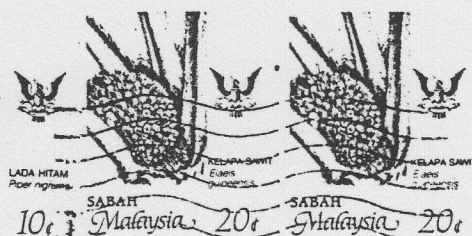


A TYPICAL ON-ON AFTER THE WEEKLY HASH RUN WITH KOTA KINABALU HASH!. THE CLONE'S HASH TOUR ROLLS EVER ON. THREE WEEK TOUR OF SABAH - NORTH BORNEO INCLUDING K2H3, K2H4, K2 BUNNIES, SANDAKAN, TAWAU, K2H4 (AGAIN) AND TWO RUNS IN BRUNEI PLUS ONE IN LABUAN. ONE RUN EVERY 2.55 DAYS! IN BETWEEN CLIMBED MT. KINABALU AT 13,455' HIGHEST MT. IN S.E ASIA. WHITE WATER RAFTING. PLUS DIVING ON SIPADAN ISLAND WITH ITS 2000' SHEER DROP OFF. SWIM WITH TURTLES, WHITE TIP SHARKS, BARRACUDA - FANTASTIC. HAVING A BLAST - SWEAT IT OUT BOYS!

George Cathcart Woolley (1876—1947), a former administrator of the North Borneo Chartered Company bequeathed an invaluable miscellany of cultural artifacts, diaries, photographic albums and some 2,000 glass negatives dating to 1909 to the Sabah Government. The collection known as *The Woolley Bequest* formed the core of the Sabah Museum foundation collection. Since few photographs of early Sabah survived World War II, his collection provides an important record of people and events in Sabah's early history. These postcards are printed from a selection of his photographs.

Tamu at Tuaran, c. 1915. Woolley Collection, Sabah Museum.

LOVE TO ALL CLONE! BARBARIAN! PIGSHIT.



LONDON / W. LONDON H3S.

C/O 39 PRIORY ROAD

CHISWICK

LONDON W4 5JA

ENGLAND

**AIR MAIL**

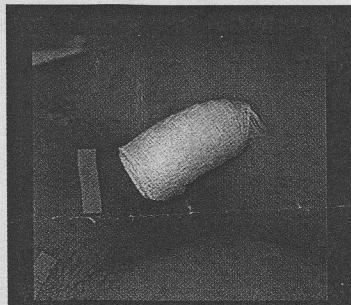
NH — 29



# How I Like Your Swinging Silicone Implants ...

**J**ust ten days after an operation to enlarge his penis, Michael, 42, is not quite ready to express unconditional satisfaction with the results, but so far, so good. 'I still have some bruising and swelling, but most of it has gone and it looks and feels fairly normal. It's a bit early to go out and show it in public, but I do feel better,' says Michael, who works as a telephone technician in Los Angeles. 'All my life I've been thinking I'd like to be a bit bigger. I don't have a really small one but it was never the size I wanted. It was always a little dent to my self-esteem. I go to the gym a lot, and in the showers afterwards it's nice to have something that's a good size. My problem is I always want to look better than everyone else. I feel really good about it.'

With only a handful of doctors now offering the operation in the US, Michael had difficulty tracking down a surgeon to do the job. Eventually, he ended up in the Beverly Hills consulting room of Dr Brian Novack, who has performed what he calls the PABFAT procedure (penile augmentation by fat transfer) on some 25 men. Most are single men, but about a third of enquiries about the operation come from wives and girlfriends. The men who seek Dr Novack out are by no means all under-endowed. 'Sometimes the nurses will ask me during the operation, "Why is this guy having it done?"', says Dr Novack. 'If someone thinks they have a



**'ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN THINKING I'D LIKE TO BE A BIT BIGGER'**

problem, then they have a problem. For some people, a small change makes all the difference.'

In what Dr Novack calls 'a very simple operation', under general anaesthetic, about three ounces of fat are liposuctioned out, usually from the man's love handles or stomach. The fat is then cleaned of blood and broken cells before being injected into the base of the penis, which has been made artificially erect in one of two ways. If the man is circumcised, a tourniquet is put on the base and the penis mechanically inflated with a treated saline solution. If he isn't, an injection of the hormone prostaglandin E1 produces the erection needed to mould the fat along and around the penis under the skin. All this takes between an hour and an

hour and a half, and costs about \$4,000. In the two years since Dr Novack has been doing the operation, he claims to have had no complaints, not even, as he'd anticipated, of a 'sponginess' to the penis when erect.

It takes about six weeks for the penis to heal completely. After ten days, Michael still feels a bit of discomfort. 'I do have some pain in my penis, especially when I wake up in the morning with a hard-on. I've masturbated twice, and just when it was getting hard

I did feel some pain, but not enough to make me want to stop.' In general, Dr Novack advises a two-week abstinence from sex after the operation.

Only about 40 per cent of the fat injected remains permanent, but the operation can be repeated, for about \$2,000, after about three months, increasing the girth of the penis by as much as 50 per cent. Michael hopes that a second fat transfer this year will give him the extra eighth of an inch he covets to make his penis half an inch bigger than when he started out.

## HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

**CHEST LIPOSUCTION:**  
£1,587

**PECTORAL SILICONE IMPLANTS:**  
£3,968

**BUTTOCK SILICONE IMPLANTS:**  
£2,645

**'LOVE-HANDLE' LIPOSUCTION:**  
£1,058

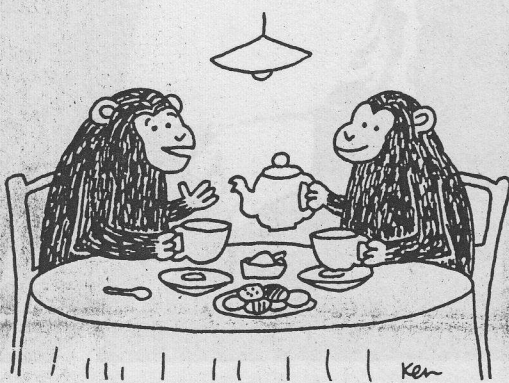
**PENIS THICKENING AND LENGTHENING:**  
£1,428

**CALF SILICONE IMPLANTS:**  
£2,910

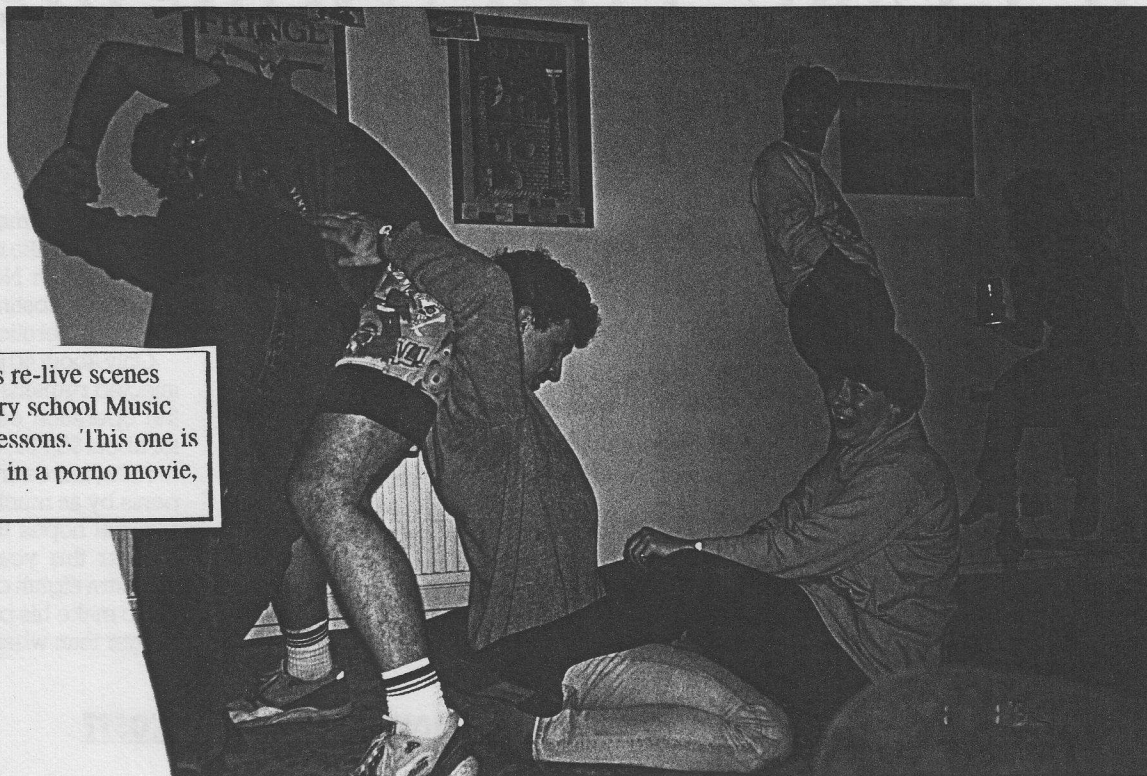
### NOTICE TO HASHERS

Most hashers will not need the calf implants thus saving £2910, but unfortunately the average hasher's figure is such that he can expect to pay double for the other treatments!

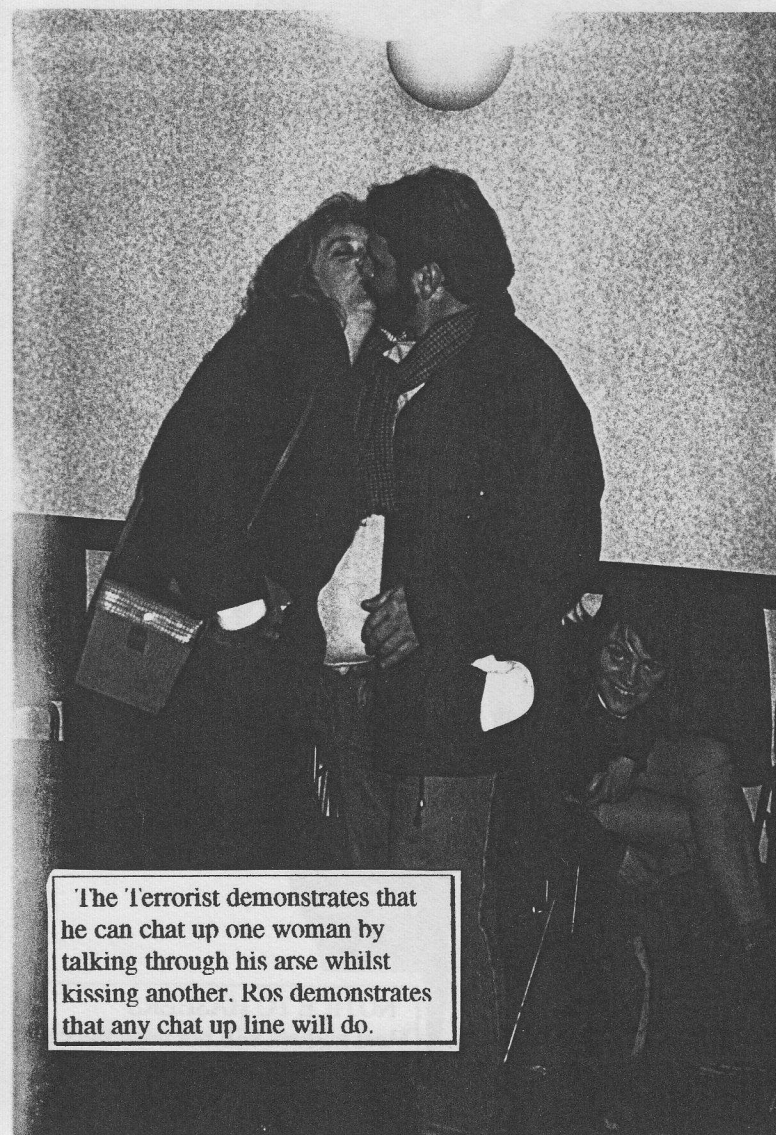
"He's a wierdo that Bubbles - I mean fancy having a bloke like Michael Jackson for a friend."







Various hashers re-live scenes from their primary school Music and Movement lessons. This one is "Pretend you are in a porno movie, children."



The Terrorist demonstrates that he can chat up one woman by talking through his arse whilst kissing another. Ros demonstrates that any chat up line will do.

Some of Rambo's dreams appear so realistic.



## **A Load of Bulls Hit**

Some 400 years after Drake singed the King of Spain's beard, the hash hordes (700 or so) descended upon Madrid to swig the King of Spain's beer and celebrate the 2nd Eurohash. Remember how our trip to the first Eurohash began? Bubbles left his passport behind and coughed up £20 on a taxi. Fearing he might be outdone in the Mr Bean Stakes this year he arrived without mishap to check-in at Gatwick. Being the first to check in for your flight normally means you have a wide choice of seat. For Bubbles it meant a wrong choice of airport. Taxi to Heathrow please. Ker-ching... £50. What stunt will he pull at Eurohash #3?

### **Vasectomies**

Pubic provided the next star turn, a dizzy turn outside the Eurohash registration office leaving him prone on the pavement. A passing American diagnosed major structural damage and was about to put his neck in a sling when Pubic's buddy, and Dicky-Di-Do (our own tame surgeon, available for cuts, sprains, vasectomies etc.) administered the appropriate diabetic treatment until the ambulance carted him off to hospital, where he was promptly given the wrong drug! Do not, repeat not, ever fall ill in Spain! However, mention must be made here of the Spanish Red Cross who were present at all the Hash events (except registration!), and in return were promised a share of any excess revenue. All who registered became the proud possessor of a rigid sharp-edged wristband, fine if you are into S&M but they were probably intended for agricultural use.

Anyone's sampled some of Madrid's underground culture, by taking part in a bag snatch on the Metro. It was her bag unfortunately. Later on a pickpocket tried out (and failed) his technique on yours truly. Meanwhile on to the Friday night run, set from a hill top in a park just outside the city, a hill soon to become very familiar, especially to those who missed the Wimps turnoff on Sunday's run and had to run up the buggie again instead of taking the cable car. Proceedings were opened by the British Ambassador and the Malaysian Charge d'Affaires, plus some claptrap from Euroman of Madrid H3 about Gisbert being a Spaniard. They'll be saying Wee Bev was born in Tahiti next.

Following a dusty 'mogully' run (reminiscent of the Malaysian rubber plantation runs last year) and iced beers on the hill top, one and all took the cable car, metro etc. to a disco conveniently located on the opposite side of the city, where by 11pm the food was eagerly awaited. Some were seen fishing for the fruit in their sangria. It was still eagerly awaited after it had all been eaten, because it consisted mainly of sandwiches the size of a condom wrapper. It was obvious the waiters had never seen anything like us before. As they left the safety of the kitchen, fear showed in their eyes as they bore aloft their precious platter into the ravenous hordes, hopeful of reaching

the opposite corner with at least one morsel remaining. It would have been comical if the multitude were not so hungry, many not having eaten for 10 hours and expecting a meal. To be fair to Madrid H3 the programme said '*tapas*' meaning 'snacks' though not many *tapas* restaurants in London would stay in business purveying such fare. The entertainment included a fashion show cabaret and a live blues band.

### **Organ**

On Saturday we were presented with a choice of six runs. Our hosts cleverly made the 3-hour run sound the most attractive in the programme and luckily the bus was full when I got there. Dropped off in the mountains an hour's drive from Madrid, our run (described in the brochure as 'up a hill and down') rewarded us with spectacular views but failed to keep the pack together leading to some concern about the back markers. (On another trail Car Keys of City H3 did get lost - and unfortunately found.) London down-downs on this run were Dicky-Di-Do for taking a ride in a car after spraining an ankle earlier, and the previously unnamed Gummy (frequently seen in the company of the editor of this esteemed organ) who was thus christened by the circle. Ask her why.

All the buses converged on a *capea* site in the hills - an excellent venue for an On On with a bull-ring, stables, large rocks to sit on, bushes for shade, etc. Excellent food was available in plenty (unless you were on the 3-hour run) and beer flowed and the sun burnt (as it did all weekend). Those who found themselves a seat around the bull-ring were rewarded with the sight of a Londoner pointing Percy at the packed arena. Can you guess who it was? I won't reveal his name here in case Billy the Fish finds out.

### **Goolies**

He was kicked out of the ring to make way for the horses, six of them showing of the famous Spanish school of horsemanship. The artistic effect was spoiled somewhat for us soppy British animal-lovers by the sight of the spurs being dug into the animals flanks to make them walk backwards and the old man flicking his whip at the knees (do horses have knees?) of one poor nag that refused to sit. An incoherent Pope urged one horse to kick its master in the goolies.

The horses made way for some bulls and bullfighters - fortunately they did not use the sword that was present. And then the call went out for any hashers who were keen to have a tilt at the bulls. Once Euroman had shown how to do it, or at least shown that the baby bulls were not likely to kill anyone, the brave and the drunk leapt forward. At one point there were around twenty hashers in the ring and three bulls, with most of the spectators cheering for the bulls. The more sober matadors usually made a bee-line for the nearest shelter if a bull so much as snorted

at them. I have never seen so many hashers try to squeeze into such a small space without a female being at the bottom of it all. The most competent of the hashers was Napoleon, but he gained an unfair advantage by disguising himself with a horned Viking helmet, as sported by Oslo H3 all weekend.

### **Impaled**

The matadors who stood their ground were the drunk ones, in particular an ageing Jersey hasher who used their hash flag as his cape. As the plonker held it in front of him he frequently ended up being flattened and trampled by the beast. Of the 'pissedadors', Rambo was notable for using as his 'cape' a black hat, whilst wearing pink shorts. Needless to say the bulls paid little heed to the cap, once spooking Rambo into running smack into one of the shelters. Still the bruise would have been amply covered by the many others he received. Pope was too plastered to find his way out of the shelter. At one point it appeared as though there were four bulls, until I recognised a hairy-chested Tricky Dicky had entered the contest. Robocop was after 'the photo' of the weekend, hiding behind Hooray ("I'm definitely not going in there") Henry's cape with camera poised - I can imagine the little advice sticker on the pictures when they come back from FuzzySnaps saying 'Out of focus - possibly caused by bull horn impaled in camera'.

Eventually the bulls got bored with knocking over drunken hashers, and the audience bored of the spectacle so the ring was cleared for an impromptu rugby tourney (where Pope 'broke' his arm) to be followed after an interval with some more cabaret. The large Oslo contingent performed a tasteful audio-visual version of Rod Stewart's 'Whaling', whilst a brave chap from a new Spanish chapter proposed on stage to his girlfriend (I suppose), Burning Bush. She tearfully accepted, but you have to question the wisdom of accepting a proposal made during the On On at a Hash bash. On the other hand, she may have had more sense than we realised, since next up was Periodical rising to announce the London 1000th and also to propose marriage to the said harriette.

### **Arsenal**

The down-down contest was won predictably by our own Hooray Henry. Less predictable was Rambo's entry into the lists. I asked him why the next day but he shrugged it off as one of his 'blank spots'. Plastered in a different way, and reclining aloof from all these shenanigans with his crutches for company was Prince, looking like some grand old man of hashing, sending his entourage for beers, food, and to have a piss for him. He was chuffed when he found a felt pen that could write on his cast, until Mark scrawled the letters ARSEN whereupon Prince swung his foot wildly to ensure the hated word was not completed.

Eventually the sun disappeared, as did the beer briefly (rumour has it that 60 cases went walkies), and the chaos moved to the buses where the 'jobsworth' driver of the first bus was using a security guard to prevent people boarding, even those who were shivering from a dowsing by an errant hose. I was on the 'soap opera' bus where the entertainment was provided by Truro H3 performing the jilted lover's tiff scene. Only when four of the fattest hashers on the bus (I think Vicky Vomit of Essex was one, sorry Vicky!) sat on the culprit to pin him in his seat was he prevented from doing GBH to his rival. Many on the bus agreed it was the worst incident they had ever encountered whilst hashing, a great advertisement for Truro's 500th this summer - take your riot gear. Meanwhile on another bus Pope was 'singing' whilst all around were laying bets on which seat he would throw up on.

### **Bad Pope**

Although Sunday morning hangovers were de rigeur, most people livened up when they saw how bad Pope looked. There was a choice of a city 'tourist' run or a country. A great example of Spanish bureaucracy meant that we had to go to Metro A to learn that our run started from Metro B. Putting it in the programme would just have been too easy. Although the run was nominally a medium and long run combined, many failed to spot the 'wimps' turnoff (Robocop was one of these) and others were too slow to reach the cable car before it closed for a one hour siesta. To make matters worse, those who did slog up the hill or catch the cable car arrived to find the only Hash liquid was a case of warm Coke, leaving the cable car station as the sole source of beer. Everyone was hit by one or more of these administrative cockups during the weekend, but the pleasant venue and glorious weather were usually enough to get Madrid H3 off the hook. When the beer and food (bread with ham and cheese) did arrive, your reporter was down-downed for 'short-cutting' despite his innocence (I was checking, and unlike Boy From Brazil and Bostick chose not to join the short run as we ran through their pack).

### **Locked in Metro**

This saw the end of the official Eurohash event although for those setting out on the Iberia Hash Tour, this was a prelude. Sunday evening was free and through the doorway of each little bar in the old streets near the Plaza Major, I could see knots of hashers at the bar, and bewildered locals looking on as Viking helmets tangled with the light fittings. They might have thought it was an election stunt, as they went to the polls one week later. Any politician touting an anti-hashing policy would have won the election hands down. One final note - Banshee didn't get locked in the Metro. I don't know why she didn't get locked in the Metro, but I report it in the interest of accuracy.

Hedgehog

### The Missing Month of May & Jolly June !

A while ago, it seemed that all RAs were destined to go overseas at short notice; now it's Hare Raisers. Ratshit to Japan while Wee Bev heads off to Canada. Also Sleazy to Maylasia to build swimming pools accompanied by Wanna & her very close friend ?? It would seem all that money spent on driving lessons, resulting at last in her U.K. licence & his chauffeur, was wasted !

Any old hippies remember Emerson, Lake & Palmer ? Phil The Terrorist will be entertaining (?) on one of Lake's hand me downs in future. Talking of cast offs, Rhona & Tricky seem to have found a novel way of funding the awaited sprog; sell off all Rhona's old trade clothing samples. Some of the girls are reputed to have spent £100s so watch out for an increase in Lycra soon. Hang on though, surely some of them were meant to have been at Pope's 1000th run committee meeting. Well, at least a couple of these worthies managed to turn up, boding well for the event's organisation.

Rumour has it Periodical used to be a train spotter ! Nice anorak that mate.

Given the rest of London's problems following the bombing of Bishopsgate one week after LH3's visit (almost to the hour ... you could have been on telly; or in a coffin) Nick the Greek's little difficulty with a curry seems trivial. Having booked the Clifton for 50 or so, & paid a hefty deposit, everyone left for over the road because the lager cost too much ! Did he recover the deposit though - or will it show up in the year end accounts as an "exceptional item" ?

Who has crashed her car recently ? Twice ? doZZing at The WhEeL ?

Did you know your hard earned Eurohash subs are providing GMs with free publicity T shirts ? Complain to beneficiaries Khaffir, Periodical & Pope now. Does the TWAT hash really justify one ? Did the Crap hash get one ?

#### Wedding & Romance News

One Hung Low has joined the expectant mothers club !

Eagermount (how appropriate !) & Bridgite are no longer an "item". He's importing an Swede, she's off to India.

Slug (Possibly did someOne suggest Coco mIght bE betteR ?) has moved in with Bubbles after some confusion of house numbers delayed the arrival of her belongings. Phil the Terrorist spent an interesting afternoon trying to break into the wrong flat trying to pick them up.

Anyone heard of an Aussie called Enose recently ? Some cuTuRaL HIgHlIghTs exChaNged Down UndEr ?

Who managed to get an entire nightclub locked up whilst the police strip searched the patrons for a stolen bag after Shampoo & Menstrual's wedding ? Possibly it waS it embarrAsSing when it turned up on your sHouLder ?

More on sleeping beauties, after the recent stag/ hen dos this time. Rambo at Acton Town tube, Billy the Fish on the pavement at Green Park. Why did she want to swap mothers with Shampoo ?

Which good, if drunk, Samaritan threw all the boys out while she undressed Shampoo after the post wedding tequila bash ? Collected a few bruises on the way for the trouble. Golly, IncludinG Poor Menstrual !

It's good to know those entering a lifelong commitment (a mortgage) can be honest with each other. It's when your real ages have to go down on the form.

Unlikely couples spotted out & about : Pubic (an RA who gives down downs with his balls hanging out a hole in his shorts) & Banshee (an RA who doesn't like down downs out of her shoes), Splash (a radical feminist) & Pathfinder of North Hants H3 (a rabid polygamist). Nick The Greek (an accountant) & Anyones (a nice Irish lass) ???

Would you encourage Worm to go out with one of your friends ? Both Rhyde & Shampoo seem to be doing so - at the same time.

Who tried to arrange a posh dinner party to celebrate a recent engagement ? Not many of the guests managed to turn up, leaving piles of unwanted smoked salmon & caviar. Hash food ? EgH, ThatS REAl SPloDgenEsS.

Have you noticed Philpy Phil recently - the fat person who usually turns up to train a few weeks before Interhash ? It seems he needed to get fit recently for the Dirt Road's 100th in Pattaya. But is any vertical jogging going to be involved ?

## Introducing...

# Naughty Bears

What makes Naughty Bears so unusual and irresistible to all but the most backwards of kiddies?



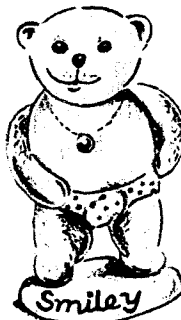
**QUIET BEAR**  
He's at his happiest when he's got a firm grip on his pork sword and is giving it a vigorous rubbing



**ACTION BEAR**  
He likes nothing better than to get out his massive throbbing punisher and give Looby Loo a good seeing to

It's probably their cute little cuddly bottoms, their realistically workable private parts and their penchant for getting into naughty positions with each other.

And of course each bear is made in washable fun fur to avoid possible embarrassment.



**SMILEY BEAR**  
He wants it and he's going to get it

Simply fill in the Application form and your Naughty Bear will be sent to you straight away in a plain brown wrapper.

#### RESERVATION APPLICATION **Naughty Bears**

P.O. Box 18, Teddington

Please accept my application for a Naughty Bear. I fully understand that if my Naughty Bear should be in any way damaged, split or interfered with it is my own responsibility. I am completely ready for my Naughty Bear.

Signature .....

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Teddy Bear .....

Address .....



## Bird may have been sacrificed by cult

A BIRD was sacrificed by what police say may have been a satanic cult off the (Fayetteville) Central Business District Loop near railroad tracks early Monday, September 24.

The bird was found lying in the middle of a circle drawn in powder on the right shoulder of the westbound loop about 7:40 a.m.

The bird's heart appeared to have been removed, according to the police.

Two plastic streamers were fastened to rocks, at the top and bottom of the circle. - Fayetteville Times, N. Carolina.

## Carolina Trash Hashers reply:

TWO DOGS F and Stumpslayer were the hares for the Hash run on Sunday 23 Sep. We were on a bridge with a long view down the railroad tracks waiting for all the other runners to show up. On the bridge we put the normal circle with an X in it with flour marking a check point for the runners.

While we were killing time, Stumpslayer found an old dead bird and stuck it in the circle. He also had a red and green streamer. Well Two Dogs F thought, like boats or aircraft (Right-Red-Return), we would put the ribbons down to mark we went to the right. We looked at it. Said it did look strange. But left it anyway.

In Tuesday's paper we found the above article.  
(Silly wankers - Ed)

**T**HE Mayor of Manila, Alfredo S. Lim, has ordered his police chief, Colonel Vegas Emily Balthazar, to round up the squad of bottled urine sellers. "These notorious business people hang about our Customs and Health Department selling urine samples to those seeking jobs overseas. The matter came to light when Captain Ayokong Morena, who was applying for a job as security adviser to a chain of Venezuelan night clubs, submitted a quarter of a pint of fresh urine for which he paid \$200 but was turned down because it proved him to be a pregnant woman."

Ever wonder where the cheap beer at Manila Interhash came from?

## WEST LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Business cards around £15.00 per set

Tube logo in blue and red with West London inset in white, Black lettering on white card

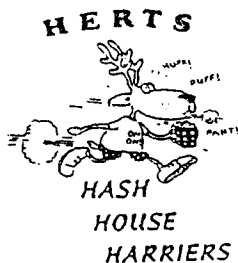
Tube logo

Name addr

Details of name, Hash name, address and telephone no. to Menstrual

MAIL ORDER FORM	
<p>Harrier International magazine subscriptions - 6 issues. Plus Free Gold Hash Card AIRMAIL US\$25 SURFACE US\$20</p>	<p>World Hash Handbook &amp; Directory (6th edition) The essential global HHH companion AIRMAIL US\$9 SURFACE US\$8</p>
<p>"On On"! HHH 1938-1992 The complete book of Hash, Hashes, Hashers and Hashing! This greatly updated edition is published to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the passing of HHH founder "G". Includes Free Gold Hash Card AIRMAIL US\$25 SURFACE US\$20</p>	<p>Annual Membership: 4 issues of Harrier International magazine, World Hash Handbook &amp; Directory, Gold Hash Card and membership certificate. AIRMAIL US\$35 HHH Travel Benefits &amp; Privileges "Gold Card" embossed with Hash Name. Includes free copy of World Hash Handbook &amp; Directory. AIRMAL US\$18</p>
<p>FIRST NAME: _____ LAST NAME: _____</p> <p>HASH NAME: _____ HASH CLUB: _____</p> <p>ADDRESS: _____</p>	
<p style="text-align: right;">AMEX or DINERS CLUB # _____ Exp: _____</p> <p>HARRIER INTERNATIONAL, GPO BOX 1670, BANGKOK 10501, THAILAND. FAX: (66 2) 236-4974</p>	

ANY HASHER WHO TRAVELS NEEDS THIS



## URGENT URGENT URGENT HERTS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

**8th Birthday Bash - 26/27th June 1993**

The Romans found out we were coming so we've had to move our camp to a new location. (Theme still ancient Britons.)

### New venue now at Harpenden RFC

Located north of St Albans between Harpenden and Redbourne near Hatching Green. Look for H4 signs. Easiest approach route from Junction 9 on M1. Please let us know if you are coming even if you plan to pay on the day. Cost is £25 if booked in advance or £30 if you just turn up on the day. Send advance bookings to: "Fartin" Martin Byers (Tel 0438 357222 home)

24 Fallowfield  
Shephall  
Stevenage  
Herts SG2 9PL

Cheques payable to: Herts Hash House Harriers

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hash name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Home Hash: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Tel. No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Veggie: Yes/No

# YORKSHIRE Hash House Harriers



WE CELEBRATE OUR 500th RUN  
ON 24/25 JULY 1993

IT WON'T BE A SHED OF A TRAIL -  
BUT THE WEEKEND WILL BE A BARNSTORMING ONE!

Registration will be from around midday on Saturday and the festivities roll on until after lunch on Sunday:

- 2 Runs (500 & 501)
- 3 Meals (BBQ, breakfast, lunch)
- Evening entertainment
- Camping or crash space by/in barn
- 10 pints beer - or equivalent

and all for only £20! (or £25 after 10 July)

A map of our barn's location, (about 10 miles north of Leeds city centre), and any other relevant details we can think of, will be sent to those who pay us their dough.

**BOOK EARLY!**

- NUMBERS ARE LIMITED - 1ST COME - 1ST SERVE

R.S.V.P.

Cheques to: YH3

Helen (Scrumpty) Atherton,  
12 Abbeydale Vale  
Leeds  
LS5 3RD

HASH  
NAME

HANDLE

ADDRESS

Phone 0532 582326

Caterer's Query - Will you wish to buy a snack lunch, on site, on Saturday? (run c.2pm) YES/NO



**CALLING ALL PAST AND PRESENT HASHERS!!**

CVH3 invites you to join in a fun weekend to  
celebrate the half milleniumth Hash!

**11th/12th September 1993 at the Royal  
Agricultural College, Cirencester**

**6.00 p m Saturday, 499th Hash run followed by  
sweaty party, buffet, band**

**11.00 a m Sunday the 500th Run with barbecue  
and booze afterwards**

**Tickets £12 each for the weekend**

Bed and breakfast accommodation available at the College for £15 each  
Hash trails designed to suit all types of Hashers

For further details contact Mike Farnham (0251) 770681

**Haunch of Venison  
Mountain Rescue Club  
Hash House Harriers**

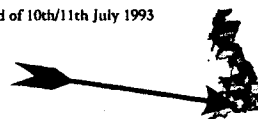


cordially invite you to their



To be held on the weekend of 10th/11th July 1993

at the POPLARS pub  
Fovant  
near SALISBURY  
Wiltshire



Cost (to be decided, but approximately £12) will include: Food

T-Shirt

&

Music

(To keep costs down, beer is your responsibility - the pub has plenty!)

The Main Run will be on Saturday and, as the bar will remain open until 1 am, a Hangover Run on Sunday morning.

Camping/ B&B/ Hotels all available locally.  
Breakfast will be available at the pub on Sunday morning  
for all those who can still face it after Saturday night!!!

Interested?: Write to "Haggis"  
1 Towell Road  
Larkhill  
SALISBURY  
Wiltshire  
SP4 8LU

or call 0980 52679

for booking forms and further info.

# BUDAPEST

## 1983 1993

### HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

#### 10 GLORIOUS YEARS

THE PARIS OF THE EAST, THE BANGKOK OF THE WEST,  
WE KNOW BUDAPEST IS THE BEST

#### ON BEHALF OF THE BUDAPEST HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

#### THE MISMANAGEMENT COMMITTEE PRESENTS:

THE INTER HASH BASH THAT COSTS LESS CASH  
TO COMMEMORATE 10 GLORIOUS YEARS OF HASHING IN BUDAPEST

Dear Hasher,

#### THE BUDAPEST 10TH ANNIVERSARY INTERNATIONAL HASH: 9-11 JULY 1993

Please accept this notification as an invitation to yourself and other Hashers in your capital to attend the above Hash Bash in sunny Budapest over the weekend 9-11 July and help BH3 celebrate its 10th Anniversary.

As in previous years, we are planning an action-packed couple of days in and around Budapest including 2 Hashes, a Hash Ball, a Hash Cabaret, BBQs and sightseeing.

Accommodation will be provided for all of those requesting it by Budapest Hashers and this has enabled us once again to keep the cost to Hashers to the bare minimum. We will also arrange hotel accommodation if requested. This year we are proud to announce that the cost for the entire weekend, payable on arrival and including all Hashes, the Ball, BBQs, T-shirts and other "Hand-Outs" has been kept down to:

To: Ron Rimmer/Carol Smith  
Budapest Hash House Harriers  
c/o British Embassy Budapest (address if sending via UK)  
FCO  
King Charles Street  
LONDON SW1A 2AH  
or British Embassy (if sending by local mail)  
BUDAPEST 1051  
Harmincad u. 6  
Fax: 010 361 266 0907  
Tel: 010 361 266 2888 Extns 223 or 212

#### BUDAPEST HASH HOUSE HARRIERS INTERNATIONAL HASH 9-11 JULY 1993 REGISTRATION FORM

Name of HASH .....

Details of Hashers Age if under 16

1. Names ..... Male/Female .....  
..... Male/Female .....  
..... Male/Female .....  
..... Male/Female .....

2. a. Accommodation with other Hashers required? Yes/No

b. Hotel accommodation required? Yes/No

If b. Do you want us to book the hotel? Yes/No

If a. If you wish to stay with Hashers please indicate if there are any special requirements you may have that we should be aware of, ie you are male and require accommodation with 3 sex-starved females!!!

3. Please indicate your travel arrangements:

Estimated time of arrival ..... (Date & Time)

Method of travel .....

Estimated time of departure ..... (Date & Time)

4. Finally, please give details of any Hash Nicknames and Hash Mismanagement appointments held:

Name ..... Nickname ..... Appt .....

Name ..... Nickname ..... Appt .....

Name ..... Nickname ..... Appt .....

Name ..... Nickname ..... Appt .....

SIGNED .....

- (a) US \$45 (Forints 3,500) for adults
- (b) US \$30 (Forints 2,500) for children over 14 and students
- (c) US \$25 (Forints 2,000) for children 14 and under

A draft programme for the weekend is as follows:

#### Friday 9 July

- 1700 hours Registration at the Britannia Club, British Embassy. Pick up T-shirts, Hats and Other Freebies.
- 1800 hours The Brit Club comes alive to the sound of Jazz. Dance, drink and eat all night long.
- 2100 hours Entertainment Hash Style. Not Down-Downs but a Cabaret performed by Budapest Hashers.
- 2130 hours Carry on Dancing.

#### Saturday 10 July

- 1100 hours Meet for the first Hash of the weekend.
- 1300 hours On-On at the British Ambassador's Residence (until approx (Eat, drink and be merry at the B-B-Q whilst participating in typical Hash fun!!!).
- 1700 hours The Hash Ball starts (Location is likely to be the Rosza Dom Hotel again).
- 2100 hours Dinner is served.
- 2200 hours Hungarian cultural show.
- 2230 hours Charity Raffle.
- 2300 hours Yet more Hash fun!!!
- 2330 hours Carry on dancing the night away.

#### Sunday 11 July

- 1100 hours The second Hash of the weekend starts.
- 1230 hours On-On to the On-On at the Marine House. More Food, Drink and Hash Fun!!!
- 1700 hours Time to go home.

P.S. Please bring a gift for our grand charity raffle from your Capital and be ready to organise Hashers from your Hash to offer a rendition of their favourite Hash song during Saturday afternoon.



## TRURO HASH HOUSE HARRIERS FIRST & LAST 250th COMMEMORATIVE RUN LANDS END 9-11 JULY 1993

The FIRST & LAST 250th celebratory Hash will be held over the weekend 9-11 July at Lands End, with accommodation available, at the FIRST & LAST caravan park (Sea View Caravan Park) which is immediately adjacent to the FIRST & LAST Inn at Sennen. The actual 250th Hash falls on 10th July. There will be 3 runs:

- The first FIRST & LAST 250th Hash will be on the evening of Friday 9th July.
- The FIRST & LAST 250th Hash will be in the afternoon on Saturday 10th July.
- The Last FIRST & LAST 250th Hash will be in the morning on Sunday 11th July.

Accommodation charges will be:  
Tent space: £2.00 - £3.00 per night per person. (Please speak to 'Wor's 'Is Face' for more details)  
Caravan: £6.00/£3.80/£4.64 per night per head based on sharing a luxury 4 berth /standard 6 berth/luxury 6 berth caravan. If you do not wish to share accommodation, you will have to pay for the whole caravan ie 4 or 6 spaces.

On Friday night the FIRST & LAST Inn can arrange an extension till midnight and can provide meals if required.  
On Saturday night there will be a Hash bar marquee (beer £1 a pint/extension till 11.30 pm) overlooking Sennen Cove, with live entertainment.

Memorabilia is for sale, comprising tee shirts & beer glasses. (If you pay up now you can have your tee shirt personalised with your hash name. If you haven't got a Hash name, you'll be getting one!)

WE WANT YOUR MONEY NOW! Please make cheques payable to Truro Hash House Harriers, complete the form below and hand/send NOW with your cheque to:

'Wor's 'Is Face' Tech Art Studios Perranarworthal Truro TR3 7NY ☎(0872)870077 fax 864248.

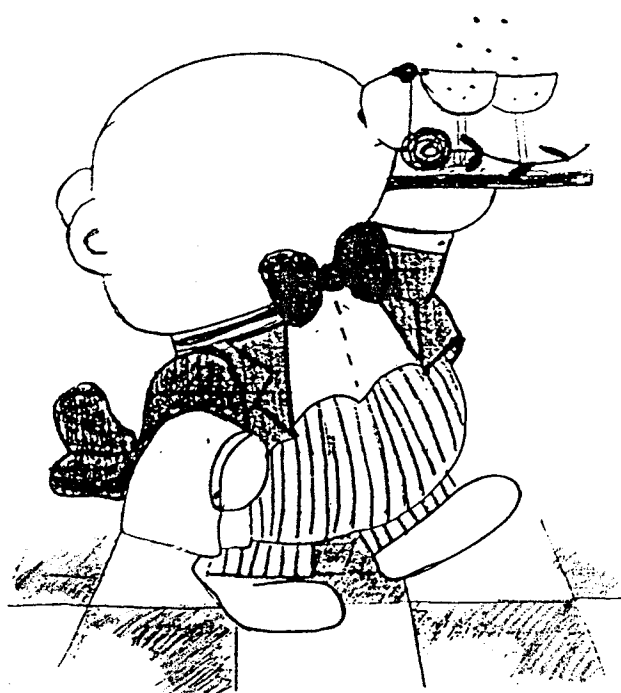
persons (max 4) Friday 9th July in luxury caravan @ £6.00 per head	£
persons (max 6) Friday 9th July in luxury caravan @ £4.64 per head	
persons (max 6) Friday 9th July in standard caravan @ £3.80 per head	
persons (max 4) Saturday 10th July in luxury caravan @ £6.00 per head	
persons (max 6) Saturday 10th July in luxury caravan @ £4.64 per head	
persons (max 6) Saturday 10th July in standard caravan @ £3.80 per head	
T shirts @ £5.00 each (medium large extra large)	
1 pint beer mugs @ £3 each	
1/2 pint beer mug @ £3 each	
Total	

NB If you do not wish to share accommodation, you will have to pay for the whole caravan ie 4 or 6 spaces. Tick this box if you are prepared to share. ☐

Name: ..... Tel no. ....

Address: .....

(Hash) names of those attending the Hash runs: .....



The social Event  
of the year-----

## THE HASH BALL

- BLACK TIE -

SAT 31<sup>ST</sup> JULY '93

AT THE INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS  
HOUSE (GT. PORTLAND STREET TUBE)  
LONDON

COST : £15.00

(up to 30 JUNE -  
£17.00 THEREAFTER)

- TOP LONDON BAND - "SOUL COMMOTION"

DISC - JOCKEY

BUFFET - CHEAP BAR

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OR : TONY WHITSON (FORGET-ME-KNOT) 081 778 4036 (HOME)

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# RECEDING HARELINES



## UK Events

Jun 26/27 Herts H3 8th Birthday. Fartin (Martin Byers) (H) 0438 357222 [June Issue]  
 Jun 27 Surrey H3 950th Run Gerry Gurney 0372 386921  
 Jul 3/4 Barnes H3 450th. Saddlesniffer (Steve Edwards) (H) 081 330-6861  
 Jul 4 Quorn H3 100th Run. Mango or Doc Crippen 0509 415134  
 Jul 10/11 Haunch of Venison H3 500th. Fovant near Salisbury. "Haggis", 1 Towell Hill, Salisbury, Wilts, SP4 8LU 0980 52679 [See June Issue]  
 Jul 9-11 Truro H3 250th Run, Lands End. Contact "Wot's 'is Face" 0872 870077  
 Jul 24 First Hampton Inter-Tw.A.T. Hash Periodical  
 Jul 24 Yorkshire H3 500th Run. Scrumpy 0532 582326 [June Issue]  
 Jul 24/25 Edinburgh 650th Run  
 Aug 7/8 Kennet & Avon H3 111th Run. Dirty McSquirty 0272 323345  
 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 11/12 Churn Valley H3 500th Run, Cirencester. Mike Fisher 0285 770681 [June Issue]  
 Sep 17-19 LONDON H3 1000TH Run. Paul Maidment (H) 081-567-8313 (W) 071-351-2144  
 Sep 25-26 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 ??? 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  
 --1994--  
 Jun 10-12 Surrey H3 1000th Run. Call Red Hot Surrey 0932 789453

## Coming to a Planet Near You

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 [May Issue]  
 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 62, 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 [June Issue]  
 Sep 12/13 Aarhus Festival Hash, Denmark. Lord J.C. Hencock (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  
 Oct 15-18 Pattaya H3 500th Run, Thailand. Ian Harrington 01066 38 411099

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Feb 18-20 PreLewd Lube - Prelude to Interhash, Sydney, Australia. Tubby 01061-2-908-3673  
 Feb 19 Auckland Pre-IH Thrash  
 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)  
 Jun 25 (Breakfast Run) London Bridge (7am!!!!)  
 Jun 28 Temple  
 Jul 4 Henley (BR) (11am)  
 Jul 5 South Wimbledon  
 Jul 12 Mile End  
 Jul 19 Arnos Grove  
 Jul 26 Clapham Common  
 Aug 2 Watford Junction (BR) - joint with MKH3  
 Aug 9 Norbury (BR from Victoria)  
 Aug 16 Bethnal Green  
 Aug 23 Highgate  
 Aug 30 Turnham Green  
 Sep 6 West Hampstead  
 Sep 13 Putney Bridge

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

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)

## 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]  
 Jun 24 Wimbledon  
 Jul 1 Chalk Farm  
 Jul 8 Northfields  
 Jul 15 Hammersmith (District & Piccadilly)  
 Jul 22 West Kensington  
 Jul 29 Hanwell (BR from Paddington or Ealing Broadway)

## City H3

(Hotline 081-749-2646)  
 [From Tube/BR stations on Tuesdays at 7pm unless stated]  
 Jul 6 Oxford Circus  
 Jul 13 Warwick Avenue  
 Jul 20 Greenwich  
 Jul 27 Highgate  
 Aug 3 Angel