

On On Magazine

The History Magazine of the Hash House Harriers



April
2026

Issue 63

News

USA

I have heard from Hash author, historian, and legend Paul *Flying Booger* Woodford. He has come through knee replacements and some heart problems and is doing well, but no longer hashing. His beloved *Pick n Fick* is fine and turns eighty in May. On On to both of you.

England

DevonLive featured an article by *Hacker*. "There are times when hashing sounds a bit like a bunch of Hooray Henrys from public school galloping about the place in tatty T-shirts and head torches, making odd noises and spilling their beer. It is all of those things, but there is a little bit more to it. We leave white powder around the place, but it's harmless. It's flour - normally plain and often gluten free in case it gets eaten by an inquisitive dog with a gluten intolerance. There are groups of so-called Hash House Harriers all over Devon, meeting more or less weekly on different nights of the week at different pubs around the county. You'll find a hash group meeting somewhere nearby, most nights of the year. You could even come along and join us one night. This is the perfect time of year to do so, with long, light evenings and trails which are mainly free of mud. You'll have your own hash name before you know it, and who knows, you might even be able to tell people what it is without blushing.

Robo continues to produce the excellent "The Rabbit" magazine for **New Cotswold H3**. Latest run totals are:

	Runs	Hares
Robo	162	30
Gizmo	157	23
Doctor Foster	151	26
Foxy Lady	118	12
Dylido	117	12
Dead Animal	116	11
Turbo	114	8
Bondage	112	10
Split Ends	108	9

A great hasher and senior policeman *Robocop* has retired. *Last week was poignant. On Tuesday I ended my Home Office contract and stepped away from formal paid police work, handing back my police laptop, and all my official passes.*

Hash Profile

In response to the message in the most recent On On Magazine, I've done six of the seven continents:

Asia: over 100 runs with Delhi H3, first in 1985, visitor to Islamabad H3, plus others in Singapore, Philippines and Hong Kong

Europe: over 100 runs with Barnes H3, first in 1988, and same with Athens (first in 2000)

Africa: over 100 runs with Cairo H3, first in 1990. Visitor to many other Hashes in Nairobi, Accra, Addis Ababa, Botswana and Jacaranda (Joburg)

South America: ex-GM Bogotá H3 in 1997-2000, visitor to Caracas H3

North America: Visitor to Grenada H3 (1999), Santo Domingo H3 (2025), Guatemala H3 (1997), Panama H3, Barbados H3

Australia: visitor to Sydney Thirsty Thursday (2025)

Not made Antarctica

On On. Delhi Boy (Simon Batty)

Malaysia

Mother Hash Committee 2026-2027

On Sec	Tan Mun Loong (Nelson)
Joint Master 1	Erik Blokhuis
Joint Master 2	Francesco Grigolo

On Cash Chua Kian Peng (Kenny)

Interhash Sec Francesco Grigolo

Auditors Leong Pang Wai and Ho Fook Cheong (Edwin)

Hashtorian Barry Dawe

Hash Flash Kanagaratnam (Kana)

Hash Video Len Foon Fah

Zimbabwe

Harare H3 achieved 2,500 runs on Saturday 24th January 2026. "What a spectacular occasion this was! Not only were we celebrating the fact that the Harare Hashers have been running here since 1983 but our



Scotland

The Brewer completed 2000 runs with **The New Town (Edinburgh) H3**, to go along with the 2000 runs with **Edinburgh H3** he reached in 2024. **Audrey** has completed the writing of 1000 hash trashes.



Australia

635 became the 5th Melbourne hasher to achieve 2,000 Runs. Many *Congratulations*.



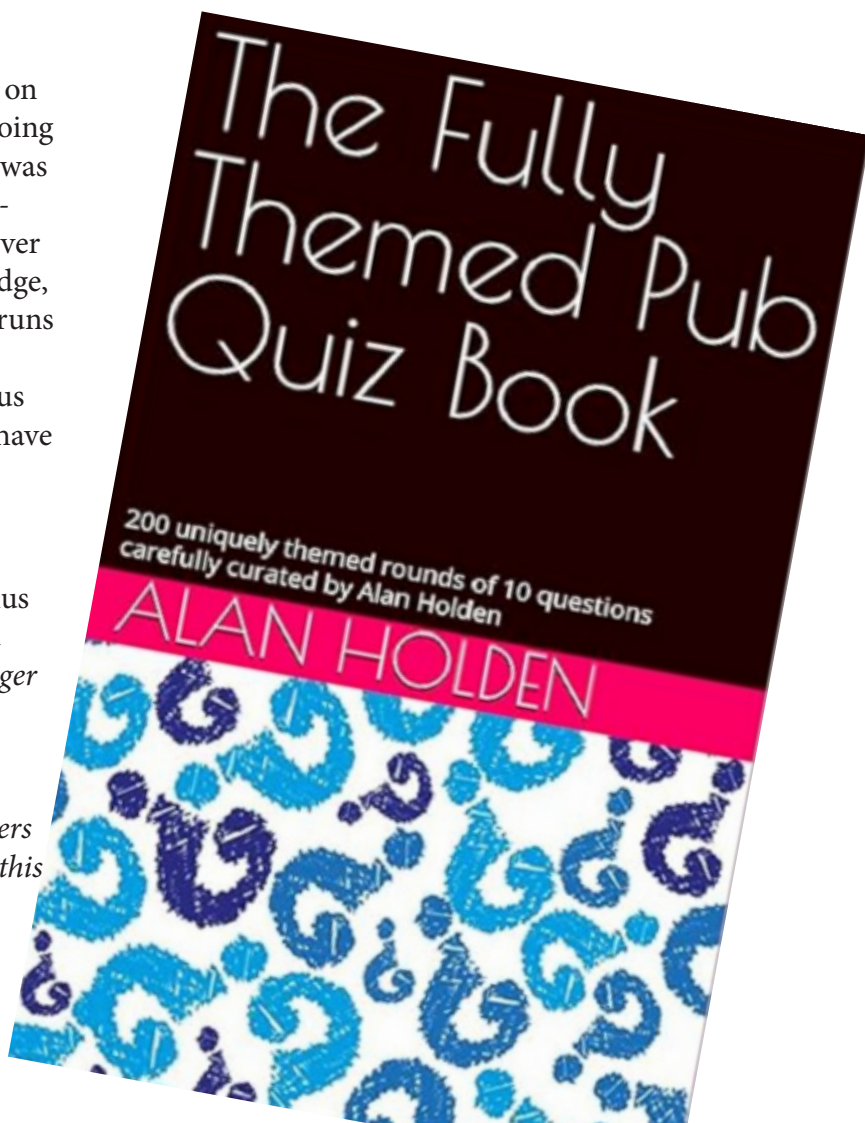
Above: Audrey (Glasgow H3) has written 1,000 hash trashes! *“Since I am the kind of person who prints them out, this is what 1000 write-ups looks like.”* Below: Baldrick of Doha Nightcrawlers has published his Pub Quiz Book

most esteemed Hasher, *Gout*, ran his 2,000th run on the very same day!! We wondered what he was doing for the missing 500 but guessing on occasions he was doing something else like working abroad or holidaying! Our Host and Hare, *Flying Dutchman*, never fails to set a good trail at his home, Bushbaby Lodge, which is one of our favourite venues for daytime runs and away weekends and this was one of the best, leading to a beer stop by a nearby lake. In previous times we have run around this lake but the rains have been good and the water too high to do so.”

New Zealand

Christchurch H3 had 15 hashers for Run 2626 plus guests *Master Baker* and *Jungle Bitch* There was a down down for *Gatecrasher* for passing *Lone Ranger* 17 times. *Spinner* was the hare.

Blackball 2026 has taken place. *‘Another glorious fantastic memorable weekend hosted by Weeknackers who generously puts in the effort each year to host this magic event....!’*





Termite of the Stockholm Hash

Hash Profile

Dear Shakes,

I want to thank you in general for all your work in putting together the On On Magazines. Special thanks to the May Issue where you mentioned the Braunschweig Hash House Harriers. I just wished you contacted us before that article as the information on our webpage is quite old and needs to be updated. We did some smaller updates recently but still some more to come.

I'm running with them since 8 years now and am happy that the hash world is slightly noticing that kennel. Our founder adopted the way Braunschweig hashes from the way the Cheshire H3 do it. Hence no drink stop, before I joined no hash names, no circle but beer in the end anyway.

Though I always mentioned in Braunschweig that most hash kennels do it differently (I started hashing on Barbados) Braunschweig is sticking in most parts to the way they always did, which is fine – “there are no rules”. ;-) Since a few years we're naming some hashers – so slightly improving. I was always the only one hash-travelling but that is improving as well. Since some months we're having patches too. Not sure if we met on trail already but hoping to do so in the future. ON ON

Just Period (hashing with Braunschweig H3 and Hannover H3)

Oman

Wasted Wadi Wanderers H3 has completed one year and maintained regular runs 'upholding the traditions of the Hash House Harriers.'

Sweden

Stockholm Absolut H3 had an interesting run that left from old town took the ferry across the harbour and then completed a loop around the island of Djurgården. Hare was *Dengue Dick*. *Laid Bird* completed the run despite having raced in a half marathon around the same island that morning.



New hash design from Subic Bay H3



ON ON

Lemon Tart and Wurzel having started their African safari with the target :
‘to drive and explore for as long as we want and to visit as many Hashes as is safe to do.’

Having driven through France they are now in Morocco.



News - Happy 100th Birthday God's Father

God's Father 100th birthday' celebrations with Sydney H3 (Posh Hash)

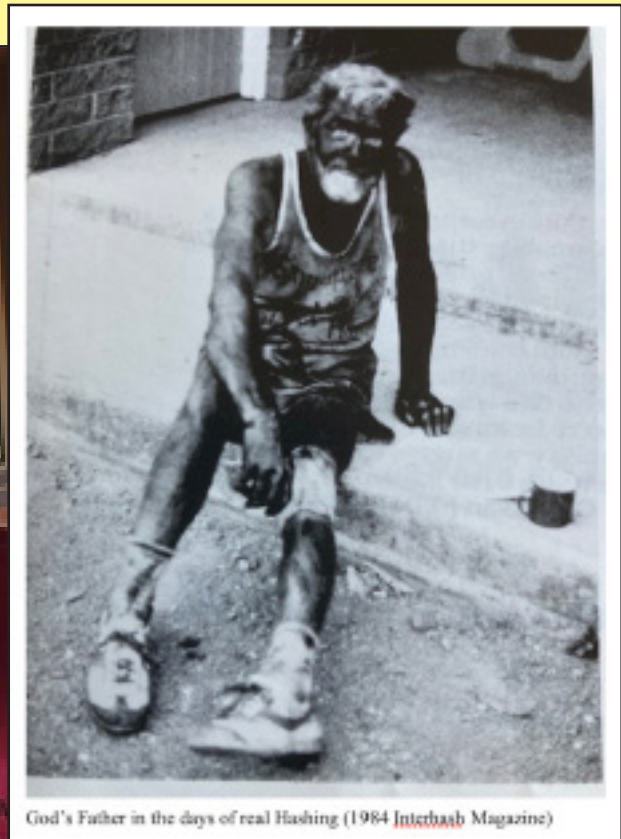
Hares: Moishe, Goonshow, Uro

Monday 23rd February – the eve of his Centenary. A run from the RSL LifeCare ANZAC Village above Narrabeen Lake will pass the balcony of his cottage in tribute, Happy Birthday will be sung and Down Downs with Port undertaken.

Fred Whitaker (aka *God's Father*) was always old. But, on 24th February he will turn 100 – suggesting that a life spent running and drinking is not necessarily going to end early.

Having curiously chosen to bring Hashing to Australia via Hobart, he soon realised his mistake and joined the young **Sydney Hash House Harriers**. Then, he disappeared from the Posh sometime in the mid 1980s – partly from a lack of enthusiasm for crowds, partly because he'd fallen off a roof and lost his balance, and partly because his politics were well to the Left of the mob then. But he's never lost his enthusiasm for a beer, or a shouted conversation about almost any aspect of current politics. His legs and his hearing may be failing – but his brain ticks over alarmingly well.

In 2001, for instance, he was interviewed by Stu (The Colonel) Lloyd – another Posh escapee – about his discovery of Hashing in Singapore



God's Father in the days of real Hashing (1984 *Interhash* Magazine)



Luke Keighery

SH3 pack with God's Father overseeing

in 1963, just after this colonial sport had slipped down the Malayan peninsular from KL. His memories were precise and colourful – playing golf with future founding PM, Lee Kwan Yu, avoiding 42 bombs exploded by Indonesian saboteurs, observing the sex lives of Asian dictators like Marcos and Soekarno, and getting lost in a graveyard on his first ever Hash run, but coming back for more wherever he's lived or travelled.

He'd also had a wild War, in the Australian Navy, running alcohol to the Yanks in exchange

for smokes. At some stage more recently, he lived with two Hungarian ladies who are taking over many aspects of the Centenary celebrations.

The next day, his actual birthday he will undertake his tradition of recent years – a walk across the Sydney Harbour Bridge from Milsons Point to the City (approx 1.6 kms) on his zimmer, then into the Glenmore Hotel for a beer or three.

Not many could manage that on their 100th birthday!



If somebody could just move that train -



then we can get by! Siam H3

Hash Obituary

Dayna Norma Jean Klingbail

Dayna (Waughtel) Klingbail, aka *Norma Jean*, was one of the original Houston "Hash Harlots" as they were affectionately called in the 90s.

"I would bet that many of you who didn't know her had heard of her."

"A Harriet that was larger than life."



ON ON

Colin Daniels

Colin Daniels, the founder of Hastings H3, has died, aged 90, following a lifetime of running in the Hastings and Rother area and further afield.

Colin set up Hastings H3 with fellow hasher Roy Mills in 1994. Colin worked for the Ministry of Defence, and discovered hashing when stationed in Cyprus. He continued as a walking member until health issues forced him to stop in his 80s. Previously, he also competed in Hastings Half Marathons as well as the London Marathon and many other running events.

Originally from Guildford, Colin lived in St Leonards then Bexhill, and was involved with various local organisations. After retiring, he was Hastings Census Manager and lollipop man at West St Leonards School.



Hash Beer - Sierra Leone

Brands

Heineken and United African Company (UAC) began construction of the Sierra Leone Brewery Limited in October 1961. The brewery is situated in Wellington Industrial Estate, Freetown. The first brew was mashed-in on 23 November 1962. The first brand was Star Lager.

It closed for six months in 1982 following a shortage of foreign exchange, reopening after the end of the rainy season. During the 1997 Military Coup, the brewing stopped for six months after the brewery was ransacked.

On 6 January 1999, the rebel forces looted the brewery, stopping production for one and a half years.

In 2006, a program was started to encourage local farmers to grow sorghum as part of a local sourcing drive. The current target of the local sourcing program is to receive 60% of raw materials from within Africa.

The production of Salone Beer, made with 100% sorghum, has created a reliable source of income for over 12,000 farming families.

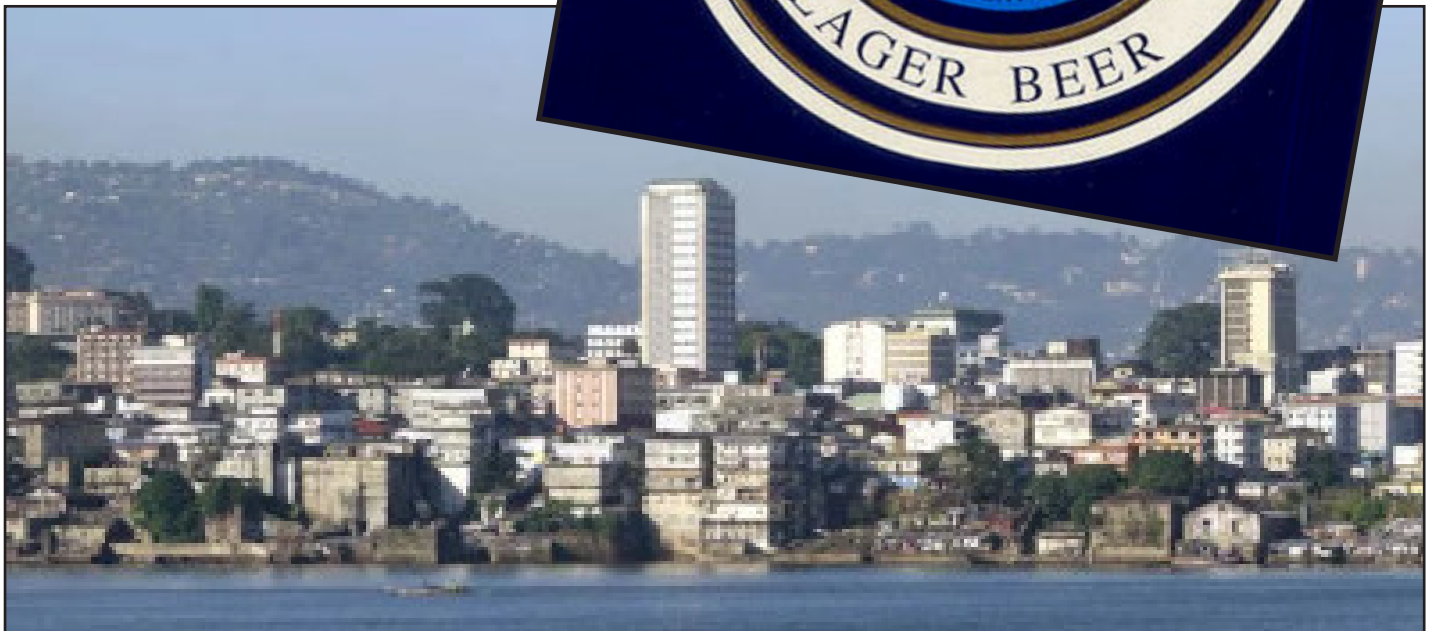
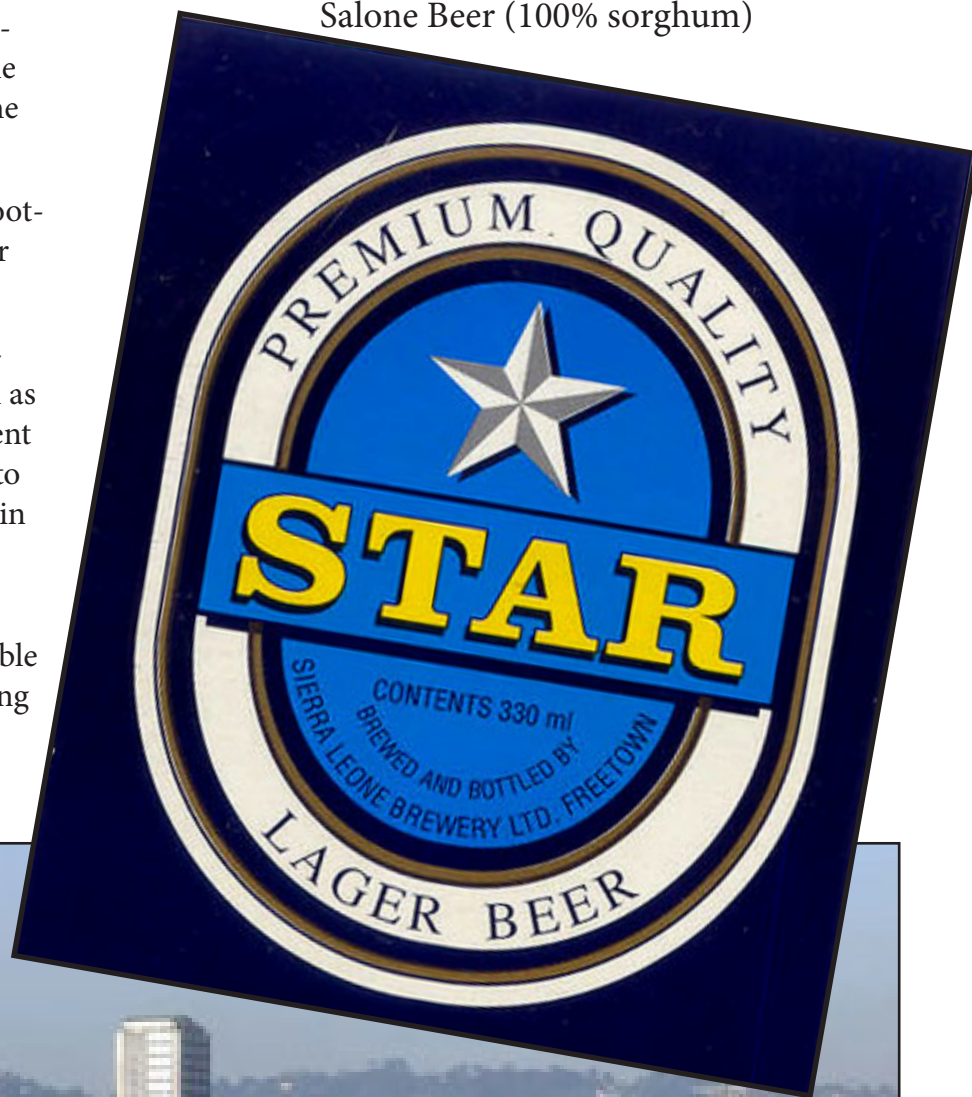
Star Lager - Pale Lager (1962)

Amstel (The Hash favourite)

Guinness Foreign Extra Stout (1967)

Mützig Lager (2013)

Salone Beer (100% sorghum)



News - Upcoming events

2027 PHILIPPINES NASH HASH
Puerto Galera Feb 25-28

**PUERTO GALERA
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
18TH PHILIPPINES
NASH HASH**
FEBRUARY 25-28 2027

PH3 HOME PAGE

PRE-LUBE DAYS REMAINING

3 2 9 0 2 3 1 2 1
Days Hours Minutes Seconds

**YERRES GONNA
LOVE IT!**
A PARIS H3 HASH RUN IN YERRES, FRANCE!

**RUNNING - DRINKING - SHENANIGANS! -
- BEERS - TRAILS - FUN!**

Next page: Glad to see my old kennel in Mexico City is doing well with an away trip to Puebla.

HASH IN CHOLULA, PUEBLA!



Abril 25th, 2026



KHANOM HASH HOUSE HARRIERS
3RD ANNIVERSARY
WEEKEND 2026
SEPTEMBER 25 - 27 KHANOM, THAILAND




FRIDAY - SEPT 25
 REGO MEET & GREET NIGHT - FREE SHIRT & GOODY BAG
 SNACKS PROVIDED
 FULL MOON BEACH WALK

SATURDAY - SEPT 26
 HASH RUN
 FREE BEERS & WINE IN THE CIRCLE & THROUGHOUT THE EVENING
 BUFFET DINNER
 ENTERTAINMENT

SUNDAY - SEPT 27
 HANGOVER RUN
 FREE BEERS & WINE IN THE CIRCLE
 SUNDAY FUNDAY GAME DAY
 TROPHY FOR THE WINNERS!
 BBQ LUNCH

EARLY BIRD 2900 BANT UNTIL 30TH APRIL **STANDARD REGO 3900 BANT UNTIL 30TH JUNE** **LAST CHANCE 3900 BANT CLOSING 31ST JULY** **JOIN THE MADNESS, CELEBRATE THE MAGIC, AND GET ON ON WITH US!**

REGISTER NOW - NUMBERS STRICTLY LIMITED

KHANOM KH3 3RD ANNIVERSARY HASH

Khanom Hash House Harriers will be celebrating their 3rd Anniversary run on the weekend of the 25-27th September 2026 in Khanom, Thailand. The weekend will commence on, Friday 25th, meet and greet with registration for any Hashers who have arrived, and join us for a casual full moon beach walk.

Saturday 26th registration will be available from 10am. The run will commence at 2.30pm, with the evening commencing from 6pm with dinner and entertainment.

Sunday 27th hangover run at 9.00am, then we move on to SUNDAY FUNDAY commencing at 11am where once again teams will battle it out for the THONG trophy. The day will end with our famous foam party and BBQ. Happy hour drink prices and special cocktails available all weekend at Margarita Beach Bar.

Come and enjoy the hospitality and madness of the Khanom Hash House Harriers.

Price 2950THB, includes:

Registration for both runs. Anniversary shirt and other goodies

Free Beer/Wine at the circles and Saturday night function.

Transport to and from laager site

Saturday after party, buffet & entertainment.

Sunday Funday Games, BBQ, Foam Party

Any queries or assistance with accommodation please contact Warren (Urine Trouble) +66654958343, message or WhatsApp or email: warrenstephensen@gmail.com



News - Upcoming events



**ADDIS ABABA
HASH HOUSE
HARRIERS**

ETHIOPIAN MOUNTAIN CHALLENGE

MAY 1-3, 2026



- Run through African landscapes
- Chase flamingos
- Sweat on epic trails
- Drink unlimited beer
- Party with hashers from 20+ countries!
- Wake up and repeat!

- **\$100** shared room
- **\$130** single room

- ✓ Accommodation
- ✓ Transport Addis-Langano-Addis
- ✓ All meals (Except Friday & Sunday Lunch)
- ✓ Event T-shirt
- ✓ Goody bag
- ✓ Unlimited beer

Yet another warning you'll ignore:

- ✓ UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER
 - ✓ STRANGE RUNNING STYLES
 - ✓ NEW HASH BUDS FROM 20+ COUNTRIES
 - ✓ STORIES YOU WON'T REMEMBER
- but will never forget

**SCAN TO
REGISTER!**



Lake Langano
& Abijatta-Shalla
National Park

The Jeepney and the hash

Manila H3 was founded by James *Ratcatcher* Howard in 1973, the founder having earned his Hashing spurs with **Jakarta H3**. The Philippine economy was just starting to open up, which brought in an influx of bankers and other expats. In those days, it was easy to get out of the city for runs in the surrounding countryside, whether to the eastern hills, which were just 15km away, or along the new superhighway that gave access to nearby cane fields. However, these were also days of martial law, and the kennel closed, to be reformed in April 1975 by David Jenkins and Tom Noonan. At the time, they were unaware of the existence of an earlier hash. Originally made up of Americans and Scots, things quickly deteriorated as Aussies joined in large numbers.

Like many kennels at the time, Manila was mainly ex-pat, but a few Filipinos came along and quickly overcame the social barriers with their enthusiasm. Franco and Robbie Delgado were amongst the pioneers. The logo was designed by one of the hasher's wives who felt the colourful jeepneys that dominated the streets of the capital at the time would make the perfect emblem for the hash being *'slow, noisy, inefficient, disruptive, source of obnoxious emissions but always welcoming, always room for one more and on the move in all weathers and any circumstance.'*



- A jeepney is an iconic public transportation in the Philippines.
- Known for its crowded seating and decorations, it is a cultural icon of the Philippines.
- At the 1964 New York World's Fair, a jeepney was exhibited in the Philippine pavilion as a national symbol for Filipinos.
- Jeepneys originate from the American colonial period with carriages being attached to old cars.
- These were mostly destroyed in World War II, and a new generation appeared on the roads using U.S. military jeeps.
- The service followed a set route but with the drivers collecting or dropping passengers at any point along the road.
- The Jeeps were stripped down and altered locally: metal roofs were added for shade, and the vehicles were decorated in vibrant colours with chrome-plated ornaments on the sides and hood. The back part was reconfigured with two long parallel benches with passengers facing each other to accommodate more passengers. They could carry between fourteen and eighteen people with two riding up front.
- Most of the larger builders have gone bankrupt in recent years.
- Jeepney drivers also face rising cost of living and rising cost of diesel fuel due to government deregulation of oil prices.
- The planned construction of bus rapid transit (BRT) systems in Manila and Cebu might lead to the complete removal of jeepneys
- Designs consists of caricatures, illustrations, or pictures inspired by popular cultures, such as actors and actresses, cartoons, animals, comics, games, or movie characters, abstract designs and lines, religious icons, and others.

The Jeepney and the hash

manila hash house
harriers



we don't give one but know where to find one
trailing the megametropolis & beyond
since 1972

The Jeepney on t-shirts

Interhash
'90



The Philippine Experience



Interhash '90

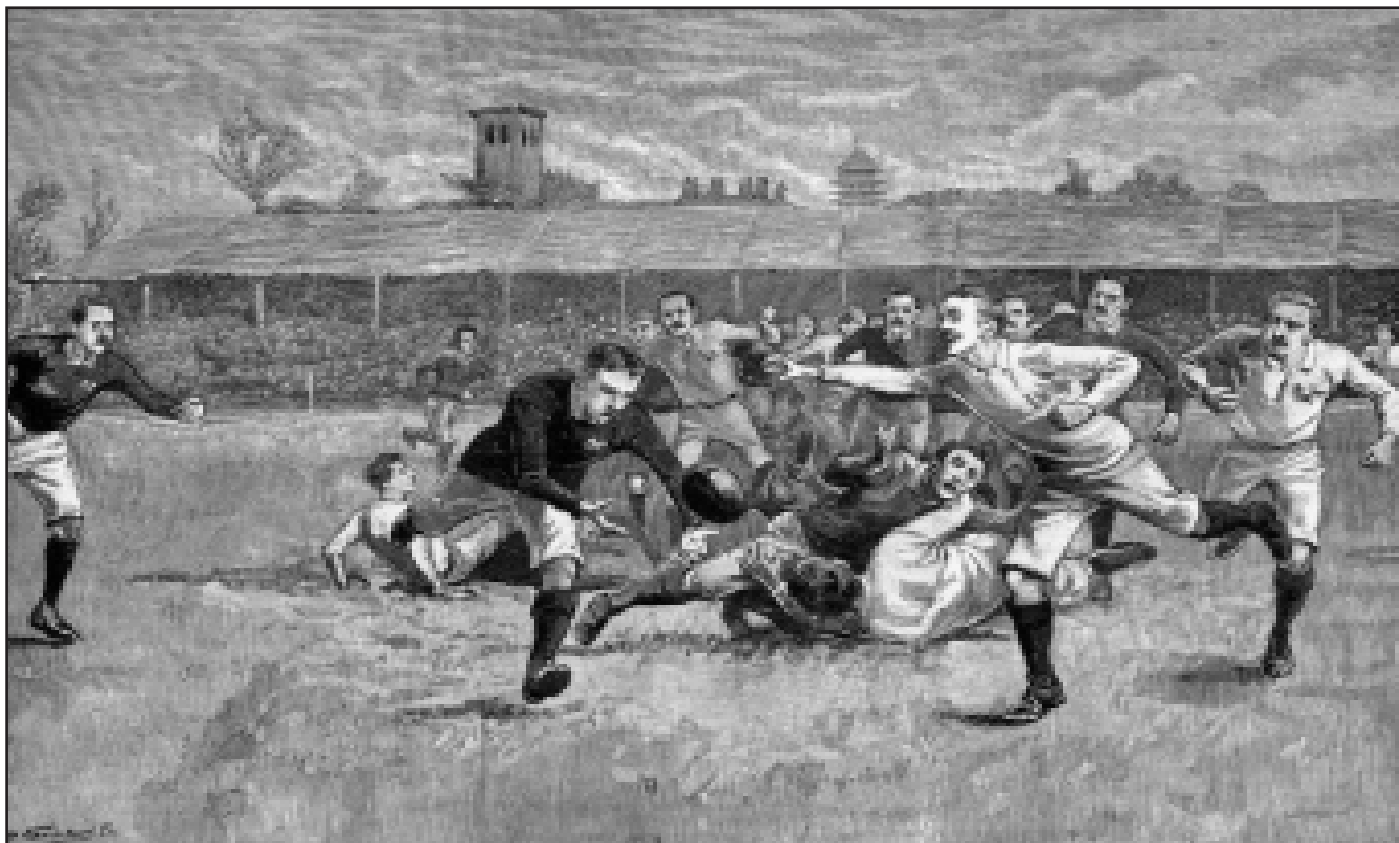
The Philippine Experience

Interhash Pilipinas ^{March} '90



The Philippine Experience

Inter-Hash Rugby



The Annual Southern Hemisphere V Northern Hemisphere Rugby Match has become an integral part of the Interhash weekend. Basically the rules of this bi-annual clash of the hash rugby titans are as in previous games.

I have listed the games below to give Hashers who have not played before some reassurances that the game is meant to be a bit of fun, with injury risks minimised.

Besides the game, there will be heaps of icy cold beer and a few nibbles no doubt, and some sort of accolade for the winner....if we are all sober enough to receive any accolades.

For all Hashers interested in playing for a bit of fun send me your name, Hash Club and shirt size.

Pom

Southern Hemisphere Captain

GM Rotorua HHH



THE OFFICIAL ANTHOLOGY OF INTER-HASH RUGBY

Re-written once again so as to continually distort the truth and thus improve the product, and we don't have 2011 years to spare. So try this for size and ignore all previous versions.

Game 1 - Cardiff Arms Park 2004

The highlight of the entire bloody Welsh concrete bunker based Interhash 2004 debacle was the Hash Blacks footy match versus Wales played on Cardiff Arms Park. Here's the full story, more or less.

What Kiwi in his right mind hasn't wanted to kick the Welsh around Cardiff Arms Park? Well, OK a few hussies and poofdahs might not have done but at least a couple of Rotorua Hash thought there might have some mileage in challenging the Taffs to a game as a warm up to Interhash 2004. So *Pom* sent off a challenge to Interhash Mismanagement, *Past Master* replied and the rest is History as they say.

The Hash Blacks versus the Taffs game was on, well possibly, as communications were a bit vague to say the least, so we antipodeans decided to treat it like any other Hash event and expect a total

The Original Rules

1. No poofers
2. Persons of all normal sexes (but see rule 1) and ages may play.
3. No pre-match warm up, training or coaching except on licensed premises.
4. No girlie water bottles unless they contain quality grog.
5. Free style drinking throughout the game.
6. Random substitution when you least expect it.
7. No limit to squad size, but only 15 on the paddock if the ref is checking, or 13 if *Boulder Holder* and her twin girls are playing
8. Forwards can have a rest at the set scrums, no power scrums (that means no pushing – dummy).
9. No trying to kill people (see Rule 11) other than people who keep saying “Yaki Da”.
10. Groping is allowed provided Rule 1 applies.
11. The ref will send off assassins and people who try too hard, or look a bit suspect.
12. No kicking, unless its wearing a red jersey and the ref isn't looking.

debacle. It could only get better from then on. Yeah Right. I might add that it didn't.

We then set about selecting a team and having winners badges embroidered saying ‘Winners Hash Blacks v Taffs at Cardiff Arms Park’. History is what is writ. This proved to be a somewhat ominous start as we later found out that Cardiff Arms Park had been lost without trace, only the bloody Welsh could manage that.

Having selected a winning team we then had to settle for a squad that promised to turn up on the day provided the grog was free and it didn't clash with sleeping off a hang over, the prospect of a shag, a brewery tour or something else more interesting.

The Hash Blacks needed a little fine tuning so we thought, bummer the effort of squad training, let's look the part instead, so instructions went out to

wear pretend All Black strip with beanies optional but no girlie / softy scrum caps, plus lots of black electrical tape to hold serious looking medical problems together, plus one of those white mouth guards with a black bit in the middle to look like missing teeth, which if done right at least looks bizarre, if not a little scary to the Taffs or any abusive spectator that they might feel obliged to confront. Also advised was lots of Tiger Balm, grease, and athletic support for floppy bits, all to add to a professional appearance and give you something to adjust throughout the game. Players were advised that for that real hard woman touch - no shaving for two days before the game, not to shower or wipe their arse for two days before the game, and a slap up breakfast of baked beans and kippers wouldn't go amiss.

And so the big day came, and we went looking for Cardiff Arms Park, only to find out that the match was to be played “a short way up the road” at the Diamond Ground, Whitchurch, which turned out to be closer to bloody Twickenham than it was to Cardiff. Plus we had to drag a sodding great sign all the way to the ground saying “Cardiff Arms Park” and plant it at the ground for photographic and accurate historic record purposes.

It was memorable that the ground was also Interhashes' official camp ground. So there was more than the usual pre-match tension as we had to vigorously clear away several tents and tell happy campers to ‘fuck off’ and take it up with *Past Master*, which wouldn't have been to bad if we hadn't got the wrong paddock.

The Hash Blacks then soon found the changing sheds which being part of the Hash camp site were accompanied by overflowing festering bogs. Once changed we went out to warm up. Which was misguided to say the least, as it was just bloody stupid thing to do at 2pm on the hottest day in Welsh meteorological history.

Pre arrival at the venue it had looked as if the Hash Blacks would be playing the 'All Poms' or some sort of northern hemispherical mixed ethnic-celt potpourri. However when we arrived at the venue there was no sign of the Hash Taffs. So we retired to the Cardiff High School Old Boys (CB-SOB) bar which was conveniently located next to the match venue, to check that their grog supply wasn't evaporating in the heat when most of CB-SOB first team turned up (Recipients of complimentary Interhash passes we assumed) followed by

THE ORIGINAL HASH BLACK SQUAD:

In order of self selection:

- | | | | |
|-----|----------------|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. | Pom | Utility Forward | (Rotorua H3) |
| 2. | Xerox | Utility Back | (Rotorua H3) |
| 3. | Bushlawyer | Hooker, if your desperate | (Rotorua H3) |
| 4. | Bwana | Utility Back | (Rotorua H3) |
| 5. | The General | Utility Back | (Rotorua H3) |
| 6. | Short Planks | Utility Raconteur | (Rotorua H3) |
| 7. | Daggy | Utility Misfit | (Christchurch H3) |
| 8. | Pet Roll | Bloody Big Forward | (Whangarei H3) |
| 9. | Tina Tuna | Token Maori | (Whangarei H3) |
| 10. | Khamahl | Song Master | (Rotorua H3) |
| 11. | B4 | Haka Choreographer | (Rotorua H3) |
| 12. | Boulder Holder | Props | (East Bay H3) |
| 13. | Bubbles | Picker up of shower soap | (Wellington H3) |
| 14. | Sourpuss | Back in behind | (Wellington H3) |
| 15. | DT | Back before you know it | (Wellington H3) |
| 16. | The Worm | Utility winger | (North Shore H3) |
| 17. | Phantom | Right bloody winger | (North Shore H3) |
| 18. | Puff | Baggage Boy | (North Shore H3) |
| 19. | Deeptoat | Boat Race Captain | (Wellington H3) |
| 20. | Masterbaker | Name speaks for itself | (Nelson H3) |
| 21. | Hornie | Misnomer | (Nelson H3) |
| 22. | Dizzey | Goal keeper | |

THE ORIGINAL TAFFY SQUAD In order of self selection:

1. Past Master
2. A couple of Hashers, possibly
3. Most of Cardiff High School Old Boys first team
4. Discowanker

a self assured looking *Past Master* who asked the ref to blow up for the start. So the game commenced with half of our team still sampling the clubs grog supply. *Past Master* (Interhash Entertainments Mis-manager) officiated and as he was a Pom, and thus some sort of non Welsh Celt and therefore the nearest thing to a neutral referee. Not very near as it turned out.

And so the game commenced with the adjacent camp site also providing no shortage of abusive spectators and hecklers who no doubt thought that they would find some sort of solace for their trashed tents.

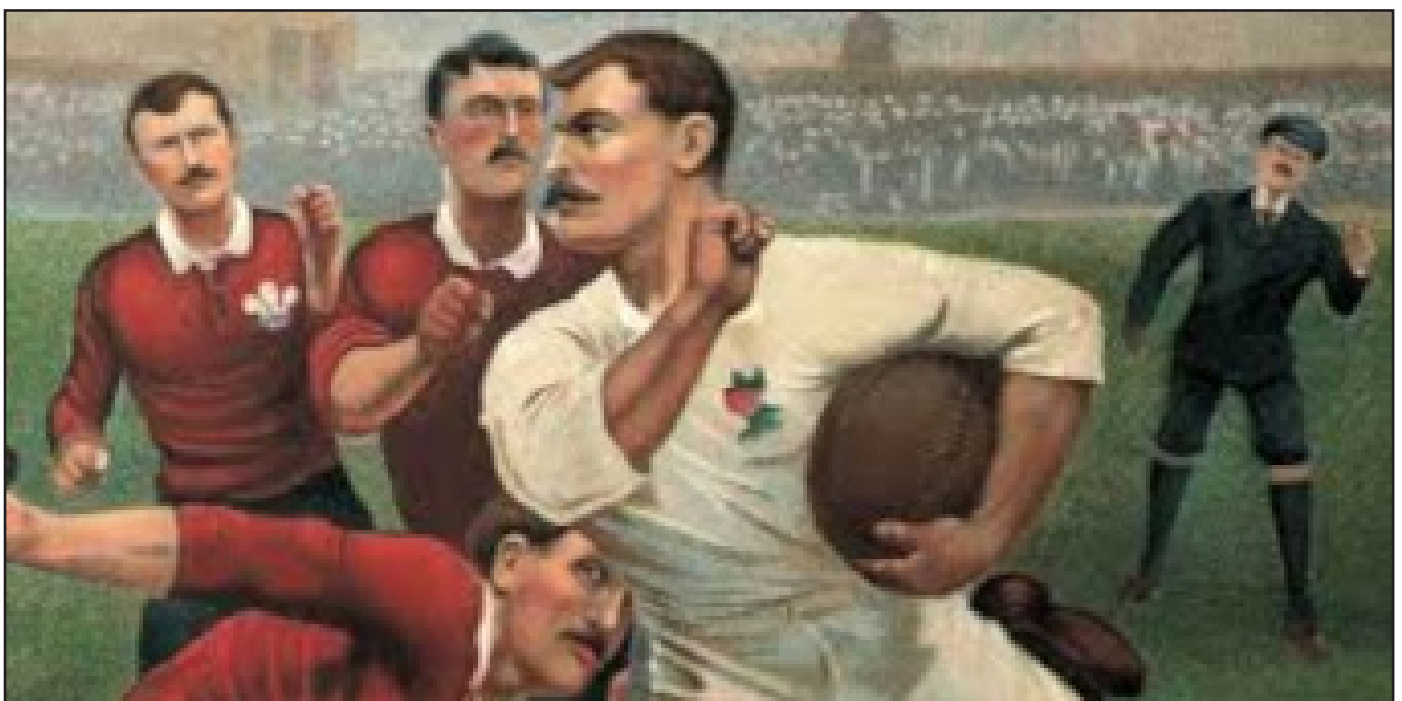
As there is no record of who played for the Taffs or what they did, just assume that they were there and getting in our bloody way, as the rest of this rant focuses purely on the immaculate play of the Hash Blacks who were impeccably turned out in their NZ Hash Black jerseys, except for *Dame Edna* who thought that she was playing for the fucking Harlequins - pity she bloody wasn't. She seemed to cause a major blockage in our backline, much to our centre's delight as they never had to worry about what to do with the ball, as they never got it. So apart from the odd panic when faced with a charging Welshman our centres *Xerox*, *Bwana* and *The General* had a fairly relaxed game, too bloody relaxed by all accounts.

Planx and *Daggy* managed to miss the pre match photo as they were delayed by a pub on the way to the ground. *Daggy* consequently never made it onto the pitch and instead settled for more light refreshments and a snooze in the sun. As expected

Planks made a cameo appearance and rushed onto the paddock half way through the first half, and stood around a lot with both hands on his knees, but was soon overcome by the importance of the occasion and fucked off to check if his grog supply was safe with *Daggy*, only to emerge again towards the end of the second half having ensured that his grog was not at risk by drinking it all.

B4 lapped up the role of Hooker with considerable enthusiasm, which was just as well as she had to suffer 60 minutes of *Bush Lawyer* putting it in, which would test the patience of a saint as he had his usual difficulty with timing and keeping it straight.

We will not mention *Bwana's* try even though it was the only one man effort during the entire bloody game. I don't know how the geriatric *Pom* got hold of the sodding ball just short of the line, but the prick that gave it to him should be bloody shot. Talk about boring re-runs. The other try was the result of something between a maul and a ruck, more commonly called a fucking mess, so we have no idea who touched down if anyone did. Meanwhile the bloody Welsh kept running up the tries which could have spoiled the entire afternoon had it not been for the fact that we didn't give a shit. And most were too pissed to keep count. The others didn't have a clue what the rules were and were only vaguely aware of the point of the exercise—judging by the way they wandered around the paddock, I hesitate to say played, then wandered off for a drink and a piss alternatively throughout the game.



Xerox was running about in the middle of the back line, although I'm bugged if I can recall what he did. Afterwards he muttered something about being off his game as he had been Knickerless for weeks. The *Pom* had a brilliant game as a mobile spectator, somehow managing to avoid contact with the ball entirely and executing some stunning side steps in the face of charging Welshmen for most of the game. Fuck it was hot.

The result goes without saying, and the Taffs took the cup home, and so on to Chiang Mai 2006 for a rematch.

Game 2 - Chiang Mai 2006

As before teams were organised with help from Interhash Mismanagement. I'm bugged if I can remember much else, and as for a team list, well apart from *Past Master*, *Pom* and what's her name there is no record of who played (Complaints please, from the pissed off, to *Past Master* as official holder of the cup at this time).

Once again it was hotter than Pamela Anderson on heat, and cold showers were the order of the day for the faithful few with the majority of both teams getting stuck in Thai brothels and bars (fuck all difference in practice) on the way to the ground. Those of us with sufficient determination (ie. winging hussie in tow) made it to the ground although I can only recall wandering around some boys school looking for their footy pitch and moaning about the lack of bars and brothels to be found on the premises. I probably didn't look hard enough.

Thus only the permanently baffled and a few lost tourists turned up for the game, most with no intention of moving a muscle unless the temperature dropped by at least around 20 degrees C. So the day started with a lot of spectators and no players, but sheer boredom and a fair bit of verbal abuse and false promises of free piss eventually lead to a shift of balance to a few players and bugger all spectators.

So as to avoid playing full-on bloody sevens with endless sprinting up and down the fucking paddock we elected to play across half of the pitch which thus became more crowded and thus involved more chance of coming across another player during the course of the game. Sides were picked school yard style with the most likely looking being chosen first and the feeble minded and fat bastards left to last.

The end result was more akin to slow motion Dubai sevens played by demented penguins that couldn't cope with global warming. *Pom* and *Past Master* skippered the sides, such as they were, and spectators took it in turn at refing with the captains correcting most decisions as soon as they were made. This resulted in a what was a surprisingly spirited game, with *Pom*'s team (called the Hash Blacks for sentimental reasons, as there were bugger all Kiwis in the team) scoring the decisive try to take the cup back to New Zealand. So it was worth it, probably.

Fuck it was hot. What is it with Interhash Mismanagement scheduling games for the hottest time of day ?

So off to Perth 2008 with an all round determination to do it better.

Game 3 - Perth 2008

The motto for Interhash 2008 was "*As Good As It Gets*" which would have been the biggest misnomer in history had it not been for the footy. The Red Dress run was a total balls up and most of Interhash was a bit off colour much of the time, to say the least, but thanks to *Sir Thomarse* and *Screwdriver* the footy was brilliantly organised, well mostly, the paddock was a bit bloody rugged to say the least, being a cross between a cat litter box and Jeddah's municipal cemetery complete with a metal manhole cover in the middle, but there was a marquee full of free piss on the side line which rapidly became the most densely populate place on earth.

This time the game had an official mention on the Interhash web site with contacts (guess who – yes *Pom* and *Past Master*) for interested players. It was wisely decided to increase the net for prospective players given the piss poor turnout in Chiang Mai and the fact that tight fisted Welsh Hashers were bloody unlikely fork out the cost of 400 Skull Attacks just to travel to a large island on the other side of the world that is comprised mostly of sand, flies, floods and things that will eat or kill you without a second thought.

So it was to be that the Northern Hemisphere versus the Southern Hemisphere idea was born, which, not unsurprisingly, gave the Aussies the opportunity to high-jack the whole sodding event or at least the Hash Blacks team (if you are a Canadian neighbour of the US you will know the feeling). Thus, despite my best efforts to have strip that reflected the national mix of the Southern

Hemisphere Team we got sponsored green and gold jerseys, which was destined to piss off at least two thirds of the team, although *Sir Thomarse* who was mismanaging the event said that the Kiwi's could wear black if they want ! So are we to have a team wearing two different strips as a daft form of compromise. *Dame Eda* then got in the loop with an offer to provide us with black singlets and multi coloured shorts. So all was set for a comprehensive technicolour balls up, why fight it ?

So on the day, after an intensive half hour of removing broken bottles syringes, used condoms and other Assie souvenirs from the pitch, the SHI team strode proudly out onto the paddock half in black, half in green and gold, and half in whatever *Dame Eda* had dreamt up, which makes about as much sense as the mathematics of the situation. Christ it's hard to please everyone.

Pre-match thoughts were that it would be a complete fuck up on the day with the mighty Hash Blacks, now reduced to the SHI Team, kitted out to look like the bloody Harlequins on acid. Meanwhile the northern hemisphere team of Frogs, Taffs, Paddys, Jocks, assorted Wops, Yanks, Canadians (for want of a better name) were no doubt really chuffed to play in the Pom's national colours.

A few team stats for the media:

The SHITs comprised

- 34 starters with *Daggy* and *The General* looking to take an early shower, about 5 seconds after kick off in fact
- 9 over or nearly 60 (were talking age not girth)
- 6 hussies
- 21 Kiwis, 11 Rotorua H3
- 11 Aussies
- 10 played before in Cardiff or Chiang Mai
- 6 transplanted southern hemisphere Poms who changed sides in the 3rd quarter (that way you got two free jerseys)

No idea of the NHITs composition except that there were 16 of them at kick off and a bloody site less by the time we all gave up and went off to lay down in the shade.

Fuck it was even hotter, but the hosts put on masses of free piss so who cared. The best yet.

Game 4 – Kuching 2010

Plenty of official support this time, and that of Kuching Rugby Club, so all was set to be bloody cracker provided Interhash Mismanagement got the day right, and a later kick off at 4pm so that we would miss the heat of the day. Brilliant - well possibly. First of all the wrong day was advertised on the Interhash web site, then they pulled our sponsors as the entire Interhash organisation turned to custard.

Luckily got back into the Interhash hot seat and helped with the Rugby and put me in touch with Kuching Rugby Club who proceeded to sort out the venue, grog supply and delivery of the teams jerseys. Not only that they were within walking distance of most of the hashers's accommodation and the best bars in town.

After some correspondence the rules, anthology and other rugby bollocks got put back on the web site, and the game was scheduled for Friday afternoon at 4pm. Interest to play started to flow in and it was soon apparent that there would be a good turn out for the game.

So jerseys were designed. In consultation *Pom* and *Past Master* agreed that the colours of the original game would dominate the design, so we finished up with red (Wales) jerseys with white (England), dark blue (Scotland, France) and green (Ireland) hoops for the Northern Hemisphere, and Black (NZ), with gold (Oz), green (RSA), and light blue (Argentina) for the Southern Hemisphere. Or that was the theory, we forgot to allow for the possibility that the screen printer was colour blind or drunk, or both. But we did get the sizes right which was more than the Interhash Committee could manage.

So the big day came, with only 13 hashers having bothered to suggest that they might turn up for the game, and Kuching Rugby Club were saying, "*well how much piss shall we get in*" actually it was more like "*ow mush pish shulwe gerin*" as they were usually about 5 pints into a session when ever I met with them. So being eternally optimistic I suggest that several hundred would turn up on the basis that now amount of piss can be ordered and it will never go to waste.

And so it came to pass. There as a mountain of piss, dozens of jerseys, a couple of derelicts sleeping off a hard night in the grandstand, the refs, and about 10 players at kick off time. Plus the Kuching



Rugby Club committee getting a bit concerned that they might have to sell the club premises to pay for all the grog that was yet to be paid for.

And then the flood started, Friday afternoon at Interhash wasn't offering much else and the masses turned up. We had a cast of thousands that included the flowing players:

SHITS Pom, Slab, C-ya-Sax, Spiderman, Boulder Holder, Rigid, Sniffer, Gate Crasher, Two Shoes, Slab, Full Bottle, Discharge, Sex On, Orgy, Boobs, Thrust, Sooty, Foghorn, Thumbalina, Phantom, Abdul, Knoknob, Webmasterbater, Meat to please you, Phonker, Masterbates, Snackbar

NHITS Q'nA, Saralegal, Gorf, Smoko, Erectile, Boots, Chuckney Hooker, Squeeze, Spider Man, Blue Balz, Golf, Pervert, QND, Grabber, Clitus, Homo, Nurse Ratshit

As usual at the start of the debacle the NHITS were down on numbers but soon became overwhelmed with extras as the fracas began to attract the attention of passing drunks on their way from the Soho bar. So there were several late bastards who's names were not recorded as I began losing the plot about 6 beers into the first half.

REFS *Father, Macwhat, Susie Wong*

And the grandstand filled up to over flowing

with people everywhere. Brilliant !! was the only way to describe the event and the support it got. Kuching Rugby Club did us proud and made a fair bit of loot selling the grog, plus we sold the jerseys to the players and gave the proceeds to the club by way of a thank you. The club made more money in an afternoon than their entire years subs raise and it all went to support youth rugby in Kuching. Transport, boots and uniforms for the youngsters, and yes, guess what, their star youth player is a girl, say no more.

And so onto the match report.

Well somebody kicked off and everyone ran around a bit, and went off periodically for a tinnie (some by order of the ref). The number of would be players was such that it was hard to get back on again. The only way back on was to run on regardless, tackle one of your own team so hard that they felt obliged to go off for a rest, fuck it was hot.

Oh yeah the game result was a good draw for the SHITS, and what a start to Interhash

Game 5 - Borobudur 2012

This time the venue was at the Rich hotel, Jogjakarta which very conveniently had a school playing field right next door that Discowanker got permission to play on. Yes, I was helped by the Vice Chairman of Borobudur Interhash, a POM called *Discowanker* who is actually a Welshman living in Bali, and a rugby fan, so that bloody helps!

Disco had found sponsors for the very nifty Red and Black rugby shirts with the obligatory breast pocket for holding cigarette packets or condoms! We held this match on the Friday morning before the Hamersly run ,and had enough hashers turn up to have a decent 9 a side game.

I must say Disco did us proud organizing the shirts, Bintang on tap with cute beer pouring local sheilas, banners, and I brought the ball and trophy. Hash Luminaries, *Garfield*, *Mr. McGoo*, *Ra*, *Father*, and *Dame Edna*, along with *Slab*, *Gates*, *Yeti* and even *Spermwhale* joined us as a beer drinking officiator.

It was the NHIT's that wore the black shirts, with the SHIT's with the red shirts.

We had 4 times 10 minute spells, with 5 minute breaks in the paddock for beers and smokes. This time it was the SHIT's who had the upper hand in a good clean game, and came away with the trophy.

After the trophy presentation, and a great hash circle *Garfield* had us all sign the ball and give it to the local kids from the school ground we were using.

Well done Disco for a well organised Rugby match, and what turned out a bloody amazing Interhash to boot!

Yours in Hash,

POM

Southern Hemisphere Captain

GM Rotorua HHH

RESULTS

2002 Wales beat New Zealand

2006 Hash Blacks beat ?

2008 Draw NHIT v SHIT

2012 SOUTH BEAT NORTH

- Rugby union football is a close-contact team sport that originated at Rugby School in England in the first half of the 19th century.
- Rugby involves running with the ball in hand. In its most common form, the game is played between two teams of 15 players each, using an oval-shaped ball on a rectangular field.
- The objective of the game is to score points by scoring tries, conversion kicks, penalties, and drop goals.
- In 2023, there were more than 10 million players worldwide
- Rugby union spread from the United Kingdom and Ireland, with other early proponents of the sport including Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and France.
- International matches have taken place since 1871. The Rugby World Cup, first held in 1987, is held every four years.
- The Women's Rugby World Cup was first held in 1991.

Naivasha Relay

Naivasha Relay 2025

The Naivasha relay is an annual team event organized by the Nairobi Hash House Harriers every first weekend of October.

The first Naivasha relay took place on the 15th October 1988. 2025 is the 43rd edition of the relay.

It covers a total of 83 kilometres organised in seeded stages. Each participating team is required to have nine (9) seeded runners. Seeds are assigned based on the participant's preference and ability.

Seed 1 is the toughest seed, consisting of three stints of approximately 6.5 kilometres each whereas seed 9 is a 3 kilometre walker's seed. The run starts on the Karen – Kikuyu road and the Bypass interchange and ends at the Narasha Gate of Hell's Gate National Park.

The Naivasha relay is unique due to the utility of rough-terrain vehicles for team support and logistics.

Naivasha Relay 2015

By adventure with mash

It was after an evening Hasher's run around the Parklands area of Nairobi that I heard about the Naivasha Relay. *Plumber* who is one of the seasoned Nairobi Hashers couldn't stop on how much of an experience the relay is. As I downed my beer, my adventurous streak started pushing the idea of what an adventure this one would be. I thought of running down the Rift Valley escarpment to Naivasha, the rough terrain, the danger of running into a herd of buffaloes or getting a snake bite while running in the savannah grass and I was sold! I signed up for the relay and ordered another beer.

The relay route starts at Dagoretti in Nairobi away from the busy highways and off to a dirt-road track that meanders down the Rift Valley escarpment and ends at the foot of Mt. Suswa, covering an approximate of 83 tough kilometres!

Having ran with the Hashers on several occasions, I know that as much as running to keep fit



is their agenda it sort of comes a close second to having a great time socializing and partaking of liquids that are known to cause staggers. However, on this day it was evident that everyone brought their 'A' game! Hashers were divided into various teams, each team having its members seeded (with regard to their running prowess or lack thereof) from seed 1 to 9. Each team member would run a certain distance of the trail at a given time, with some running two or more stages of the race.

A group of Hash officials are tasked with the responsibility of ensuring that the relay runs smoothly. They are dubbed 'Mismanagement' but do not let that tag fool you as they did an impressive job of it! They ensured that time was kept as per the plan, safety of all the runners as well as spectators was observed, venues for accommodation were booked well in advance, heck they even organized to have a sweep car at every stage of the race to lift from 'shame' those runners that might have bitten more than they could chew.

There were various teams that took part in this relay. I ran as a Seed 2 runner for team Hot Dogs. However, not to say that any team was inferior to the other, but two teams really stood out in my view. These are the Urban Swaras and the Swedish School team. The Urban Swaras ran as if they were going for the money or their lives depended on it! I may not be privy to the times kept by the teams, but I can put my money on that they covered the total distance in the shortest time. On the other hand, the Swedish school had the youngest runners who turned out to be the most resilient. In the tough conditions of sweltering heat, ankle high dust in some stretches, rocky climbs and steep descents, these kids kept going and finished each stage of the race!

We met many locals along the trail, and their glowing faces were a confirmation that the Hashers are a welcome community to their lands every October. I was informed that the Naivasha Relay has taken place every year for more than two decades. There was some teams that actually went handing goodies of books, pens and rulers to the children amongst the spectators.

Despite the sweltering heat, and the terrain that threatened to be a spirit-breaker at every turn, the runners pushed on and kept some pretty impressive time. At one section I ran and the

sun felt like it was dropping nearer to earth with every step I took! My skin was burning in the heat. At some point my imagination convinced me that my hair was melting down and I touched my face in horror, only to smear the many streaks of sweat (some caked in dust) on my entire face. I ran on. I panted heavily as my heart pounded on my chest as if threatening to break out. My thigh and calf muscles felt painfully tight with every step. I could see the few runners ahead and wondered if my eyesight was failing me as they kept growing smaller. I pushed on. The crowd waiting at the finish line was clearly visible and near, but I couldn't seem to get there! I ran on. I remember praying that angels could carry me to the finish line, but I fast resigned to letting my mind get lost in the beauty of God's creation around me. I finally finished the race! The Naivasha Relay was a true test of my fitness and I cannot wait to do it again next year!

The trail took us to some of the most picturesque areas of the country! Beautiful hills gracefully lined the horizon, some with crater rimmed tops. We had the privilege of running in an environment that knows little if any human interference. This is a run I am willing to do again and again. There's is no reason why you should not also have it on your adventure calender!

As you already know by now, I took time to bring you some shots of how the events unfolded. Enjoy.

Burch's Resort is the 2006 venue: ' A welcoming oasis that provides stylish escape in serene seclusion, located on Moi south Lake Road Naivasha with a lake front view. The Resort offers a selection of 100 spacious rooms, in 3 different categories: – Apartments, Deluxe cottages and Standard Rooms. All rooms are lavishly furnished to offer the very highest standards of comfort and value at affordable rates. All the rooms have a study desk, high internet access and satellite TV. The resort also has a camping ground, styled to echo the motif of a traditional Kenyan resort. Burch's Resort blends international sophistication with raw African beauty, while featuring rows of individual tents, each with its own view of Lake Naivasha.'

Naivasha Relay 2000

Shakpesprick dreamed of taking a Dar team to the event but was put off by the cost of air tickets. *Nippy Knickers* pressed ahead and put a team together.

That year the event was organised by a white-Kenyan ex-navy GM who organised the event with military precision (we are talking Lord Nelson era rum and lashes discipline!) It caused some tense moments but the rest of the Kenyan hashers were great.

Later in the year Nairobi sent a team to the Bagamoyo Relay. The Kenyans were amazed at how much Tanzania had improved its roads and facilities.

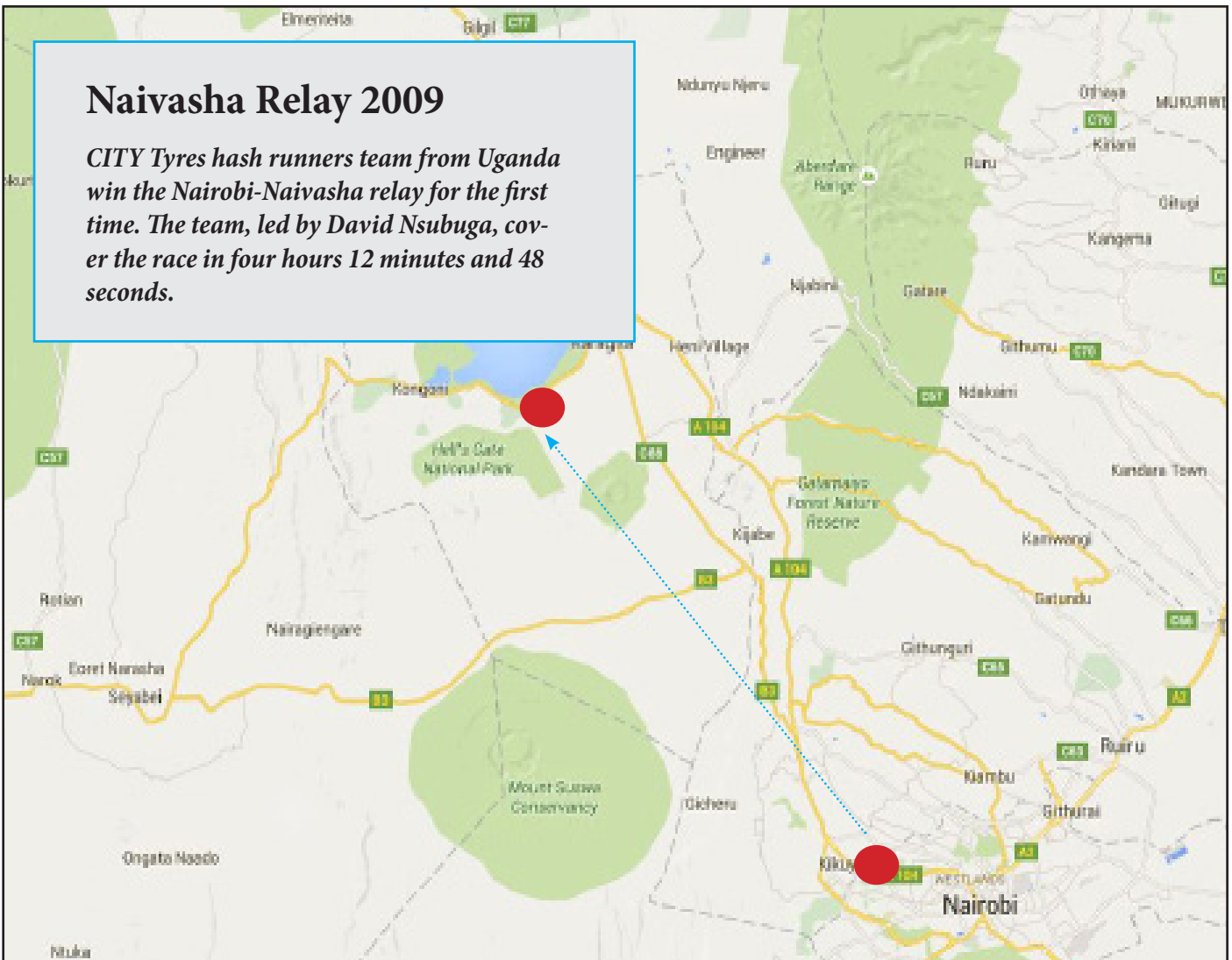


Dar es Salaam H4 team



Naivasha Relay 2009

CITY Tyres hash runners team from Uganda win the Nairobi-Naivasha relay for the first time. The team, led by David Nsubuga, cover the race in four hours 12 minutes and 48 seconds.



Hash Legend - Jock Trader

Shakes :Wandering through my old records I stumbled across the series of interviews conducted by Flying Booger a few years ago.

There was some great work here and would like to print out the Interview with Jock Trader

Original introduction by Flying Booger

Jock Trader, a hash veteran of 30 years' standing, founded some of today's most well-known hash kennels and influenced generations of hashers. I first heard of Jock in 1989 when I started hashing with the Okinawa HHH in Japan. Jock founded that hash and was well remembered by the old-timers there. A few years later I had the privilege of hashing with him at the Long Beach H3 in California, another hash he founded. I'm delighted to hear that he's still actively hashing, and even more delighted that he agreed to share some stories and thoughts with us.

Jock, like Mr. Jackson before him, basically shredded my little list of questions and wrote his own interview and I'm glad he did, because he has a lot to say and answering a set list of questions would

not have been the best way to say it. Here's jock, in his own words:

The interview I first hashed in Taipei, Taiwan with the Taipei H3. The THHH was an all-male hash. In March 1978, a co-worker, air force major Chet Smith, watched me run around the streets of Taipei; running through the street debris and trash and inhaling vehicle exhaust fumes, at lunchtime. Chet mentioned the hash to me several times before I relented to show up for a run, but I specified that I didn't like running races. My first run was a three-hour/eight-mile ball buster set in the streets and highways of Taipei under a blazing sun with the temperature over 90 degrees Fahrenheit. I was hot, tired and pissed. The final straw was having to ford waist high a snake-infested stream behind the rugby/soccer/football field at the Taipei American school. The drainage ditch was more like an open sewer. I vowed to never go on a hash run again. For some unfathomable reason, I changed my mind the next week. Perhaps it was the beer. I ran **with the hash again the next week; maybe because it was because that week's run went through the red light district of Pei Tou and finished in a scenic fish restaurant on cherry hill. The on-in was on a hill looking up to the striking white Taipei cultural college which is built on the west side on Yang Ming Shan (sun/moon mountain; i.e., "bright/beautiful" mountain) and there was female entertainment.**

My hash name: in Taipei, I participated in all of the THHH athletic events . . . the runs, soccer, softball, rugby, flag football, cricket, marathons and darts. I was willing to go from one venue to the next without even changing clothes. Hence, I wore a dirty jock and was eventually was so named. In addition, I am half scot.

I have run with hashes in Taiwan, Okinawa, Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Bali, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, the U.S., and Mexico.

In response to the question "have my attitudes toward hashers and hashing changed over the years?" Yes. The Taipei HHH was a male-only hash. I founded three hashes and encouraged women to hash. Because of that I was excoriated by some THHH hashers. I have found that women hashers encourage men to hash and vice versa. That basic sexual connection is the reason that "mixed" hashes are so successful, long lasting, irreverent and fun.

I prefer a hash with live hares and the blowing of whistles when on trail.



When scouting a trail, I try to walk/run it five or six times, and run it once in reverse to check trail visibility, hare exposure and get a different perspective, which often necessitates one or two modifications of the trail.

I founded the Naha (Okinawa) HHH in February 1979. The Naha HHH died after 7 runs, probably because the Navy closed its air station at Naha. I started the Okinawa HHH a few months later, primarily to provide some sort of running training for the rugby players on the "Wild West Show" on a weekend day when no rugby game was scheduled. After I retired from the Navy and returned to U.S., because I was bored and missed hashing, with the help of Mary Poppins (Peggy Trader) and a few friends, we got the San Diego Hash House Harriers started on 14 February 1981.

I would like to mention how helpful Mary Poppins was in the founding of the Okinawa HHH and the San Diego HHH. Even though she did not run with the hash until 1982 or thereabouts, Mary Poppins was the Hash Cash, the Scribe, the Statistician and the News Letter writer, typist and publisher of these two fledgling hashes.

On 25 January 1985, I founded the Long Beach HHH with Jerry Eject Templeman and Andy Zapata Limon. Mary Poppins helped out our new hash again by bringing 20 San Diego hashers up for the LBH3 inaugural run.

My contribution to hashing has been steadfastly resisting the impulse to commercialize hashing and to make personal profit from hashing. In 1980, Mary Poppins and I realized that hashing was going to explode in the U.S. We discussed the possibility of copyrighting several variations of national hash names; United States Hash House Harriers, Hash House Harriers of America, etc. It was obvious that money could have made on hashing T-shirts, hashing gear, "How To Start a Hash" books, travel arrangements, etc. We felt then, and I feel now, that hashing belongs in the public domain.

Core fundamentals: Hashing and rugby are similar, except in hashing you don't have to endure the physical punishment and bleeding to be able to drink beer and sing dirty songs afterward.

Hashing is not a foot race. It must be a team effort, with front runners breaking check marks, returning to the check and marking the true trail, blowing whistles to help the pack solve the trail and keep close to the front runners. There are too many front running bastards/racers in the hash who don't give a damn about the rest of the pack and who refuse to give up their first-place position to help another hasher.

Another thing that I have noticed in the past is that some hashers use hashing to enable their power trips. Some hashers want to be the grand master and control the hash. They come to feel that they "own" a hash. I have personally heard such conversations between GMs and potential GMs while sitting on the toilet in the mens' room during a formal hash function.

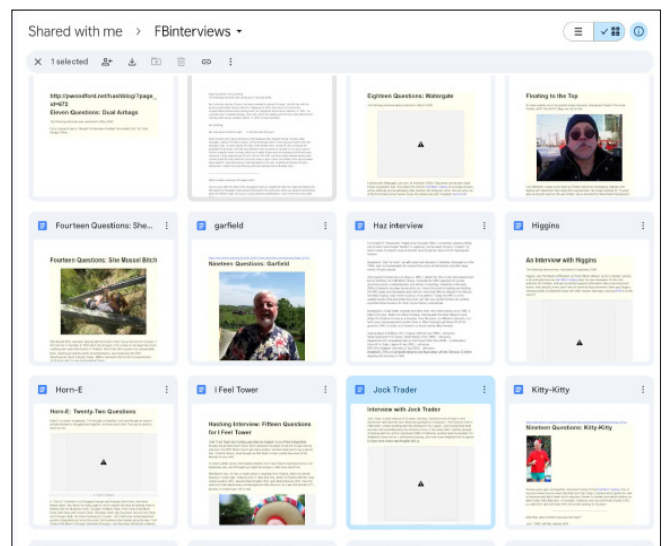
I am the father of ten children; seven of mine and three step-children. I have discovered that a hash is like a child. You cannot control a hash. It is going to do what it wants. The Okinawa HHH is a physical kick-ass, lewd and crude tricks, in-your-face hash. The San Diego HHH is more laid back, with the GM on his feet, smoothly controlling the down-down events while most the hashers are on the ground sitting on their lawn chairs. The Orange County HHH is a lot like Okinawa; more combative with the GM's. The Long Beach HHH is a hyper hash. LBHHH likes to go places and do things and not always in Long Beach: river rafting, desert forays, camp outs, weekends on Catalina Island, etc. LBHHH has been "computerized" since its inception; primarily the result of *Asynch's* GM-ship. The circle stands and surrounds the GM while he tries to control the down-down's with jokes, gimmicks and sex.

A hash is going to develop by itself and do what it (the group) wants to do. One founder, one grand master, one person cannot dictate where the hash is going and what it is going to do, just like your children. I enjoy all of the hashes which I have founded or have been involved with, just as I am proud of all of my children.

My hashing future? One thousand runs and one hundred harings with the Long Beach Hash House Harriers, and three more annual Jock BBQ runs until I have hosted twenty-five.

Yours for better hashing,

Dal (Jock) Trader



DIVA -2026 April 17th-19th

Carcassonne was the venue for the 2026 DIVA hash and the French town offered a perfect combination of history, countryside, and bubbles. Indeed, it is this region of southern France, and not Champagne, that invented the idea of putting bubbles into wine!

Hidden Asset took the lead as GM, as she was local to the area. (Ed: or at least she was French!) Her right-hand lady was *Trouble Brewing*.

Hotel TRIBE was a 300 metres walk from the airport bus stop at Square Gambetta and 1 kilometre from the train station. It was perfectly situated by the river, with the castle viewable from many rooms.

Around 53 hashers attended with a couple of guests using up the world's last supplies of aviation fuel to fly in from the USA.

The weekend was noted for drinking La Blanquette de Limoux and La Première Bulle.

Hash Artist, *Tasty Piss* designed the new T-shirt

with a map of the next DIVAHHH weekends on the back. This plan takes the group through until almost 2040!

Fabulous Friday

11:00-12:00 Registration Part 1, Haberdashery

12:15 Leave for optional Friday activities (gather at 12:10)

16:00 Arrive back at hotel

16:30-17:30 Registration Part 2, Haberdashery at hotel bar

17:00 Bubbly flowing at hotel bar

17:30 Welcome toast, Tastings 1 and 2 at hotel bar

19:00 Leave for Gala Dinner & Dancing, Follow trail to Le Créneau, adjacent to Castle, Tasting 3. Bring sensible shoes for trail or organize a taxi with the hotel in advance.

01:00 You don't have to go home, yet you can't chez Le Créneau

There were two afternoon activities.

1. A boat ride on the Aube with *Higgins* as guide.
2. A visit to the vineyard Domaine Gres Vaillant, a

The city of Carcassonne is located in the Occitanie region of southern France. Carcassonne owes its fame to the long restoration campaign on the fortified medieval city carried out from 1853 to 1879 by Eugène Viollet-le-Duc. It is a World Heritage site. Indeed, Carcassonne is one of the few places in the world where you can stand in one spot and see two World Heritage sites, the other being the Canal du Midi which flows through the city.



DIVA comes from the Latin word for
'goddess'.

The DIVA hash was formed by senior European Harriettes with toy boys welcome to pour endless champagne.



Above - Its not a hash without a little blood. Below - Sir Higgins. Right-Shakes meets CIA and Rample. Below right - Half Monty displays a complete set of DIVA attendance cards.



bio vineyard complete with a very cute horse!

At 5.00 pm, with everybody back at the hotel, the pack gathered in the 4th-floor restaurant for the first bubble tasting, greetings and speeches.

Then it was a pleasant stroll up to the castle for dinner, this being a traditional cassoulet.

The Gala theme was: Medieval Posh "Party like it is 999", formal gear with a Medieval Twist.

"You are invited to the palace by the Queen and King. If you impress them, you will be given great lands and be allowed to taste the best wines and the best foods.

If you look like a soldier or a peasant, then you will be sent to the stables. Of course DIVAHHH's love soldiers, yet leave your chainmail on the battlefield. "

Costume winners were *John Cleese* and *Horny Tail*, which is hardly surprising as they are into medieval fairs when not hashing.

Hilarious Saturday

07:30-09:00 Breakfast (hotel will give you instructions)

09:30 SHARP! Bus leaves: Bring water bottle, flute, change of clothes, circle stuff

10:00 ONON Bus arrives, Leave stuff on the bus. If you miss the bus, see loser section.

10:05 Walkers and Runners trails, Tastings 4 & 5 chez Martinol Cave

13:00 ON INN – Tasting 6, Lunch and Circle

14:30 Bus Leaves

15:00 Maison Guinot Crazy Cave Visit. Tastings 7, 8, 9

Loser Section: If you miss the bus, take a train to Limoux and walk to Maison Guinot.

17:30 Arrive back at hotel

19:00 Tasting 10, Haberdashery

19:30 Light dinner and drinks chez La Divine Comedie

21:00-ish Pay as you go at the pub: location TBA on the Signal group and via email

The hotel provided a good breakfast, and then it was a 9.30 bus to the start point in the village of St. Hilarion. *John Cleese* was the lead hare for a very good trail through some beautiful French countryside.

The drink stop was a wine tasting venue and then it was back into the countryside with the second half of the trail becoming notably more hilly. The circle was in a car park. The food was excellent (well done *Smutters*) and the drink flowed, but a few people suffered from the lack of shade.

There was an extra stop on the way back, by which time everybody was looking a little tired.

Around 7.00pm the pack gathered outside the hotel by the river for yet another tasting. Then it was





*RAs over the
weekend included:*

SandySyphilis

Tasty Piss

The Vicar

Cosmo

Boar whore



a stroll to the restaurant. While dinner the night before had been in the old citadel, we now headed into the 'new town' for a very friendly Italian restaurant.

I Like Your Boobs did his best to start a food fight, but otherwise it was all a little subdued, but then it had been a long day.

Sparkling Sunday

07:30-10:00 Breakfast (hotel will give you instructions)

10:00-10:30 Check out of hotel, store luggage

10:30 Tasting 11

11:00 Trail

12:30 Lunchtime Pastries and Sandwiches, Haberdashery, Tasting 12

13:30 Circle

14:30 ish goodbye!

Sunday brought another hotel breakfast, and then the hashers who were leaving had to empty their rooms. We gathered back by the river, where there was an impromptu circle with half a dozen hashers coming forward to tell jokes. Many (well, the joke tellers) thought this was the best circle of the weekend.

The hashers then set off along the river, crossing the old footbridge before taking the castle from behind and having a drink stop in another car park. Then it was a straight trail down from the castle, over the main road bridge, and into a (unshaded) park for the final circle. With no time limit there was plenty of opportunity for hashers to contribute. There was another open spread of food and then it was time for goodbyes. Big thanks to:

Smutters for the food

Mata Hari and *Bronco Buster* for selling haberdashery

Tasty Piss for the T-shirt

Rack of Lamb for registration

Chewie for being the DIVAHHH Bank

Higgins for the boat

Lead Hares: *Horney Tail*, *John Cleese* and *Cheesy Lollipop*

ONON to Brescia

Next DIVA's

Not in order

Danube Discovery

Istra - Croatia, Slovenia, and Italy.

Budafok - Hungary

Sekt - Germany and Austria

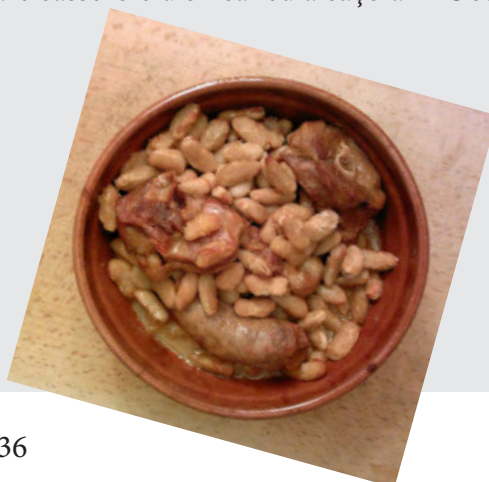
Brescia - Italy



Half-Monty, is one of a handful of hashers to have attended every DIVA event.

Cassoulet

It is a regional specialty of Languedoc, made with dried beans, usually white, and meat. Originally, it was made with broad beans. Cassoulet takes its name from the glazed earthenware casserole dish called a *caçòla* in Occitan.





2026
T-shirt
with
future
venues
on the
back.

- Big Akula ● Calapsos ● Cockatool ● Cosmo ● Dog Handler ● Doggy Style ● Dr Ivanna On A Top ● Fanny Chill ● Firehighs ● Flying Chicken ● Half Monty ● I like Your Boobs ● Longshanks ● Loose Nutz ● MaBouche ● Mata Hari ● Moose Diver ● Opee ● Rack of Lamb ● Rick o'shea ● Rumple ● Sidewinder ● Sir Higgin ● Slack ● Smashed ● STTI ● The Vicar ● Tuna Melt ● Victoria Secret ● Wouldn't Chew ● Yarkie ● Boar Whore ● Bronco Buster ● Candyfloss ● CIA ● Hairy Bell Knob ● Hemorrhoid ● Ice Queen ● Ingrid Larssen ● Nippy Knickers ● Oily Hole ● Old Squirty ● Bastard Pick ● Window Puss in Boots ● Sandy Syphilis ● SexEd ● Shakesprick ● Shut Up ● Slush Puppie ● Smuttars ● Sweet Hole ● Sister Slammer ● Tasty Piss Touched by Boobies ● Trouble Brewing ● V.D.Viking ● Yoron Weed



Big thanks to:

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Tasty Piss for the T-shirt

Rack of Lamb for registration

Chewie for being the DIVAHHH Bank

Higgins for the boat

Lead Hares: *Horney Tail*, *John Cleese*, and *Cheesy Lollipop*

ONON to Brescia

Cool Running

The Jamaican bobsleigh team

and the hash

From Dildo Dan

The famous Jamaica bobsled team derived from a hasher, *The Sergeant*. He was a colonel in the Jamaican army and one night, with fellow officers, came up with the bobsleigh idea for Jamaica. He used to have his photo in the Cool Running bar in Montego Bay!

The army colonel credited with facilitating the formation of the first Jamaican bobsled team (which inspired the film **Cool Runnings**) was Lieutenant Colonel Alan Douglas.

While American businessmen George Fitch and William Maloney conceived the idea, they approached the Jamaica Defence Force (JDF) to find athletes. It was Lt. Col. Alan Douglas who actively persuaded Devon Harris (a lieutenant at the time) to attend the trials.

Military Order: Dudley "Tal" Stokes, the team's driver and future president of the Jamaican Bobsleigh Federation, was a helicopter pilot in the Jamaica Defence Force. He has stated in interviews that he joined the team because he was effectively ordered to do so by his superiors (specifically mentioning a Colonel who suggested it, with Col. Barnes also involved in the early conversations).

The Rationale: The military, specifically Col. Ken Barnes and Lt. Col. Alan Douglas, viewed bobsledding as an "army sport" that required the specific physical strength, bravery, and discipline of soldiers.

The Team: The 1988 Olympic team consisted of active-duty soldiers: Dudley Stokes, Michael White, Devon Harris, Caswell Allen, and later, Chris Stokes.

While the film *Cool Runnings* created a fictionalized story, the real team was indeed built on the foundation of the Jamaican Defence Force.

Jamaican hashers meet on Friday evenings at the "Pinte" – the Jamaican German Society's bar.

Jamaica H3 GM's

February 2013 - May 2014

Nico Attila the Hun Schwarze

March 2011 - February 2013

Owen Likkle Wicked aka Bulby aka Crisis Bernard

May 2008 - March 2011

Walter Guano Woods

October 2004 - May 2008

William Rasta Shakespeare Lampert

Before October 2004

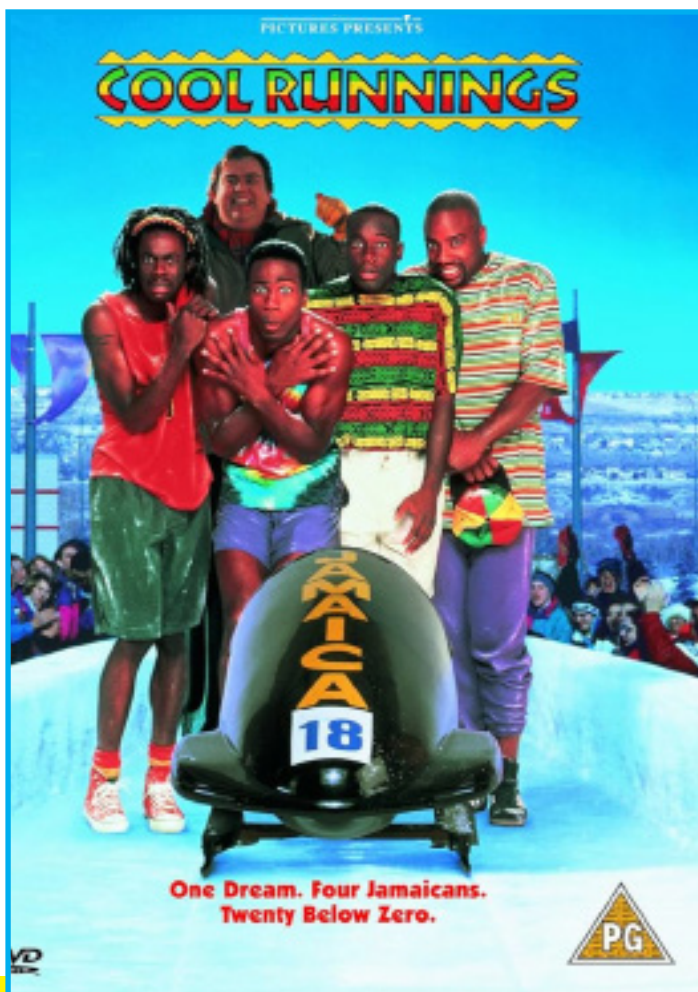
Ian Haggis Hambleton

Malcolm Slag Bag Bragg

Alan Bogger Mackray

Real Life

- In 1987, American businessmen George Fitch and William Maloney, inspired by a pushcart race, sought to recruit Jamaican soldiers to form a bobsled team.
- They were organized by businessmen George Fitch and William Maloney.
- Dudley Stokes (driver), Michael White, Brakeman) and push athletes Devon Harris and Chris Stokes made up the inaugural crew.
- The team entered the two-man and four-man events. They were popular underdogs who had little experience, having trained in Austria and on a frozen lake in Canada.
- In the four-man event, the team crashed at high speed. They famously walked alongside their sled to the finish line.
- Their performance inspired the 1993 movie Cool Runnings.



The Movie

- November 1987, and Jamaican sprinter Derice Bannock is eliminated from the 100-meter Olympics trails after fellow runner Junior Bevil accidentally stumbles and falls, knocking down both Derice and Yul Brenner.
- Derice petitions for the race to be rerun, but committee leader Barrington Coolidge denies the request. Derice spots a photograph in Coolidge's office, which shows his late father, Ben, standing next to a fellow Olympic gold medalist. Coolidge identifies the man as Irving "Irv" Blitzer, a former bobsled champion who was disqualified for cheating in the 1972 Winter Olympics in Sapporo and now works as a bookie in Jamaica.
- Derice decides to enter the upcoming Winter Olympics in Calgary by forming a bobsled team.
- He recruits his friend Sanka Coffie, a pushcart derby champion and Blitzer reluctantly agrees to coach the team.
- Reaching Calgary the Jamaicans struggle to adapt to the cold and race conditions but improve through exercise and hard work.
- The team's first day on the track is a disaster, and they finish in last place. Sanka disapproves of Derice copying the Swiss team's methods and encourages them to find their own competition style.
- The Jamaican team finds their new rhythm and significantly improve on the second day, finishing in eighth place.
- During their final race, a loose screw causes one of the bobsled's blades to detach, resulting in it flipping over and crashing. Determined to finish the race, the team picks up their bobsled and carry it across the finish line, earning the applause of the other teams and the spectators.