

Free Colour Special!

OCTOBER 1993 Issue

ON PAPER

The Organ of the London Hash



Pope leaving Gilwell Park
after the Milleniumth's
closing down downs.

LONDON HASH NEWS

It's All Over

To what am I referring? The informal gathering at a scout hut in Essex of course. Pope can be re-introduced to wife McPiggy, and Kaffir's hairline can stop receding. It just goes to show what can be achieved when you put your half-minds to it. You know things are going OK when your worst complaint is that some of the rice is not *al dente*. So what - just suck it a bit longer.

Countless letters of thanks have been received - well, more than Pope can count anyway including from Cheltenham & Cotswold, Rome and Izmir. We await one from the scouts. Everyone had a great time except Billy the Fish who took too literally the advice in the programme about waving a broken limb to get medical attention. Provisional accounts appear elsewhere in this mag.

If you were at Gilwell you are one of only 400 people still on course to do every 100th run in Britain! Sign up now for Bicester and Surrey next year. Meanwhile start working on Pope to organise the 2000th. And what happened to that bloody Britvic orange juice?

Out With the Old ...

A lot of the deadwood was pruned from the committee at the recent A.G.M. Unable to stomach another year of office are Kaffir, Ratshit, Pubic, Banshee, Hedgehog and Quiche. Stubbornly clinging on are Lofty (Haberdash), Thunderthighs (Hash Cash), Ryde (Joint Master) and Horse (Hare Raiser).

... And in With the New

Leaping up to join them in the limelight, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed are Hairy Fairy (or is it just Fairy now?) (Joint Master), Nookie (On-Sec), Emu (Co-R.A.), Boggers (Co-R.A.), Birdtable (Hash Cash), Unacceptable (Hash Cash) and Worm (Social Sex) and good luck to them.

Off Paper?

Missing from the above list is perhaps the most important office of all - that of Hash Scribe. It looks as though we will be without a Hash Trash for London/West London until one of you takes up the challenge. For anyone thinking of taking over I can offer the following encouragement.

You can call it what you want and publish it when you want. It could be one page weekly, entitled Shiggy Thrower's Gazette or whatever. You may find run write-ups hard to come by but otherwise will receive plenty of material from Pope and Periodical, upcoming events info from Thunderthighs and Menstrual, probable photocopying

assistance from myself, Kaffir, Peacemaker, and others, unhelpful advice from myself and of course gossip from ... umm I can't say but you will find it on your door mat anyway I'm sure.

No New Taxes

Bad news - your annual subscription has just expired. Good news - the price remains unchanged at £25. Half-yearly subs are £15. London Hash are adopting the same scheme as WLH3 so you can take out a subscription at any time of year and it will run for a year. **AS A BONUS, MEMBERS WILL GET DISCOUNTS OFF HASH EVENTS SO SEE HASH CASH NOW WITH YOUR CHEQUEBOOK!**

Here it is Bloody Christmas!

Why stay at home with a packet of humbugs when you could be puking them up at the All-London Hash Xmas Party on Saturday, December 11th? Venue is the same as last year - the International Students Centre by Great Portland St. tube.

U.K. On-Sec

Pathfinder has been appointed to this post for two years. He will be producing the definitive (and hopefully only) UK hash directory. Contact him on (H) 0305 778603.

Euro Flash

The European Hash newsletter is being produced by Pierre-Marc Lefebvre, Ave. Winston Churchill, 225/7, B-1180 UCCLE, Belgium. (Fax) 01032 16 400 271.

Checkpoints

- For each run that you do, tick your run-list. Give completed run-lists to Bird -able to update the stats.
- Help keep the subscription costs down. When haring a run, check out the possibility of free beer for the down-downs with the landlord. More importantly, make sure there will be enough staff on duty when the run finishes.

Thank You

Contributions this month from:

Rambo, Pope, Golden Shower, Ryde, The Marxist, Periodical, Nookie & Anyone's, etc. + Boy From Brazil + BISTICK

Thanks to everyone who helped keep the mag going for the last two years. Apologies to anyone whose contributions I couldn't use.

Next Issue Deadline: What next issue?



*Pope gets stitched
up by Barnes*



Possible retirement issue ?

Who recently decided to take a clever short cut ? Who got lost ? Who then had to swim across a lake ? Who missed the bus back to town (& the beer) ? Who's a Clever Trevor ?

More travelling for Spunky; he's been in Oz for a while (& rumoured to be in love - again - what happened to the Hungarian ?). Luckily went Banshee with him *. That should stop her arguing with Eric the Red for a while (& save Early Bird having to separate them by force). Also travelling is Ratshit. No sooner does he get back from Japan & he's bundled off to Eastern Europe; is this a hint ? An unfortunate side effect seems to have been the number of "hareless" runs since: LH3 followed by WLH3 in one week !

Why did Billy The Fish throw one of Rambo's work shoes into the Thames at the quiz night ? Who threw the second ? And wasn't it nice of Worm to fish them out & use them for down downs !

Why has Pope been head butting fountains ? Is it the pressure of organising the 1000th ?

Spreadsheets seemed to have had a good day out at the Ascot races judging from the stories. Is it wise to insult policemen directing the traffic whilst over the limit though ? And on that subject, will it be third time lucky for Forgetmeknot driving licence ? Is he really considering getting a car again ?

Sue (as "& Robocop") has passed her latest pathology exams. Luckily, as if she'd failed she would be reduced to "live ones".

Which elderly hippie went off to the Glastonbury festival ? Hey, GaNgA Weed ?

Health Round Up

Lofty seems to be sipping her halves of lager a little more slowly these days; an adverse report on her liver condition possibly ?

Prince had a cracking good time at a recent CUNT run; two toes. Whilst dancing (?) to Madness. Appropriate. Emu has followed his example by doing his ankle in.

Pubic has also had a good time recently. First, very badly biting his tongue, then collapsing in Madrid & nearly killed by a friendly doctor with the wrong drug. Finally, air evacuated back from France to the NHS after collapsing (again). Much to some peoples surprise, he survived the 1 000th. Also in Madrid, Rambo collected a few scars from a close encounter with a bull. No, not out on a run, he had to jump in the ring with it ...

Bridgitte (ex Eagermount) seems to have had a crash diet; or is it Delhi belly after her holiday ? Mind you, the split up didn't stop Rhyde going to their Barbecue recently ...

Who tied Robocop naked to lamp post on his stag night ? Wasn't it lucky the police car didn't stop. Or did they recognise their Inspector ?

Sinuth & other veggies from LH3 were particularly impressed by the Guernsey cabaret at Nash Hash. Leaving screaming as the (real) pig's heads were thrown into the audience.

Phil the Terrorist has become a MBA (Master Bomber's Association). Will he now be elected to the LH3 committee ?

Saudi (ex BT/ Witch) seems to be still scarred by the experiences; he was spotted on a Mencap stand recently.

Get some earplugs in: Speedturd, Shoulders, KC, Forgetmeknot etc are starting a band. Rehearsals start soon (?).

1 000th Section

When Domino finally gave in & joined the blue nipple hash, why did (Barnes) Rambo suddenly acquired blue lips ?

Did you hear about the two big panics ? Losing (temporarily) two £ 400 radios & the cash tin !

Billy The Fish wash the smash hit of the weekend; falling out of her bunk ! In hospital a dislocated shoulder & broken ankle were discovered. Was she on top ? Or was it a way of avoiding Mic Mac's short run ? As you might expect, Rambo was going round exuding sympathy for her.

Hope the money spent on the games was worth it ! A big pile of manure (& the Vulcan Bombers sheet maybe) would have sufficed instead. Tricky seemed very curious about the stocks & the 999 run handcuffs. Robocop will have to explain about the ones exported to Scandinavia attached to a harriette.

Well the beer didn't run out anyway (probably because half the time was spent drinking in pubs). Nor the cider to Early Bird's surprise. She even found time for a moan at the Monday 1 002 run beer stop that there was no cider ! Nor wine or lager or lemonade or gin slings with little umbrellas.

Who burst (& with what) the blow up plastic sheep ? A kiwi possibly ?

The Hair(less) Fairy lost his beard & became a strong contender for the "most pissed/ least able to stand upright" award. In his rush to get to the Sunday TWAT run (crawl) he even left his gear behind. Still it was worth it, he could crash out on a park bench on a beer keg in a toga.

Baby Callum made his first star appearance on the 999 run, being delivered out of Phil the Terrorist. Mum seemed to spend a long time complaining he wasn't mentioned in the magazine though.

You would have thought that the bar staff would have helped Pete the Pilot lift the barrels, it wasn't long ago he had his heart by-pass !

"Sorry we're Surrey" sent along a couple of spies who seemed disappointed by the lack of disasters. Wonder if Gurney will be refunded his registration from (your money possibly) their 1 000th funds ?

Big Leg Emma (Cambridge) & that nice boy Phil Baker from East Grinstead ? The equally nice Dog Biscuit (Elgin) & an impressionable new(ish) harriette ?

Has Smash'em only got a 1 000th publicity tee shirt ? It's all he's been wearing for months. Hope it gets washed ! And why was he handing round a polypin of liquorice flavoured schnapps ?

Wedding & Romance News

Lovelice & a nice Dutch soldier in Copenhagen ?

It's the blow job season ! However it seems they're being given by men this year. Periodical got a nasty bite on his organ while Worm has been trying out Phil Baker (East Grinstead H3).

Boy From Brazil seemed to have a severe sense of humour failure after finding his car had been "decorated" for himself & Bostick at their wedding. Mind you, better at that than her all night "chatting" to the lads she invited back on her hen night ...

Who's legs has Khaffir been breaking ? No, not the Canadian his "ex" turned up with at WLH3's Northfields run ! Was he dumped after boasting about the gorgeous bird he "shared" with at Copenhagen ? Possibly he didn't expect the gorgeous (sic) if deranged Mimi to turn up in London !

Did Nookie pull (after much trying) at German Nash Hash ? ? ?

Who likes bonking to the rhythm of a band brought back specially to the hotel room ? Half the answer is Licky Dicky from Barnes ...

Rona has finally given birth to a small, but already hairy, version of Trick Dicky called Callum; lucky it wasn't a girl really. The arrival also has stopped Early Bird raising more 1 000th funds on her sweepstake. As the dates went by with no birth, people put on second or third bets, this has probably raised more all the sponsorship so far combined.

Hash ball lottery. Perm the following : Snow White, Unacceptable, Horse, Fliptop. Or try Eileen Critchley, Lisa (a(nother) ex Worm), Garbage, Suzy. GARBAGE ? Meanwhile Worm himself seems to have found an interest in underage (looking) & sized Birdtables. But has he consummated this interest yet ? (Probably given a horrified Rhyde came home to find him in her house one night when Birdtable was a temporary lodger).

Knickers seemed to discover an interest in Beatles look alikes at the WLH3 400th. Well, a little like John Lennon anyway.

It seems Herts boys are in demand; at least by Early Bird & Splash. One pair off for S, S & S in Portugal, however the other seem to be cooling off - anything to do with her new Full Moon name of "Fish Fingers" ?

Periodicals latest, Donna, seemed a little tired & emotional recently. Funny, tears are usually after the split up. However she recovered enough to throw up in KC's new car on the way home ...

Why did Prince chose Domino to "hand over" to his 1 000th hare job to whilst he went off to America's InterHash ? Cool ashes rekindling ? But which harriette got presented with his monogrammed rugby shirt whilst he was away ?

* She's been back for ages ! Oh well, it was too good to last ... Mind you she's promised she's done her last down downs !



Tips for top snaps #1 - Get the subjects to smile. (Both of them!)



At the 1000th Run, Hairy Fairy has dreams of one day being a London H3 G.M.

IT'S AIR-BRAINED, BUT GROG AFTER A JOG MAY KEEP YOU YOUNG

SYDNEY: New research on flies suggests that frequent, strenuous exercise may accelerate, not slow, ageing.

And the biologist who did the research says people obsessed with jogging should drink alcohol to reduce the risk of premature ageing.

It has to do with the way the absorption of oxygen can trigger certain atoms and molecules — called "free radicals" — which can damage living cells.

According to Professor Rajindar Sohal, of the Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas, ageing is really the accumulation of irreversible damage caused by oxygen.

"We are oxidised to death," said the professor of biological sciences, whose research has convinced him that excessive exercise, such as frequent jogging, is "crazy".

He said enzymes in humans provide an anti-oxidation defence system. But ageing accelerated whenever the oxygen intake exceeded the capability of the defence system.

"Some exercise is necessary to maintain the health of the cardiovascular system and muscle tone and proper levels of sugar in the blood," he said. "Severe exercise, in which some people are engaging, is crazy if they want to live a long time."

"It will accelerate your ageing process. This is my hypothesis."

"Normal walking around, working in one's garden, and climbing two or three flights of stairs and just being normally active is all you need."

He said joggers should drink alcohol, which contains ethanol, to slow the ageing process.

"One of the best anti-oxidants is ethanol," he said. "I would very strongly suggest that if people are compelled to run they should at least have a drink afterwards to quench some of the free radicals they have generated."

Asked what he had in mind, he replied "like a beer, wine or whisky."



OFF THE MARK: Joggers may have it all wrong if they believe exercise increases longevity.

Man blows up during bum op

A PENSIONER EXPLODED as surgeons accidentally ignited fart gases up his bottom, it was claimed yesterday.

The force of the blast propelled businessman Roger Lavancier off the operating table during surgery to

remove a painful growth from his anus.

Now Roger, 75, is suing doctors for £100,000, alleging they botched the delicate op at the Francois Quesnay Hospital, near Paris.

A French court has been told the surgery went horribly wrong when a short circuit on a laser-beam scalpel used in the op threw out a spark, igniting methane gases in the patient's bum.

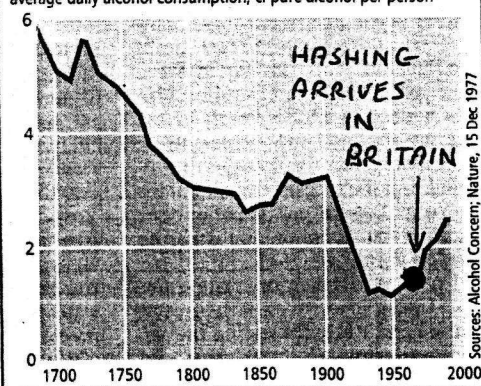
Indignity

Surgeon Philippe Neuberger and the hospital deny negligence.

But Roger's lawyer, Louis Gerber, said: "The final indignity is that my client still requires surgery, as the polyp was not removed during the operation."

Three centuries of British drinking

average daily alcohol consumption, cl pure alcohol per person



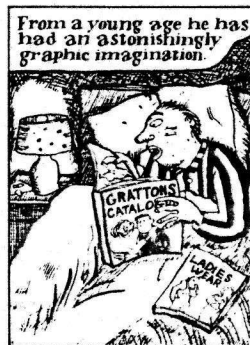
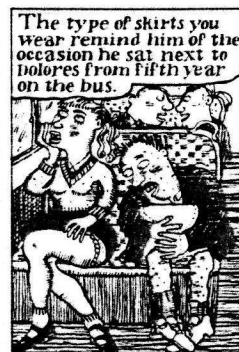
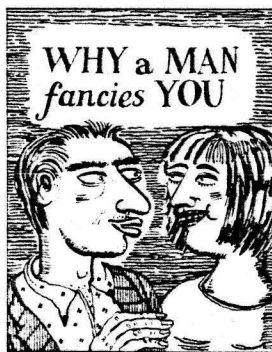
Front-running at brokerages has made headlines lately, but compliance officers admit there's a limit to what they and their technology can do to prevent this illegal practice.

Costly dry run

The desert sand was soaked with liquor when United Arab Emirates authorities destroyed thousands of bottles of whisky and beer, **AFP reports from Abu Dhabi**. Bulldozers crushed 10,000 whisky bottles and 2,500 beer cans and bottles piled in the heart of the desert near the oasis city of al-Ain, 100 miles east of Abu Dhabi. Police said the liquor had been seized from illegal alcohol traders over the past 10 months.



Hairy Fairy smartens his appearance in an attempt to get elected.



LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**DRAFT ACCOUNTS FOR PERIOD 29 SEPTEMBER 1992 - 2 OCTOBER 1993****(Pending finalisation of 1000th Accounts)**

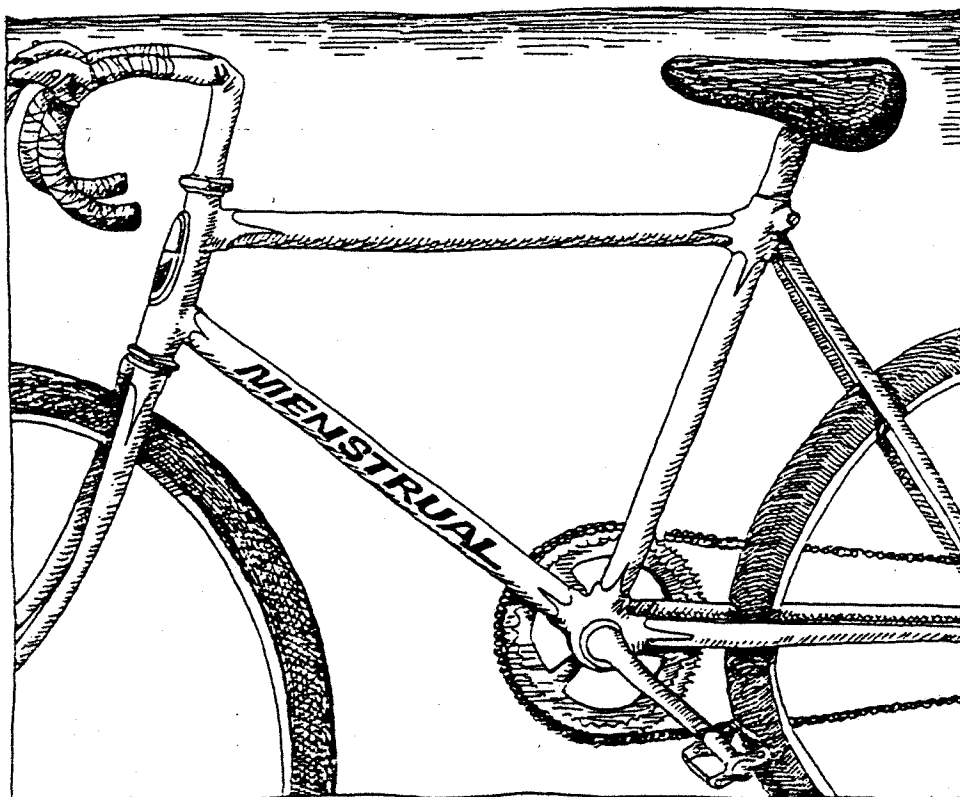
	INCOME £	EXPENSES £	NET £	NOTES
Membership & Weekly Subs	1878.59		1878.59	
Haberdashery Sales	1518.00	1470.62	47.38	
Income from Sale of Magazine	31.30		31.30	1
Income from Raffles	43.00		43.00	
Bank Interest Received	8.91		8.91	
Halloween (950th run)	1227.00	1052.65	174.35	
Pantomime	122.40	122.40	0.00	2
Christmas Party	816.90	712.20	104.70	3
AGM		166.42	-166.42	
Down Downs		141.57	-141.57	
Hire of Meeting room during year		160.00	-160.00	
Printing/Postage/Stationery		115.33	-115.33	

5646.10	3941.19	1704.91
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Loan to 1000th Fund	1149.98
Current Bank Account	1171.05
Deposit Bank Account	525.71
Haberdashery Closing Stock (@ cost)	104.43

NOTES

1. Sales of Magazine commenced in June
2. Proceeds from the Pantomime were donated to NSPCC
3. The profit from the Christmas Party split between London and West London Hash



LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
Provisional Statement of Income and Expenditure
from the London 1000th

	<u>Income</u>	<u>Expenditure</u>	<u>Profit/Loss</u>
Registrations	£18,670		
Refunds	-£335		
Accommodation & Facilities:-			
Lid & Stormhut		£600	
Camping		£732	
Tables & Chairs		£137	
VHF Radios		£79	
Chemical Loos		£365	
Decorations		£20	
Band & Disco		£900	
PA		£400	
Hash Games		£150	
Mismanagement T-Shirts & Hats		£169	
Signs		£30	
Sundries		£341	
Publicity		£370	
Run #999		£20	
Beer	£1,009	£5,020	
Food		£7,985	
Transport		£1,487	
Freebies	£17	£2,392	
Fund Raising	£687	£83	
Magazine	£243	£745	
Income/Expenditure from main event	£20,290	£22,023	-£1,733
Habberdashery	£6,583	£6,237	
Accommodation	£2,325	£1,640	
Income/Expenditure from other activities	£29,198	£29,900	-£702
Other:-			
LH3 Subsidy	£1,000		
Repairs		£50	
Income/Expenditure from the 1000th	£30,198	£29,950	£248
Items in Stock:-			
Jackets, Mugs etc	£363		
	£30,560	£29,950	£610



*Caesar's Caesarians
The London Hash Cabaret*



There's a thief about

Study carefully the profile of this man. Do you recognise him? A hasher perhaps. A hasher who has led us all to believe he is destined for Scotland Yard's top job and even an appearance on Crimewatch U.K.? Come on Robocop - own up!



If you see anything suspicious, dial 999

Big, small, fat or thin - men have a lot to worry about when it comes to the size of their willies. Iqbal Hussain finds women are hitting below the belt..

TRICKY DICKIES

"If size wasn't important you'd end up going to bed with a cocktail sausage," says Christine, an interior designer

WORM HORS D'OEUVRES

Bohemia rolls on brook - trout
Chasseur meat hash
Turkey hen on Prague - ragu

VEGETABLES

Vegetables croquettes
Gratinated cauliflower
Sprongs vegetable

From one of those foreign menus.

Americas Interhash '93 - Hashing the Rockies

The residents of Vancouver entreated me not to tell you how fab their city is to live in because they don't want everyone going there. So I won't even mention it except to say that VH3 hosted a Pre-Ramble to Calgary's Americas Interhash. I could see the locals' point of view mind you, when Hooray, Drainoil, Prince and Pigshit rolled into town from various points of the compass. Drainoil parachuted in en route from Hawaii to Wimbledon, and Hooray and Poon Hole were at a loose end for the weekend and nipped across the pond. Pigshit was on his way to the London 1000th after visiting his mates the Kodo drummers of Japan (ask him about them if you've half an hour to spare).

The usual stunts occurred in Vancouver, like the beer master locking the keys in the beer truck etc., Prince being apprehended by two cops whilst standing in the bushes on the beach illegally pouring himself a beer ... naked. I mean Prince was naked, not the beer nor the police. And the illegal bit was the beer, not the nudity - in Britain it would have been the other way round, although to be fair we were having a regroup on a nudist beach. I wondered why the cops weren't in plain clothes, and why some jerk was selling T-shirts. But then this is America whoops, Canada.

And so to Calgary, where the men are cowboys, and the cattle are burgered (the nearest I can get with this spell checker). The hotel was situated so that from the balcony of the Hashpitality suite we could whistle our approval to the hookers touting in the next street, to the embarrassment of their clients. The usual turnout of 500 plus were there (hashers not hookers!), and all were given a cowboy hat for the Friday run (a real Calgary stampede), of a size designed to embarrass anyone backpacking or travelling by plane. Also present were the chief honcho for NZ Interhash (Hound) and his hairy sidekick G-string (seen sporting an even bigger cowboy hat at the London 1000th).

Saturday's run was allegedly in the Rockies although the cloud was so low and wet it could just as well have been Hackney Marshes. Sunday's was in the ski resort of Canmore, near Banff and was definitely in the Rockies, as was the ranch where the On On took place with chunks of beef that a Tyrannosaurus Rex from Alberta's dinosaur fields would have had trouble with. Chef Tell from Pittsburgh trotted out his usual act incorporating peanut butter and armpit sandwiches (which he ate!), and Rumson set up their "rotting fish and crackers" stall on the upwind side of the site unfortunately. (Apparently it is a delicacy in Scandinavia, although I bet they wouldn't be so keen if we opened a few cans in Britain with the prevailing westerly wind.)

Controversy struck the Miss Interhash contest (as it always does). By popular demand, the title went to a harriette whom the judges had eliminated in the first round. Admittedly one of the judges was blind, but this should not have mattered as the victor's *piece de resistance* was sticking a microphone in her crotch and broadcasting what can best be described as a 'vaginal fart' over the public address system. (I'm sure that hashing is responsible for an increased incidence of insanity in the social group known as 'bus drivers and caterers' who are forced to attend these events against their will.)

Monday's run included a photo opportunity with a Mountie. Rumson's polished spoof presentation to host AIH '95 put Orlando's in the shade, so of course Orlando got it. One of these days Rumson are going to be awarded the event whether they like it or not and will have to build the Rumson Hilton as they promised.

Americas Interhash deserves a better attendance from London so make a mental note to hit Orlando, Florida in 1995. It's probably the cheapest place in the U.S. to get to from Britain, and your flak jacket will keep the mosquitoes at bay.

Hedgehog

FROM THE "EVENING
STANDARD" MAGAZINE"

Hash bash

I've got a list of your misdemeanours. You're lucky we didn't put a Mars bar in your beer,' Licky Dicky told me sternly. I was mystified. Why a Mars bar? 'Makes it look like you're drinking dogs' droppings.' Luckily, as a new member of the Hash House Harriers - a club who call themselves 'drinkers with a running problem'

- I was excused such punishment. Hashing is running for fun: a two-mile charity pub chase. Invented in 1938 by Army officers in Kuala Lumpur to work off the effects of a curry served by a café called Hash House, it came to London in 1972.

From the seven London sections, I chose Barnes, where social distinctions disappear behind

nicknames like Slacknuts (an engineer, whose company's aeroplane had an accident).

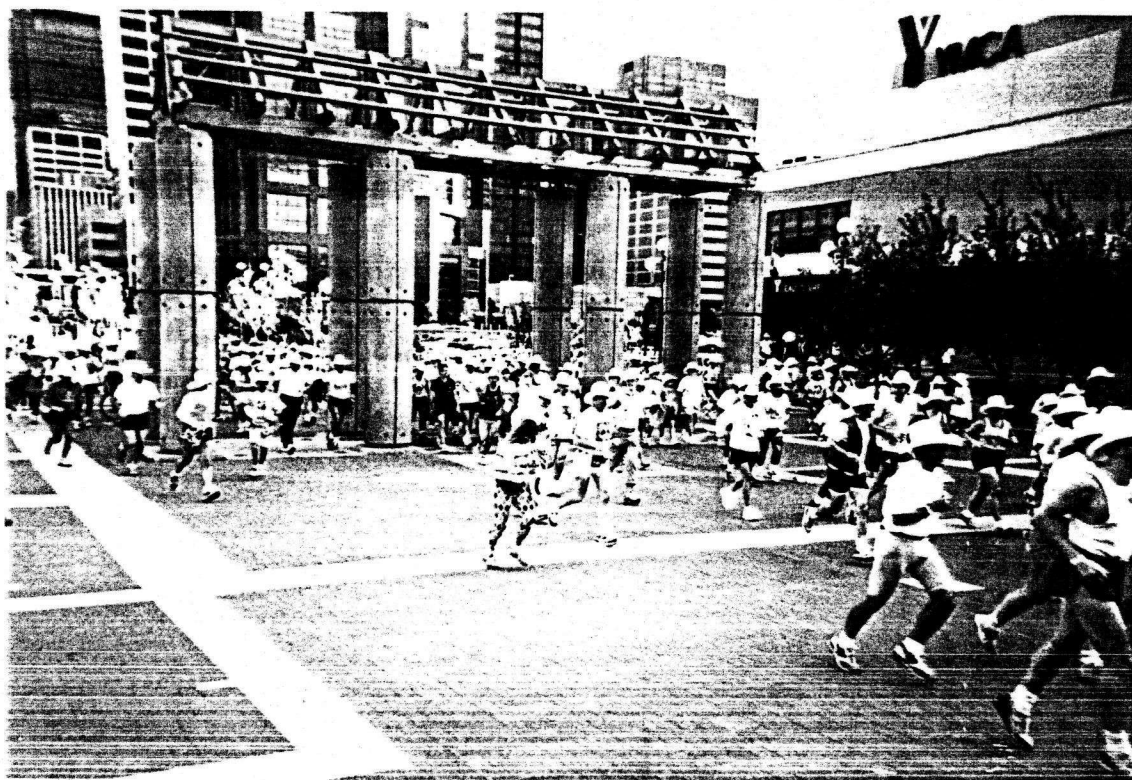
Tonight we were running from a pub in Strawberry Hill, and while the faster runners found the trail, bellowing 'On, on', I joined the 'knitting circle', the stumblers at the back, shepherded by a girl called Community Chest.

An hour later, I was lost in an allotment with two men I knew only as Yogi and That Bastard From East Grinstead. 'Never mind, I always keep a tenner for a taxi,' confided Yogi.

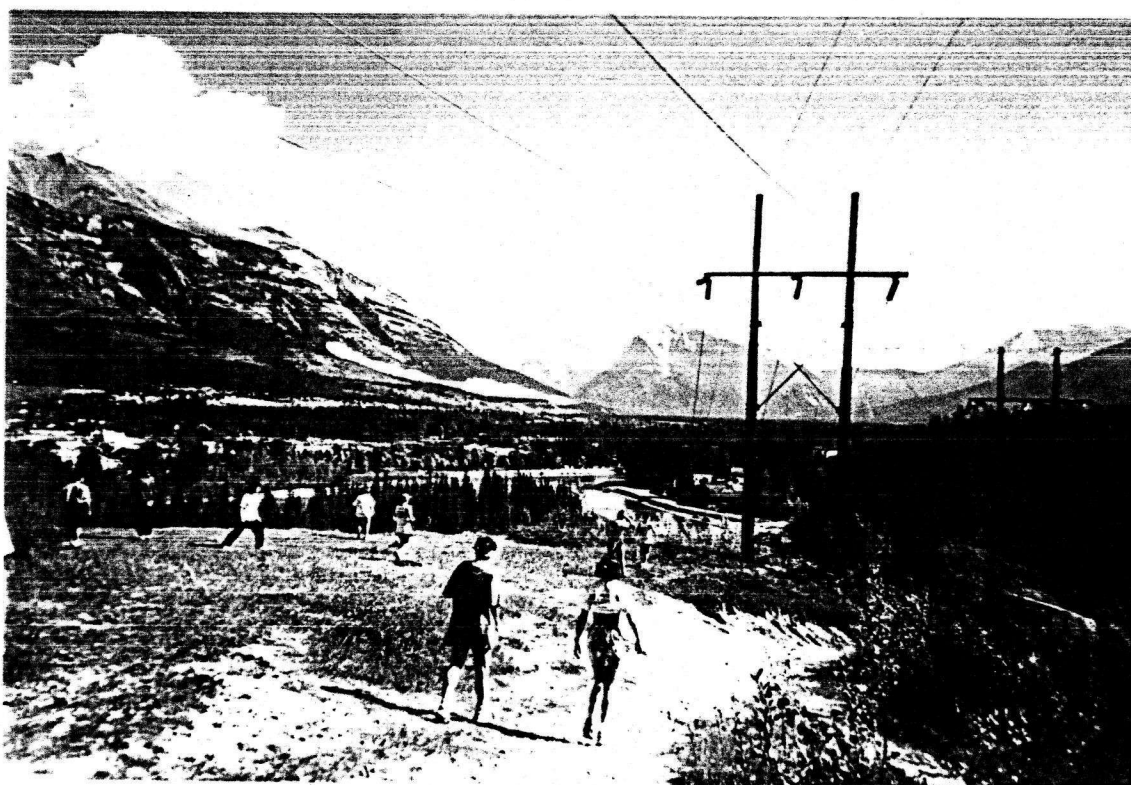
Back in the pub, a man in a dog collar handed out punishments for such crimes as being carried over the stream and breaking wind. The penalties were drinking raw eggs or beer from a bedpan. It was irredeemably hearty. I liked it, but then I'll go anywhere for a free Mars bar. Jane Fumival
Hash House Harriers: 081-995 7879.

ILLUSTRATION BY ELIUS NADER





Following on from Waukesha's Cheesehead run in '91, Calgary H3 issued cowboy hats for Americas Interhash in '93. Expect Orlando H3, Florida to issue bulletproof helmets in '95.



The Sunday run at Chingford in Essex, sorry, Banff in the Rockies.



"I'M FROM TITSBURGH"

This pic of Menstrual, Prince, Vibrator and friend has just been released by Waukesha H3 after Prince's 2-year injunction lapsed.

You can hear the titters already. We will soon be able to drink to safe sex with a glass of brandy called Condom.

Condom is a small town in south-west France known for its Armagnac brandy and ribald giggles from passing British tourists. Now it is cashing in on the two by producing a special vintage to celebrate the 60th birthday of Durex contraceptives.

The special tippie — called Bishop of Condom — will be flown into Britain by balloon in September and offered to leading wholesale buyers of Durex.

"For years, hundreds of British tourists have come to take photos of themselves and have a laugh in front of road signs with the name of our town on it," distiller Maurice Papelorey says. "Durex went a bit further and ordered this vintage blend."

Rambo calls in for a perm

NEWS reaches me of an unfortunate mistake by Telecom Australia in its latest telephone directory for Brisbane.

No fewer than 20 famous people, real and imaginary, have been erroneously included in the book. S. Stallone, C. Kent and J. Bond are all listed as living in the city's Nundah suburb, on Rambo Street, Krypton Street and Agent Boulevard respectively.

Apparently, staff being trained on the computer made up names and addresses for practice. "Because of an oversight they were not deleted from the computer before printing," admits a spokesman sheepishly.

Callers to Superman's alter ego may be disappointed to reach instead a vacuum cleaner distributor, while those hoping to speak to Sly Stallone will find themselves through to a ladies' hairdresser.



The Chippendales ... were not in Madrid

VEN YOU LEAVE YOUR ROOMS PLEASE UNDRESS YOUR BED NAKED.....

=====

GERMAN NASH HASH - BUEADINGEN NEAR FRANKFURT - 23/25 JULY 1993

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BY NOOKIE & ANYBODYS - LONDON H3

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The journey to Frankfurt didn't start too well when we found ourselves on the InterCity Express and forced to pay a large excess for the privilege of sitting on the floor squashed into the corner of the corridor with a family of Turks who tried to make conversation with us, asking if we were refugees from Yugoslavia.

Our prearranged meeting at 4pm didn't happen due to some misunderstanding which gave Wolfgang (Pink Panther) Merkel a sense of deja vue having once before been kept waiting at the station by me en route to Moscow in 1990.

We caught the train on to Buedingen and arrived at the site at about 6.30pm after spending a couple of hours walking around the red light area of Frankfurt (which seemed to be most of it).

Registration provided us with a ridiculous plastic gadget for sticking on the telephone (I think), a black bum bag with a green FH3 design, FH3 song book (copied from LH3) and a condom. (Not sure what we were supposed to do with that).

The hostel was excellent. Most rooms had three sets of bunk beds and plenty of cupboard and wardrobe space. Beds were comfortable - or at least made more comfortable after we were given bed linen which somebody said they'd forgotten to order. While we were in our room, Cathy & I tried to negotiate a bunk by the window so we could have a midnight feast later on. Two of our room-mates were from Hannover, one from Sweden and another just snored.

Everytime we were in the dormitory we would hear a cat mi-ouwing outside and would rush to the window to find the kitty. We didn't find the cat until Sunday morning when we were packing up. The cat started mi-ouwing and the German guy who we thought didn't speak any English (as he'd previously ignored us when we were trying to make conversation), told us the cat noises were made by him. The solving of the mystery was a great relief to the ardent cat lovers amongst us, but caused great anxiety over the content of our conversations late at night discussing all and sundry in front of people who we thought couldn't understand us!

Saturday evening was spent in the bar and outside on the patio drinking beer, coke or mineral water and having lots of kisses and cuddles from people we hadn't seen for ages. We were given liberal helpings of bread, cheese, salad, toasted open sandwiches, tea and coffee for supper during which time we got to know a few boisterous Americans who seemed intent on discovering EXACTLY how we managed to get our hash names and if we lived up to them..... You'll have to wait for the gossip to emerge on that!

The Friday night torch-lit run started at 11pm and took us through the forest. The terrain was dense woodland with very steep hills which meant that running was virtually impossible. (Quite normal for most of

us). Approximately 60 hashers did the run which lasted over an hour and was quite well marked, the hares managed to keep most the pack together so none of us back runners got lost. We arrived back at base and naturally went straight back to the bar.

It was at this point that we realised there was no wine. It transpires that nobody in Germany drinks wine - \$@&?*+@/*?+*/*@ !!! However, two bottles were hurriedly found by Axl and the two London harriettes were soon smiling again.

Down downs seemed to go on for hours. It didn't seem to matter whether you'd sinned, run in new or old shoes, short or long cutted, been a visitor, virgin or local, male, female or otherwise, everyone seemed to be in for a down down. Cleverly, Cathy & I sneaked out after about an hour, fearing the two lone London Harriettes were likely to get drenched in beer, as neither of us ever drink the stuff. It transpires that we were supposed to have had one and we were threatened with a double upside-down down-down on Saturday. Huh! That's what they think!!

Saturday morning 8.30 found us all tucking into copious amounts of breads, cheese, scrambled eggs, cornflakes, mueseli, yoghurts, fruit, juices, tea or coffee. It was good preparation for what was to follow.

10.30 a.m. signalled the 'all out' for a tour of the ancient fortified town of Buedingen. Some clever thinking hashers took their cars down the mountain, others like our group who were a mixture of Hague, London and various German hashes decided (wrongly) to walk. The choice at the time was not a problem, it was a very pleasant stroll for about forty minutes. Once we reached the town we found several hashers milling around looking for the meeting place of the Marktplatz. When we found it we also found a rather worried tour guide who expected us, not at 11 but at 10. We tried to explain that hash time was on a different dimension to real time but strangely enough she didn't understand. The tour was a lot of fun, the guide couldn't speak a word of English and most of us couldn't speak that much German. However, Hans from the Hague eventually volunteered to be chief in charge of translation and did a fine job. He got rather carried away with the overacting of the chaining and torturing of witches in the underground dungeon. He felt that one of us ought to act the part and he would try to 'torture' the poor helpless woman chained up against the wall! He thought they'd probably have liked what he was going to do to them! For the few of us who could speak a bit of the language, we knew that Hans' translation bore virtually no resemblance to what was actually being said, but this didn't matter as the whole morning was a great success. The tour which lasted just over an hour and a half was concluded in true hash tradition by a rendition of "Why was she born so beautiful..." and the guide was duly invited for a glass of beer back at the hostel. (Needless to say she didn't turn up - sensible woman!)

We started our trek back up to the hostel suitably equipped with double sized ice creams of various flavours, looking forward to this afternoons run which should start at 2.30pm. The hike home took a long long time, as we were fast becoming aware of how very very steep and high this mountain was. We had a rest stop after about ten minutes and then several more before we got back at 2pm and got changed for the run.

Four buses arrived to take us to Ronneburg for the start of the A to B run. We soon realised that this was going to be a long one when the coach journey was into its twentieth or so minute. Ronneburg was the site of another medieval castle, yet more tourists and a strange piece of ancient catapult weaponry. The guide (yes another one) proceeded to explain that this medieval forerunner to the V2 Rocket Launcher (and marginally more successful), was used to catapult dead cattle over the walls of fortresses in order that they would go mouldy and breed disease, (probably this is where the word doodleBUGS came from). Some of the more egotistic (American) hashers decided to climb this 50 ft high structure. We sang a few hash songs and a few of the stand-up comics amongst us did a turn each, to the amusement of the Ronneburg tourist community. I'm sure they thought we were typical English lager louts on an Awayday.

The run now was not going to start until 3pm for some undisclosed reason. This was one of the two cock ups we had through the weekend. It meant that we could get a well earned rest in and do a spot of sunbathing. The temperature was now getting quite high and the impending run didn't seem too good an idea.

What does one say about this hash run? Long. Hard. Hilly. Flat. Long. Long. Beer and Apple wine stop. Long. Hard. Hilly. Long. Well, there wasn't much to say that probably has not been said before. Some parts of the mountain were so steep that us girls did a lot of hand (I think it was hand) holding on the pretext of not being able to get up the hills. The terrain was very mixed, at some points we were walking (yes walking) through miles of fields waist high with crops, we crossed only one or two roads on our way back after the beer stop. We could have joined the bus at the beer stop and gone straight back, but it seemed a shame to come all this way just for half a run. Anyway most of us regretted the decision not to chicken out. Personally, when I got back after about 4 hours I was quite prepared to die there and then.

Down downs followed at about 7pm, by which time they judged that everyone would have arrived back. Cathy and I, remembering the threats of the previous evening successfully stayed very well hidden and managed to avoid a down down. Later on Wolfgang said he was disappointed that we were not there, and didn't believe us when we said we were there, ably chatting up two of the better looking guys that we'd eyed up during the weekend.

After showers and more beer, a mini banquet followed. Mini it certainly was by the time Cathy and I got there, most of it had already been woofed down, leaving the dregs of salad, jacket spuds, pasta or rice salads, rolls, etc. etc. The barbeque was well stocked, but not very well for the vegetarians amongst us. Although vegetarian food was promised, it wasn't noticable, but no complaints because there was loads of other things to eat. One veggie cock up was towards the end of the evening while chilli was being served outside, I was told that one small tin of vegetarian soup had been rustled up and was for me only. Well, I WAS impressed. (Sort of). The tomato soup was great - except for the tiny lumps of meat in it! Least said the better, I think!

The party that night was a resounding success. The music supplied by a local DJ was excellent, a mixture of rock, 60's, blues, and up to date dance music. (Cathy wants a copy of a record that she's not heard

before in England - the lyrics being something like "I know just what I want, and I'm going to get it". (Yes Cathy, we saw!) Towards the end, most people had moved to the camp fire and were either tucked warmly up in their sleeping bags, or huddling up with their nearest and/or dearest singing the latest in the HHH Top Ten. I previously mentioned that there were only two cock ups all weekend. The second was that after the two bottles of wine found during Friday night, that was all the wine there was.

Now, I was under the impression that Germany made some of the very best wine - so where was it? Axl - Beer master extraordinaire said "we don't drink wine in Germany so neither will you". Pardon? Apparently from what I heard, Axl is one of FFH3's main wine connoisseurs. Well, perhaps he knows a lot about it but doesn't drink. Anyway, superman came to the rescue and from out of the blue produced two bottles of the hashes finest, one of which he hid behind the bar for the exclusive use of Cathy and I. Kissy kissy superman whose name will remain a close guarded secret.

Sunday morning started extremely wet. A heavy storm had raged from the early hours to about 7.30a.m. Breakfast was at 8.30 am and surprisingly enough, there was a very large attendance. Food was the same as Saturday. We all had to clear out of our rooms by 10am. All linen had to be regimentally chucked outside the doors of the dormitories. Pink Panther made the announcement which forms the title to this narrative "Ven you leave your rooms you vill undress your beds". Obviously, English is not one of his strong points.

The run was very short and sweet. Naturally the first half was down hill and the second, up hill. We went into Buedingen and basically followed the trail of the previous days tourist guide. We stopped half way round for some songs including 'We're hunting lions' and plenty of bucks fizz to ease the hangovers. We arrived back at about midday, and had farewell down downs and any food that could be found. Gradually, people began to pack up and leave for their various global destinations. Lots of promises were made of "see you in in 199.....". Lets hope so!

ON ON to Bonn in 1994.

This was going to be a review of the Londinium Millenium but as you were probably there it hardly seems necessary.



At one of this year's surfeit of Hash weddings Cover Girl and Stripper have a laugh at Ratshit's tie while he tries to remember whether he switched off the iron.

This space is dedicated to those of you who failed to take any of the 200-plus opportunities to provide a London or West London run write-up for On Paper over the last two years.

Clock Change Run Warsaw Hash House Harriers 25th September 1993

I'd missed last week's run, and bumped into a hasher in a supermarket who informed me that the next run would be at midnight on Saturday 25th September from the American Embassy, followed by a barbecue. Knowing what clowns hashers are I thought I'd confirm these details with someone on the committee. It turned out that there was in fact a run, and that all food and booze was to be provided.

Saturday evening came along, and I was further encouraged to actually turn up as it had been a glorious summer's day, and I met some hashers in the Marriott O'Hare bar at 17.30, who were just making a start to an evening of hashing - beers and burgers here followed by American Football on TV at the US Embassy's Eagle Bar, then fall out to greet everyone who turns up for the run. Everyone agreed that the hardest thing was going to be staying sober before the run at midnight.

The significance of a run on this date at this time was that the clocks go back an hour at midnight, so in effect you get back at the same time as you started (or if it's a good trail, 30 minutes before you start). This run takes place twice a year at midnight when the clock changes, though the March one is supposed to always be freezing.

I turned up at the embassy at 23.30, and after calling up the marines, was let into the Eagle bar, where I found several hashers who'd been in there limbering up for the run (drinking!!).

It turned out that Jim (a guy who had been on the Khartoum Hash at the time I'd started) was the hare and the run started in some woods 19km outside Warsaw (the furthest out of all the runs I'd been on so far). Anyway by 23.50 there were about 35 hashers (normal pack is 30-50 runners) milling about at the lobby waiting to go out to the run (most Warsaw hash runs start with everyone meeting at the US embassy, sharing cars out to the run, and returning to the British Embassy's Pink Elephant bar after Down Downs and the Hash circle for an On On On which sometimes

includes a bar meal. The hash is on Mondays at 18.00 in summer and Sundays at 14.30 in winter).

We all set off for the run site after sending a car off for extra beer because of the numbers. We got to the run site, a clearing in a forest, lugged some wood to start a bonfire and started the run just before 1.00 am. Only a few had remembered to bring a torch and it was pitch black under the tree cover. We hadn't been running long when the front of the pack collided with a load of school children out wandering in the woods after 1.00 in the morning!!!!. We kept coming across school kids on and off for the rest of the run which lasted about 45 minutes.

The trail came out at the edge of a lake, the first time on the run we were actually able to see where we were going. The remainder of the run ended up being around the edges of two or three lakes, over fenced off bridges, and back through the woods, over a children's assault course, and back to the bonfire which was now raging.

There followed Down Downs for New Boots, anyone who had missed the last two runs, any first time runners (there were 6 of these). Down downs at the Warsaw hash are either Tuborg lager or shots of Vodka. Leavers usually have to drink these while being held upside down, so people are reluctant to say when their stay here is over. We carried on here drinking Ziwiac beer and eating Hot Dogs and Hamburgers until 4.00 am. I got back to my flat just before 5.00 am. All in all a good hash.

The hash itself is the usual US Embassy and German Embassy guards, various embassy staff, people advising the Polish government how to really cock things up (this place has the best public transport system I've seen, but I'm sure we'll sort that out in no time), "interns" (American MBAs who get sent out here to work for various ministries involved in privatisation etc.), and the usual boring accountants.

Ratshit

Talking of Ratshit, I am reminded of a story I unearthed whilst digging for anecdotes to use in the Millenium magazine. After a run, he sidled up to Thunderhighs, Le Voisin and Mic-Mac and announced "I just found out about about a great tax dodge!" and began to elaborate on his scheme despite efforts by Thunderhighs metaphorically to kick his shins under the table. After a few minutes Le Voisin cut in "Before you go any further I think you ought to know something. I work for the Inland Revenue." "Oh" faltered Ratshit "but ... this is a VAT dodge." "Well in that case" chipped in Mic-Mac "You ought to know that I work for Customs and Excise!". Our hero retired mumbling that he would never swindle the taxman himself.

If you have a good tax dodge why not let us all know - publish it in the Hash Trash.

Greetings from the rainforest!
 Now working on a hydro-
 project in northern Malaysia.
 Very isolated here - the first
 job I've been on where you
 have to walk around the elephant turds in
 the morning! Hash has emerged here - the
 Pergau H3 are on run no 6, every
 mosquito and leech-infested run having
 been sponsored by eager sub-contractors
 at not less than £1000/run! When the
 urge to party hits, Thailand is under
 an hour away. Managed trips to Bangkok
 and K.L. since I've been here, although
 I have yet to perfect your technique of
 getting business trips and milestone hash
 events to coincide! Best wishes to WLH3
 and LH3 heathens. On on Sieazy.

AIR MAIL PAR AVION

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 17500 Tanah Merah
 Kelantan
 Malaysia.



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 UNITED KINGDOM

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013 - Idyllic Island of Pulau Tulai, Tioman

P.S. Word from Brunei is that Clone will be with you for the 1000 - be warned.

SUBJECT: NORTH THAMES RUN - SYDNEY 5th AUGUST 1993

Dear Andrew, G'day. As a preambule to the City - Surf funrun in Sydney (attracts 30,000) the Fleet H3 of Sydney are doing a run/event on Saturday 7th August. As a preambule to the Fleet run the North Thames H3 exiles (IBM, Spunky, Barterbitch) are setting a North Thames run at 7pm on Thursday 5th August commencing from the Lord Nelson Hotel, The Rocks, Sydney. Eight people are already registered to date, and bashers from Fleet/Botany/Larrikins/Sydney Harriettes have been invited too. The event is to headwet Tricky/Rhona offspring, as yet currently unnamed (to us anyway). Please can you confirm:

- What North Thames run number this is as we need to put it on the T-shirts
- That the 'Ring of Fire' curryhouse is an acceptable on-on-on venue
- That Sydney is, indeed, North of the Thames (whatever way one ventures)
- An approximate guesstimate of numbers expected from the various London hashes. Accommodation can be arranged if necessary
- Er...
- ...that's it really....

Hope to see you there, further details from Barterbitch FAX on 02-7198020 if necessary. Otherwise see you at the London "sponsored by Britvic" 1000th.
 On and indeed On/IBM

There is no truth in the rumour that

Peacemaker quits:

after setting Run 998 in a thunderstorm!

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THE FIRST RUNNER

The President of
the world's most powerful country
is just a midpacker at heart

DOWN TO
TURKEY

42

CLINTON'S VITAL STATS

Born: August 19, 1946
Height/weight: 6' 3", 205 pounds
Residence: The White House,
Washington, D.C.
College: Georgetown University '68
Postgraduate: Oxford University
(Rhodes Scholar)
Yale Law School '73
Titles held: 1991, Bill
1992, Slick Willie
1993, Mr. President
Favorite junk food: glazed doughnuts
Favorite vegetable: broccoli
Favorite beverage: coffee, black
(NOT A HASHER!)

NOWHERE TO RUN, ACT I

In Little Rock, Clinton was known as a solitary runner. But his running changed dramatically after he won the Democratic presidential nomination last July. As it did one Sunday last August for some other Little Rock runners.

On that particular afternoon, the local Hash House Harriers were cavorting through the ravines off scenic Kavanaugh Boulevard. Kavanaugh is a favorite running road in Little Rock, and, unbeknownst to the Hashers, Clinton was out for a run on Kavanaugh with Hillary and daughter Chelsea keeping pace on mountain bikes.

By chance, the always raucous Hashers happened to charge onto Kavanaugh just as Clinton and family (and a Secret Service detachment) were passing by. The Secret Service agents went crazy. They closed ranks around the Clintons, drew their weapons and signaled the waiting battlewagons to join the fray.

"I thought we'd had it," recalls one of the Hashers. Fortunately, the situation diffused when one of the Secret Service agents, who happened to be a reformed Hasher, recognized this rowdy horde for what it was—nothing more than a group of loud and fun-loving runners.

Alcohol is a better laxative than bran

A COUPLE of glasses of wine or a pint of beer may be a more effective cure for constipation than a bowl of bran, and is probably safer than a dose of laxatives, doctors said yesterday, writes Liz Hunt.

Alcohol speeds up the passage of food from the mouth through the gut in both men and women but the effect is greater in men, according to a study of more than 1,500 adults. The "transit" time — the time it takes for food to pass from the mouth through the gut to the anus — was reduced from 52 hours to 49 hours in men who drank more than four units of alcohol a day. One unit is equivalent to a small glass of wine, half a pint of beer or a measure of spirits. However, in those drinking less than two units per day, the transit time increased to 54 hours.

Dr Christopher Probert, a lecturer in medicine at the Gloucestershire Royal Hospital, will present the findings to the annual meeting of the British Society of Gastroenterology at Warwick University today.

He said that the transit time was much longer than people expected, and there were significant differences between the sexes.

An average transit time for a man is 52 hours and 60 hours for a woman. Sex hormones are thought to be responsible for the difference. Women on the Pill had slower transit times [70 hours] than women who did not take it [63 hours]. The hormonal effect would also explain why women tend to be more constipated just before a period, and during pregnancy when hormone levels are raised.

Jogger falls foul of sow's instinct

Edward Pilkington

IT WAS every jogger's nightmare. A man was running peacefully through the New Forest yesterday when he was brutally attacked by a 6ft pig.

The man, whose name has not been revealed — perhaps to protect his wounded pride — was contemplating the vagaries of fate last night after he suffered a broken rib, bites over his body and a deep gash in his flank when he stumbled on a sow protecting her piglets. He was treated at Lymington hospital, Hampshire.

The pig pounced again when the man sent a friend to retrieve his fallen glasses from the scene of the crime at Brockenhurst. The second victim escaped unscathed but shaken.

Police last night were bemoaning their impotence to deal with such a savage serial attacker. Under an obscure royal charter, animals owned by commoners of the New Forest can roam the

area and are effectively beyond the long arm of the law.

"I cannot arrest the pig. Under the ancient charter it has the right to be there. It's a case of humans beware!" said Sergeant Robert Hodge of Lymington police.

John Booth, the local agister — responsible for looking after the roaming animals — pleaded for clemency for the pig and warned joggers to be careful as it was the season of pannage, when many sows and their young are let out in the forest to collect acorns. "It was an unfortunate incident, and regrettably the pig has got the blame when all it was doing was following its natural maternal instincts."

The police have come across such natural maternal instincts in the past. Sgt Hodge said officers in a patrol car were recently taking their lunch break by the side of a New Forest road when a roaming porker caught a whiff of their sandwiches.

"She reared up onto the bonnet, causing considerable damage and generating a lot of paper work," he said.

Chicken sexers revive a lost art

By Lisa Wood, Labour Staff

THE EUROPEAN Social Fund is giving grants to train long-term unemployed men and women in a lost art — sorting out the males from the females among day-old chicks.

The skills are in such demand that 30 trainees, at present on eight-month part-time courses, have been offered starting salaries of £15,000 a year if they successfully complete the training. An experienced sexer can earn up to £40,000.

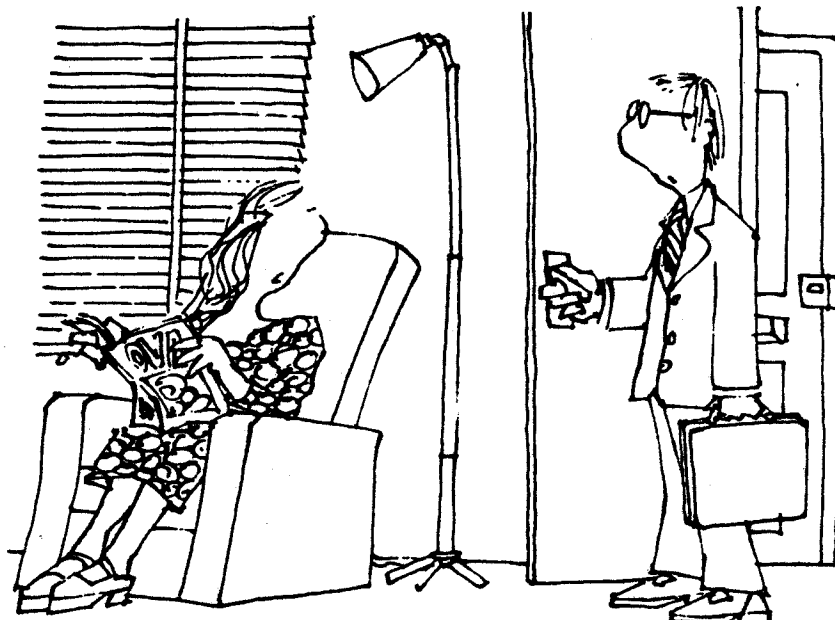
Qualities required for the job include concentration and the manual dexterity to part the feathers of up to 1,200 chickens an hour. "It is very tiring," said Mr Tom McGuckin, project manager. "Many workers can only manage a three-and-a-half day week."

In the clouds

A FLIGHT to Spain on Iberia brought fresh evidence of the feebleness of in-flight magazines. Iberia's effort, *Ronda*, is a good example of this dire genre.

That's nothing. When you are in New Zealand for Interhash ask the friendly farm hands to show you how they sex the sheep.

Tricky and Rona



"No flowers. That means you want me to think you haven't got a guilty conscience."

Train drunk loo-ses knob

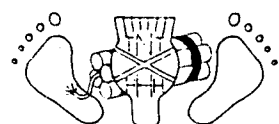
UNLUCKY Dieter Neuberger stuck his willy out of a train window to take a pee ... and got it lopped off!

Well-hung Dieter, 27, was busting for a slash as he travelled home to Hamburg after a booze-up.

So he whipped out his tackle just as a high-speed train was passing in the opposite direction.

A railway worker who searched in vain for Dieter's lost knob said: "We couldn't find this poor man's organ anywhere."

"It's probably miles away by now."



500TH REGISTRATION

NOVEMBER 5TH-7TH 1993

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ADDRESS.....

HASH.....

ACCOMMODATION (INCL. IN COST) YES/NO VEGGIE YES/NO



ELGIN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
GM: Mike Reid 920 105
JM: George Murray 820 47
ON SEC: Dave Dougal 54219
HASH CASH: Jeff Burd
HASH TRIVIA: Lorna Laddell 58952
R.L.: Trevor Howse 58839
SOC SEC: Jan Howse 58839
LYNNE LEMMON: 540 643, FIONA MACKENZIE 543106, RON MCKAY 545120
CULTURAL AMBASSADOR: Terry W. at 541916

ELGIN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 500TH RUN WEEKEND 18TH/19TH DECEMBER 1993

Well, it's just pure chance it happens the week before Christmas but we have arranged a hash to remember. 2 runs, a feast and good live music with free beer and wine on Saturday night. Head west on Sunday to Dallas. All for only £10. Visitors will be put up by members as far as possible depending on numbers.

ITINERARY

Saturday 18th December 1993

- 2:00 pm Onwards - Meet, register and start drinking at the Sunninghill Hotel, Hay Street, Elgin.
- 4:30 pm Torchlight Run by Marbles at Spynie Cemetery, Elgin. Glutvne at the Palace by torchlight.
- 7:00 pm Food is served at 2 Bridge Street, Elgin, and boozing continues
- 9:00 pm Des Jefferson Band starts up.
- 11:20 pm Band finishes but boozing continues into the small hours.
- Theme: Celtic (Pronounced Keltic - not Terry's favourite football team)

Sunday 19th December 1993

- 12:00 Noon Run starts at Dallas Hotel.
- 13:30 Lunch at the Dallas Hotel (Pay & eat what you want). Buy your booze at the bar. The bar is open all afternoon.

Let us know if you are coming

Dave Dougal 0343 544219 or phone one of the other numbers above
137 Pluscarden Road
Elgin
Moray

B.U.M.s and F.U.K Full Moon Hashes Hallowe'en



joint run
(a bit early)

Sat Oct 30th at 7p.m.

at the

Red Lion
Chinnor
Oxon



Leave M.40 at junction 6.

B.B.Q, Music,

Crash space available (very friendly). Please book.

Contact RASHER (mine host)

0844 351494
0865 881117



Istanbul Hash House Harriers Run 500 1/2/3 April 1994
Come to Istanbul this Easter and join in the celebrations for our 500th Run.

Outline Programme

- Fri 1 April - afternoon Arrive Istanbul and register; pick up goody bag, maps, and beer tokens!
- evening Join IH3 members in their favourite bars to consume copious quantities of EFES lager.
- Sat 2 April - morning Time for sightseeing (and hangover) in the morning. Visit the Topkapı Palace, the Grand Bazaar, and Aya Sophia. Or just sleep in.
- lunchtime Board bus for transport to site of Run 499, along the shlggy covered coast of the Black Sea, followed by IH3's now notorious extended circle.
- early eve Return to hotel to prepare self mentally and physically for the evening party.
- 'til late Party Party Party! Includes delicious Turkish food (doner kebabs like you never tasted before), live band, belly dancer (oo-er) and, of course, gallons of Efes.
- Sun 3 April - morning Take hangover cure (courtesy of Sandoz). Sleep. Breakfast (bleurch).
- lunch Bus to site of Run 500, a transcontinental extravaganza. The RA may walk on water (weather permitting), we'll provide you with a drier route from Europe to Asia. Followed by further Hash circle entertainment.
- evening A little time to yourselves. Suggestions - trip to a Turkish bath, more EFES.
- Mon 4 April - all day Take hangover home to Mum.

For more information please contact:
GM Bill "Flux" McDougall ph/fax +90 212 270 3860 (h)
On Sec Andrew "Ethel the Aardvark" Osborn ph/fax +90 212 257 6366 (h)

Istanbul H3 the Intercontinental Hash.

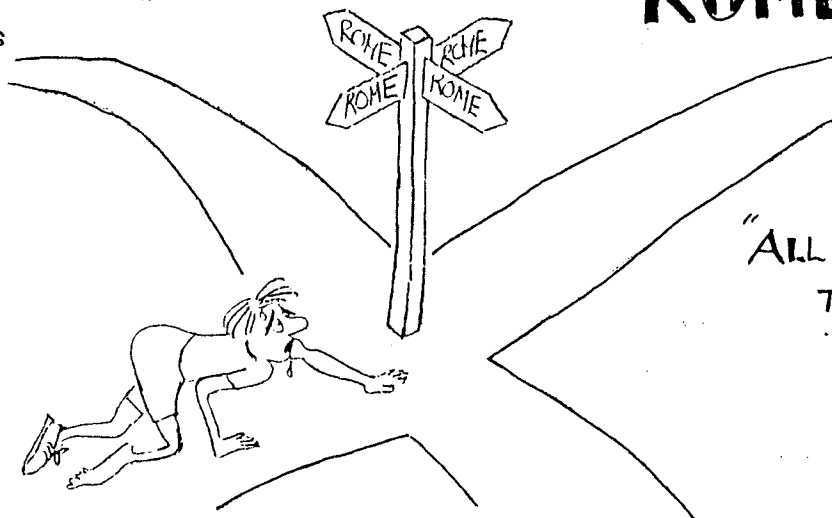


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FOUNDED 1986

ROME 300TH

WEEKEND OF
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AND 1ST MAY
1994



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REGISTRATION

\$0 in Calgary
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\$210 up to April 30, 1995
\$240 up to July 15, 1995

USA & Overseas: United States Currency made payable to Americas Interhash '95.

Registrations will be closed as of July 15, 1995. No exceptions. Any registrations received after July 15 will be returned. Registrations will not be accepted the day of the event. Payment required in full.

REGISTRATION FORM

Complete and return the registration form as quickly as possible before July 15 to ensure a spot is held for you. Please complete the form in its entirety. We know you still have lots of plans to make, but do the best you can. The form will be returned to you if any information is missing. People who do not specify their T-shirt and tank top size will not be guaranteed to get a size that fits. Enclose your payment and return to Giles Paget-Wilkes, P.O. Box 520743, Longwood, FL 32752, U.S.A.

REFUNDS

an amount of 75% of all fees paid for cancellations made before June 1, 1995.
an amount of 50% of all fees paid for cancellations made before July 15, 1995.
Requests must be in writing prior to the above dates.

OTHER INFORMATION

For those of you wishing to extend your stay in Central Florida, tourist information will be sent out with the confirmation packages.

Our comments and questions are welcome. Forward your enquiries to Patchwork Quilt (Giles Paget-Wilkes)

When you find yourself in our neck of the woods, give us a call on our Hash Hotline (407) 679-0649. Visiting hashers are always welcome.

PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

Giles Paget-Wilkes
P.O. Box 520743, Longwood, FL 32752 U.S.A.

NAME

HASH NAME

HASH AFFILIATION

STREET ADDRESS

CITY, STATE AND ZIP

COUNTRY

PHONE NUMBER

HOME:

WORK:

T-SHIRT SIZE

	MEDIUM
	LARGE
	EXTRA LARGE

TANK TOP SIZE

	SMALL
	MEDIUM
	LARGE
	EXTRA LARGE

In consideration of your acceptance of this entry and my 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 Americas Interhash '95, 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, known and unknown, 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 others.

The undersigned voluntarily subscribes to the two standard Hash related injuries: (1) I CAN HURT MYSELF IF I WANT TO and (2) IF I GET HURT, IT'S MY OWN FAULT.

DATE

SIGNATURE



RECEDING HARELINES



UK Events

Oct 31 Coltishall H3 100th Run. Guardroom, RAF Coltishall, Norfolk. Graham Smith (H) 0603 737965

Nov 5-7 T.N.T. Edinburgh H3 500th. Contact Al Fresco (H) 031 668 2771

Nov 27th F.U.K. Full Moon H3 50th. Cozens Farm, Ongar. Smartarse (H) 0992 573002

Dec 8-10 Cairneyhill 250th. Peter Vamplew (H) 0383 860685

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

??? Bicester H3 1000th Run.

Coming to a Planet Near You

Nov 12-14 San Diego H3 800th. "Open Wide" 11132 Vivaracho Way, San Diego, CA92124

Nov 26-28 Curitiba H3, Brazil 1st Anniversary. Stefan Rohlaender (W) 01055 41 252-4244 (Cheap flights from Speedturd)

--1994--

Feb 11-13 Los Angeles 666th. (En route to Interhash?) Fungus Amungus (H) 0101 310-372-2449

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

Feb 28 Mt Maunganui H3 Post-Interhash Monday Run. Steve Hill, 1 Fairmont Terrace, Tauranga, NZ. Tel 7576 5112

Mar 1 Scentril Syphari Post-Interhash Run, Palmerston North.

Mar 1 New Plymouth H3. Post-Interhash Run in Egmont National Park

Mar 3 Marlborough H3. Post-IH Run. Lexey Prentice, 77 Inkerman St., Renwick, N.Z. (03) 5729131

Mar 4/5 Canterbury Post-Interhash Run

Mar 7 Dunedin H3 Post-Interhash Run. P.O.Box 5090, Dunedin, NZ.

Apr 1-3 Istanbul H3 500th. Bill McDougall (H) 01090 212-270-3860

Jul 1-3 German Nash Hash, Bonn H3.

London H3

Contact 'Thunderthighs' (Jane Ackroyd) (H) 081 881-4379

(all runs at 11am unless stated)

Oct 16 Notting Hill Gate

Oct 24 Cheam (BR from Victoria/Clapham Jn)

Oct 31 7pm at Hampstead Tube - fancy dress!

Nov 7 Chislehurst BR (from Charing X)

Nov 13 Wraysbury BR (from Waterloo/Clapham/Richmond)

Nov 21 Hayes BR (from Charing X)

Nov 27 Totteridge and Whetstone

Dec 5 Hampton Court BR (Waterloo/Clapham Jn)

Dec 11 Wimbledon

Dec 18 Falconwood BR (from Charing X)

Dec 26 Baker Street

Jan 1 5pm from Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square

West London H3

Call 'Pope' Paul Maidment (H) 081-567-8313

[From Tube/BR stations on Thursdays at 7pm unless stated]

Oct 21 Norbiton (BR from Waterloo & Clapham Jn)

Oct 28 North Sheen BR (as above)

Nov 4 Golders Green

Nov 11 Teddington (BR Waterloo/Clapham Jn again)

Nov 18 Covent Garden

Nov 25 Hounslow West (bring a torch)

Dec 2 Ruislip

City H3

(Hotline 081-749-2646)

[From Tube/BR stations on Tuesdays at 7pm unless stated]

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)