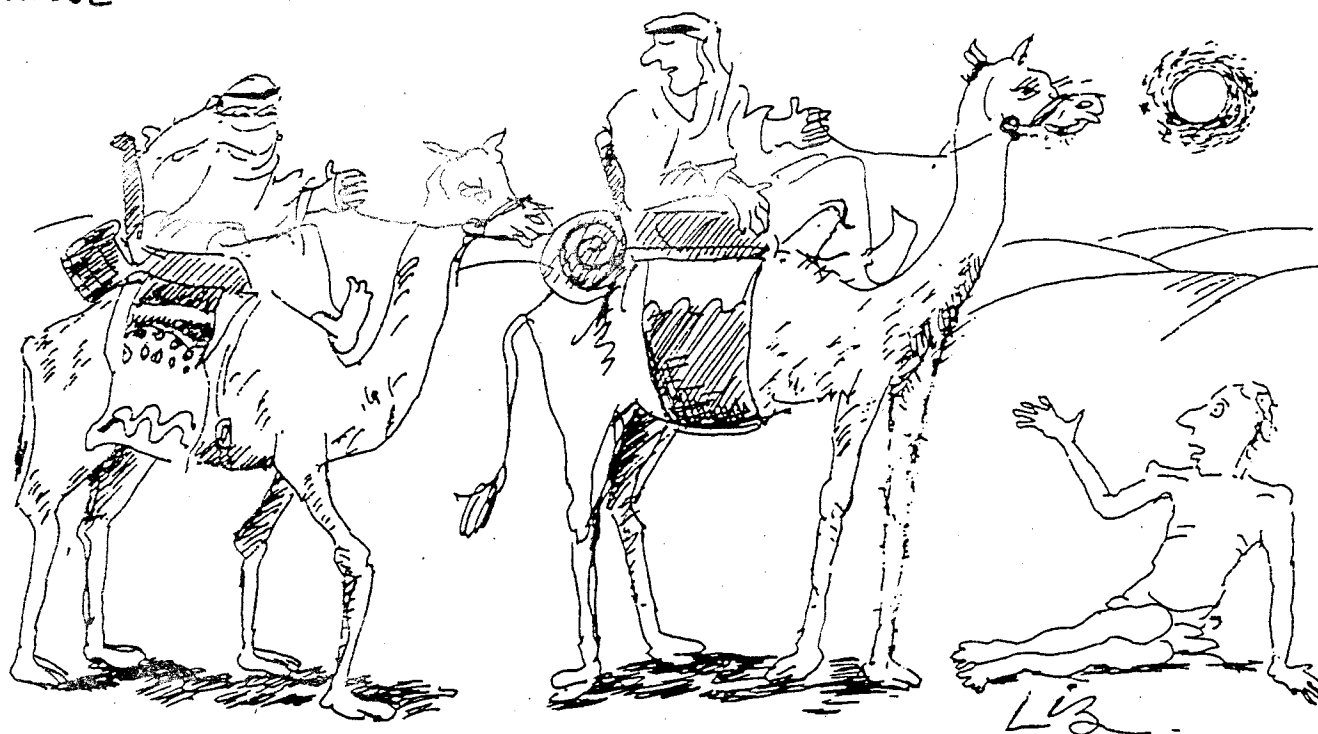


# ON PAPER

"New Mismanagement - New Danger"

RHODE ISLAND RED IN DUBAI



"Don't give him anything — he only spends it on drink..."

Inside this issue ...

InterHash ... the stats, prats, congrats and  
brickbats

Drainoil bares his soul

# LONDON HASH NEWS

## Write ON

This issue marks the end of my term as Hash Scribe for LH3. (What do you mean, you didn't think we even had a scribe!). Perhaps you could do better (or even do *something*). If you started hashing elsewhere you may have been accustomed to a weekly one-page hash trash carrying a write-up of the previous week's run. If you want to try that format in London then have a shot at it - you will probably find some fellow Hashers who can help you with photo-copying.

## Gailee Kaylea Ceilidh

Just for once you can have an excuse other than alcohol if you are seen Reeling around crazily and colliding with the furniture. The St Andrews Day Hash Ceilidh is on Saturday, November 30th at Old Actonians Rugby Club near Acton Town tube. A live beat combo will be making the sounds. Listen for ticketing arrangements or buttonhole Ryde or other mismanagement member. Dressing as a haggis is optional.

## HHHistory Is Bunk

Kualar Lumpur H3 aim to construct a world-wide hash family tree, showing where and when each hash was founded, by whom, and the names of other hashes that have been spawned by each hash.

Please contribute anything you can by faxing Bill Panton +60 3 253 7992, email him care of Mike Lyons at [miklyon@pc.jaring.my](mailto:miklyon@pc.jaring.my). Alternatively look at <http://www.asiaconnect.com.my/mtz/klhhh/home/charts>.

## Bless Them For We Know Not What They Do!

The London H3 AGM is imminent (or was imminent if you are reading the repeat edition) and it is time to thank the incumbent Mismanagement for making sure there was a London Hash each week for the last year. If you have not yet brought your wisdom and experience to the Mismanagement of the Hash then you should think about having a go at it. If you want to help out (even in the most minor of roles) have a chat to the very approachable Wee Bev. If you missed the AGM there could still be a place for you. Experience is not necessary - in fact some of our most experienced Hashers would never be allowed near the mismanagement again!

## Checkpoints

- Help keep the subscription costs down. When having a run, check out the possibility of free beer for the down-downs with the landlord.
- Equally important, make sure there will be enough staff on duty when the run finishes.
- When setting a trail, write both the pub name AND the street name at the station entrance to assist drivers.

## Thank You

Contributions this month from

(in order of baldness):

Drainoil, Limpet, Neptunus (Hague H3), Mu-sick (FWBNMH3)

Also anyone I missed out. [Hedgehog]

# ON the Record

## A Very Old Write-up from 1995!

### LH3 Run - Hampton Court

12th March 1995

Hares : Knickers and Banshee

A glorious spring day for another picturesque run, this time through the gardens, blossom and daffodils of Hampton Court and Bushey Park. A long run (1 1/4 hours) hared from the back by Banshee and Knickers). A strange run where the virgins and visitors almost outnumbered the regulars - including a large contingent from the Barnes Hash two American naval types who'd commuted from Portsmouth, where their ship was docked. To the delight of the girls, one (Shirtlifter or No-shirt) bared his shapely torso for much of the run. In total 18 visitor and virgins. In honour of the lovely weather no miscreants but a down-down for being a do-gooder went to Girobonk from Barnes for organising a Reebok Bodywalk teach-in for Comic Relief (where Rhode Island Red was spotted wearing a G-string and tights!). Anniversaries: Nookie (200 runs). Boggers was relieved to get rid of a tiny 200-run T-shirt he said he'd been lugging around for years.

[Limpet]

### LH3 Run - Bromley-by-Bow

25th February 1996

Hare : Prince

*"Splish, Splash, Splosh!"*

*"Good day for Ducks!"*

*"Interesting scenery"*

*"That's what happens when the RA goes away"*

*"Just the weather I ordered" (R.A.)*

*"Good run - some nice zigzagging and shiggy."*

*"Great pub. Shame about the weather - no oiled seabirds."*

*"But there were oily Alsations"*

*"Good chicken McNuggets in the pub, but were they down Rhino's shorts?"*

### LH3 Run - Cheam

3rd March 1996 (The morning after Carnival Ball)

Hare : Hedgehog

[Modesty almost forbids me publishing these - Ed.]

*"British Rail tried their hardest to stop us from Hashing in Cheam - but Hedgehog's trail made it all worthwhile."*

*"I thought the run was fancy dress too." (RIR)*

*"A pint of Lambada please" (Saddlesniffer)*

*"Hangover ... a good excuse to walk"*

*"I thought I had stopped having problems with BR when I moved to Ealing"*

*"Not enough LH3 harriets. Too many visitors"*

*"Too much road and not enough TOTTIE" (BFB)*

*"Slow, hungover and farty"*

*"Listening to GLR is easier on a Sunday morning"*

*"Usual high standard from Hedgehog. (I have to say that 'cos he's the scribe and will edit this appropriately anyway!) Good for curing the inevitable hangovers."*

*"Great set of markings - even I could follow them!")"*

*"Cheam is the hardest place to get to by BR)"*

*"Perfectly splendid. I wish I'd gone to bed earlier so I could enjoy it more. Nice to see LH3 being politically correct with the naming ceremonies. No room for rude words on Wee Bev's Hash!"*

### LH3 Run - East Finchley

11th February 1996

Hare : No Hands

*"It was wonderful" (No Hands - the Hare)*

*"A modest run by a modest hare"*

*"The pace could have been a little slower" (a virgin)*

*"Not enough stops." (Kaffir - old member)*

*"I walked around" (even older member)*

*"I forgot my zimmer frame" (an ancient member)*

*"A lovely run, lots of variety, plenty of checks, I had a great time" (Stevie Wonder)*

*"A great pub and location. I would share my tights with Clare anytime. Vive la revolution!" (Marxist)*

*"Being a virgin I thought a has house was a front for drugs." (John)*

*"Lovely run - sorry I arrived 30 minutes late."*

## Thoughts on Hashing

Hashing means more to me than any other activity, bar one, and especially as it incorporates the other two - namely drinking and running cross-country. From that moment in February 1966, the second Monday, that I first encountered it, I was sunk. It was at Guillemard Reservoir off the Vale of Tempe in Penang and we remained out there under the stars, just 25 men and 90 large ice-cold Anchors, beyond midnight. Since then life has taken on a new image. It was only twenty years later, in late 1982, when co-haring Harrison's celebration run after his twenty years of Hashing, that I realised that I had wasted four years of my life - for I was just about to be transferred from Singapore when the Hash was started up there and knew him and other founders - yet did not cotton on; the next three years in Malacca could so easily have included Hashing up-country or across the Causeway had I known.

It is wonderful that Hashers are accepted everywhere (at least by fellow Hashers) with no protocol or questions asked; it is an effective world-wide democracy and the GM is always right. I recall a Hash trek in Nepal where the guide devised a circular ten day trek and then found that this motley band of drinkers (and many thanks to Neslo for setting up the beer ration superbly) would finish far too soon. So, having led us for four days down a riverbed, asked why we never complained or differed - the reply, of course, was, we are the Hash.

I first suffered the agonies of mixed-Hashing in 1972 when LH4 would run on Mondays with H4 and I would watch the Ladies speed past on the uphill bits; later I relished the delights but still recall with admiration the K2H4 Bunnies who ran their Hash entirely without male participation and ensured, in 1974, that my wife came back far later and muddier from their On On Ons than I did on Mondays.

Many thanks to the Mother Hash for giving birth to Hash; KLH3, as it is now known, has improved immeasurably from the mid-sixties when it was suggested to at least one slow runner from Penang, that if he could not run faster, he need not come; and the time of the First Interhash in Hong Kong (courtesy of KH3, LH4, and H4) when the Mother Hash boycotted it because we charged a registration fee.

I have given Hong Kong as the best Interhash because the atmosphere in the China Fleet Club was electric when around seven hundred Hashers from many different places met together for the first time ... and found that all spoke the same common language washed down by beer. There was the Aussie who set out on the run from Stanley, got lost and eventually shattered and torn cascaded down the hillside into North Point. He could not understand why all the passers-by stared at him and when taken to a friendly police station, could not explain what he was doing and certainly not where he should be (there are merits in A-B runs). He was re-united when a report of a wallet left in Stanley was made by phone by a Hasher ... who when he explained what he had been doing, was told "Oh, we have one of yours in north Point"! Unconnected, the police did arrest another Hasher, the Chinese Chee Bai, on his way to the On On ... and he had given a very good description of Hashing before these policemen ushered him into the hall in the China Fleet Club!

At last I am realising that my Hashing cannot go on indefinitely and unless I acquire the guile and topographical knowledge of John Duncan or Gunga Dick, I am going to get very lost sometime - or my parts will wear out.

I just hope to last until 1998 and what could be a great Interhash in the Klang valley.

Drainoil

"Mr Rogers" was a visiting American Hasher during the London Pre-Ramble. In case you don't recall him, here is a little ditty that was written for him... [tune: Charlie on the MTA]

Mr Rogers wakes up on a red double-decker  
Thinking "I'm really in a mess".  
I'm 1000 miles away from home, and I'm here all alone.  
And I don't even know my address.

[chorus] Will he ever get home? (No he'll never get home).  
And his fate is still unknown.  
He will ride forever round the streets of London.  
He's the man who never got home.

### **Interhash Warning!**

Malaysian-made condoms have attracted the attention of Hong Kong customs officers, who seized 6,000 of the "Romantic Rocket" and "Magic Veil" Super Sensitive brands after laboratory tests showed that 1 in 12 leaked.



## The Foreplay

The London Pre-Ramble, Cyprus PreLewd Runs, and the main events were great. One-liner memories include:

- Two hashes per day in London on the weekends.
- Hashing through scenic trails in Epping Forest.
- Singing on the banks of the Thames during a beer stop.
- Pub stops all over England.
- Singing in the train stations, on the trains, buses, and subways.
- Starting the Crystal Palace Run an hour late and finishing before Rong Jon and Periodical.
- Hashing down "Bridleways" (public horse trails) where there is real shiggy.
- Running out of beer, wine, vodka, tequila, bourbon, and gin on the morning flight from London to Cyprus on Wednesday due to consumption by Hashers.
- Getting the Hash briefing for the Bangkok Thinking Drinking PreLewd Run in an amphitheatre built in 200 A.D. after the adjoining pantheon was destroyed by earthquake and subsequent tidal wave about the same time.
- Missing out on the Batavia Run only to have a great time with the Snow White Pickup Hash PreLewd Run.
- Horn E and SMB's naked hash run returning to the naked mud wrestling pit and Jammies being the last to leave, stopping traffic on the busy beach highway covered with mud.
- Having all events outside with no contingency plan for weather for it never rains in Cyprus this time of year.
- Having class bands at the on-on who couldn't believe that they were playing at the zoo (Municipal Gardens).
- Learning what JC Bush is - Of the four types of vegetation in Cyprus three types have hybrid brambles and/or thorns.
- The British skits being the best, although Oslo and Dubai were great
  - That camel had the biggest penis I've ever seen!
  - How did they change the spelling of Saddam to Mad Ass?
  - Yes, West London we want more of the striptease!!
  - The Rocky Horror Picture Show Hash Experiment being absolutely the best complete with Harriets coming out of their skimpy lingerie and leather outfits.

The runs in Cyprus were very good. You had a choice of run length from 30 minutes to 2.5 hours (on the ballbuster) with mixes from forests and cliffs to beach runs.

Great to see all the returning hashers and to meet hashers on the net. The hashnet meeting was at 1030 Monday morning.  
On-On.

[Mu-sick, GM Fort Walton Beach New Moon H3, Florida]

## Interhashers by Nationality

|             |       |               |     |                  |    |
|-------------|-------|---------------|-----|------------------|----|
| AMERICAN    | 401   | GHANAIA       | 2   | NORWEGIAN        | 39 |
| ANTIGUAN    | 1     | GIBRALTAR     | 1   | PAKISTANI        | 1  |
| AUSTRALIAN  | 356   | HONG KONG     | 1   | PAPUA NEW GUINEA | 6  |
| AUSTRIAN    | 6     | ICELANDIC     | 1   | POLISH           | 1  |
| BANGLADESHI | 3     | INDIAN        | 12  | RWANDAN          | 1  |
| BARBADIAN   | 1     | INDONESIAN    | 200 | SERBIAN          | 1  |
| BELGIAN     | 8     | IRISH         | 35  | SINGAPOREAN      | 37 |
| BRITISH     | 1,247 | ITALIAN       | 10  | SLOVAK           | 1  |
| BRUNEI      | 2     | JAPANESE      | 6   | SOLOMON ISLANDER | 1  |
| CANADIAN    | 56    | JORDANIAN     | 3   | SOUTH AFRICAN    | 8  |
| CHINESE     | 2     | KENYAN        | 8   | SPANISH          | 3  |
| COSTA RICAN | 1     | LEBANESE      | 2   | SWAZI            | 1  |
| CYPRIT      | 18    | LUXEMBOURG    | 1   | SWEDISH          | 44 |
| DANISH      | 60    | MALAYSIAN     | 276 | SWISS            | 13 |
| DUTCH       | 36    | MALTESE       | 1   | THAI             | 6  |
| EMIRATI     | 3     | NEW ZEALANDER | 144 | TRINIDADIAN      | 1  |
| FILIPINO    | 12    | NI-VANUATU    | 1   | TURKISH          | 3  |
| FINNISH     | 22    | NICARAGUAN    | 1   | ZAMBIAN          | 1  |
| FRENCH      | 8     | NIGERIAN      | 1   | ZIMBABWEAN       | 1  |
| GERMAN      | 68    |               |     |                  |    |

## The Scoring

Due to the fact that I was one of the Assaulted Hashers I was not in the mood to write a rehash like I did after Rotorua 94 ( 12 pages ), but because somebody asked me to compare Cyprus with Rotorua, here it comes:

| Category                                    | Cyprus '96              | Rotorua '94      |
|---|-------------------------|------------------|
| Registration                                | Good                    | Good             |
| Goody bag                                   | Good                    | Good [1]         |
| Location                                    | Good [2]                | Perfect          |
| Band  | Good                    | Terrible         |
| Taxi drivers                                | Thieves                 | Gentlemen        |
| Locals < 20 yrs                             | Bastards                | Good sports      |
| Locals > 20 yrs                             | Friendly                | Friendly         |
| P.R. (i.e. was the city informed about IH?) | No                      | Yes              |
| Police                                      | Assholes                | No need for them |
| Water on the run                            | Boiling hot             | Yes              |
| Beer on the run                             | No                      | Yes              |
| Beer on the buses                           | No                      | Yes              |
| Beer during the circle                      | Yes                     | Yes              |
| Beer after the circle                       | No                      | Yes              |
| Beer after midnight                         | No                      | Yes              |
| Loading buses                               | OK [3]                  | Good             |
| Choice of runs                              | Enough [4]              | Plenty           |
| Quality of runs [5]                         | [5]                     | Good/excellent   |
| Location of buses after run                 | Tell me [6]             | Nearby           |
| Hares                                       | Good                    | Good             |
| Food after run                              | OK                      | OK               |
| Pre-ramble                                  | ??                      | Great            |
| Food on site                                | Poor                    | Delicious        |
| Food in the city                            | Good                    | Good             |
| Hookers                                     | Sorry I am married now. | Good             |
| T-shirts/singlets                           | Good                    | Good             |
| Harrier International database check-up     | No                      | Yes              |

1. Except for the towel.

2. The site/venue itself was excellent, but because it was located in the centre of Limassol it closed down at midnight, incl. the beer !!

3. The buses with the same run numbers were not standing next to each other, therefore there was confusion. Sunday, arriving 10 minutes before the last bus was supposed to leave, (arriving late was due to the G.M.'s meeting) but all the buses were gone.

4. The runs were given names from the Greek Mythology, the hares had to read about this in the " survival guide " after the trail was laid so they had no change to arrange something special

according to the name of their run. (For instance, one run was called the " Poseidon " ( God of the sea and water ) run, being Neptunus (the Roman God of the sea) I was there, expecting a lot of water, rivers, sea...the only water I saw, was in bottles at the drink stops.)

5. A country, almost without trees/shade, very dry, dusty, and hot is not the perfect location for a run at the hottest time of the day

6. Most of the buses/drivers left during the run and didn't bother to be back in time, others kept their buses locked and disappeared. Coming back from the run we needed protective clothing, sun cream and some money for the food, this was all in the locked buses.

After reading this, one might think I am not satisfied about Cyprus ... you're right.

Neptunus. [The Hague Hash House Harriers & F.I.L.T.H. Full Moon Hash]

## Interhash According To Neptunus

HHHello HHHashers,

The Hague H3 from the Netherlands visited IH 96 with a group of 20 and ( especially the Virgin Interhash Groupies <VIG's>) had a good time.

Checking in at the airport as a group was a fine example of the true Hash-spirit: ( keep smiling while you're suffering ) it took the Hostess more than 1 hour to check us in, while hundreds of other passengers checked in at the nearby desks in the same time. Honorary Down Down for our group leader "Rubber Rocky" ! ( It was his idea to check in as a group ).

Our latest Hashletter was folded, addressed, stamped and mailed at the airport while waiting in the queue.

Due to this delay we had only 15 minutes to hit the duty-free, but that was enough, we also had time to drink the first beers (the Harriettes Escargot and Pecker Picker were the first ones actually) and the Hash-spirit was kept alive ! The Airline first landed in Larnaca and then in Phapos, from there a bus drove us back to Limassol (which is easier to get to from Larnaca because of the highway ). And then the Hotel: great Hash-show! It took them 24 hours (!) to sort out the rooms and on top of that (splendid!) our beloved Group leader arriving in the early morning at his room after the first night in the Irish Pub, only to find out that his promised (extra) bed was not there ! A real talented VIG (Scrotweiler), as drunk as a Hasher should be, tried to pee in a suite-case (not his own ! ) and was gently guided out of the room by Silicon Prick, the third roommate. Matterhorn checked Scrotty out a bit later and found him in the corridor, standing against the wall, whilst sleeping ! The next morning Scrotty was found on the floor with wet, soaking pants. He is still after the one who is supposed to have thrown water on him, but due to the smell we all know better !

At the registration things were arranged quickly ( good goody bag !). Time to meet the other hashers ! A lot of familiar faces and a lot of forgotten faces only recognised thanks to their hashnames or their better memory than mine. Most of the conversations went like this: "Hey Neptunus how are you, good to see you again" and I thought: "Who the f\*uck is this ?" but answered: "Good to see you too" blahblah. After a while I could remember most of them but it is so embarrassing if you have a bad memory.

On our way back to the centre our little jeep was hijacked by fellow Hague Hashers who didn't want to pay two pounds for a taxi. So off we went ! With

nine hashers in a small jeep ( later I heard about eleven Hashers in a jeep! ) .

In the evening ( Wednesday ) the Hague Hash spread out over the Strip and enjoyed it until late/early. Interbonk and me ( Interbonk is my newly wedded wife, actually it was our honeymoon and we are still together after Cyprus!) had a good time in the Dukes, one of the many karaoke bars. Together with Try-a-f\*ck from Brussels BMPH3 I did "hello P\*nis my old friend" to the original tune of " Sound of Silence". Together with Hashers from Lagos we did the "original" "Swing Low" with Hash-motions; for the locals/tourists in that bar a good way to make acquaintance with the Hash.

On Thursday we decided to have some culture: let's go to Troodos mountains ! Just arriving we met some more Hague Hashers who had the same idea and to make things worse Djakarta H3 had organised a run trough Troodos mountains ! So off to Nicosia !

In Nicosia we found a parking lot, guarded by a soldier. Wrong thought ! It was the "border" between the Creek and Turkish part of Cyprus, the area still looks like a war zone. The many bulletholes made a big impression on me.

Our little group went to the centre for some culture, but when we passed the first bar we stumbled in for a beer. Due to a sexy lady-bartender it was almost impossible to get the guys out again! Finally we did some sightseeing in Nicosia and we had a nice meal.

Friday: more culture ! Heading for Phapos, we decided to stop at the first archeological site we passed. Quite quick already we saw a sign and left the motorway: we bought tickets to enter and right after I paid buses loaded with hashers drove in: oh no, not again ! It turned out that the Bangkok H3 had chosen this area for their run !

The Roman Theatre was covered with Hashers when we arrived, the good thing was that we saw a few new faces and for the first time in my life I heard somebody speak in a Roman theatre and realised how clever the construction is: you could hear every word loud and clear !

It is also very nice to stand on a hill and to see the Hash spreading in all directions, come back, making loopings, following false trails etc. We were able for more than half an hour to watch the pack following the trail. When we met the rest of the Hague group again (!) it was time to leave. After a while we saw a lost Hasher, bleeding all over and we gave him a lift, back to the pack. One can always rely on the Hague !

We did some more culture and then decided to have a meal at Petra tou Romiou, the place where Aphrodite is supposed to be born. A beautiful restaurant with an excellent view over the sea and so quiet! BUT NOT FOR LONG! 10 minutes later the place was filled with.....tourists this time. Everywhere we go we are followed by hundreds of people ! People should hire our group, we are good for business !

Now it was time for half of us to get back to Limassol for the official opening of Interhash 96! The other half went further. We arrived in Limassol just in time to see the Grand Parade! Hundreds, maybe thousands of Hashers marching up to the site! A bagpipe player in front of the Irish Pub made it even more impressive.

We hurried back to the hotel to change, I put on my Neptunus outfit and off to the Municipal Gardens. We were on time for the opening ceremony. Speeches and folklore dancing. Plenty of beer but also weird men trying to force us to drink soft drinks ! Just as in New Zealand (IH 94) a lot of Asian people took a picture of me and their group ( due to my outfit of course ! not because of my fame ).

After the food we went to the theatre to watch the bands playing: the bands played such good music that it looked more like a rock-and-roll concert to me than a Hash-night! This thought was the reason why I undressed myself and ran around naked on the stage: some people even liked it! I was invited to join the Naked City Hash the next evening and I heard that the singer lost control over himself because of laughing. But it took a long time to find my wife (Interbonk) back!

Unfortunately we had to leave the site at 12.00 AM, but the Stripe was waiting for us !!

Lots of fun, drinking, singing, eating in the pubs. I even heard a story about a Harriette who gave R..... a blowjob in a pub !! The next morning: Hash-market: I felt a bit embarrassed with my old, left-over Hague Hash-T-shirts, ( compared to the other T-shirts that were for sale, so I bought more than I sold ) but I managed to sell a few !

Saturday; time for hashing ! I found the bus to the Poseidon run (#3) which I wanted to do because I am the alter ego of this Greek God of the sea and Ra from Cairo H3 would be the R.A.. He is a good entertainer.

Running in Cyprus is not easy, so it was a walk for me and I like Holland even more now ( no hills, no gravel, no JC ). Carrying water all the way ( and using it of course ! ) was the best way to survive. I even had a nice hot shower during the run, real luxury ! No beer on the run is the best

way to make people thirsty and the KEO beer tasted even better during the circle.

Ra did a good job with the Down Downs and a lot of jokes. There was ice and in this heat it is not a penalty to sit on it, even if you sit on it for twenty minutes as I found out. (I was on the Ice just for being Neptunus on a Poseidon run). On the way back we were singing all the time and I still consider this as one of the highlights of an Interhash.

The Gardens opened at 6.00 pm again and there was the food again and the beer again and the music again. Great atmosphere! The cabaret was entertaining, using tapes instead of live-singing was the best thing to do with such a crowd. The Rocky Horror act from Surrey H3 was a highlight but the other Hashes also performed a good show.

After the cabaret there was mud-wrestling and the first Interhash Naked City Run: Horn-E and She Mussel Bitch were the live-hares and Interbonk looked after my clothes (!) We followed the trail and I happened to lead the pack while entering the theatre: whilst checking I went into the wrong direction and the naked group followed me ! When I discovered that we had lost the trail ( at that moment we were running across the stage ) we did a back check. We lost half the group and decided to have a beer stop to wait for them. Later there was the circle ( surrounded by dressed hashers ) and Interbonk was still waiting for me! The entire Naked City hash went to the mud-wrestling and had a good time.

At 12.00 a.m. we had to leave the site again, so back to the Strip.

That night I realised that (almost) all the Hague Harriettes got lucky this weekend, while the single Harriers stayed single but pissed.

Now Interbonk was really getting in the (hash)mood: Goldy Locks persuaded her to lift her T-shirt in the middle of the road, so he could take one of his famous pictures. As soon as she lifted her T-shirt other Hashers with camera's were stumbling in: but she was wearing a bra underneath.

Sunday morning there was the G.M.'s meeting to decide where the next Interhash would be. Despite all the work Cairns had put in ( they must have spend a lot of money on the promoting gifts and brochures ) they were no match for K.L. The 60th anniversary of Hashing could only be in K.L. I had taken a toy-Stork with me ( part of the Hague Logo ) to identify myself but it was stolen within a couple of minutes, I hope I get it back one day.

K.L. promised us a lot of beer ( "24 hours a day") during IH 98 and there were no doubts anymore:

80% of the GM's voted for Kuala Lumpur ! After the vote we hurried to the free Brunch and ate as if we had been starving for days! It was a rich choice of Malaysian and English food. With a real full belly I managed to be at the buses in time for today's run: only the buses had already left ! Together with a few more "latecomers" we were told by the only hare who was left that it was not possible to go to run number 1, even not by own transport. Because of yesterday's experience with the heat and the dry country 12 buses ( instead of the planned 4 ) left for run number 1, which was the only run that started and ended on the beach.

We followed the hare to the nearest run by own transport and we even managed to keep up with him ! His hash-name is probably Nicky Lauda.

We were in time ! After a while the pack went off, split into Bulls and Chickens. Although I was part of the chickens I managed to link with the Bulls ! When I found out about this I hurried back to the chickens. I am not really stupid ! ( Just lazy ).

We were lucky again, another good circle. The local R.A. did a good job, suitable songs for the sinners and a good trick to appoint a non-local for a down-down: He held a holy stick in his hands, when it was on the floor everybody was supposed to sit down as well; but when he put his stick on the floor I didn't pay much attention and I was the last one to sit down. Then it turned out that you had to take a down-down for being slow, well I didn't really mind ! A swallowed my pint ! After a while he did the same trick and again I was slow; although I was shouting in panic, Please wait, Please wait, I had to do another down-down ! While I was preparing myself for another pint, the R.A. started to talk about Neptunus, who just got married and was on his run: he was a bit confused when he found out that this Neptunus was standing right next to him !

After I finished my second down-down ( without spilling a drop, I've been on a diet too long ! ) he showed me how considerate hashers can be: he had heard from "Headlamps" that my wife stayed in the hotel this morning and he had arranged a stand-in wife for me ! I was invited to have some sex in the circle with this stand-in, so I quickly undressed and was waiting hopefully. The Lady ( she was looking good ! ) also took off her pants.... only to sit in the Ice-drum ! I am so naive: I thought that she sat in the icy-water

On On

Hans ( NEPTUNUS ) Dijkhuizen, The Hague Hash House Harriers & F.I.L.T.H. Full Moon Hash

only to prepare herself for the copulation; so I cried out loud: "Fantastic, due to the cold water her pussy will be so tight, that even my small willy will fit !" Wrong sentence : now no ceremonial sex, they gave me a 3 pint mug for a down-down and 15 seconds to finish it. I almost made it but together with the first 2 down-downs just a few minutes earlier it was to much.

That evening I missed the down-down ompetition: the old record, held by Sweep, Australia ( IH 94 ) was not broken, this year's winner needed more then 2 minutes to finish ! The Harriettes did a better job: 22 seconds.

Another Highlight was the Grand Finale, featured by Surrey H3 and part of their Rocky Horror act ; they also leaded the crowd into the Swing Low, this time with music on tape !

A sad and difficult part of an IH event is always the goodbye's. I hope to see you all back, sooner or later !

Monday morning we arrived in the Victorian House for the pub crawl, although we were just a few minutes late, there was not a sign of a Hasher, we even drove around in a taxi looking for the crowd ! What happened ?

So we spend the rest of the day near the pool and went later to the Larnaca Run. Interbonk was now really in the mood for hashing, she was one of the first ten to finish ! This was also a good circle: Interbonk was invited to blow a condom but she screwed up and sneaked away. Good food afterwards and a "singing bus ride" back to town.

Of course there was the Party-Stripe again, some Hague Hashers didn't go to bed before 7 a.m..

On the last day on Cyprus most Hague Hashers took part in the Episkopi run, even the ones that went to bed at 7 a.m. They don't have a circle but the G.M. can entertain the people anyway.

Much to my surprise nobody was missing when the bus came to pick us up. We arrived in Holland by plane around 3 am Wednesday and 16 hours later everybody was present at the weekly Hague Hash Run. The hares were Disco Kid, Pornoking and Rubber Rocky: indeed, they also just arrived from Cyprus earlier that day.

Urine and everybody else from the Cyprus hash, thanks a lot for organising InterHash 1996 !

# RECEDING HARELINES

## UK Events

--1997--

Aug 22-25 UK Nash Hash, Teign Valley H3, Devon. PO Box 97, Dawlish, Devon, EX7 9YW.

## Coming to a Planet Near You

Oct 26/27 Munich Oktoberfest Hash

--1997--

Apr 25-28 InterAmericas Hash. Trinidad & Tobago, W. Indies. Contact Roy Purves Tel/Fax (809) 628 6358.  
May India Nash Hash

## London H3

Hotline 0181-995-7879 : Weekend mornings at 11am

Oct 19 Regents Park  
Oct 27 Stoke Newington (BR)  
Nov 2 Stanmore  
Nov 10 Gipsy Hill (BR)  
Nov 16 Kew Gardens  
Nov 24 Langley (BR)  
Nov 30 West Ealing (BR)

## South London 'ASH

[Monthly from Tube/BR stations on second Monday (Winter, 7pm), or second Saturday (Summer, 11am). Info issued at other Hashes.]

## West London H3

Hotline 0181-995-7879 : Thursdays at 7pm unless stated

Oct 17 Teddington (BR)  
Oct 24 Kew Gardens  
Oct 31 (HALLOWEEN!) Perivale  
Nov 7 Ravenscourt Park  
Nov 14 ?? Twickenham ??  
Nov 21 St Johns Wood  
Nov 28 Lancaster Gate  
Dec 5 ????  
Dec 12 Bond Street (Xmas Present Run)

## City H3

(Hotline 0181-749-2646)  
[From Tube/BR stations on Tuesdays at 7pm unless stated]

## Request For Information

Mr Spock (who was at the London Pre-Ramble) is seeking data on the following (mostly U.S.) hashes to update the hash directory. If you have any, send it to John Martin, 3375 Hill St, San Diego, CA 92106-2414.

Subject: Lost addresses in IHNews database

Date: Wednesday, June 26, 1996 6:47AM

The Hashes below have out of date addresses in the IHNews, and therefore the Harrier International, databases. Mailers from IHNews and individual Hashes come back. If you know of a good contact for any of these Hashes or if you can get management to help, please send updated info. Thanks for the help.

38th PARALLEL H3  
ALAMO H3  
ALEXANDRIA H3  
ALOHA H3  
ASPEN H3  
BEAUFORT SC H3  
BEND H3  
BLUE "HARE-ON" H3  
BLUEGRASS H3  
BOISE H3  
BRASILIA H3  
CHARLOTTESVILLE H3  
COLES CO H3  
COLORADO FULL  
MOON H3  
CORPUS CHRISTI H3  
CRACKED MOON H3  
DAYTONA BEACH H3  
DFW OTR H3  
DILLON H3

FOG CITY H3  
FORT COLLINS H3  
FT WAINWRIGHT H3  
GREATER GOTHAM  
FULL MOON H3  
HAMBURG H3  
HOLY LAND H3  
HOWLERS H3  
ITHACA H3  
JUNEAU H3  
KELLOG H3  
KEY WEST H3  
KUNSAN KIMCHEE H3  
LITCHFIELD HILLS H3  
LOTUS LAND H3  
MAINE MANIAC H3  
MIAMI/FT LAUDERDALE  
WILD CARD H3  
MIDNIGHT SUN H3  
MISAWA H3

MONTREAL H3  
MT VERNON H3  
NASSAU H3  
NEW ZEALAND GM  
OJAI (Heavy Water) H3  
OSAN BOLGOKI H3  
OTTAWA VALLEY H3  
PANAMA CITY H3  
(Panama)  
PASS H3  
PAYNE CITY H3  
PENTAGON H3  
POCATELLO H3  
PORT OF SPAIN H3  
PUSAN H3  
RED STICK H4  
RHODE ISLAND H3  
SANTA FE H3  
SEOUL H3  
SIDEWINDER H3

SOUTH BAY POOFERS  
H3  
TEL AVIV H3  
THOMPSON H3  
THUNDERBIRD H3  
ULSAN H3  
VALLEY H3  
VERO BEACH H3  
WARM SPRINGS H3  
WORCESTER H3  
YONGSAN KIMCHI H3  
YUKON H3

# EUROHASH '97 - \*Sprouting in Brussels\* - July 25-28, 1997

HHHere's our latest propaganda ;-) Enjoy !!

We've been working on this event from as early as June 1994 to disorganise a sunny weekend of debauchHHHery in Brussels, Capital of Europe and HHHome to some of the finest brews in the world. Let's share together how BMPH3 is planning to transform EuroHash V into the 1997 success story.

## >> Your HOST <<

BMPH3 was established in 1990 as a result of dissatisfaction with the little amount of drinking being done on the Brussels Hash. We re currently about 80 members strong, spanning 21 nationalities (mostly European) with an average mental age of 4= although rumour has it real age averages at 30-35 years old.

In the pure tradition of hashing, everyone with a sense of humour is welcomed on our Hash. Now let's make it clear : we are not a family-oriented hash ! This means that children and dogs are very rare (although we sometimes had two dogs "Duvel" and "Spitting Man" running on a regular basis and enjoying their Down Downs), consequently nothing special is planned for them.

Brussels oldest and best known inhabitant, Manneken Pis symbolises the town s impudently mocking and boisterous spirit (according to the official Brussels tourist map). You've been warned !!

## >> BEER <<

Plenty!! A culture by itself in Belgium which brews not less than 450 different beers ranging from 4.5 to 12 % vol. alcohol. A choice of lager, white (Hoegaarden) and dark (Leffe) beers from the tab will be available at the main venue during evening parties. Both at the run sites and party site, zillions of cans of ice cold lager will ensure that you quench your worst thirst/hangover/hepatitis (delete as appropriate).

On Saturday evening a Belgian beer tastifg will go on while, for the most adventurous beer guts amongst you, the European Down Down championship takes place. Current owner of the title is none other than \*P.ENnIS\* who promised to come back from Washington DC to measure with the best. Rumour has it softies will be there under disguise at both run and party sites while wine (white, red and rose) shall be available at the party site.

While in town, we'll have selected a few watering holes offering discounts to Hashers. In regular places, expect to pay between BEF 50 and 80 for a lager, BEF 65 to 100 for a special beer such as Leffe.

By the way, BMPH3 motto is \*We never run ... out of beer\*.

## >> VENUE <<

Confirmed a few days before leaving for Cyprus InterHash, this will be the university campus of the V.U.B. Cunningly located on the intersection of Metro (Brussels underground system), bus and tram (these electric trolley wagons) lines, it takes about 20 minutes to reach by public transport from Brussels city centre.

Most of the campus will be our private residence for the weekend, offering plenty of green areas, using the university restaurant (seating capacity of 800) and especially no restrictions. The party site itself will consist of a huge marquee able to take up to 1,000 participants (our target) featuring several bars, a stage and plenty of dancing space. A nearby student pub will ensure early birds on Friday afternoon will find what they need while awaiting the hashficial opening of this mega HHH event.

## >> ACCOMMODATION <<

We've received all proposed hotels and are proud to announce incredible discounts to bona fide registered hashers. Our agent, Resotel, is not a tour operator nor a consolidator. It is a highly professional central desk for hotel room reservation in Belgium. This means you won't have to pay any fee on top of advertised prices, you're guaranteed the best rates in town (we've double-checked this) and selected rooms always come with full buffet breakfast.

For family, we've pre-booked a limited number of quadruple rooms/apartments (2 bedrooms). These are more convenient but not cheaper than double/twin rooms on a per person per night basis. All selected hotels are within 5 minutes walking distance from a Metro station and max. 20 minutes from Grand Place. Here's a short overview with BMPH3 rating @ (prices on booking form) and discounts:

|              |   |
|--------------|---|
| ****SAS      | 5-star luxury at a price you might afford. The best breakfast/brunch of all Brussels! 65% off |
| ****Plaza    | Brand new hotel with large rooms - EH 97 registration site and meeting point 60% off          |
| ****Arctia   | Air-con, atrium, sauna. Stylish art-deco Scandinavian with parquet-floor on request 60% off   |
| ***Arenberg  | Under renovation (thru Mar 97) - nice modern-style hotel 60% off                              |
| ***Bedford   | Big hotel (300 rooms) with 2-room suite for 4 people at a good price 70% off                  |
| ***Orion     | Large studio or apartment (1 double bed + twins) + kitchenette and fridge. 33% off            |
| **New Siru   | Each room decorated by a Belgian artist. One style per floor. Really different! 50% off       |
| **Queen Anne | Good price for a functional 2-star hotel with TV 50% off                                      |
| *Colonies    | Dull hotel. Cheapest you can get for large single + triple rooms. Save beer money! 55% off    |

## >> TRANSPORT <<

SABENA is offering the best deal ever to EH 97 participants from all SABENA destinations only (sorry, but Swissair could not be included in this deal). On its European network, SABENA offers a discount of 40 % on Business Class and 30 % on all other fares (including Apex and Superpex). On its intercontinental network, we're talking about 25 % off Business Class fares and 20 % off all other fares.

For hashers coming via London, EUROSTAR proposes excellent deals for groups of 10 and up on its high-speed train to Brussels.

## >> SIDE ACTIVITIES <<

During summer time, Brussels puts her best clothes on. Grand Place/Grote Markt (city centre Market Square) is the scene of a light & sound show every night around 22:00 featuring Brussels historic building as guest hosts (rumour has it you sometimes can see Manneken Pis running on the tiles).

A fun fair takes place on one of the largest boulevard, near Midi train station. A good opportunity to meet de "echte Brusselseers" (the real Brussels inhabitants), try typical Belgian junk food like "frites" (French fries which, as anyone knows, are in fact Belgian), "caracolles" (snails cooked with celery and pepper) or pitta (Greek bread stuffed with meat and salad) with head-banging attractions as side-dishes.

Many more things to see and do, not to mention the hundreds of bars to HHHit. When you get here for EuroHash 97, look in your goodie bag for your personal Hasher's guide where you'll find recommended places and good addresses.

## >> RUN SITES <<

Oh yeah! There's also some running involved... We're currently planning to offer between 5 and 7 run sites spanning all types of terrain and distances. Of course, there will be a ballbreaker trail laid by our best marathon men and a very short one laid by BMPH3 "Strolling Ladies".

All will provide at least one beer stop (BMPH3 all-year round standard), Belgian hydrocarbonates and a lively inebriated Circle afterwards. Only the drunk survive ...

## >> REGISTRATION FEE << -> all-in fee besides accommodation <-

\* BEF 4,500 until 31 December 1996

\* BEF 5,000 afterwards up to 31 May 1997

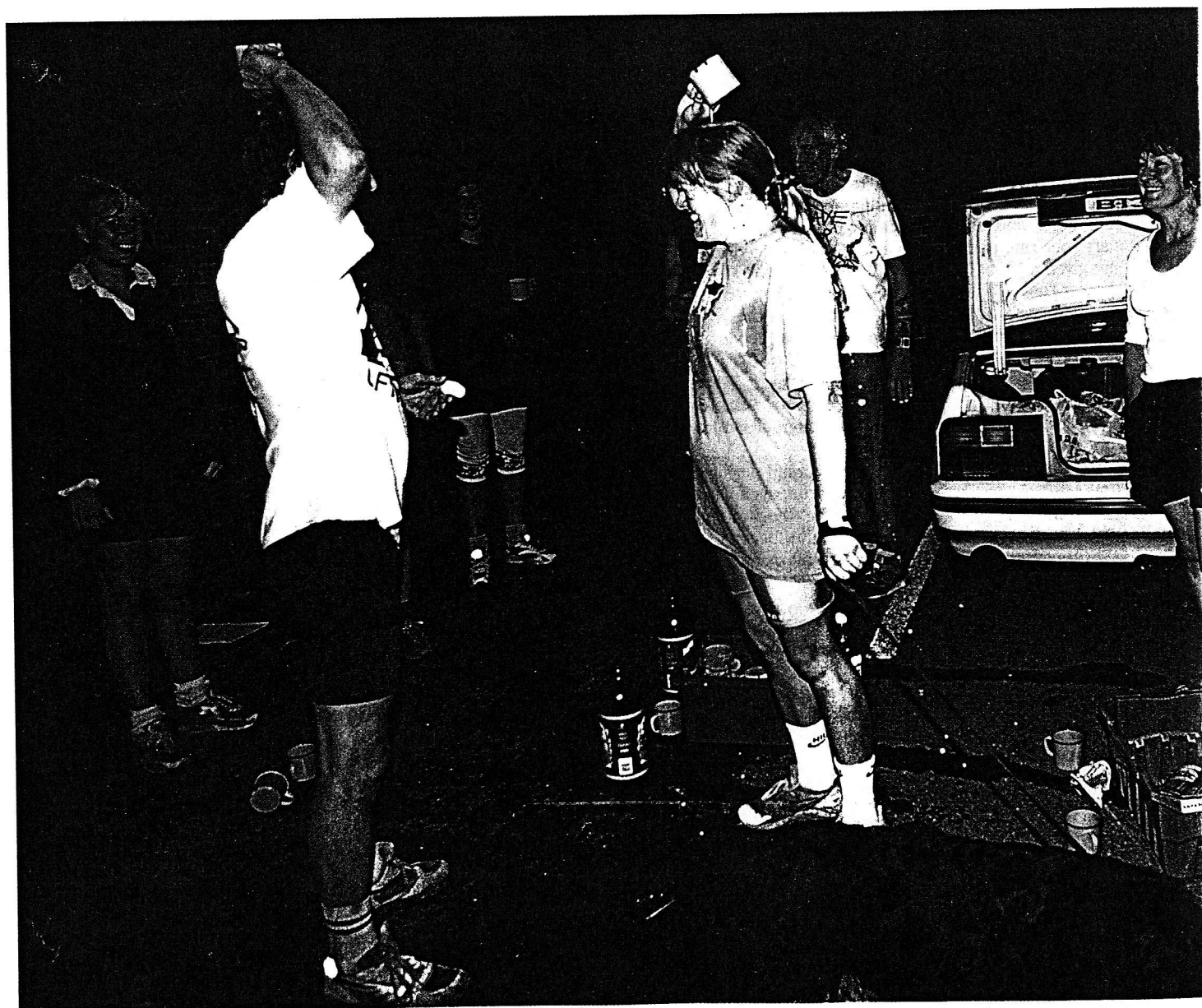
## >> SO YOU WANT TO JOIN THE FUN ? <<

E-mail us at 101611.3575@compuserve.com providing us with your postal mailing address for getting a registration form and hotel booking form before the Xmas price increase. You can also reach us by fax: +32 2 345 88 09

On Out. Higgins - EH'97 Chairman



# Making a hash of it



If you like running and drinking beer – though not necessarily at the same time – hashing just might be the ideal activity for you

By Tim Turner  
Photos by Mark Shearman

The businessman is returning home from work. Turning the corner into the quiet Edwardian backstreet where he lives, he is surprised to find a horde of runners coming towards him, spilling off the pavements and across the middle of the road. The leaders call out what sounds like 'on-on!' From somewhere at the back comes a querying cry of 'are you?' 'On-on!' they reply in confirmation. It's a couple of minutes before all the runners have passed, the slower ones jogging along and chatting. When they've gone, the businessman shakes his head and carries on towards his front gate, eager to tell his wife about this strange apparition.

In fact, he's just witnessed a hash in full flight. For those who've never hashed, imagine a combination between a paperchase and a trail run. One runner (the hare) devises an interesting route through the chosen area, which they mark using materials such as chalk and flour: the other runners (the pack) have to follow the trail. To make it more difficult, the hare can lay any number of bad trails, though there's an unwritten rule that these must be marked as such after a certain point.

Actually, all the rules of hashing are unwritten. "Half the fun is not knowing what you're doing, where you're going or why," according to Ian Mabberley, Grand Master of the Mountain Sheep Hash in Wales, who produces the *United Kingdom Hash House Harriers Directory*.

Graham Robinson, editor of *Hash Hack* magazine, confirms that hashing is not a competitive sport. "There are no first prizes," he says. "The only object is to get round together and have a beer at the end."

The beer at the end is an important – no, make that essential – part of the hashing experience. A popular slogan sums up hashers as 'serious drinkers with a running problem', and it's not much of an exaggeration. Many hashes start at a pub, like The Orange Tree in Richmond, which is where I find the London Hash House Harriers at seven o'clock on a warm spring evening. While they wait for late-comers there's a chance to catch up with the past week's news, and some runners are clutching pints of lager, warming up for later.

That's the only warming up that is going on; there are about 35 people here, and not one makes even a token effort to stretch. A little after quarter-past, Beverley Sallie (aka 'Wee Bev', Grand Mistress of the London Hash) shoos everyone outside and introduces tonight's hare, a small, wiry American who's only just returned from laying the trail and still has flour on his hands to prove it. With a piece of pink chalk he demonstrates the marks we'll be looking for, amid much heckling from the runners; hashing symbols vary widely, and some of these variants haven't been seen before. I'm certainly confused, but as my plan is simply to follow everyone else, I'm hoping that I won't go too far wrong.

Suddenly, we're off: runners disappear around the corner at speeds ranging from a

sprint to a stagger. Down to the end of the street, turn left, another hundred yards – and then we come to a halt again. It's the first check, a pink chalk circle on the pavement. From here the trail could lead anywhere, so the faster runners set off in various directions, looking for further marks, while the slower members of the pack catch up.

There's a long wait before the cries of 'on-on!' echo down the street and we trot off again. For a while, as we weave our way down to the river, along the towpath, across Twickenham Bridge and back along the opposite bank, the pack becomes strung out. Either the checks are a long way apart, or the front-runners are having no difficulty in locating the correct trail. At last, after recrossing the Thames via Richmond Bridge, we regroup in the Terrace Gardens, where even the faster runners have been slowed by the steep slope.

There's an even longer halt at the first check inside Richmond Park, as runners fan out in all directions. At least two separate groups think they've found the trail, and there's much yelling of 'on-on!' and 'are you?'. The more cautious wait for the hare, who is sweeping up at the back, making sure no one gets lost. He points us in the right direction and we're off across the park.

This is the most enjoyable part of the run. Away from the roads, there's time to appreciate the mellow warmth of a perfect spring evening and the joy of running off-road at your own pace. The pack washes to and fro across the wide green expanses of the park and at one point, looking back into the dying rays of the sun at the tailenders coming through the bracken, I'm reminded of one of those police manhunts you see on the news. It's a far cry from my usual solitary plod around the city streets.

Skirting the south side of Pen Ponds I get talking to a tall young German, a student from Lübeck who didn't run at all until his London flatmate persuaded him to come hashing. Now he's a regular. It's a typical story: word of mouth is the single biggest factor in attracting newcomers. "It's something you don't tend to hear about unless you're part of it," explains Mabberley. Robinson agrees. "Many runners have never heard of hashing," he says, "but for others, it's almost a religion."

Looking around, we discover that we've become detached from the back of the pack. The runners who were behind us must have taken a short cut, and now even the hare is several hundred metres ahead. Abandoning the conversation, we make our separate ways up the hill. Anxious visions of being marooned in the middle of the park after dark flash through my head as I huff and puff through a thicket, leaping over tree roots with an agility I don't often manage.

I eventually catch the hare, who is known as Worm. Silly nicknames are an integral part of the mythology of hashing. There's no formal method for allocating them:





## A GLOSSARY OF HASHING TERMS

**Are you?** A query shouted from one member of the pack to another. Short for 'are you on the trail?'

**Bad or false trail** What it says – the hare's way of making the run more interesting. The bad trail is usually marked as such after a certain distance, to give the runners the chance to retrace their steps to the last check

**Check** A circle or cross on the ground, marking a point from which the trail could lead in any direction. The pack's task is to look for marks (usually within 100 metres or so) and pick up the trail again

**Down-down** Drinking a pint of beer in one while being serenaded with rude songs by other hashers

**Grand Master or Mistress** The leader of a hashing club

**Hare** The person who lays the trail

**Hare Raiser or Razor** The member of a hash whose job is to find hares for future runs

**Hash** The word refers to the run, the people who run or the activity in general

**Knitting circle** The injured, the lazy and others just looking for a gentle stroll

**Marks** What the trail consists of. The hare uses various materials, most commonly chalk, blobs of flour and torn-up paper, to mark the trail on the ground

**Mismanagement** The committee of a hash club. They don't own a blazer between them

**On** A state of being; when you're following the marks made by the hare, you're on

**On-Inn** The end of the trail, invariably a place where beer is available

**On-on** The reply to 'are you?', indicating that you are indeed on the trail. Also used as an all-purpose hash salutation

**Pack** The runners who try to follow the trail. Also called 'hounds'

**Religious Adviser or Organiser** The member of the hash who presides over the down-downs, awarding them for pretty much anything he likes

**Shiggy** Anything that gets your shoes dirty, from mud to a variety of unmentionable substances

**Virgin** Someone who hasn't hashed before



Flour power: the hare (above) lays the trail; the pack (below) follows it to the pub

someone thinks of something to call you, and you're stuck with it for the rest of your hashing days. Names can be obvious (Wee Bev is Scottish and not particularly tall), straightforward (Robocop is a policeman called Rob), childish (Pickled Fart, from an incident involving a pickled egg), obscure (Luberty – something to do with a Statue of Liberty costume and a toilet brush), and occasionally witty (Menstrual always used to arrive on his bicycle). Worm owes his moniker to a T-shirt proclaiming that he took part in a hash in the German town of Worms.

It's at this point that he cheerfully admits we've been following a bad trail all along, and could have run a considerably shorter loop if he hadn't mislead us. My fellow stragglers aren't particularly bothered by this. After all, if no one cares about the rules, the concept of 'cheating' becomes meaningless.

"Hashing is an antidote to modern life," claims Mabblerley. "It's stress-free and non-competitive, a chance to be totally silly for an hour or two." That doesn't mean that hashers don't enter 'proper' running events as well. Many of them take part in road races up to marathon distance and beyond, but hashing is a great way of making an easy run more fun.

We've been out nearly an hour now, and from the edge of the park it's not far back to The Orange Tree, where the runners have taken over an entire section of the bar and are busy contributing to the landlord's profits. Meanwhile, Wee Bev has commandeered a table and is spreading out flyers advertising future events. As well as a list of the London Hash's Monday-night runs throughout the summer, there are opportunities to visit more exotic locations. To celebrate significant run numbers, hash clubs often organise special days or weekends featuring multiple runs, barbecues and the opportunity to drink yourself stupid.



## HASHING ALL OVER THE WORLD

Like thoroughbred race-horses, all hashes can trace their origin to one legendary ancestor. The story begins in Malaysia in 1938, when a small group of British Army officers and civil servants who had previously experimented with local variations on the hare and hounds theme founded a club to pursue their hobby. They didn't have a name at first, but were required to come up with one so that the club could be legally registered. The centre of their social activities was the Selangor Club Chambers, nicknamed the 'Hash House' (on account of the chef's habit of putting all the available ingredients into a big pot and making a hash), and one A S Gispert is

credited with proposing that they call their new club the Hash House Harriers.

The arrival of the Japanese army in August 1941 put a bit of a dampener on things, but the club resumed its activities five years later. The original hash has been going ever since, but it was the only one in the world until 1962, when a second hash chapter was founded in Singapore. The first hash outside south-east Asia started in Australia in 1967, and as recently as 1974 there were only 35 hash clubs worldwide.

However, estimates put the current number at around a thousand, and they can be found on every continent except Antarctica. The growth of hashing in the last 20 years is partly due to the running boom,

which coincided with a fresh wave of Britons going to work abroad. The result, as Beverley Sallie explains, is that "anywhere you go in the world, you can contact the local hash and run as a visitor. What's more, complete strangers will offer to pick you up from the airport, feed you and put you up for the night."

As hashing has grown, it has gradually moved away from its roots. "The colonial image has been broken down," according to Graham Robinson. "Even in Malaysia, where it all began, there are lots of local hashers - it's not just people trotting out of the British Embassy in khaki shorts and Green Flash trainers."

Even so, some overseas hashes still revolve around a core of British expats.

"Especially if you're in a non-English-speaking country, it's a great way to meet people," explains RW's Pauline Carter, who discovered hashing when she lived in Athens. "If it hadn't been for the hash, I wouldn't have had much of a social life there."

Vivien Brockwell, who lived in Bahrain for seven years, had never tried running until a friend introduced her to the local hash. "It was fantastic fun, running round and drinking in the middle of the desert," she says, and there were other benefits as well. "Because it was a Moslem country, women weren't supposed to show their legs, but it was accepted that foreign women could go out in shorts if they were running with the hash."

Those advertised tonight range from the Barnes Storming Bastille 600th ('dress theme: the French Revolution') to the Copenhagen 888 Run and the Prague 300th and Beer Festival.

The big event, though, is the InterHash, due to be held in Cyprus in mid-June, and many of the London mob are looking forward to attending it. Like the Olympic Games, this international gathering is held once every four years, but there the similarities end. Some running is involved, but basically the idea is to drink the island dry. Over 4000 hashers were expected to turn up, including 800 from the UK, and one can only hope the local innkeepers were prepared.

The formal part of the evening ends with the down-downs, for which purpose we all go out to the beer garden and gather in a circle. The RA (Religious Adviser), an Australian known as Coming Twice, has lined up a series of pints of lager, and anyone who's ever been a member of a college sports club will know what they're for.

Those performing the 'down in one' (to the raucous accompaniment of the hashing song, whose words, sadly, are not suitable for publication in a family magazine) include the hare, a woman who has just completed her 50th hash, and Luberty, who has committed a mysterious breach of etiquette on a previous outing (something to do with losing a pair of shorts, apparently). Then it's my turn, as a hashing virgin. I make a valiant attempt to empty my pint, and thanks to my cunning tactic of spilling half of it down my T-shirt, I just about manage in time. (If the song finishes before you do, custom demands that you

pour the remainder over your head.) At least I'm not wearing brand new running shoes: the penalty for that is to drink beer from the offending footwear.

Chatting to runners over another pint - thankfully I'm allowed to drink this one at my own pace - it becomes clear that this is a cosmopolitan hash. Tonight's contingent includes runners from the USA, Australia, South Africa, Germany, Denmark and the Netherlands, among other nations, and many of the Brits here have worked abroad. Hashing's roots are as a social activity for British expatriots (see panel, above), and the London Hash acts as an international meeting place. Some of the runners have come to it through friends and colleagues, others through hashers they've met overseas. Trips such as the InterHash offer an opportunity to make new contacts, and visitors are always welcome.

There's a strong feeling of being part of an international community here. "Camaraderie is a big part of the attraction of hashing," explains Graham Robinson. "If you're in an airport departure lounge anywhere in the world and you're wearing a hash T-shirt, the chances are that someone will come up to you, introduce themselves and start talking about hashing. It instantly breaks down barriers."

However, one side effect of this sense of community is a slight wariness of strangers who might not fit in. Several of the people I speak to express a barely disguised hostility towards 'primadonna' runners who don't appreciate the spirit of hashing - people with stopwatches and flashy gear, people who don't drink beer

after a run. (Robocop tries to tell me that some hashers leave before the boozing begins, but I'm not convinced.)

In short, anyone is welcome to join in, but they're expected to do so with the right attitude. If all you care about is racing and setting new PBs, this probably isn't for you. But if you like the social side of running, have a sense of humour, enjoy exploring new areas (and pubs) and are prepared to forget about your minute/mile pace for a while, give it a try. As another slogan puts it: if you've half a mind to go hashing, that's all you need. ■

## SO YOU WANT TO GO HASHING?

Most hashers are recruited by word of mouth, so try asking around other runners in your local area (especially those with a known fondness for beer). If that doesn't work, the following are useful sources of information:

- **The United Kingdom Hash House Harriers Directory 1996** is a comprehensive round-up of hashing activity nationwide, from the Mull of Kintyre to Jersey and all points in between. To obtain a copy, send £1 (inc p&p) to **Ian Mabblerley, 2 School Row, Llanfrynach, Brecon, Powys LD3 7AZ.**
- **Hash Hack** magazine, published quarterly, includes run reports on celebration hashes, contacts and details of forthcoming runs. For a one-year subscription, send £8 to **Graham Robinson, 18 Blenheim Drive, Bredon, Glos GL20 7NQ.**