

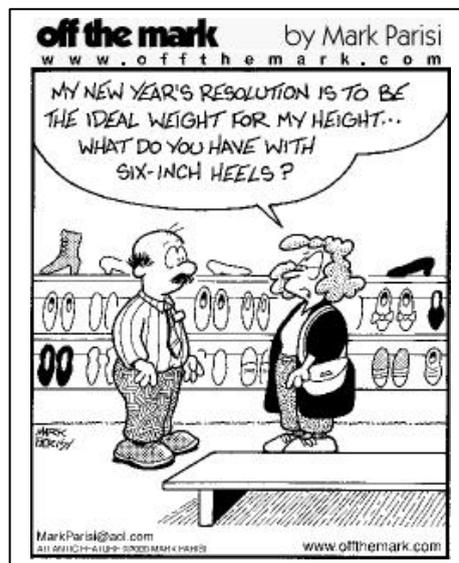
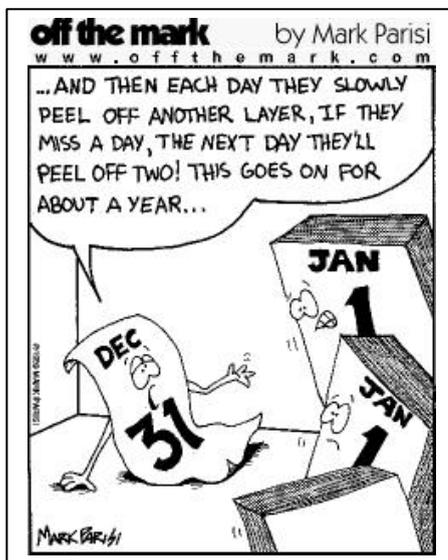
ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 30 - ISSUE 2

RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON
For info check out www.londonhash.org

Wishing you all a **HASHY NEW YEAR!!**



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Don't miss:

Memories of festive cheer

2 namings

Try our latest Beer Quiz

Feel JJ's embarrassment

**The Isle of White take
London by storm**

Email items for this mag to:

Ryde or Screwloose

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Mulled wine & mince pies in Ashtead



Did you really think I was going to call them 'the 3 Wise Monkeys?'



A rose between two thorns?



If I close my eyes I might be able to imagine it's over



Daffy...look at that prat in the hat in the other photo...



Run No 1698 Hare: Trigamist

Where: Ashtead (The Woodman) When: 17th December 2005

So, to prepare us all for the CLaWS party taking place the same evening plum in the centre of town, we would meet in deepest Surrey in the cold. Your scribe turned up in the pub car park fifteen minutes before kick-off to find zero hashers. Bigger. Where are they? Then Daffy and Eric come walking up, and we have a quarter of an hour to discuss party outfits while waiting for others. Despite the cold and their nice warm open fires, the pub refused to open until at least twelve, and they didn't even have vin chaud waiting for us. Sadists.

Anyhow, about eighteen hashers actually turned up, once they'd got around the modified train times, and we gathered for the off, with an important change; as the Christmas party loomed, nobody was to call "On On", it would be replaced by "Ho Ho". Lovely, ho ho ho....

Anal Condom found a shiny coin on the floor by the hare which was donated, in return for which he was shanghaied into writing the run report :o)

Ho ho, ho ho, it's through the shaggy and cold we go... getting the blood running through our veins again. The hare made great use of the compact woodland around the pub, where we could frighten the local dogwalkers by shouting ho ho at them. Across a housing estate and then around a maze of frozen ponds and decrepit leper trees (with sign underneath where the small print says it is dangerous to stand under the tree as bits might fall off....). Then up a hill to the beer stop, where Peacemaker regaled us with mince pies and brandy while we dodged the local Porsche-driving idiots, as you do on a cold Saturday lunchtime.

Suddenly, Lost Tango turned up to most people's relief, and then the pack trickled off back down the hill to try and find the way inn. AC accompanied Snow White & Thunderthighs as he hadn't a clue where he was by now, but thanks to the groundsman at the local football match they managed to make it back to base.

Nice trail, nice weather if a little cold, and a nice array of downdowns, which hopefully someone will add to this codswallop.

Ho Ho
Anal Condom

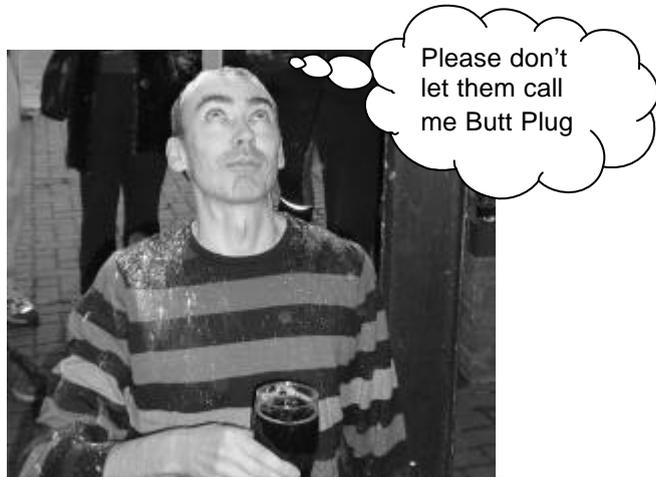
Shopping in TURNHAM GREEN - Dec 05



Shaming and naming at TURNHAM GREEN - Dec 05



Rent Boy Turn's 'em Green



The Best of British Beer Quiz

- 1) Which brewery makes 'Old Peculiar'?
- 2) Fuller Smith & Turner released a Celebration Ale to mark their 150th anniversary in which year?
(a) 1985 (b) 1990 (c) 1995 (d) 2000
- 3) What nickname is given to Newcastle Brown Ale in the North East?
- 4) Which country was the first to officially take exports of Boddington?
(a) Canada (b) Holland (c) Australia (d) New Zealand
- 5) On which island is the most northerly brewery in the British Isles?
- 6) What did the initials UCB on the beer made by the Bank's Brewery stand for?
- 7) In what year was Boddington officially exported for the first time?
(a) 1901 (b) 1972 (c) 1987 (d) 1993
- 8) Where in Wales is the Felinfoel Brewery?
- 9) John S Labatt, head of Labatt London, was kidnapped in London in 1934. In which city was he released a week later?
(a) Paris (b) Toronto (c) London (d) Amsterdam
- 10) True or False: The Saladin Tithe was a tax on beer introduced in 1188 by Henry II to help pay for the crusades.

Answers on page 6

London HHH Run 1697 (combined with SLASH) – Mabel’s Tavern - Euston

Here was a sunny, crisp day – a day full of promise, a day to gladden a young maiden’s heart.

The promise was fulfilled early. A descendant of one of our “Windrush” brethren proffered a battered bunch of blossoms to Last Tango who had arrived at the start of the run looking the picture of alcoholic poisoning. She accepted the blossoms: she and the day brightened as we sped through the back streets of King’s Cross.



But all was not well with all our maidens. Call Girl had declared to me her secret love for her water bottle with which she was planning to spend an intimate candlelit evening after the run. This could not be, I tried to reassure her. Was there amongst the pot-bellied, balding, prostate-failing male Hashers, none that would take this gorgeous unattached piece of crumpet to his (or her) manly chest for the evening? For all too brief a part of the run, Blow Job strode manfully alongside the sweet maid.



Romance in the air? Not a hope – just a prominent drip on the end of his nose after our return to the pub. For Call Girl, the hot water bottle prospect remained intact for yet another long, dark, cold winter evening. When, oh when, will some bastard with a grain of testosterone in his system do the right thing by this beyond-your-(wet) dreams vision?



Thunder Thighs did her gallant best to drag me from the slough of despond by offering tips on wallpaper hanging and sewing on buttons. Not even her promise of how she sewed on Rambo’s fly button (only one?) in some Far Eastern jungle could distract me from Call Girl’s predicament, but thank you for trying, TT.

Trigamist had the right idea. No worries about hot water bottles for him: no worries about completing the Hash run even, as our pit stop in Regent’s Park showed half our number to be missing, last seen entering a pub well before our entry into the park. At least he showed up at the start of the Hash: more than can be said for Mad Cow whose arrival in full civilian gear at the beer stop (2 minutes from the end of the Hash) qualifies for an outstanding ILABETEABONH*.

But there were worries about a visitor answering to the name of Greg. First two worries – Greg was American. Worry number two, he was blissfully unaware of our nation’s concerns about foreigners toting well stuffed rucksacks near major London stations. The following overheard conversation helped not a jot to allay our fears:

Aged female hasher: “What’s your line of business, then?”
Stuffed Rucksack: “Confidential.”
Aged female hasher: “Oh come on, you can tell me: I’m old enough to be your grandma.”
Stuffed Rucksack: “Security: surveillance: dirty tricks – that sort of stuff.”
Aged female hasher: “Ooh! I say! Ever strangled anyone with your bare hands then?”

Unable to bare the burdens of national security, I dropped back in a pretence of waiting for the last runner – unconvincing: I was the last runner.

All in all, a great run from Ryde and Tablewhine and, who knows, with the onset of Spring, Call Girl, your hot water bottle may spring a leak and an equally leaky, floppy substitute could climb in to warm your feet.

On! On! **Condom 11 Dec 05**

*Instead of Late Arriving Bastard, Earns Title of Early Arriving Bastard On Next Hash

.....and this was the day that Jilted Jugs made Testiculator go back home to pick up the vouchers for free beer at Mabel's Tavern only to find when they eventually arrived at the pub that the vouchers expired the day before the hash.....



.....but Testiculator gave Jilted a free beer anyway.

.....it was also Sudsey's farewell hash with LH3.....



.....and we had a visit from Tumbling Bill Panton the World Hash Archivist



Run: 1700
Hare: Mick Mac
Venue: Moon on the Mall, Whitehall
Time: 1700 hours, Sunday 1 January 2006

A day of round numbers. The last trail laid by Mick Mac was in 1993 for London H3's 1000th run.

On this occasion, it was marked in blackboard chalk and drizzle, and took us through lanes east of Whitehall along the Embankment and across Waterloo Bridge. After several detours and false trails, we re-crossed the Thames by Westminster Bridge and continued through St James and Green Parks where the trail and Hare were lost. After several minutes stumbling disconsolately along the wet pavements of Piccadilly, and encouraged by Mismanagement from the City and West London Hashes, the pack mutinied and decided to return. Whereupon, the trail was refound, taking us behind St James Palace to Trafalgar Square and back to the Moon.

There were whispered down-downs, wherein the Hare was presented with a large piece of plasterboard found 'on trail' (or not...), and for Yankee Dong visiting from Prague, Full Term returning from Oxford, and Hijacker's half-century. Pickled Fart was the token sinner, having worried pre-r*n that the pack was rather small but then spotted a Saddlesniffer lookalike (or not...)

Can't think what he's been doing to affect his eyesight.



Finally, your designated scribe was named Bhopal, at the suggestion of Pickled Fart, after the disaster that happened 7700 days ago.

[Well, it's a slightly longer - and better - story than that, but we'll let Bhopal tell it when asked. And it could have been worse; I'm not sure what his name would be if it had been left to his comment about the arousing effects of mock-strangulation at the end of the following week's r*n! - RA]

Clive "Bhopal" Wren

Answers to The Best of British Beer Quiz

- 1) The Theakston Brewery
- 2) (c) 1995
- 3) The Dog
- 4) (a) Canada
- 5) The Orkney Island
- 6) Ultimate Curry Beer
- 7) (d) 1993
- 8) Llanelli
- 9) (b) Toronto
- 10) True

Invasion from the Isle of Wight – Jan 06



How do you spell P-Rick?



Isle of Wight hashers explore the docklands



Who let the dogs out?.....



The horrible truth about masturbation

Fishy version About the Persians | Low moaning sounds | Kelp | Contact Wales

Last Updated: yesterday

E-mail this to a whale

Rescued version (not available to whales)

It's only a whale, for fuck's sake

Animal welfare groups say the whale which died after swimming up the Thames may help raise awareness for the state of the British media.



VIDEO Vanessa Feltz has a bath

The attempt to save the northern bottle-nosed whale was worldwide news, overshadowing things like Iraqi car-bombings, American mine deaths, and a politician's rent-boy confession (although to be fair, that's almost a daily occurrence these days).

The rescue attempt ended in tragedy when it became obvious that if you take a whale out of the water it will stop breathing. And die.

Thousands of Londoners lined the streets to stare pointlessly at a dead creature they didn't know, and whose only achievements were to draw attention to itself and waste taxpayers' money. Kind of like Diana's funeral.

Whales 'easily confused'

The whale is having a post-mortem to see why it was so fucking stupid as to swim up the Thames in the first place. Early reports indicate that it may have been looking for a mate, and spotted John Prescott from about 3 miles away.

BBC LONDON
Homeless people wonder why a whale gets more help than they do.

THAMES WHALE

KEY STORIES

- ▶ Whale says "I didn't do it on porpoise"
- ▶ Crowds gather to catch frisbee
- ▶ Whale spotted in whale zoo

FEATURES

- ▶ Big
- ▶ Whale-shaped

RELATED INTERNET LINKS:

- ▶ Moby's dick
- The BBC is not responsible for fucking up whale rescues

TOP LONDON STORIES NOW

- ▶ New Pret a Manger opens
- ▶ Tube - disappointment at lack of Smarties

| What is RSS?

TOP UK STORIES NOW

- ▶ Pete Burns: "I need a monkey fur coat to complete my muppet look"
- ▶ No, we said Moscow, not 'that Moss cow'



...Shock and outrage as forestry commission experiment in genetic engineering is discovered.....

"Chinglish!"

Awhile back the Beijing Tourism Bureau held a six-month campaign to improve Basic English usage at 60 famous scenic spots visited by foreigners, such as the Palace Museum and the Great Wall. People coming across a confusing sign were asked to phone a hotline and report their find to the bureau for correction.

Problems range from obscure abbreviations, word-for-word translation of Chinese characters into English, improper omissions and misspellings. Some of the favourite 'Chinglish' blooper signs are:

- *"Little grass is smiling slightly, please walk on pavement" — in a Beijing park. I wonder where you'll need to walk when the grass smiles strongly?
- *"Please keep your legs" — next to the escalator. Yes, we wouldn't want anyone else walking off with them!
- *"Reduces signs of premature senility" — on a bottle of face cream.
- *"Don't forget to carry your thing" — in the back of a taxi. Heaven forbid leaving your 'thing' behind. Best to keep it in hand at all times.
- *"To take notice of safe. The slippery are very crafty" — sloped entrance to mall opposite Beijing Railway Station. Yes, make sure you're safe, these crafty slippers are everywhere.
- *"No fight and scrap, no rabble. No feudal fetish or sexy service permitted in the park" — at the Ming Tombs. Well, I guess you've never had a fetish until you've had a feudal fetish.
- *"Those who are drunk, sick or below 1.1m are forbid to take part in suck game!" — at the entrance to a Beijing park. I guess if you're tall, healthy and sober you can suck away?
- *"Unnecessary touching" — above automatic taps at Beijing airport. Look Ma, no hands!

The classic is the one about the official at a reception who raised his glass in a toast to his guests, got his words slightly twisted and shouted "Up your bottoms!" Not missing a beat the British guest of honour replied: **"Up yours too!"**





LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

The Hash House Harriers are an International Network of Running and Socialising clubs with an emphasis on the latter. The non-competitive Hare and Hound runs include loops, checks, false trails and shortcuts, which ensure that runners of all standards can get involved. London Hash House Harriers welcome first time runners as well as visitors from other Hashes. A trail of chalk P's will lead from the Station below to a nearby Pub from where the run will normally start and finish (bags etc. can usually be left at the pub). The four or five mile runs last for about one hour and are invariably followed by "recovery" sessions back at the pub. London HHH run weekly, at Noon on Saturday or Sunday during the winter and at 7 P.M. on Monday during the summer. Membership costs £20 a year or £1 a run.

RUN	DAY	DATE	VENUE	TIME	HARE
1704	Sunday	29/01	New Barnet – Joint with Herts HHH – BR from Kings Cross Pub – The Railway Tavern	12.00	Windmill
1705	Saturday	04/02	Isleworth BR	12.00	Looberty & Bulldozer
1706	Sunday	12/02	Falconwood BR – Joint with MASH	11.30	MASH hare
1707	Saturday	18/02	Highgate – Northern Line	12.00	Marxist
1708	Sunday	26/02	North Wembley – Bakerloo Line Pub – Bootsy Brogan 80 East Lane Wembley HA0 3NJ	12.00	Anal Condom
1709	Sat	04/03	Ealing Broadway – The Haven Arms	12.00	Pope
1710	Sunday	12/03	Hampton Wick BR	12.00	Sucker the F'er
1711	Saturday	18/03	Pinner – Metropolitan Line The Queen's Head	12.00	Mad Cow
1712	Saturday	25/03	Feltham – A to B – starts from the station	12.00	Rambo
1712.5	Saturday	1 st April	East Cheam – The Railway, Railway Cuttings	12.00	Half Hour
1713	Sunday	02/04	Barnes BR – Boat Race Day Boat Race starts at 2pm	12.00 Prompt	Last Tango
1714	Saturday	08/04	South Harrow – Piccadilly Line	12.00	Twin Peaks

Provisional in italics

LH3 HASH CONTACTS

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Hon Sec:- Steve (TripleDick) Clarke stephenclarke@blueyonder.co.uk

Hare Raiser:- Rob (Unacceptable) Tomlinson hareraiser@londonhash.org

LH3 Web site :- WWW.LONDONHASH.ORG