

# THE BARNES HASH



# 'OWLER

## UPCOMING EVENTS

Date	Event
<b>2006</b>	
14-16 July	NASH BASH (Bike Hash), Marlborough, Wilts <a href="http://www.nashbash.co.uk">www.nashbash.co.uk</a>
25-28 August	Wirral & Chester 1000 <sup>th</sup> , Northop, N Wales <a href="http://mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk/wch3/1000.htm">http://mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk/wch3/1000.htm</a>
8-10 Sept	
27-29 Oct	Bateman Brewery Weekend, Lincs with London H3 <a href="http://www.londonhash.org">www.londonhash.org</a>
24-26 Nov	Interhash 2006, Changmai. <a href="http://www.chiangmai2006.com/Home.htm">http://www.chiangmai2006.com/Home.htm</a>
<b>2007</b>	Barnes Xmas Weekend Away, Chippenham, Wilts <a href="http://www.barnesh3.com">www.barnesh3.com</a>
July 2007	
	Eurohash, organised by London H3 based at St Mary's College, Twickenham

More on the Barnes H3 website

## BREAKING NEWS

Jerry Can stood down as Grand Master, having gained his residents visa to move North of Watford. Votes were cast at AGM at the Coach & Horses, Barnes on April 27<sup>th</sup>. The new committee is:-

	Handle	Alias	Home/Work	Mobile
Grand Master	Stonker	Steve Bateman	020-8891-6700	07808-204-157
Joint Mattress	Sandy Fany	Sandy Fany	020-8540-2041	07986-092-788
Joint Master	Simple	Simon Rowlett	01483-560-454	07718-582-385
On Sec	Ricochet	Eve Tate	01784-898-326	07789-755-286
Hash Cash	Double Entry	Graham Duncan	020-8560-9378	07941-086-488
Religious Advisor	Orient Express	David Gutteridge	01295-721626	07879-477-449
Hare Raiser	Bumburner	Doug Warwick	020-8891-3792	07753-930-438
Haberdasher	Chipmonk	Ron Tozer	01737-556-064	
Upstanding Member	Sinthia	Mike Payne		07970-754-255

## THE LATEST HOOTS

February 22<sup>nd</sup> 2006-

Run: 1108 -The Old House At Home, Dorking

Hares: Chipmonk and Layby

Scribe: Sinthia

All had a pleasant run, except after eating 20 portions of the delicious brownies. That made the On-In a bit uncomfortable. Chipmonk laid an interesting trail with lots of hills. At one check, about half way round, Julie and I were waiting for someone else to pick up the trail, when our three youngest members decided they needed to sit on the park bench - poor little loves. As I was having a moan at them, Fetherlite chimed in, offering her full support! That's all we need - girl bloody power in the hash.

Back at the pub, she informed everyone that only Orient Express had called during the run. Well Fetherlite, I didn't make a fuss at the time, but I did aswell. You're making me feel victimised.

Sandy Fanny might have been writing this, but at the circle she hid behind Orient Express, a move that did not go unseen and she was rightly punished at the down downs. Other sinners included Julie for offering to go down on me the previous week. I should be so lucky. Dangerous, with all his hash experience, should know better than to argue about the way back and was invited into the circle along with Double Entry. No, he wasn't late this time, but it was noted that he managed to get his car closer to the pub than the car park! Fetherlite ran as well as I've seen. I'm sure this is due to the fact that she was completely paralytic before the start. Well someone was!



A final thought - I was reading an article on the dangers of heavy drinking. It scared the shit out of me. That's it after tonight - no more reading.

### Friendship Between Women:

A woman didn't come home one night. The next day she told her husband that she had slept over at a girlfriend's house. The man called his wife's 10 best friends.

None of them knew anything about it.

### Friendship Between Men:

A man didn't come home one night. The next day he told his wife that he had slept over at a buddy's house. The woman called her husband's 10 best friends.

Eight of them confirmed that he had slept over, and two claimed that he was still there.

*Bisexuality immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night. **Rodney Dangerfield***

*"There are a number of mechanical devices which increase sexual arousal, particularly in women. Chief among these is the Mercedes-Benz 380SL." **Lynn Lavner***

*"Sex at age 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope." **Camille Paglia***

*"Sex is one of the nine reasons for incarnation. The other eight are unimportant." **George Burns***

*"Women might be able to fake orgasms. But men can fake a whole relationship." **Sharon Stone***

*"Hockey is a sport for white men. Basketball is a sport for black men. Golf is a sport for white men dressed like black pimps."*

**Tiger Woods**

*"My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-bitch."*

**Jack Nicholson**

*"Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet." **Robin Williams***

*"Women need a reason to have sex. Men just need a place" **Billy Crystal***

*"There's a new medical crisis. Doctors are reporting that many men are having allergic reactions to latex condoms. They say they cause severe swelling. So what's the problem?" **Dustin Hoffman***

*"There's very little advice in men's magazines, because men think, 'I know what I'm doing. Just show me somebody naked!'" **Jerry Seinfeld***

*"See, the problem is that God gives men a brain and a penis, and only enough blood to run one at a time." **Robin Williams***

*"It's been so long since I've had sex, I've forgotten who ties up whom." **Joan Rivers***

*"Sex is one of the most wholesome, beautiful and natural experiences money can buy." **Steve Martin***

*"You don't appreciate a lot of stuff in school until you get older. Little things like being spanked every day by a middle-aged woman. Stuff you pay good money for in later life." **Elmo Phillips***

*"Bigamy is having one wife too many. Monogamy is the same." **Oscar Wilde***

*"It isn't premarital sex if you have no intention of getting married." **George Burns***

March 8<sup>th</sup>  
1110 - Half Moon, Ripley  
Nelson - Writer's Cramp

**FOR SALE**  
**DIGITAL CAMERA -ONLY USED ONCE**



**BE STRONG HONEY**

A man escapes from a prison where he's been locked up for 15 years. He breaks into a house to look for money and guns. Inside, he finds Wrecked em in bed with her chap.

He orders Wrecked em's chap out of bed and ties him to a chair. While tying Wrecked em to the bed, the convict gets on top of her kisses her neck, then gets up and goes into the bathroom.

While he's in there, Wrecked em's man whispers over to her:  
"Listen, this guy is an escaped convict. Look at his clothes! He's probably spent a lot of time in jail and hasn't seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck. If he wants sex, don't resist, don't complain...do whatever he tells you. Satisfy him no matter how much he nauseates you. This guy is obviously very dangerous. If he gets angry, he'll kill us both. Be strong, honey. I love you!"

Wrecked em responds: "He wasn't kissing my neck. He was whispering in my ear. He told me that he's gay, he thinks you're cute and asked if we had the Vaseline. I told him it was in the bathroom. Be strong honey. I love you, too."



**NEW PRODUCT LAUNCH**

In the Fight Against  
Bird Flu – GSK has  
launch this new  
exciting product



*Posh Plumber and his new van were spotted by Orient on M25 early this month.*

Dear Nelson,

*I am writing you this letter to tell you that I'm leaving you for good. I've been a good woman to you for seven years and I have nothing to show for it.*

*These last two weeks have been hell. Your boss called to tell me that you had quit your job today and that was the last straw. Last week, you came home and didn't notice that I had gotten my hair and nails done, cooked your favourite meal and even wore a brand new negligee. You came home and ate in two minutes, and went straight to sleep after watching the football. You don't tell me you love me anymore, you don't touch me or anything. Either you're cheating or you don't love me anymore, whatever the case is, I'm gone.*

*P.S. If you're trying to find me, don't. Your younger BROTHER and we are moving away to Virginia Waters together! Have a great life! Your EX*

Nelson's Response!!!

Dear Chasity Belt

Nothing has made my day more than receiving your letter. It's true that you been a good woman for seven years but it is a far cry from what you've been.

I watch sports so much to try to drown out your constant nagging and so I don't have to write the Hash run write up. Too bad that doesn't work. I did notice when you cut off all of your hair last week, the first thing that came to mind was "You look just like a man!". My mother raised me to not say anything if you can't say anything nice. When you cooked my favourite meal, you must have gotten me confused with MY BROTHER, because I stopped eating red meat seven years ago. I went to sleep on you when you had on that new negligee because the price tag was still on it. I prayed that it was a coincidence that my brother had just borrowed fifty dollars from me that morning and your negligee was £49.99.

After all of this, I still loved you and felt that we could work it out. So when I discovered that I had hit the lotto for ten million pounds, I quit my job and bought us two tickets to Jamaica. But when I got home you were gone. Everything happens for a reason I guess. I hope you have the fulfilling life you always wanted. My lawyer said with your letter you wrote, you won't get a penny from me. So take care.

P.S. I don't know if I ever told you this but Carl, my brother was born Carla. I hope that's not a problem and tell the guys at the hash – sorry about the Ripley run write up...I'll send them a postcard maybe.

March 15<sup>th</sup>

## 1111 - The Royal Stag at Datchet Second Cumming

Well another top run by the hare,, a glorious sunny evening with a very full pack.

After a few wrong turns at the start we soon found our way. The run was going very well

Then , just as we started crossing the M4 the frontrunners suddenly came across Last Gasp running towards them swearing consistently. Apparently he had turned up early, 7.30 as he wished to do the run and then pop in on his local interest in his love triangle. It was the last seen of Last Gasp as he continued to run backwards.

This being the royal county of Berkshire one would have thought the local street urchins would have been more eloquent but instead seemed to take more pleasure from discussing featherlites, so insignificants and chastity belts backsides.

Down-downs

Mad cow for revealing his anus more than once

Nelson,, just got lost

Jerry can for moaning

Gaylick and bumburner,, lack of respect

Swazey complaining of his rash

### New Sex Study...

It has been determined, the most used sexual

Position for married couples is a doggie position.

The husband sits up and begs.

The wife rolls over and plays dead.

London Zoo had acquired a female of a very rare species of Gorilla. Within a few weeks, the gorilla became very cantankerous and difficult to handle.

Upon examination, the Zoo vet determined the problem. The gorilla was on heat.

To make matters worse, there were no male gorillas of the species available.

While reflecting on their problem, the Zoo management thought of a friend of his called Uptake, a bear of a man who would do anything to help a friend out and seemed to be possessed with ample ability to satisfy a female of ANY species.

So, Uptake was approached with a proposition. Would he be willing to have a bonk with the gorilla for £500 ?

Uptake showed some interest but said he would have to think the matter over carefully. The following day, Uptake announced that he would accept their offer, only under three conditions:

"First," he said, "I don't want to have to kiss her. "

"Secondly, you must never tell anyone about this."

The Zoo management quickly agreed to these conditions, so they asked what was his third condition.

"Well, You'll have to give me another week to come up with the £500."

**HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU THOUGHT  
THIS ?**





**March 22<sup>nd</sup>**

**RUN: 1112**

**HARE: DOUBLE ENTRY**

**PUB: THE RED LION, ISLEWORTH**

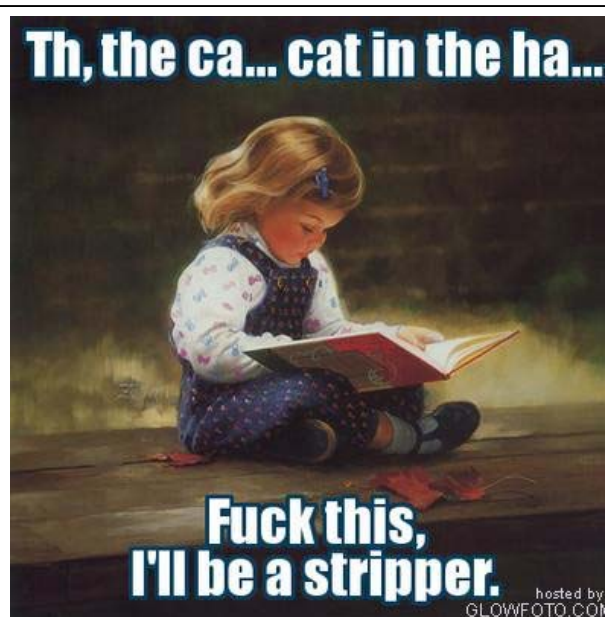
**Scribe : Spare Rib**

Well, “fragrantly unforgettable” is how I would describe this run. From the gently wafting scent of “Old George” the sewage works, to the stagnant odour of “Eau de Polecat” in the ladies toilet in The Red Lion, the whole evening is indelibly printed on my senses!

The Hare had created a run of 2 halves, the first in Isleworth the town with brightly lit blacktop, populated with tattooed natives noisily wandering around and the second half in Isleworth with unlit blacktop spookily running through tunnels and around empty modern buildings surrounded by still black waters. (Could I detect the faint strains of the theme tune from “The Good the Bad & the Ugly” or did my ears deceive me?)

Several members of the pack seemed to get separated from the main group when we followed our guest Hasher from Australia. Of course he knew exactly where he was going, that’s why we followed him! I bumped into Bumburner with alarming regularity as usual. He is sooooo ubiquitous.

It was very, very cold and so Sinthia’s girls wanted to return to the Harem at the end of the run. So as enticing as the thought of another whiff of “Eau de Polecat” was, we left before the Down Downs.....Shame! No doubt I would have got one as usual!



**29<sup>th</sup> March**

**1113 – Robin Hood, Guildford.**

**Mad Cow**

A sure sign of spring manifesting itself is runs moving out to the sticks, and so it was a reasonable size pack trekked out to Guildford for the virgin run of James (son of Chastity Belt) ably assisted by his brother and taking no chances, Chastity Belt as checkin chicken. A notable event was the on time arrival of Double Entry despite Guildford’s labyrinthine one way system and his hopeless sense of direction.

Although the hare was 20 to 30 years the junior of most of the old farts in the pack, no allowance was made for age and infirmity and he soon had us out in countryside making full use of the available hills in the vicinity. The pack struggled up and down various precipitous slopes and were highly amused by a false trail at the bottom of a long downhill (is there any other place to set a false?) stretch. Fortunately the hare only had the energy for the one downhill FT so all other checks were uphill thus forestalling a mutiny. Splendid views of the surrounding countryside would have been available had it not been pitch black with threatening rain clouds. As things transpired, in rare display of competence, the RA organised the weather sufficiently well so we had 5 minutes or so of drizzle at the end of the run (shame about the rather damp circle and even damper journey home). Bar a few minutes at the start and finish of the run it was all off road with sufficient evidence of trail marking for even the most myopic of the pack. All in all a very creditable effort for a virgin hare. In a display of rank incompetence, most of the knitting circle managed to miss the short cut at the end part of the trail, some even managing to arrive back at the pub in the opposite direction to the on inn, maybe someone will invent a hasher proof GPS one day!

The pub was run by a couple of ponytailed ageing rockers who played music of a suitable vintage for most of the pack to recognise it. An interesting feature was a coffin shaped alcove which served as a shrine to various prematurely deceased rock stars with photos of the late lamented. Gaylick would not have approved of the non availability of food, but luckily was away taking full advantage of his cheap flights and 2/3 final salary pension (it appears the all day breakfast is only served till 2.30pm).

A grumbling pack was reluctantly dragged out into the rain for the circle to witness down downs for the Earle clan and some sad bastard getting a 200 run award (was that me?). In a display of ruthless lynch law justice that the Crown Prosecution Service would do well to emulate the following sinners were duly punished:-

Sinthia- following the wrong car back from Datchet (ever thought of a map?).

Spare Rib- blind, can you imagine praise for Stonker’s behind (or the front for that matter).

Chipmonk- There’s no way Mad Cow will travel this far for a run (f\*\*k the run, it’s the hipflask that’s important).

Scargill – finally the hash bailiffs caught up with the tightwad and extracted the Xmas do money from him.

Dangerous – not sure if he’s dressing on the left or the right.

Bum Burner – something about (much needed) brain tonic.

Verdict Run 8.5/10, Pub 7/10, Weather 3/10

### The Headache

The doctor said, "Joe the good news is I can cure your headaches. The bad news is that it will require castration. You have a very rare condition, which causes your testicles to press on your spine and the pressure creates one hell of a headache. The only way to relieve the pressure is to remove the testicles."

Joe was shocked and depressed. He wondered if he had anything to live for. He had no choice but to go under the knife.

When he left the hospital, he was without a headache for the first time in 20 years, but he felt like he was missing an important part of himself. As he walked down the street, he realized that he felt like a different person. He could make a new beginning and live a new life.

He saw a men's clothing store and thought, "That's what I need... a new suit." He entered the shop and told the salesman, "I'd like a new suit."

The elderly tailor eyed him briefly and said, "Let's see... size 44 long."

Joe laughed, "That's right, how did you know?"

"Been in the business 60 years!" the tailor said.

Joe tried on the suit, it fit perfectly.

As Joe admired himself in the mirror, the salesman asked, "How about a new shirt?"

Joe thought for a moment and then said, "Sure."

The salesman eyed Joe and said, "Let's see, 34 sleeves and 16-1/2 neck."

Joe was surprised, "That's right, how did you know?"

"Been in the business 60 years."

Joe tried on the shirt, and it fit perfectly.

Joe walked comfortably around the shop, and the salesman asked, "How about some new underwear?"

Joe thought for a moment and said, "Sure."

The salesman said, "Let's see... size 36."

Joe laughed, "Ah ha! I got you, I've worn a size 34 since I was 18 years old."

The salesman shook his head, "You can't wear a size 34. A size 34 would press your testicles up against the base of your spine and give you one hell of a headache."

New suit - £400

New shirt - £36

New underwear - £10

Second Opinion - PRICELESS

5<sup>th</sup> April

### 1114 - The Bell, Walton On The Hill Swasey

This was Jerry Can's last run with Barnes (on a regular basis anyway) as he has moved to somewhere far more interesting either up north or south down to Spain.....we're not sure which but it's still probably not quite far enough as he keeps on turning up for runs anyway. I also wrote in my notes that it was his birthday - he clearly couldn't think of anything else to do to celebrate it so decided to join Barnes for a hash.

The common complaint of not enough flour was prevalent again so many spent a reasonable amount of time waiting at the checks (or are they Czechs?) for the front runners to eventually find the next trail.

The only virgin was James although my notes say that he was confused with Charles - who for all I know is the next king of Britain or they gay landlord at Popeye's local.

Bob was named as 'Tumbling Tosser' for ..... guess what ..... the sheer weight of genius is mind boggling when it comes to these namings - also clearly evidenced by Titanic Dickhead/Bent Penis/Arse Wipe/Genital Warts etc etc.

Lucy, who's hash name escaped me - no it hasn't it's Chastity Belt, almost didn't make it as she decided in her great blonde wisdom to fill her car of 3 years with Petrol....instead of the recommended diesel. Apparently it is still running unlike half the people that turned up to The Bell this night.....something to do with birthdays one might assume.



**Positive proof of global warming.**



## VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Company Policy: Effective from July 2006

### Dress Code

It is advised that you come to work dressed according to your salary. If we see you wearing Prada shoes and carrying a Gucci bag, we assume you are doing well financially and therefore do not need a raise.

If you dress poorly, you need to learn to manage your money better, so that you buy nicer clothes, and therefore you do not need a raise.

If you dress just right, you are right where you need to be and therefore you do not need a raise.

### Sick Days

We will no longer accept a doctor's statement as proof of sickness. If you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

### Annual Leave Days

Each employee will receive 104 Annual Leave days a year. They are called Saturday & Sunday.

### Bereavement Leave

]This is no excuse for missing work. There is nothing you can do for dead friends, relatives or co-workers.

Every effort should be made to have non-employees attend to the arrangements.

In rare cases where employee involvement is necessary, the funeral should be scheduled in the late afternoon. We will be glad to allow you to work through your lunch hour and subsequently leave one hour early

### Toilet Use

Entirely too much time is being spent in the toilet. There is now a strict three-minute time limit in the stalls. At the end of three minutes, an alarm will sound, the toilet paper roll will retract, the stall door will open, and a picture will be taken.

After your second offence, your picture will be posted on the company bulletin board under the chronic offender's category. Anyone caught smiling in the picture will be sanctioned under the company's mental health policy.

Company Policy: Effective from July 2006

### Lunch Break

Skinny people get 30 minutes for lunch, as they need to eat more, so that they can look healthy.

Normal size people get 15 minutes for lunch to get a balanced meal to maintain their average figure.

Chubby people get 5 minutes for lunch, because that's all the time needed to drink a Slim-Fast.

Thank you for your loyalty to our company.

We are here to provide a positive employment experience. Therefore, all questions, comments, concerns, complaints, frustrations, irritations, aggravations, insinuations, allegations, accusations, contemplation's, consternation and input should be directed elsewhere.

### The Management

## Run Number-1115

Date-12<sup>th</sup> April

Location-The Plough, Stoke D'Abernon, Cobham

Hare-Nelson

Scribe-Barely Visible

Oh this pub brings back memories!!! It was at this pub 18 months ago that Ricochet and myself were given our hash names, doesn't time fly when you are having fun!

Now from what I can remember of the run it was a pretty good turn out and the weather was good, It was also the first run of the year without torches. The trail consisted of a good mixture of both road and woodland.

Myself, Ric, Last Tango and Double Entry got lost in the woods after trying to take an alternative route (short cut)-moral to the story stay on trail and don't short cut!

The general consensus from the pack was that the run was very good but involved too much road and not enough countryside. The run was also long but then we have to remember that it was set by a FRB

### Down Downs:

Tony-for being a virgin (who I have not seen running since)  
Body Shop & Sandy Fany-"For telling tales" regarding Russian prostitute's!!

Hot Lips-A visitor from South Africa named "hot lips" for drinking Tabasco

Jonathon-Path confusion!!

Spare Rib-for doing the London marathon

Feather Light-A lack of communication with Scud about weekend plans

Scud-For having suffered with Piles and severe bleeding!!

Enough said

A certain Hasher had a down down for all manner of reasons and by no means got off lightly. (At least it's not a beer for each sin as they would not have been standing!)

**Firstly**-for setting a run earlier and having to leave before the pack arrived due to Delhi Belly.

**Secondly**-for missing a run due to getting drunk with clients.

**Thirdly**-for having missed a run due to having her car and herself serviced. However; the story did not end there! This person needed to look as though they had been running so as not to arouse suspicion. So it was decided the best way to do this would be to roll around in a puddle before heading home, which was all a complete waste of time as no one was awake.

Now as a very famous comedian once said, "It's the way you tell 'em" and this was certainly true on this occasion as Orient Express had the pack in stitches.





## 19<sup>th</sup> April Run 1116

Pub: **The Magpie and Crown, Brentford**

Weather: **8/10**

Trail: **7/10**

Pub: **5/10**

Beer quality: **8/10**

Hash snacks: **6/10**

Hare: **Mad Cow** Checkin' Chicken: **Stonker**

Scribe: **Simple**

### **The Naked One**

A full pack assembled inside the Magpie and Crown once the challenges of the on street parking were overcome.

Mad Cow had done a complete re-plan of the trail when Double Entry's run just four weeks earlier had taken us past the rendezvous and stolen all of the best territory. The on-on was called and we headed off down to the river. Cheered on by the very hash friendly boat dwellers, we soon dumped out back on to Brentford High Street just 20 yards from the pub.

A check by the entrance to Syon Park raised false hopes as the trail was called on through a council estate or three to Gillette Corner. A long slog down the A4 past B Sky B and The History Channel HQ prompted the FRBs to call an informal re-group only to find a real re-group one check down the line.

The high-lights of the run were saved until the end with a tour of Boston Manor, the underbelly of the M4 and an ogle at a naked man for the more observant.

Back in the pub, which was packed with the obligatory Wednesday evening footie crowd (Arsenal 1 - Villa Real 0), the queue for the beer lasted longer than the run. When I finally got served I turned to offer Second Coming, who was dying of dehydration, a pint only to see his back storming out of the door as he gave up in total disgust. Hang in there next time Chris!

A late circle was called owing to the (lack of) service outside the pub and aptly opposite the Naked Grain furniture shop. After punishing the hare and checkin' chicken, down downs were awarded by stand in GM Lionel to the virgin from Poland, who rapidly swapped her beer for a kiss, Barely Visible for spying the naked man, Double Entry for asking if said man was attractive, Silent Knight for an indecipherable scribble, Last Tango for a decadent lunch lasting until 3:30 and Lionel and Kipper for hashing on their sixth wedding anniversary (she forgot!) On on! Simple.



## 27<sup>th</sup> April

### 1117 - AGM – Coach & Horses, Barnes

#### Flybnynte

Another year gone and time for a vote and another run from the Coach and Horses. Could Lionel and Fetherlite find a path in Barnes not previously run? We set off over the green, past a pretty stream, towards the Common, where a couple of ghosts lurked in the woods to scare hapless Harriettes. Then down by the road bridge to pay homage to Marc Bolan. The pack were pretty spread out by then, so the hares hatched a cunning plot to get them back together. Over the railway, the front barrier came down. Then down came the barrier behind them. No escape so this huddle of hashers had to wait and wait until the trains passed by.

Back to the pub for beer and food. Tension was high as the candidates waited for the count, it was nearly as exciting as the Local Elections!. The landlady kept bribery under control as she scrutineered scrupulously. So outside for the results. Voting was close-Berlusconi, Tracey Temple and others would have improved their chances had they turned up on the night. Then anarchy struck with an attempted coup by various reprobates from West London Hash. They were given down downs for insurrection and that shut them up. What some hashers will do for a free drink! More down downs for the hares and Petal as checkin chicken. Also to

Generator- for setting off the run with a bicycle chain around her neck- why wasn't it on the bike?

Mad cow- not for taking care of said chain, but for pleasing Ken Livingstone by taking a bus

Wobbly Pigeon- for talking a short cut

Gaylick for losing his glasses and needing a torch to vote

Posh Plumber for setting his hair on fire

Scud for his recent guide to rabbit management and

Dougal for being the funniest (what isn't in the notes!)

Daffy Dildo for his interest in ladies netball

Depth Guage for not doing enough runs

Jacky for getting blisters on the marathon. Hence her naming ceremony as Blister Boobs

So farewell to the old committee and in with the new. Their positions can be seen on the web site-some look strangely familiar.



Province of Inhambane  
Ministry of Fish and Wildlife  
MOZAMBIQUE

#### WARNING

Due to the rising frequency of human-lion encounters, the Ministry of Fish and Wildlife, Inhambane Branch, Mozambique is advising hikers, hunters, fishermen and any motorcyclists that use the out-of-doors in a recreational or work-related function to take extra precautions while in the bush

We advise outdoorsmen to wear little noisy bells on clothing so as to give advanced warning to any lions that might be close by so you don't take them by surprise.

We also advise anyone using the out-of-doors to carry "Pepper Spray" with him or her in case of an encounter with a lion.

Outdoorsmen should also be on the watch for fresh lion activity, and be able to tell the difference between lion cub shit and big lion shit. Lion cub shit is smaller and contains lots of berries and dassie fur. Big lion shit has bells in it, and smells like pepper.

Enjoy your stay in  
MOZAMBIQUE

Bodyshop was in Mozambique this week. He left this in his office





3<sup>rd</sup> May

## 1118 - The Sportsman, Mogador

SCRIBE – MAD COW

A new broom sweeps the old mismanagement away so once again yours truly is called upon for his uncertain recollections of the above event all of 3 weeks since the last time I did a write up (Stonker's previous rota no longer counting). Despite the far flung location a fair size pack gathered at the pub with several virgins of a considerably more tender age than most of us old farts on BH3 recruited (or press ganged) by Sinthia the hare. I was horrified to find the pub car park full being obliged to do a mini hash from car to pub. No doubt the large number of customers present were attracted by the bargain basement prices charged for food and booze (over £3 a pint for Guinness and £1.50 for a half of lime and soda and £10 for cod and chips)!

The stand in GM called the pack to order and soon we were displaying our newly acquired Spanish suntans to the local natives as we set about the trail. As usual in this location hills were not in short supply and we wondered whether or not the hare would be sadistic enough to set plenty of U trails in the direction of Redhill a long way below. Fortunately he kept the run mainly along the contour lines with only one naïve virgin checking the one long downhill false (he'll learn in time!) with the rest of the pack keeping a safe distance waiting for the inevitable (first lesson of hashing never call a downhill false until at least half the pack have swallowed the bait). The RA after several miserable failures on the weather front had finally come up trumps with the elements and a fine clear evening provided us with splendid vistas of the surrounding countryside. The hare, mindful of his new recruits, showed considerable leniency in marking through checks and dropping suitable hints for SCBs, so the pack moved along at a decent pace and we were all back within an hour without sending any search parties for stragglers. All in all a pretty decent run with absolutely no mutterings of hash shit etc.

The pub had emptied out a bit in our absence (no doubt the prospect of sweaty hashers had prompted the locals to scoff down their overpriced food and shoot off home) so there were no problems getting served swiftly prior to Orient Express herding the pack outside to face punishment for a variety of sins, some of which still remain a mystery to me as I could barely read the list of sinners penned by his shaky hand. Our youthful virgins were swiftly dealt with prior to punishing the following sinners:

Double Entry – managed to forget where he left his car in the airport car park (1 hour 15 minutes later....) and characteristically nearly missed both his flights.

Fetherlite – If only I'd known the short cut was so quick I'd have done the whole trail (b\*\*locks!!).

Thomas – unusually keen downhill checking (he'll learn).

Bob – new shoes

Lionel – something to do with multitasking

The Scribe, So Insignificant and Lauren – unknown sins due to above mentioned scrawl.

### Run 1119 venue oxshott hare licky Dick

What can I say about this wonderful venue. It was a very pleasurable run, with back checks across the A3 in abundance. I was selected to scribe by Simple for the heinous crime of talking just before the off. I will get my Revenge.

It is with great sadness that I have to report Moaning Mertyle who lied in the pub, she told me that she had not fallen over when in fact three independent witnesses told me that she had. When I pointed this to her she still insisted that she hadn't fallen and that she had told them not to say anything!

Petal was asked to join the sinners for complaining about the food and the A G P U. This could be a slight error on my part, but it's so long since the run it will have to do. Scud was asked into the circle for apparently trying to save a parking space, we are not sure who this was for, but Hair Flick & Do You claimed the prized space.

As for the run I thought it was great and give it ten out of ten.

Before I close I would just like to share this true story with you (honest it is true).

Sandy Fany and Stonker found them selves on an overnight train, sharing the same cabin. It was a cosy little cabin furnished with a bunk bed. Stonker took the top bunk and Sandy took the bottom bunk. After a short time Sandy asked Stonker if he could possibly get her another blanket from the cupboard, Stonker leapt from his bunk and sat on the end of Sandy's bed. He looked her in the eye and said, look Sandy nobody knows we are on this train alone, so just for tonight why don't we pretend to be husband and wife. Sandy looked thoughtfully and said I guess it won't do any harm and agreed. With that Stonker jumped back in his own bunk rolled over and said get your own bloody blanket!  
The old ones are the best.....

Sinthia on on

A man took his wife to the rodeo and one of the first exhibits they stopped at was the breeding bulls.

They went up to the first pen and there was a sign attached that said, "This bull mated 50 times last year."

The wife playfully nudged her husband in the ribs and said, "He mated 50 times last year."

They walked to the second pen which had a sign attached that said,  
"This bull mated 120 times last year."

The wife gave her husband a healthy jab and said, "That's more than twice a week! You could learn a lot from him."

They walked to the third pen and it had a sign attached that said, in capital letters, "THIS BULL MATED 365 TIMES LAST YEAR."

The wife, so excited that her elbow nearly broke her husband's ribs, said, "That's once a day. You could REALLY learn something from this one."

The husband looked at her and said, "Go over and ask him if it was with the same cow?"

\*NOTE: The husband's condition has been upgraded from critical to stable and he should eventually make a full recovery.

17<sup>th</sup> May

1120 - The Swan , Clewer Village, Windsor

Hares

Coolbox & Madonna

Checkin' Chicken

Bum Burner

## WHERE THE HELL ARE THE KNITTING CIRCLE WHEN YOU NEED THEM.

This run was memorable. It was the first time the run was close to home. Close enough to get a lift there and back. And like the last time I scribed the weather made a hose pipe ban seem ridiculous. It was also memorable as I actually had to do that thing called running as the knitting circle, stayed at home with new yarn and needles. Thanks Barely Visible, Sandi Fani, Wrecked 'Em, Woobly Pigeon, Sogarthon & Dougal! Where were you when I needed you. At least Dougal sent a sick note. She has a bad knee.

Coolbox looked anxious upon my arrival at 10 to eight.

"What's the lowest turn out Barnes has had?" she asked casting her eyes around the room at the 4 other Hashers all from R2D2 and/or Berkshire. Oddly enough the answer to her question, from my limited knowledge and personal experience was actually the last time I scribed, which as at the Robin Hood, In Guildford last year when Specky was the Hare and we had a grand turn out of a bakers dozen.

The weather was disgusting. It was dark and the rain was pounding down. At 5 to eight, Coolbox and Madonna were somewhat concerned – mostly that they'd arranged Chilli and Lasagne for 20! And the only other person to arrive was Simple.

As always Barnes members sprung into action nano seconds before cry of "On Out" and to everyone's surprise a grand total of 21 turned up, including Jerry Can.

The trail was remarkable, hardly any black stuff and an admirable numbers of enjoyable false trails, back checks & checks which took the pack along the Thames, through wet long grassed field, along muddy tracks, across a golf course, over and around Eton's immaculately mowed playing fields, through Eton School itself, through Eton and over the bridge to Windsor Castle and hanger left back along the river.

Madonna assured me it was 5 miles exactly. With phaffing about, oh sorry ..... I think this excludes false trails and checking. The pack was wet through and wet when at 9.25pm the last hasher stumbled through the door.

For some reason, I got lumbered with collecting money for the Hash Nosh, which I'm please half the pack got stuck into. I left before the down-downs as my lift arrived but as Stonker pointed out to me in an email the following morning;

"Down-downs were late due to not getting back to pub until late and food, so many people had left before the circle."

Verdict Run 10/10 , Pub 5/10 , Weather -7/10

24<sup>th</sup> May

1121 - The Swan Inn, Claygate

Scribe Velcro

Hare – Ringpull

Checkin Chicken - Specky

Another wet evening, it's not stopped raining since they announced the hose pipe ban! Arrived at the Swan Inn expecting to park around the green only to find it had gone! The water board had fenced it off and it looked like they were they were digging a huge hole, Could be another sewage works...

Once inside it was good to see Gunga Dick sipping his Guinness in his local pub, was surprised to see the village cricket team though, all in their whites as though they expected to play even though it had been pouring down with rain all day....

Quite a good size pack considering the weather.

The run started well with a check and then false trail that led us back to the pub to collect any late comers, Double Entry was heard to moan it was a bit late as had done the loop and had run his nuts off to catch us up.

The run was mainly on Esher common, loads of shaggy and the rain was relentless. It was a good trail and it had the front runners in view which enabled the back to cut in at various points which kept the pack together. Completed in just over an hour and the general consensus it was a good well laid hash!

We all huddled outside the pub squeezing under the 2 large umbrellas, yep it was still chucking it down and Down Downs were awarded to:

Sandy Fany – was heard on the run to be discussing the merits of waterproof mascara to avoid the panda look.

Saddlesniffer – something to do with the name 'owler' can't remember what though

Stonker – had his name in print due to some naughtiness.....

Scud – Chipmunk – Layby for wearing the same 'job lot' bright orange jackets

Julie – something to do with usually 'coming' with her husband, but not tonight!

Nelson – for getting lost and being late back

## Swan Inn, Claygate – continued/....

And now are the Down Downs that got away.....

Stonker – Washed his running shoes especially for tonight's very wet and muddy hash

Lionel – heard to say at the beginning of the run 'its going to be a wet and muddy one'

Man but took the wrong A levels!! He has never forgiven his school.....

Scargill – Had to run with his glasses on as he dropped one of his contact lenses in the car as he was trying to put them on. Also his glasses were so old they were the big version and I mentioned he should have gone to spec savers and I then had to listen to a long story about how you can't buy them any more you have to specially order them which cost neatly 200 quid and how he saved money by having them repaired instead but then left them behind and had to fork out for the new pair in anyway.....

Trouser Ferret – Tumbling Tosser, was nursing a bloody knee in the pub

Double Entry – How many of you know he wanted to be a Weather

Fat Bastard – showing pictures to all and sundry of his new baby

daughter, congratulations

Fetherlite – Discussing scuds big erection

Gaylick – The pub was putting the chairs on the table and clearing up around him after 11pm and he just carried on reading his newspaper oblivious to it all.

On On Velcro (f)

a female companion 30 years younger...

Whoosh...immediately he turned ninety!!! Gotta love that fairy!

Q: What do you call a handcuffed man?

A: Trustworthy.

Q: What does it mean when a man is in your bed gasping for breath and calling your name?

A: You did not hold the pillow down long enough.

Q: Why do female black widow spiders kill their males after mating?

A: To stop the snoring before it starts.

Q: Why do men whistle when they are sitting on the toilet?

A: It helps them remember which end they need to wipe.

Q: What is the difference between men and women?

A: A woman wants one man to satisfy her every need. A man wants every woman to satisfy his one need.

Q: How do you keep your husband from reading your e-mail?

A: Rename the mail folder "Instruction Manuals"

One day as a housework-challenged new man, Scud decided to wash his Sweatshirt. Seconds after he stepped into the laundry room, he shouted to Fetherlite, "What setting do I use on the washing machine?" "It depends," she replied. "What does it say on your shirt?" He yelled back, "University of Oklahoma."  
And they say blondes are dumb...

Birthing Blanket and Bods are lying in bed. Bods says, "I am going to make you the happiest woman in the world." Birthing Blanket replies, "I'll miss you..."

"It's just too hot to wear clothes today," Chipmonk says as he stepped out of the shower, "Honey, what do you think the neighbours would think if I mowed the lawn like this?" "Probably that I'm only with you for your money," Layby replied.

Up Take said - Shall we try swapping positions tonight? His dear long suffering girlfriend said - That's a good idea... you stand by the ironing board while I sit on the sofa and fart.

**31<sup>st</sup> May**

## **1122 – The Star, Leatherhead**

Hare & Checkin Chicken : Gaylick

Scribe: Lunchbox

The imposition of draught orders by Sutton and East Surrey Water resulted in almost record rainfall in the fortnight before the run, but by Wednesday evening, the skies had cleared and the ground had dried out. However, doubts were cast in the pre-run circle when the hare arrived bearing gifts of down-downs on the house, hash chips and a specially reserved section of the pub solely for BH3! Was this to make up for inadequacies later on? Doubts, which weren't helped by Gaylick telling the knitting circle that "this run is too bloody short"!

The run was of ideal Barnes length - back by just after 9pm and took in the best bits of Epsom and Ashted Commons. Velcro, never the best at remembering where she's been, claimed to "have discovered a new lake"! Although there were plenty of checks they probably were a little on the short side, resulting in an unofficial regroup. The judicious use of a back check or two to upset the FRBs, seems to be a dying art! On hearing that Fetherlite and Velcro were going to accept the offer of a short cut from the regroup, Sandy Fany was heard to call the former a "lazy moo". What sort of language is that for Barnes hash?

Running with the knitting circle can be a bit of an ear-opener - there is more talking than running! Everything is covered from Scud' Morris dancing fantasies, to Layby's "I must do some proper running for the live (W&NK) hash at Horsham". However, the presence of FRBs can have unforeseen consequences. No sooner had Ricochet uttered the words, "uncomplicated sex" than she was pinned to a tree by Uptake with an offer of his services. Five seconds later, when asked, Ricochet was heard to say, "Uptake was sadly lacking in the upstanding department"!

In the post-run circle the RA suggested that a collection should be started for a very worthy cause - Stonker's apparel. Unfortunately, this was raised on the day that the Haberdasher was, according to Layby, "pussy sitting in Bristol" for his daughter! Stonker was also lambasted for the tardy nature with which runs have been starting since he took over - although he claimed that Bumburner and Lionel were at fault, and that the RA was picking on him every week. To paraphrase Queen Gertrude in Hamlet, "the GM doth protest to much, me thinks"!

Fetherlite was rewarded for continually interrupting the RA's circle last week by driving up and down outside the pub and holding up the circle while everyone got wet, and for crashing a charity's website - whether these events were linked or separate, we weren't told!

So Insignificant was brought in to the circle for a misdemeanour he committed two weeks ago - long enough for the RA, sinner and the pack to have forgotten the details!

Uptake, fresh from his 'pas de deux' with Ricochet was rewarded for racing Popeye the last few yards back to the pub.

"Class dismissed!" Sandi Fani elled.

Little Johnny doesn't go, he walks to the teachers desk and says, "Teacher can I go home with you?"

Sandi says "No!"

Little Johnny says, "I'll tell my daddy."

So Sandi says, "Okay."

They get to the teachers house and she says, "Well I'm going to take a quick shower, you sit right here."

"Can I take a shower with you?" he asks.

"NO!" says Sandi.

"I'll tell my daddy!!"

"Well, okay, I guess so."

So, they're in the shower and little Johnny says, "Can I turn off the lights?"

"No!" says Sandi.

"I'll tell my daddy."

"Well, okay."

So the lights are off and little Johnny says, "Can I stick my finger in your belly button?"

"NO!" says Sandi.

"I'll tell my daddy."

"Well, okay" says Sandi.

"JOHNNY!!!! That's not my belly-button!"

"Yeah? That's not my finger either."

Finally Madcow for frightening the denizens of the woods, or was it the deer that startled Madcow?

This was the first hash for many a week, that the RA couldn't find an excuse for calling Sandy Fany into the circle. Is he losing his sense of creativity, or did she really manage a down down free run?

Overall an excellent run and pub.



7<sup>th</sup> June

1123 – The Green Man, Putney Heath

In the absence of copy from Scargill at the time of going to press here are:-

**TEN BARNES HASH CIRCLE SONGS**

**1. ONE BLACK ONE (For the hares)**

One black one, one white one,  
And one with a bit of shite on,  
And one with a fairy light on to show us the way,  
And the hares, (and the hares) and the hares, (and the hares)  
And the hares on the dicky dido hung down to her kneeeeeeees,  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**2. WHY WERE THEY BORN SO BEAUTIFUL? (For the hares)**

Why were they born so beautiful  
Why were they born at all?  
They're no bloody use to anyone  
They're no bloody use at all.  
They may be a joy to their mothers  
But they're a pain in the arsehole to me!  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**3. HAS ANYONE SEEN MY COQUE? (For the checkin' chicken)**

Has any seen my Coque, My big Rhode island red?  
It's mostly pink with a little bit of blue and purple on his head  
(Circle: Who said head etc)  
He stands straight up in the morning and gives my wife a shock,  
Has anybody anybody anybody anybody andbody seen my coque?  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**4. HERE'S TO ....**

Here's to..... he's true blue  
He's a hasher through and through  
He's an arsehole so they say  
He'll never get to heaven in a long long way  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**5. HIS ONE SKIN**

His one-skin hangs down to his two skin  
His two-skin hangs down to his three  
His three-skin hangs down to his foreskin  
His fore-skin hangs down to his knee  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**6. DOUGH RAY ME (to The Sound of Music, Do Ray Me)**

Dough, the stuff, that buys me beer,  
Ray, the guy who serves me beer,  
Me, the guy, who drinks my beer,  
Far, a long way to the john,  
So, I'll have another beer,  
La, La, La, La, La, La, La,  
Tea, no I'll have another beer,  
And that'll bring us back to,  
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**7. ZULU WARRIOR**

Ale, zooma zooma zooma, ale zooma, zooma, zea,  
Ale, zooma zooma zooma, ale zooma, zooma, zea,  
Drink it down you Zulu warrior, drink it down you Zulu chief, chief, chief, chief,  
Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

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**8. SHE'S ALRIGHT**

She's alright, she's alright, she's a bit flat chested, but she's alright.



### 9. HE'S THE MEANEST

He's the meanest, he sucks the horse's penis  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's arse  
Ever since he found it, all he does it pound it,  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's arse  
He's always pissing on us, he's mean and he's dishonest  
He's the meanest, he's the horse's arse  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

### 10. MEET THE HASHERS (to The Flintstones)

Hashers, meet the hashers,  
They're the biggest drunks in history,  
From a village in West London  
They're the leaders in debauchery,  
Half minds, trailing shiggy through the years,  
Watch them as they down a lot of beers,  
Drink it down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down .....

Scargill will provide the Cabaret and lead the circle in these songs at your request.

## RECEDING HARE LINE

Run: 1126 28 <sup>th</sup> June Butt Plug	THE LION, 27 WICK ROAD, TEDDINGTON TW11 9DN Go westwards over Kingston Bridge and take the 2nd exit at the roundabout into Hampton Wick High Street. Go 0.3ml. into Upper Teddington Road, then in 0.3 ml, turn left at Wick Road. In 200 yds, the pub in on LHS. From Hampton Court bridge, take 2 <sup>nd</sup> exit at the roundabout into Hampton Court Road for 1.8 mls. Then straight over at traffic lights and in 50 yds at roundabout take 1 <sup>st</sup> exit into Hampton Wick High Street then as above. Street parking only. <b>Website:</b> <a href="http://www.thelionpub.co.uk/">http://www.thelionpub.co.uk/</a> <b>Nearest Station:</b> Hampton Wick (500 yds) <b>Celebrating:</b> England beaten 1-0 by the USA in the 1950 Brazilian World Cup.
Run: 1127 5 <sup>th</sup> July Velcro Female & Lunchbox	THE STEPHAN LANGTON, FRIDAY STREET, ABINGER COMMON, DORKING RH5 6JR From M25 J9, take the A24, South towards Dorking. At first lights turn right into Ashcombe Road (A2003) follow round to A25 (avoids Dorking cntr). Continue West on A25, through Wotton & turn left into Hollow Lane to Abinger Common. Turn left to Friday Street & pub. Note: Parking is very restricted at pub so much better to park in Car Park in woods on RHS just before Friday St. <b>Nearest Station:</b> Gomshall (2.8 mls) <b>Celebrating:</b> Bjorn Borg won Wimbledon for a record fifth time 1980
Run : 1128 12 <sup>th</sup> July Simple	Shere recreation ground. From Newlands Corner (see run number 1125) take the A25 towards Dorking for 1.6 miles. Turn right sign posted Shere. Turn left into rec. after 0.3 miles just before the T junction in the centre of Shere. On Inn - White Horse, Shere
Run: 1129 19 <sup>th</sup> July Stonker	STONKER'S HOUSE, 45 WALDEGRAVE GARDENS, STRAWBERRY HILL. TW1 4PH From Twickenham take the A310 south towards Kingston. After 800 yards turn right into Bonsor Road, (just before the Wine Warehouse). In 300 yards continue over the crossroads. In 50 yards turn left into Waldegrave Gardens. It's the third house on RHS. From Kingston Bridge, take the A310 north for 2 miles. Continue straight on at mini-roundabout & then take the second left into Bonsor Road, just after the Wine Warehouse – follow directions. Beer, BBQ and Birthday Cake afterwards. <b>Nearest Station:</b> Strawberry Hill (0.1mls) <b>Celebrating:</b> The first Tour de France cycle race was won by Maurice Garin in 1903 and Stonker's "coming of age" birthday (again!!)
Run: 1130 26 <sup>th</sup> July Petal	THE FOUR HORSESHOES, Burrow Hill Green, Chobham, Woking GU24 8QP From the M25 J11 take the A320 towards Chertsey/Woking – go 0.7mi. At the Guildford Road roundabout, take the 1st exit onto Guildford Road – go 0.6mi to the roundabout. Take the 3rd exit onto Chobham Road (A319) - go 1.0mi. Continue on Chertsey Road for another 2.5 mi then turn right at Windsor Road (B383) and go 0.6mi. Turn left at Gorse Lane into Burrow Hill Green. <b>Nearest Station:</b> Longcross (2.5mls) <b>Celebrating:</b> The FBI founded 1908