On Paper

The Organ of the London and West London Hashes

Mega-publicity issue - November 1994

How the hash treats visiting journalists...

(And quite rightly too)

Scribe's Scribblings

Welcome back

Although I wasn't actually at the AGM this year, I voted *in absentia* and all you lucky people have once again been duly elected subscribers of ***On Paper***, an organ provided for the pleasure and satisfaction of hashers and harriettes in London. Since this is the mega-publicity issue, when you've finished reading it, please send your copy to another hasher elsewhere in the world, or to your MP, or leave it in a public lavatory, your local massage parlour or any other source of intellectual readership.

Mega-Publicity?

So what's all this mega-publicity crap then, Little John? Well, London has finally found its place on the map, because:

Carlton Television have been stupid enough to think that the nation of couch potatoes might want to see your ugly flesh from the comfort of their armchairs and have therefore dispatched their ace reporter, a certain Paul Woss, to film the London Hash. A complete script of the proceedings has fallen into the hands of your editor, and appears in the mag...

TNT magazine (those who've been in London for a long while will recall that this stands for **T**he **N**ews and **T**ravel magazine) have decided that their readership of drunken aussies would also like to see your ugly bodies in glorious black and white on their pages. This was just too revolting to put into a civilised mag like ***On Paper***, as was **Boggers'** quote "It's one of the cheapest dating agencies out", but I left that in anyway...

News of the London hash has made it to Cyprus, whose ***Interhash 96*** blurb already mentions that some kind of preamble is going to take place in the London area. I just hope someone remembers to organise it. Incidentally, make sure you register before the end of the year if you want to get the best rate.

While you've all been lazing around in London, I've been working hard to promote ***On-Paper*** at the other end of the world. Oz is full of poms, presumably because they couldn't stand putting up with all the aussies in London. So hello to **Strewth***, **Spunky**, **Hot'n'Delicious**, **Megasorearse**, **Barterbitch***, **Bangers**, **IBM**, etc. (*Honorary poms) Ex-scribe **IBM** attempted to kill me in Melbourne, presumably because he wants his old editorial job back, but succeeded only in wrecking his Suzuki Vittara and upsetting the insurance man. Better luck next time Mart! Someone was kind enough to send **Barterbitch** a 1066 eye-patch, and she then had to go round the hash asking all the poms what it was for. Maybe she's not an honorary pom after all.

Looking forward a few more years, a voluteer or two are required to found the ***Millennium Hash***, whose inaugural run will be on 1 Jan 2000. Each committee will only need to organise one run, and attendance will be strictly restricted to virgins only. The only catch is that the elected committee's first-born will be expected to take hereditary posts so that their hash genes can eventually be passed on to the committee of the second run in the year 3000.

Party Time

The combined London and West London Christmas party is on 10 December, at the Windmill pub, in Mill Street, off Maddox Street, W1. The hash band will be playing, so bring your dancing shoes and your earplugs.

Oh no it isn't!

Oh yes it is! It's time for the biannual London Hash pantomime. This magnificent production will probably be staged some time in early February. Anyone who wants to look like a complete prat in front of their peers should see **Little John** or **Pope**.

Trash wanted

Don't forget to keep giving me crap for the mag. Thanks to **Hedgehog**, **Periodical**, **Wee Bev** and others who've contributed this month, and to **Bostik** for help with the copying.

Little John

Hash Diary

Thu 22 Sep - Piccadilly Circus.

My initial forebodings at discovering the venue was to be the usually jam-packed Glassblower were dispelled on discovering the upstairs room was reserved for us. The flour-arranging for this wedding run was by **Strange Trousers**, and it did not prove popular. My initial forebodings returned whilst running a pack-splittingly straight stretch of trail leading to aptly-named Russell Square where **Bird Table** failed to show up for the wedding ceremony with **Worm**. Having reassured **Worm** that it is not unusual for the bride to be late, the pack lost patience after 10 minutes, deciding that the beer couldn't wait any longer. (**Bird Table** claimed she was there on time but the groom, vicar, congregation, etc. were all late. Which sounds more plausible to you?)

However **Worm** failed to escape the all-pervading grasp of wedlock, and the ceremony was held during the down-downs, with **Worm**'s parents (yes they are married) in attendance to give him away more than willingly.

Mon 26 Sep - Studio 5, Sons of the Thames Rowing Club, Hammersmith.

As the start time was belatedly rescheduled to 6:30, at the request of the people from Carlton TV, I expected a meagre half-dozen to show up on time, and embarrass LH3 in front of millions of viewers. Clearly I had underestimated the bloated egos of our membership. Around 40 had assembled, make up and all, in time for the off, and even **Ryde** managed to remember her lines before the run.

The best-looking dozen (speaking for myself) were kept back for some 'spontaneous' on-the-run shots outside the Rutland (Rutland Weakened TV?), whilst the pack were to be seen busting a gut along the opposite towpath. Wasted effort as it transpired, because the whole cross-river section was one of **Wolfgang**'s made-for-TV falsies.

After the light had faded, a disturbingly large majority opted to complete the real trail. Are we turning into athletes, heaven forbid? Back at the 'Sons', the interviews were in full swing, the crowded bar overheating with spotlights and sweating hashers. The crowd milled around in a crazy waltz, the film crew at the centre. For every Hasher trying to hide a feeble body and ugly mug from the roving lens, there was another thrusting their proboscis into the shot and blabbering into the microphone. (Which category did **Pope** fall into? Answers on a postcard please...)

After filming a couple of D-D's, (Boggers' 15 seconds of fame), the crew left, and life returned to 'normal'.

Thu 29 Sep - Ealing Broadway

All too typical of the standard of trail that we are faced with these days (see Piccadilly Circus above), lengthy stretches without checks or zig-zags fragmenting the pack. **Eileen** took the credit for this one, setting it semi-live (or semi-comatose). Mercifully there was no sign of those TV people, and the pack were keen to see themselves on TV at the scheduled time of 10:40. Nothing doing, as an over-running soccer game dumped us unceremoniously into the prime-time quarter-to-midnight slot!

Sat 01 Oct - WLH3 Booze Crooze from Westminster Pier

Did you miss the boat? See page 17 for a detailed report on this enjoyable jaunt.

Mon 03 Oct - King's Cross

Double-booked (double-crossed?) by The Water Rats, 8pm after a compact run found us crammed into the even more compact Lucas Arms across the road for the Annual General Piss-Up. 'Lack of bar presence' took on a new meaning as one bar steward disappeared for 5 minutes after **Rambo** ordered our Boddies, only to tell us it was off, and to ask us what a lager top was, and his colleague vainly tried to cope with the pressing crowds whilst teaching his pal how to make a lager top.

We clambered upstairs for the AGM in what can only have been the broom cupboard. Amongst the new Mismanagement appointments were **Wee Bev** as RA, **Smashem** and **Ryde** as Co-GMs, **Nookie** as On-Sex, **Unacceptable** as Hash Cash, **Kaffir** as Hare Raiser in one of the few contested posts. 11% put their hands up for Kaffir, 9% put their hands up for Horse, while 80% threw their hands up in total despair. To a congratulatory round of applause, **Lofty** handed the Haberdashery to **Thunderthighs**, serving on the committee for a record 35th year. **Little John** beat off all competition for the role of scribe despite being in Singapore shopping for cheap spares for his washing machine. [Ask him how to mend a washing machine using a gas cooker.]

Once these minor preliminaries were out of the way, the real business commenced. Yep! You guessed. The food turned up, and for the first time on the Hash there was no headlong rush to get it. However this was no criticism of the food, it was just that nobody had room to move. The grub was passed overhead and silence descended for 10 minutes. And for those of you who were at the other end of the room, I can tell you some of us had some pretty tasty cheese nachos. Sorry, but that's life.

Thu 07 Oct - East Acton

All too typical of the standard of trail that we are faced with these days (see Ealing Broadway above). Actually it wasn't that bad, I just wanted to test the 'cut and paste' function in the word processor. Having said that, it is easier to find a hair on **IBM**'s head than a pub in East Acton, although **Eagermount** tried to cover up

this major shortcoming by hosting the beer-check at his house. (It was a pleasant surprise to find there were no hot dogs remaining from his summer B-B-Q.) Leading celeb in the pub was **Spunky**, over here from Oz for tax reasons.

Sun 10 Oct - Harrow-on-the-Hill-on-the-Hill-on-the-Hill

A beautiful day, the paucity of clouds in the sky matched only by the lack of level ground on the run. Three times up the hill we ran, only the last ascent did not terminate with F.T. The intellectual excellence of the old school clearly did not rub off on Alan. As we ran over the playing-fields of Harrow we were able to inform him they were not where the battle of Waterloo was won. The Wee hare (bless her) had apologised in advance for a 'crap trail', but if that was crap, lets have a dump truck full of it. She even took us past a deserted blue lagoon - well, a greeny-brown lagoon with weeds in it, but it has potential.

With singing banned indoors, but drinking prohibited outside, the Down-Downs had to be carefully choreographed, the circle gathered (beerless) on the pavement, and the miscreants standing in the doorway. **Smash'em** gave us a twirl in his new 1066 outfit on loan from the tourist office in Hastings. It certainly looked authentic, but what was it? My guess is it's a set of early Saxon biker's leathers, worn by Hal's Angels perhaps.

Sat 15 Oct - LH3 1066 Run

See the pre-battle speach elsewhere in ***On Paper***.

Thu 20 Oct - Northfields

As if there aren't enough pubs in Ealing, this **Worm** and **Birdtable** production took us around the various drinking houses of the area. Let's see - that's **Pope** & **McPiggy**'s house, **Ryde**'s house, **Monsieur Merde**'s maison, **Worm** and **Birdtable**'s house, and **Hairy Fairy**'s house. Then we staggered back to the all to familiar surroundings of The Plough for more.

Sun 23 Oct - Woodford

A fine day for once, and a large pack gathered, including a lot of the usual West London people who made good use of the extra hour by making the long trek to Epping Forest. **Windmill** set a good trail around the forest and the pub turned out to be a good one, despite the fact that we turned up uninvited after his original choice of pub said they didn't want us there on a Sunday afternoon. A few people made it to the Pride Of Spitalfields afterwards, but most had more sense for once.

Pubs to serve pints of chocolate mild

TOM WILKIE
Science Editor

FOR THAT smooth, sophisticated taste of dark chocolate why not pop into the pub for a pint?

To attract a new generation of beer drinkers and "to encourage people to view the whole subject of beer afresh", the Whitbread brewery yesterday launched a new beer one of whose main ingredients is chocolate.

"Fuggles Chocolate Mild" is the fourth in the company's series of New Classic Ales. The beer derives its name from the Worcestershire Fuggles variety of hops used in the brew.

A spokesman for the company said it was hoped that it would do the same for beer as the New World wines have done for the popularity of wine. Half a million pints of the mild beer will be brewed over the next six weeks, for distribution by hand-pump in pubs across England and Wales. It is not being distributed in Scotland.

The base for the brew is standard malted barley, torrefied (roasted) wheat and a small proportion of "chocolate malt" — barley which has been dried in a kiln to a dark roasted colour. To augment the roasted malt character of the beer, chocolate is added to every barrel before despatch from the Flowers Brewery in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

The new chocolate mild has a much higher alcohol content of 4.6 per cent compared with the 2.8 to 3.3 per cent of traditional milds.

Alcohol in moderation helps men live longer

... unfortunately for Hashers, alcohol in excess is as harmful as it ever was.

CATHY'S CUFFS

Soft and secure, these black nylon wrist & ankle restraints feature extra long tie-down straps and Velcro for comfort and security.

Reg. $34.95
Code V Now $29.95

ROBOCOCK

This massive vibrating phallus is 10" from top to bottom. It's one heavy-duty sex toy! (batteries not incl.)

Reg. $34.95
Code R Now $29.95

Thu 27 Oct - Wandsworth Common

Numbers were limited by the usual fear of going on British Rail on Thursday nights, but looks like **Boggers** is finally getting the idea and has started to set decent runs - **Nookie** claims this is because she has been training him by getting him to follow trails of chocolate biscuits around the house, though sadly he used only flour on this trail.

Sun 06 Nov - Kingston

A wonder anyone made it to this run at all, considering that most of you were at **Hooray** and **Pooh Hole**'s place the night before, where those that escaped the perils of letting **Rambo** play with fireworks certainly didn't escape the effects of too much alcohol. Voices were soft, energy in short supply, and **Hard-On**, who only got two hour's sleep before getting up again to set the run, looked so pale she'd make ***On Paper*** look like the Financial Times. But it was another beautiful day and an hour of running through Richmond Park cleared away the cobwebs ready for opening time. Still, it wasn't just the horrors who were on the orange juice at lunchtime. There must have been lots of visitors, but the only one I can remember is **Loopy Linda**, making a rare appearance between trips to Africa.

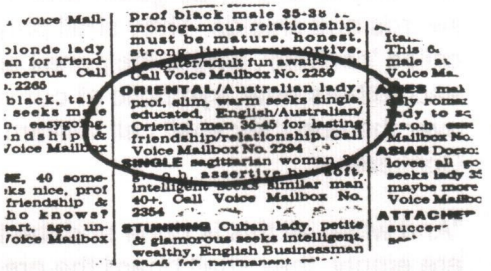
Thu 17 Nov - Parsons Green

Another efficient run from **Hedgehog**, who not only set an excellent trail but also had the presence of mind to forget that it was Beaujolais Nouveau day, thus sparing us the horrors of having to enjoy the wine the French wouldn't dream of drinking. The Jolly Brewers was all the more jolly for packing in 40 West London hashers, but it was a tight squeeze.

Sun 20 Nov - Southall

A modest crowd of about 20 people at 1055 doubled in size just as the run was about to set off, boosted by the many local West Londoners and a good number of visitors. Yet another run by Pope, who tried his best to make Southall interesting, but there's not much hope really, is there? We were received warmly into the Irish pub at the end of the run - a bit of a culture shock after plodding the curry stained streets for an hour. Down-downs were awarded to the five visiting Hanoverians, **Dippy** from Melbourne, and **Snow White** and **Snow White** for sharing the same name. Then **Robocop** led us off to a local curry house, no doubt desparate for some good English food on his return from Eritrea, most of his body weight having been eaten by the bed-bugs, during what he inadvisedly refered to as a 'holiday'. About twenty people tucked into a hearty Indian buffet before staggering home, bewildered that yet another weekend has gone.

Thanks to **Hedgehog** for helping out with Hash Diary while I've been away. If only I could get him to do it all the time.



prof black male 35-38 ... monogamous relationship, must be mature, honest, strong, ... sportive. ... Call Voice Mailbox No. 2256

ORIENTAL/Australian lady, prof, slim, warm seeks single, educated, English/Australian/Oriental man 36-45 for lasting friendship/relationship. Call Voice Mailbox No. 2294

SINGLE sagittarian woman ... intelligent seeks similar man 40+. Call Voice Mailbox No. 2354

STUNNING Cuban lady, petite & glamorous seeks intelligent, wealthy, English Businessman

Two questions...
a) Does this remind you of anyone?
b) Why was Spunky (who provided this cutting) reading the lonely hearts page anyway?

ACT INTERNATIONAL

Author: . at GATEWAY
Date: 03/10/94 11:28
Priority: Normal
TO: Andy Millard at BISBSLN1
Subject: Error Receipt of 3/10/94 7:30:52PM message
---------- Message Contents ----------

Re: Use of MM deal types at BDN Jakarta

To WIJAYAS.SGA at GATEWAY: SNA/DS Hop Count Exceeded

Hedgehog's employers' decision to fit a breath test device to his computer looks like paying off.

1066 And All That

"Friends, brave housecarls and Englishmen, listen to your king! Already you have fought well against our great enemy Hardrada, king of Norway, slaying him and so many of his army that they needeth only four and twenty of their ships with which to flee. I know you have marched for many days from Stamford Bridge, almost as far as to Hastings, and suffered many pains and hangovers. But your greatest work is still ahead of you, for the Norman army is gathered below us, and tomorrow we will do battle with them!

"The Norman army is powerful, but we will fight to the end, for victory, for England! It matters not, in the end, whether each of you should win or lose, live or die, so long as each and every one of you giveth of his best, and show the true spirit of great our great country.

"For this battle will never be forgotten. I tell you, a thousand years from now people shall remember your bravery. They shall come here from the very heart of England, to celebrate your battle. They shall be borne by a strange chariot that hast two decks, and is painted the colour of Norman blood, and they shall celebrate all the way with English ale.

"And they shall bring with them their noble weapons and armour, just as you wear now, though theirs shall be made of cardboard and painted sacking, and their wooden swords and axes of plastic (whatever that shall be) will suffice, for, thanks to your sacrifices, they shall have no need to kill.

"Some of their number will dress to mock the Norman wisdom of stormin' our beaches, and they shall bring with them an effigy of the Pope which shall depict Pope Alexander The Second as a fool with huge ears.

"They shall run around these very hills, across the fields where so many will fall, for that is what happens if you drink too much before the run. They will draw white arrows on the ground to mock the Norman archers. They shall seek out those dressed in the Norman style, and they shall throw flour bombs and eggs at them.

"They shall distort history with their reenactments of our courageous deeds, but that shall not worry them for they shall live in freer times. What matters it if they should chose to portray the evil Hardrada and Tostig as a woman who drinketh only gin and another woman so sorely depraved that she marryeth the strange man from a land as yet undiscovered who playeth William the Barstard?

"And having done their harrying of the Normans, they shall return to a hostelry where they shall celebrate their victory, and ours. They shall drinketh freely of the best ale, and they shall feast on roasted pork. Except that some of them shall desire to eat only of vegetables, and would prefer that I mentioneth not the pig, though I fear it is now too late. But I digress.

"And in their joy they shall dance and sing, and they shall play air guitar with their swords and shields. They shall play a game called 'conkers', where they shall smash each others nuts, symbolic of our victory over the one they shall call William the Conkerer.

"And when all this is done and the flagons are empty, they shall board the great red chariot and return to their homes. But they shall curse the charioteer, for he taketh them away from the place where they may be true Englishmen for a day, and also because he surely is a miserable bugger. But they shall all return to the heart of England knowing the part each of you shall play in their history.

"So, noble Englishmen, you are all fine soldiers and fine men, and your spirit will live on through the celebrations of these people who will come here many centuries from now. You must not let them down! Fight well, for the future of England depends on you!!

"Oh, and look out for the arrows, they can be quite dangerous sometimes.

TNT Makes A Hash Of It

It was a Saturday morning, the rain was pelting down, the wind was blowing a mighty gale and I was preparing to join 30 fanatics hurtling through the streets of London for an hour on foot.

I was indeed about to become a virgin Hash House Harrier.

Now I wasn't exactly in the exercise mood (indeed I was feeling decidedly unfit), but they told me it involved consuming large amounts of beer and they promised (apart from working up a sweat) that I would actually enjoy myself.

They were right on both counts.

For the uninitiated, like myself, the Hash is a social group for the not-so-seriously health-conscious.

"We're basically a drinking group with a running problem," London Hash leader Kathy Godfrey told me before we set off.

"We meet once a week and go for a jog and then head to the pub for some fun.

"The course usually takes about an hour to complete — any longer than that and the Harriers start complaining about missing out on their drinking time."

As I was soon to discover, you certainly don't want to be a competitive sports-minded person to join in.

In this game, the idea isn't to be first across the finish line. In fact anyone caught racing is serverely reprimanded and forced to rapidly consume pints of lager during the "down down" ritual which takes place at the end of the run.

And that's not the only crime punishable by the Hash hierarchy.

Penalities are dished out for just about any action, right or wrong. It all seems to depend on how vindictive those in the upper echelons of the Hash are feeling at the time.

Harriers take their sobriety into their own hands when committing such felonies as wearing colourful undies, not having a nickname or being a virgin runner (even innocent journos aren't immune to the horrors of "down downs").

Those brave enough to step out in a pair of new runners are even forced to down beer from their shoes.

It's quite a colourful ceremony; the Harriers forming a semicircle and belting out a rendition of the Hash anthem while the unsuspecting victim attempts to digest a skinful of alcohol.

But each club is different with it's own set of rules and codes. Some have compulsory beer, wine and cider stops midway through the event, while others keep the festivities until the end.

Regardless of the drinking though, the Harriers are definitely a colourful and lively bunch.

Our group attracted many stares, giggles and looks of disbelief as we weaved our way through the streets of Holborn Park and past the crowds at Camden Hill.

We weren't exactly hard to miss; the front runners keeping the rest of us informed as to where we were heading with a barrage of yahoos, yelps and whistles. It became sort of like a secret sect as the pack blindly followed the leaders.

So who came up with the idea of combining drinking with exercise?

A long-time Hash member, known in Hash circles as "The Worm", says it began about 50 years ago with a group of expats living in Kuala Lumper.

"I'm told they started jogging as a way to alleviate boredom and clear away the cobwebs after a heavy weekend of drinking," he explains.

"They decided to do a run as a hangover cure but then ended up back at a local restaurant known as the Hash House for a few celebratory drinks.

"As the group moved on to different parts of the world, so did the Hash House legend."

And spread it has. There are now more than a thousand Hash groups including 80 in the UK.

On this particular morning T-shirts and sweaters detailing previous overseas Hash runs from all sorts of far-flung places including Istanbul, Columbia and Scandinavia were proudly displayed by Harriers claiming to be truly committed to the Hash cause.

Some had even been to the biannual Hash bash called Interhash, held earlier this year in Rotorua, New Zealand.

"More than four thousand people turned up for three days of drinking and jogging — sort of like a legalised riot," says The Worm.

With so many people involved it's no wonder the Hash is used as a social club.

"If you're new to London it's a great way to meet people and you can also get to know your way around the city," says Kathy.

"We hold the runs in a different location every week and often get out into the country."

There are also plenty of social events and evening runs which are usually followed by a meal or a party.

Many Harriers say they've used the group to help them out when travelling.

The Worm says he always looks up the local Hash when arriving in a new place.

"I landed in Islamabad in Pakistan not knowing a soul, but after making a few calls and tracking down the Hash I had an instant group of friends as well as an offer of accommodation.

"I was told the city was dry and therefore no alcohol was available, but I ended up being drunk about 5 nights out of 7.

"It's sort of like rent-a-party."

Another born-again Hasher, nicknamed Boggers by his co-harriers (for his toilet brush-like hairstyle) says it's also a good way to find a partner.

"It's one of the cheapest dating agencies out", he says.

Boggers met his wife, Nooky, through Hash and says there have been several Hash marriages.

Even the Hash offspring don't miss out with the "Hash Horrors" established to encourage children to get involved (presumably the only difference is the kids don't have to empty a pint of beer down their throats).

And as I staggered homewards I was beginning to wonder if I perhaps should have joined a Hash Horror run instead.

Could my sudden loss of balance be put down to too much beer or the onset of physical exhaustion?

Either way I was feeling proud of my achievements.

I'd survived the rigours of an early morning run as well as the ridicule of being a virgin Hash House Harrier.

By the way, I'm told there is no compulsion to drink, but as the rising sensation of severely cramped calf muscles began to sink beyond my tipsy state I decided it definitely helps.

11:45pm, Thursday, September 29th, 1994.

London H3 - Carlton Television.

For those who missed it, here is a leaked copy of the script...

Cast: Paul Ross, interviewer, brother of Jonathan and purveyor of blokish-wit.
The London Hash House Harriers, played by (or in some cases playing with) themselves

Scene 1: In bar before the run. Alan, bottle in mouth at drinking angle, cut to Menstrual, fag in mouth at jaunty angle, and Shampoo leaning at jaunty angle.

Menstrual, to camera : "*We're just warming up*".

Cut to interview with Bostik, for the endlessly recyclable old chestnut.

Bostik : "*We're a drinking club with a running problem!*"

Scene 2: Wolfgang is scattering flour on the path.

[Note to camera : find that elusive angle that makes Wolfgang look athletic]

Wolfgang (in German rocket scientist accent): "*It's fairly simple - you use just a normal system of signs and marks.*" (If it's that simple, why does Wolfgang set crap trails?). [Change camera angle for big joke line.]

Paul Ross : "*Do people ever toss 50p at you for the street art?*"

Wolfgang : "*Er, a Deutschmark*".

Scene 3: Outside Sons of Thames rowing club. Grandmaster Ryde addressing pack. Low camera angle to emphasize domineering features.

Ryde : "*Welcome to London Hash House Harriers 1061st run*"

First Wag in Crowd : "*She's actually got it right!*"

Burst of nervous laughter from crowd.

International visitors welcomed to emphasis jet-setting character of the Hash. Paul Ross introduced as a 'virgin' to enable him to make predictable rebuff. Pack set off, allowing overdubbing of Hash history. Remember to edit out interview with that Splash woman, and her ludicrous claim that 50,000 attended Interhash.

Scene 4: On the run.

Various shots of:

18 Holes apparently leading the pack (not too unrealistic)

Close-ups of running shoes in action. Don't show any faces or the buggers will claim product endorsement fees.

Hedgehog apparently trailing the pack. (Extremely unrealistic, but having donned a T-shirt with the biggest ON-ON I could find, I made damn sure it could be seen on TV - Hedgehog)

Paul Ross yelling "*False trail*" with bemused expression.

Drainoil keeping up with the pack on Hammersmith Bridge. (Note to FX, you'll need to use time-lapse photography to achieve this effect.)

Scene 5: A checkpoint.

Pink Imp walking away checkpoint in general direction of pub, waving over shoulder :"I've given up."

Paul Ross (optimistically) : "I'll see you in the pub."

Scene 6: After the run.

Explanation of Hash names.

Menstrual (clutching pint) : "*I'm Menstrual*"

Shampoo (clutching Menstrual) : "*I'm Shampoo*"

Halfway and friend from Hursley : "*Worm and Bird Table*". [I know this doesn't make sense but we can fix it in the editing]

Pope : "*The first Hash trip I ever went on, someone kept calling me John and I kept saying 'no it's Paul', so it was John Paul the Pope. It was actually one of the better Hash names.*"

Scene 7: The Down-Down

Paul Ross drinks from running shoe. Boggers tips more beer over Paul's head.

Boggers : "*Thank you very much for coming.*"

Paul Ross : "*Do I get a nickname or what?*"

[Director's note: Let this Boggers chap ad lib a Hash name for Paul. He's bound to come up with something really witty on the night.]

Boggers : "*No, you'll get one next time you run with us.*"

[Director's note: What a load of cobblers!]

THE END [Unused footage to be passed to the producer of Crimewatch UK.]

The Royal Milan & Bordighera H3 run

24 September at Venebono Superior

We met late on a warm wet afternoon at the Venebono railway station. Venebono is a beautiful village about 30 kilometres north of Milan, which is popular with the expat community. It is a very picturesque hilly village with many large secluded Italian villas. About a third of the pack, mainly Brits, Italians and Septic Tanks lived in and around the village. There was even a face I'd last seen on the Edinburgh Hash's New Year's Day Caledonian Brewery run a couple of years ago.

The Royal Milan & Bordighera Hash had originally started out as the Bordighera Hash, which had been formed by a British army officer back in 1947, who had moved there from Kuala Lumpur. The Bordighera Hash is acknowledged as the world's second oldest hash. They had kept going until the early sixties, and were revived when Bob "Bwana" Walker moved to Milan from Mombassa, and started the Royal Milan & Bordighera Hash in 1991.

A pack of 30 or so gathered, the bulk turning up in cards (most were away because of the weather). We were informed that the run would be a reasonably short one, with an On On On at the hare's house (normal runs finish with an On On at a local restaurant and the average turnout is usually nearer 50 for reasons which will become clear later on). After a few introductions and welcoming the visitor (myself, Ratshit and Wee Bev from West London H3) we set off following the trail of flour. The trail was the standard "you're on on the first blob of flour from any circle, back checks were bars, and the trail could be anywhere from five blobs back". There were no separate trails for the walkers. The area fairly hilly, we ran through a very quiet village (I have never heard so many dogs barking in my life - thank God they were all behind the high fences of the private villas) for the first quarter of the run, up flights of steps, along alleyways and down steps again, with a couple of turn backs to keep us together. About 15 minutes into the run we reached the venue of the On On (the hare's house) for a drinks stop. This consisted of a glass of Grappa for everyone (an innocuous whisky-like drink made from grapes), and was just what the doctor ordered in this weather.

The rain had stopped by now, and the sun was forcing its way out from behind the clouds. As soon as the last of the pack caught up we were off again, this time into the woods that surrounded the village (no more dogs). It was a very good trail, helped by the thick forest and winding paths through it. There was an excellent false trail down a hill that caught most of the FRBs. A short while later it was time for the second drinks stop. A couple of non-runners could be seen across a large open field, with a couple of cases of Steinlager at their feet. Why Steinlager I asked Bwana (the GM and co-hare). Well, because we're sponsored by the to the tune of five cases every two weeks!!!!! When the Milan lot started out, Bwana had contacted Steinlager in Genoa, and convinced then that it would be good publicity for them to have runners advertising their drink. It worked, and it's Steinlager Green (not that Steinlager Blue crap that we got at Rotorua).

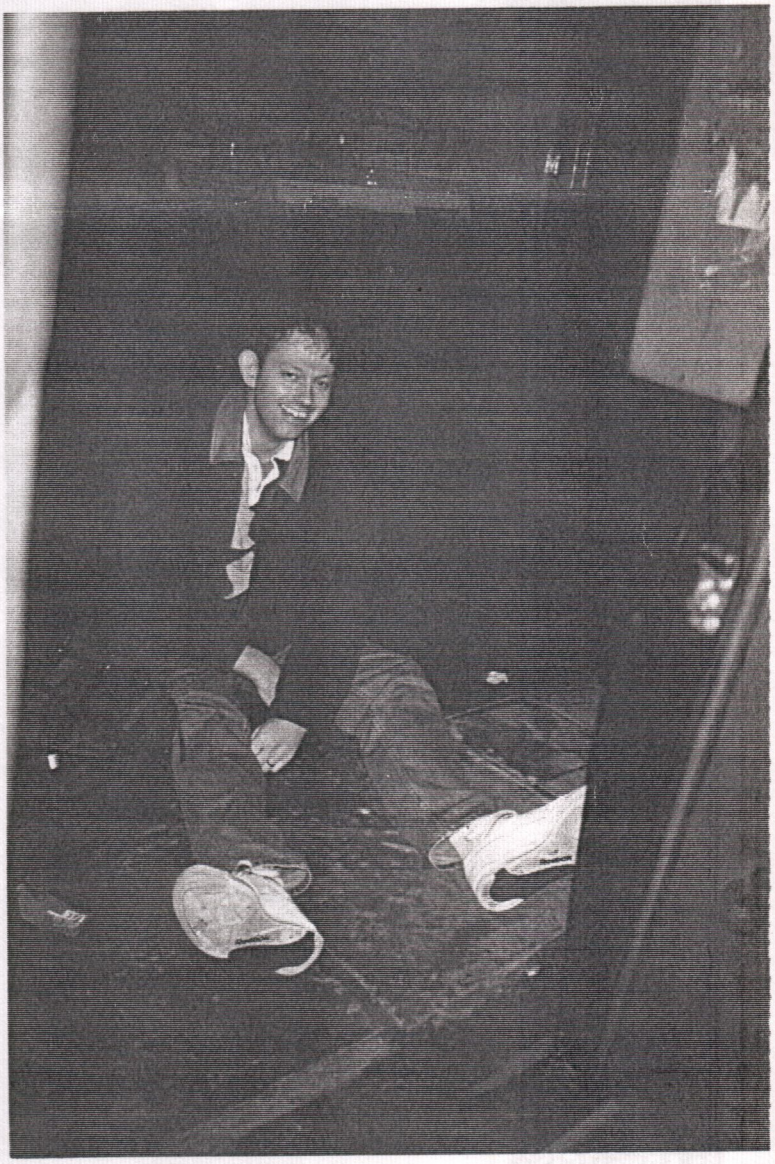
After the second regroup, and a rendition of Singing In The Rain, we headed off to the On On which was thirty minutes away, with a brief stop for another Song (Father Abraham this time), and a long false trail along a muddy slope which we all had to struggle back up.

The On On and circle were back at the Grappa stop and Hare's flat (a villa that had been divided into five flats, three of which belonged to hashers), Down Downs were awarded to the visitors (Ratshit and Wee Bev), the RA Fabulous Fabio for being so noisy, the FRBs (Ratshit and Wee Bev again) and the hares (Bwana and Yorkshire Dave). There were two more awards to be assigned, the Hash Shit which was a very large red hat with a plastic turd stuck to it which the recipient had to wear for the rest of the session, and the FRB's award which was a large metal gear wheel on a chain which the recipient had to wear while running on the next hash run. Fortunately Ratshit and Wee Bev were not running the next week!

After the ceremonies were over and we had sung the hash national anthem, we retired to Bwana's flat for the food, more beer and more singing. A great crowd of hashers and very hospitable to visitors. They were still going strong with songs being offered from the floor. Fabio seemed to know the words of every song. We left them at 10pm to get back to Como and could hear them singing away on the balcony up to half a mile away.

Streuth finds replacements for Little Jon

The Pope speaks at the Labour Party conference



Labour leader falls from taxi in Edinburgh

HYDE PARK (LANCASTER GATE)
ULH3 21 APRIL '94

HARES: WOLFGANG + BUMMER

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Sex 102	Movement Is Allowed
Sex 201	If He's Starving He Has To Eat Somewhere
Sex 202	If He's Awake Pet Him, He Won't Bite
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Sex 321	Giving A Man A Reason To Stay Awake After Sex
Psych 112	The Remote - I've Got To Control Something In The House
Physics 444	The Energy Of Putting A Toilet Seat Down Is The Same For Men And Women
Psych 232	How Not To Be A Back Seat Driver
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Course 012	You: The Weaker Sex
Course 013	Reasons To Give Flowers
Course 014	How To Stay Awake After Sex
Course 015	Sex 101: You Can Fall Asleep Without It If You Really Try
Course 016	Sex 102: Morning Dilemma: If It's Awake, Take A Shower
Course 017	How To Put The Toilet Seat Down
Course 018	The Remote Control: Overcuming Your Dependency
Course 019	How NOT To Act Younger Than Your Children
Course 020	You Too Can Be A Designated Driver
Course 021	Honest.... You Don't Look Like Mel Gibson -- Especially Naked
Course 022	The Obtainable Goal... Omitting #@#$!**() From Your Vocabulary
Course 023	Fluffing The Blanket After Farting Is NOT Necessary
Course 024	Real Men Ask For Directions

Please register immediately as courses are in great demand. Class size will be limited to 10.
Warning: Class material may prove difficult

ON-ON REPORT: RUN 835 13th SEPT 1994 CURRY BAZAAR CROWS NEST

LETTAS TO HIS GRAN VOLUME 13

Dear Gran

10CC has gone walkabout and I only speak Ocker so heres hopin'. In a barn of a room above a Kurry Bazaar on the inner north shore the ever apprehensive KAFFIR continued his out loud worrying, that had plagued the POWERHOUSE and other mismanagement for some weeks prior to the run, and collected money for a not inedible curry and not so bad accompaniments. Joint Masters BALLOON and SELF ABUSE collected cash for piss instead of collecting the good oil, gossip, scandal and bare faced lies to assist the much maligned RA in conveying same to the Larrikin pack which assembled.

At the circle Senator attempted to welcome convict visitor CARPET BURN who'd already bolted but YOUNG TART From Hong Kong was there as was JOCKSNIFFER for his Piss off, sorry farewell, down down. Amongst the nominees for short cutting bastards were LARNEY, SPUNKY, MARK AND MARTIN but the Senator unwisely nominated MOTOR MOUTH who did little down downing before dousing the Senator with the fluid that motivates Larrikins - well the light version anyway.

Front running bastard was BA, not because like BAD NEWS he was front running all the time but more for his inniovative leading of FRBs way down a slippery dip and noting the lack of a mean streak in KAFFIR the hare when on falsie could have gone down another step of stairs to the water before the On back marks.

Senator did mention MEGASAURARSE'S magnificent quote - that she would not expect any assistance for the ball as the temporary partner was not only a Scotsman but also an Accountant. Senator failed to mention the entertaining incident involving the said very embarassed accountant HAGGIS HUMPER falling off a sky lift on a recent yuppie trip.

For POW, Wizzo was mentioned for his undertaking to provide a new Larrikins Mast-head for the Trash and failing to deliver, as was Candlesticks for his resolute horning in the face of an ON BACK mark, Phantom for his expertise in permanently avoiding accepting the duty of a Larrikin Hare and Mutant for putting his typing class ahead of attendance at Harriettes. The pack heartily rejected all these nominations and Senator scored the down down. Perhaps the underlying reasons for this award was Senator again attempting, in the face of unanimous relentless advice not to give it another go - the telling of a joke. It was the pits!

Things got worse for the RA as the christening of the silent, fit, front running bastard Edward who by popular acclaim is now CASEY JONES - and not Silent Running!.

There was no argument with the choice of GPOW - the FLASHMAN who was clearly in violation of his own dedication to rigidly, I mean religiously, living up to the name of the Sydney South Harbour Larrikins and ordinarily refusing to travel north of the water - but here he was at Crows Nest!!!

The piss ran out too early so it was ON ON to the ON ON ON ON at some local boozer!

ON ON
Senator