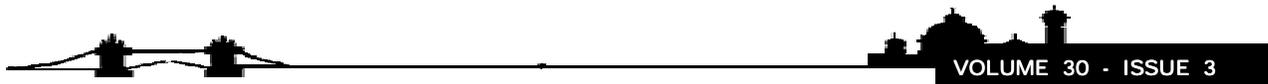


ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY...

July 13th - 15th 2007

LH3 Hash Contacts

Grand Master:-

Peter 'Triganist' Lloyd
gm@londonhash.org

Social Sex:-

Tina (Last Tango) Eckhart
Victoria (Double Entry) Brant

Religious Advisors:-

Steve (Peacemaker) Funnell
Jinny (SnowWhite) Featherstone-Witty

Hare Raiser:-

Unacceptable
hareraiser@londonhash.org



Food & Wine Tasting
31st March 2006
Kingston
See Committee for tickets
Only £12.50

London Hash is very sad to say that our On Sec Steve "TripleDick" Clarke passed away suddenly after a short illness.

He will be missed by all who met him.

ON! ON! TripleDick

The
Hooray Henley Regatta
Hash Weekend
June 30th to July 2nd
2006



Email items for this mag to:

Ryde or Screwloose
edithare@londonhash.org



Brewery Trip
9th - 11th September 2006

Train to Lincoln
See committee for details



**Run No.: 1705, Red Lion, Isleworth Hares: Looberty & Bulldozer
Date: 4th February 2006**



There was a small group of us on the train when it pulled into Isleworth Station, listening to the announcement that 'due to the short platform, passengers must disembark from the front four carriages of this eight carriage train'. We got off the train and then had to walk back past the back four carriages to get to the exit of the station platform. Someone said it is only on weekends that the platform is 'too short' and you can get out of any carriage you like during the week. Go figure...

Railway enthusiasts will, I'm sure, have a reason why this happens. We wandered around the corner to the Red Lion to find a small crowd already gathered.

Isleworth is a familiar venue for these hares. Last time Looberty set a trail from here it went down the road, turned right and came back up the next road about 40yds from the pub. I remember the look of glee on his face as he stood at the next corner waiting for us to run past.

Perhaps it would be different this time. At the appointed hour (well, half hour, we are always late) the GM called the pack to order and we had a minute silence in memory of Steve 'Tripledick' Clarke, who has passed away suddenly on the Monday before. A sad day for us all and I'm sure some of the pack had made the effort to be there that day to spend time with friends that could understand their feelings.

Looberty explained that there would be a drinks stop en-route to celebrate Tripledick's life in a style he would appreciate. And there would be none of the pointless loops that he usually set.

Everyone set off down the road, turned right and came back up the next road about 40yds from the pub. Looberty stood on the corner with a look of glee on his face as he waited for the pack to pass. The one thing that was different this time was that I stood there with him.

Down the trail we spotted Looberty hiding in a pub beer garden. Great idea, a drinks stop with real beer. Maybe some of us would stop for a couple and walk back to the Red lion later. Tripledick would definitely approve. As I arrived at the pub I saw there was a pig roast going in the forecourt, to cater for the crowd going to the rugby at Twickenham. A real touch of class from the hares to find this, I thought.

In fact the hare was just hiding and there was to be no drinks stop there at all. There was just a check outside and a false trail going off down the road (which was not planned I understand, just a result of a disagreement between the hares).

Coming round a corner later on the trail, I spotted the 'usual suspects', Pete the Pilot & Looberty together with Eric the ... and the rest of the walkers at the far end of a field. I arrived to find the promised drinks stop was three bottles of chilli vodka dispensed through 'dick' shaped pouring spouts. A Tripledick drinks stop as advertised.

Knowing we were still over a mile from the pub, we set off down the road, through Isleworth's industrial estates, over railway bridges and through run down housing estates, listening to the gentle hum of Rolls Royce jet engines passing overhead. We soon arrived back at the pub and set about trying to wipe all memory of the trail from our minds. As a result I can't remember who had down downs or why but I'm sure there were some. All together the trail was good use of the area and it is a great pub.

On On Tablewhine



London Hash House
Harriers host

EUROHASH 2007

@ Kingston University
Seething Wells
Campus

July 13th- 15th 2007
(Friday 4pm - Sunday 4pm)

Keep up to date with the event at www.londonhash.org/eurohash/							
Real Name:		Hash Name:		Home Hash:		Male Female	
Street:		Town:		Postcode:		Country:	
Contact Phone:		E-mail:			I would like a car parking space		
Run length:		Ballbreaker	Long	Medium	Short	I'll be in the bar	
I prefer (tick one):		Real Ale	Lager	Red wine	White wine	Softies	Cider
T-Shirt Size		S	M	L	XL	XXL	Other (specify)
For Food I Eat:		Meat		Vegetarian		Other (specify):	
Registration Fees: Before 30 th April 2006 £125 Before 30 th June 2007 £140 After 30 th June 2007 £190							
Registration Fee includes: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Friday light supper• Friday & Saturday night in en-suite single bedroom (in suite of 6 rooms + kitchen with basic breakfast food & drink)• Saturday & Sunday packed lunch• Saturday night dinner• Band/Disco (Friday & Saturday nights)• All runs• Free Bar• Goodie bag							
Sorry – no dogs allowed on the site							
Send registration form (one form per person) and cheque (payable to Eurohash 2007) to: Kathy Godfrey, 18 Balfour Road, Ealing, London W13 9TN Enclosed £ _____ Dated _____							
OR you can pay by Paypal. See 'How to Pay' page www.londonhash.org/eurohash/pay.htm							
Please email eurohashreg@londonhash.org							
If you are paying for 6 or more people you can send a Euro cheque to us for 185 Euros per person if before 31 st March 2006, 205 Euros per person if before 30 th June 2007.							
Please indicate here if you wish to stay Thursday and/or Sunday night in the Eurohash accommodation. Please add £30 per person per night to your payment above.							
If you do not require accommodation at all during the week-end tick here and deduct £50 from your payment.							
Contact us on eurohash@londonhash.org if you have a group of people who would prefer to stay together in the accommodation.							
Confirmation, directions etc. will be emailed to you. If you are using snail mail, please enclose SAE							

Liability Waiver

In attending this event I fully understand the risks involved. If I am injured, I agree that I will not sue or hold anyone else responsible who is involved with this event.

Signature _____ Date: _____

This form is invalid without the applicant(s) signatures, a date and proof of full payment of the registration fees



Run number 1703 - Morden (A to B) - 21 January 2006

Hare: Peace Maker

Write up by Pickled Fart

The only circumstance under which most of us would ever have visited this depressing South London suburb is when we have been shaken out of a drunken stupor at one in the morning by LUT staff, to find that we had slept through our intended stop, possibly several times and in both directions. Morden has only ever had one claim to fame, it was the Southern limit of the Northern Line, and so appeared on the front of a hundred Tube trains and platform indicator boards. I use the past tense intentionally, because Morden is now the end of the line only in the metaphorical sense. The Tube station is now closed, possibly, and understandably, through lack of interest.

And so Hashers arrived in drips and drabs, by various diverse bus routes, to congregate in a smoky Weatherspoon's pub, opposite the now derelict underground station, where sad looking middle-aged men in overcoats huddled over copies of the Sun and coughed into their £1.50 pints. By twenty minutes past noon the pack numbered twenty odd, and some of the Harriets were starting to complain about the cigarette smoke that increasingly permeated the entire pub. "One gets a lot of unemployed and other such low life around here," explained Daffy, knowledgeably, as he raised himself above the clouds of tobacco smoke to survey our fellow clientele, "and it is only that type of riff raff who tend to smoke these days" He opined loudly. So loudly in fact that he could be heard throughout the pub. There were stirrings amongst the huddled figures and mutterings of "Forkin' yuppies", accompanied by bouts of outraged coughing. Peacemaker decided it was time we got the run started before public relations deteriorated even further, and so we filed out into the car park, avoiding the empty light ale bottles that the locals were starting to lob in our direction, to deposit our bags in the back of PM's car.

Despite this inauspicious start, much of the run was green and pleasant, I have not got a clue where we were most of the time, as I am glad to say that I am totally unfamiliar with this area, and hope to remain so. At one point we all congregated at the top of a mound in the middle of what someone said was Morden Hall park, where there was a stand and frame for a map of the surrounding area, that may have enlightened me to our whereabouts, but it had, inevitably, been vandalised.



Snow White acted as Checking Chicken, while the Hare drove around in his car and performed the far more important task of providing the beer stop. He claimed injury, which was maybe why the run was one of Peace Maker's shorter efforts, that it to say it was normal length. "B" was The Cavern, in Raynes Park, safely back in the "Golden Triangle" (formed by Wimbledon, Kingston and Richmond), a pleasant pub with a Juke box well stocked with fifties and sixties music, which kept Thunder Thighs amused for most of the rest of the afternoon, as she was able to find tracks that she recognised.

Down Downs were awarded to the Hare, and his Checking Chic(ken), despite her protests that she had had nothing to do with the trail, Action Man, for scaring an Alsatian, Jilted Jugs for being thrown out of a pub the night before just for sitting on the floor (she claims), to Bushwanker, for being an Irish visitor from Australia, Ryde got a down down for just about everything, and Last Tango for wanting JJ's trousers, though for some reason she was let off the far more serious offence of boring everyone with her accounts of all the holiday ailments she had suffered from during a fortnight in Syria, and, of how, worst of all, she had returned to discover a rampant flea infestation on her pussy.

On On P.F.



Hasher	LH3 Runs in 2005	Hasher	LH3 Runs in 2005		
1	Twiglet	47	36	Testiculator	10
2	Action Man	43	37	Wouldn't Chew (Amsterdam)	10
3	Ryde	43	38	Black Hole	9
4	Trigamist	39	39	Charlatan	9
5	Tablewhine	35	40	Eagermount	9
6	Peacemaker	32	41	Marchioness	9
7	Last Tango	31	42	Not Out	9
8	Thunderhighs	28	43	Please Sir	9
9	Martian Matron	26	44	Three Times	9
10	More on	26	45	Bulldozer	8
11	KC	25	46	Linford	8
12	Snow White	25	47	Mad Cow	8
13	Pete the Pilot	24	48	Plastered	8
14	Boy Blunder	23	49	Sucker the Fucker	8
15	Marxist	23	50	After Burns	7
16	Titanic Dickhead	21	51	Caboose	7
17	Bowballs	19	52	Hard Core Bomber	7
18	Lofty	18	53	Looberty	7
19	Rent Boy	18	54	Takobelle	7
20	Unacceptable	18	55	Batgirl	6
21	Double Entry	17	56	Butt Plug	6
22	Jilted Jugs	17	57	Hijacker	6
23	Screwloose	17	58	Hip Hop	6
24	Knickers	16	59	Naughty Nympho	6
25	Eric Sutherland	15	60	Sudsy	6
26	Pickled Fart	15	61	Boggers	5
27	Triple Dick	15	62	Bushtucker/Kerb Crawler	5
28	Janni the Nanni	14	63	DOA	5
29	Daffy Dildo	13	64	Easy Laid	5
30	Anal Condom	12	65	Fag End	5
31	Rambo	12	66	Femidom	5
32	Call Girl	11	67	Flybynyt	5
33	Born again	10	68	Periodical	5
34	Cling On	10	69	Scooter Chick	5
35	Kaffir	10			

.....

CHINESE SICK LEAVE - "I NO COME WORK TODAY!!!"

Hung Chow calls into work and says, "Hey, boss I no come work today, I really sick. Got headache, stomachache and legs hurt, I no come work."

The boss says, "You know Hung Chow, I really need you today. When I feel like this I go to my wife and tell her give me sex. That makes everything better and I go work. You try that."

Two hours later Hung Chow calls again. "Boss, I do what you say and I feel great. I be at work soon. You got nice house."

**London Hash House Harriers run 1704 at New Barnet,
joint run with Herts HHH
Hare: Windmill**

I arrived at about ten to twelve to find a HHHH pack (which luckily I recognised having run with them for the first time the week before) and no Londoners. As the witching hour approached it became clear that their hash comradely spirit was not sufficient to make them wait in the freezing cold for an, as usual, tardy London. The fact that London had gathered in the pub and Herts were in the car park did not help coordination.



Anyway, On On with a long false right and then left down to a rec with the lads enjoying a sunny Sunday morning game of football (not quite Man U, but perhaps we were in the wrong part of Barnet) followed by railway lines (the first of many, obviously a hare with Victorian longings) and at last woods where Kath caught me and bullied me into this task (*more bitching later*).



More woods and then a lens fell out of my glasses which significantly reduced my ability to see the trail, never mind what other hashers were doing for this write-up. On though the woods where there were enough trail complications to keep the pack together to a regroup by the lake (beautiful, bright sunny etc.). Off again without bothering to wait for Tango to a check at two burnt out cars. Instead of the expected technical discussion about what type of car and their relative flamabilities, we had a discussion about whether they had been burnt to destroy dogging evidence. I should by now not be surprised by the hash's general degeneracy (and I can't remember what war he was in).

On across fields with a discussion of ancient Hash haberdashery and why we always bought sweatshirts in larger sizes now. On down a dark cold alley that turned out to be a check back (my only one thankfully) and to a railway bridge stop with a beautiful view of the trains going past. Anal Condom turned up at last and managed to start bitching/boasting immediately about turning up later than Tango.

Off again and the Hare points out that there is the choice of a pleasant short cut or a very long *thing* (*have to think of a word opposite to shortcut*). I now realise how Kath has stitched me up, as I need to do the long *thing* in order to know what is happening for the write-up. On to a car park where some ever-hopeful ejuts thought there might be a beer stop. Then past a cricket pitch with a putting green – the thought of putting with a cricket bat puzzled me for the rest of the run.

On down a narrow tarmac alleyway with an enormous tree in the middle of it (the cricket putting starting to be displaced by a “which came first debate”) then the On Inn (by a railway again) followed by a burnt motorbike. I do not know if there was a sexual debate about some obscure motorbike form of dogging as taking the long trail had been absolutely useless in terms of reporting as I could not keep up with the pack – hence the above stream-of consciousness crap. I then recognised the back of the pub and the world improved enormously.



While changing we found out that the Herts' attitude to promptness was matched by their attitude to security – *their GM had locked his car keys in his car boot*. The ongoing shenanigans were a joy to watch.

In the circle down-downs were given to various nefarious parties, including:

- Unacceptable for 300 (I think) runs
- Flip Top from Herts for 200 runs
- Allison was named “Interest Free”

In the naming Peacemaker was amazingly un-brutal and in passing asked what the collective noun for bankers is. As an H4 old boy I thought I new this. “A Wanch” – which derived from the HSBC – Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Honkers and Shankers – and the habit of their gwielo employees to get roaring drunk and doing what the name says in Wanchai. Totally wrong - it is Wunch i.e. “Wunch of Bankers”



Adverts:

If you are into Sudoku try my website www.diceboard.co.uk – this is the ultra-marathon version of this puzzle genre.

When you get to **Chiang Mai** this summer: *Vote for Perth in 2008*



Ever Onwards

HATMAN

GREENWICH - The Globe Rowing Club - 15th January 2006

Hare: Offie

Yet again the trains and tubes set out to make it as hard as possible to get to the London Hash. The Piccadilly Line did not exist between Acton Town and Earls Court – but ‘never mind’ we thought, ‘we can get a train from Brentford straight into Waterloo, out of Waterloo East straight to Greenwich Mainline Station’ but Greenwich station was closed too. So off we set on a long Central Line journey from Ealing Broadway. ‘Why don’t you 2 ever plan?’ says Knead. He obviously didn’t realise this **was** an example of Tablewhine and Ryde planning – to be late again!



Never mind – there were 55 hashers at the Globe Rowing Club, Greenwich – I don’t think anyone noticed that we were missing. MASH Hash and Isle of Wight Hash were out in force to join us. We soon caught the pack up as the hill in Greenwich Park slowed them down – especially those who had been caught out by Born Again and had donned his pirates gear. At the top of the hill the whole pack and every tourist at the Greenwich Meridian were completely baffled by Born Again as he started to shave everyone in sight, regardless of whether they had beards or not.

Great trail, taking in all the best of Greenwich and Blackheath – with great views of the London skyline. The bits I can remember were a strange housing estate where the houses had a 12 inch strip of window along the length of the front and no other windows. I also remember a regroup outside a pub on Blackheath Park. According to Fog Horn it was similar to the recent Mash trail in the same area, but not similar enough as later on Fog Horn and I were off trail and back in Greenwich Park taking the shortest route back to the Rowing Club.

Back at the Rowing Club the circle was livened up by Rambo emptying the contents of P-Rick’s rucksack, finding the usual assortment of clothes and shoes, a clipboard (?) another rucksack (??)



Marchioness and Hijacker were both presented with 50 run mugs. Sucker was awarded for his ‘outstanding performance’ (Oh no it wasn’t) in the British Airways pantomime. You know the member of the cast who asked children to join him on stage and then offers them sweets and asked who made them come?

By this stage many of the IOW H3 crowd had left saying they had a ferry to catch - cheek of it! Later we found them all in the pub next door enjoying a fish ‘n chips lunch.

ON! ON!
Ryde

Teign Valley 1111
Hash Weekend
Friday 28th April – Monday 1st May

More details and forms on www.tvh3.com

Hail you merry hasher,

As the GM of Berkshire Hash House Harriers I cordially invite you to come and join in the celebration of 30 years of hashing in Berkshire, on 25th to 27th August 2006.

Can I particularly ask you to pass on this invitation to all the many other hashers you know who you think would enjoy a weekend of merrymaking in Berkshire.

Full details of the 1500th weekend can be found at www.berkshirehash.co.uk/BH31500/Yindex.html

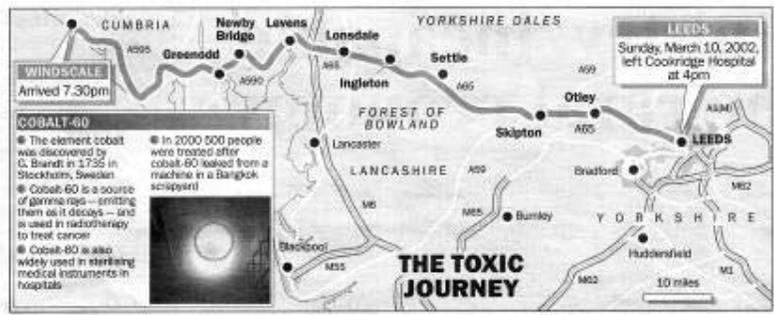
Or via the main BH3 website at www.berkshirehash.co.uk/

On, On.....

.....and run with us on BH3's 1500th hash!

.....Spex

Practical tips for saving the...
FREE IN
Blunder left trail of lethal radiation
 Safety cap left off toxic cargo as it travelled 130 miles across Britain



Two ho is enou
 THE gamma rays unintentionally fl...
 lory were capable human being with (Andrew Norfolk)
 When the leak was the radiation dose the scale for handling equipment.
 Cobalt-60 emits netic waves in tl gamma radiation terial taken from Hospital had an ac million radioactive a second. The g

Blunder left thousands exposed to radiation

Continued from page 1
 Norman Jones QC, specifically criticised their behaviour.
 The judge said: "The two people who were primarily involved have been allowed to become, with lack of proper oversight, relaxed and somewhat cavalier in their approach to what they should be doing."
 "We have to remember that we are dealing with the movement over long distances of very, very dangerous material."
 Mark Harris, prosecuting for the Health and Safety Executive and the Department for Transport, said that the company used the wrong safety packaging, and had not noticed the missing safety plug.
 It failed to take up an offer of training in the use of the packaging and important safety documents were signed by a member of staff who had no formal training in radiation protection, he said.
 AEAT, which employs 1,670 staff and has an annual turnover of £238 million, was also blamed for refusing to answer questions and failing to disclose the findings of an internal inquiry.
 "The risk created... was foreseeable and the degree of that risk was significant. There is no "safe" dose of ionising radiation. If no one was directly exposed to the beam, that was a matter of mere chance."



Pete the pilot makes history with epic swim past Parliament

BE WARNED!

I don't how if you shop at Tesco, but this may be useful to know.

I am posting this to you to warn you of something that happened to me, as I have become a victim of a clever scam while out shopping.

This happened to me at Tesco in Yeovil and it could happen to you.

Here's how the scam works:

Two seriously good-looking 18-year-old girls come over to your car as you are packing your shopping in the boot. They both start wiping your windscreen with a rag and Windolene, with their breasts almost falling out of their skimpy t-shirts.

It is impossible not to look. When you thank them and offer them a tip, they say 'No' and instead ask you for a ride to another Tesco.

You agree and they get in the back seat. On the way, they start having sex with each other. Then one of them climbs over into the front seat and performs oral sex on you, while the other one steals your wallet.

I had my wallet stolen last Tuesday, Wednesday, twice on Thursday, again on Saturday, and also yesterday.

Action Man comes in a bigger size as Army changes weight limit

**June 30th – July 2nd
2006**
(Friday 4pm to Sunday 2pm)

**London H3 30th
Birthday
& Hooray Henley
Hash
At the
Henley Regatta**

**Henley Football Club
(in Henley)**

Keep up to date with the event at www.londonhash.org					
Real Name:		Hash Name:		Home Hash:	
Street:			Town:		
Postcode:		County:		Male Female	
Contact Phone:		E-mail:			
Run length:	Long	Medium	Short	I'll be in the bar	
I prefer (tick one):	Real Ale	Lager	Red wine	White wine	Softies
T-Shirt Size	S	M	L	XL	XXL Other (specify)
For Food I am	an Omnivore	a Vegivore	Othervore (specify:		
Registration Fee includes:			Registration fees:		
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Camping Friday & Saturday • Saturday and Sunday breakfasts • Saturday and Sunday packed lunch • Saturday evening meal • Disco • All runs • Free drinks • Pay bar • 'T' shirt 			<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Before 31st May 2006 £50 • After 31st May 2006 £60 • £200 on the day (only if there is space) <p style="text-align: center;">The event is limited to 120 people. Absolutely!</p> <p>Sorry – no dogs allowed on the site</p>		
Send registration form and cheque (payable to London Hash House Harriers) to: Ryde and TableWhine 18 Balfour Road Ealing London W13 9TN					
I enclose a cheque made payable to London Hash House Harriers					
Enclosed £ _____ (one form per person)					
Confirmation, directions etc. will be emailed to you. If you are using snail mail, enclose SAE to avoid disappointment.					

Liability Waiver

In attending this event I fully understand the risks involved. If I am injured, I agree that I will not sue or hold anyone else responsible who is involved with this event.

Signature _____ Date: _____

This form is invalid without the applicant(s) signatures, a date and proof of full payment of the registration fees

**Run No 1708 Hare: Anal Condom Where: North Wembley (Bootsy Brogans)
When: 25th February 2006**



This cold but bright Saturday lunchtime saw a pack of about 20 in North Wembley for Anal Condom's run. The pub was warm, with relatively cheap drinks, subsidised by clamping fee revenues from the pub car park (more on that later).

Tablewhine welcomed one and all to the r*n, with special introduction to an un-named visitor who will only ever be remembered by London Hash as 'Camp Larry' for the T-Shirt he so proudly and innocently sported.

The hare gave instructions (more than the poor hasher mind can cope with) for the trail – something to do with 'ABS, big holes, little holes, rabbits....' Now, Anal Condom, TMI – we can't cope with so many instructions! 'Trail is marked in chalk or flour' and 'on on is that way' works just fine! Nonetheless, the wiser ones of the pack managed to work out 'not a long trail', 'walkers trail' and 'beer stop' so all was well and off we went.

Off we went, weaving our way through the twists and turns of North Wembley, where Camp Larry disappeared so far off trail at the first check, with Unacceptable that they picked trail back up, managing to cut out at least a third of it! The scribe has to ask – was this a deliberate act? Past South Kenton we went and around Preston Park. Ryde, like the average hasher in a free bar, rubbed her hands with glee at greenery for her snapshots. Only to be surpassed by the attraction the 'adults must be accompanied by a child' playground spotted by Anal Condom, Psychedelic and Twin Peaks couldn't resist the photo opportunity (all that recent local rag attention's gone to her head!) and Ryde happily obliged with a picture of her sorry attempts to scale the fence into the playground.



An unhealthy(?) length of time was spent by the male of the hasher species checking around the nurses quarters at Northwick Park, particularly given that there was no check there!

The trail continued through Vale Farm where the tale of the rabbit holes became clear as Psychedelic tried to squeeze his way past Lofty to the smaller of the holes (basic physics, Psychedelic, you won't make it through!). Then On-On to the beer stop where we learnt that Jacques the dog had been robbed of his jewels and Twin Peaks bounced around like a magic roundabout character for reasons that no-one could decide!



Back to the pub we went. Only to be greeted by a clamp on Lofty's car, in the pub car park. Even the eagle eyes amongst us found it difficult to spot the signs saying 'you will be clamped'. This resulted in a £300+ total fine to subsidise the bar bill and disappointment that between us we didn't have the correct equipment to remove the b***y clamp ourselves. Down down's were aplenty. Screw Loose, Double Entry and FagEnd for getting lost on the walking trail, Psychedelic for pushing past Lofty to get to the 'rabbit' hole, Thunderhighs for reminiscing over 1930s architecture, FagEnd got her 50th run award and Unacceptable for short cutting and leading the visitor astray amongst them.

On-on to Ealing Broadway for next Saturday's trail and On-On-On to the West London 20th Birthday party at Ealing Bowls club after that.

ON! ON! Twin Peaks



Run 1710
Saturday 3rd March 2006
Venue Haven Arms, Ealing Broadway.
Hare POPE

We gathered in the bar, a large crowd, boosted by 3 Virgins and 4 visitors from Bristol. Kneed, Fat Controller, Sweat Monster and Lightweight aka Lightning, had all come up to London for Tablewhine's Birthday the previous night, and were all very hung over especially TW who was hoping that the hair of the dog would help.



The GM finally remembered to welcome the visitors and the virgins before the run, and then proceeded to announce TW's 49th birthday (again!!) complete with another beer as a down down. Someone did not feel very well after that!!

The run went off in normal Pope tradition, going around 3 sides of every park or open space, but kept the pack off the roads mostly, and even found a 'river crossing' but no-one got their feet wet as so shallow and narrow that even Last Tango stepped over it.



We got to a check out side the biggest park in the area, I checked in the wrong direction (as usual), only for Unacceptable to call On into the park by another route, so I run to the nearest entrance and what do I find but the trail coming out of the park!! I waited until the front runners were going all the way around the park before calling On On, only for the Hare to make comments that I needed the exercise, and I should run the full route, but as I stayed put and some of the knitting circle came across for the short cut, Pope the got his own back by marking through another short cut for the rest of the field, leaving me at the back again....bast**d

A good run, followed by a good circle run by our stand in RA... Testicular with Down Downs to the 3 virgins...Erin, Mary and Blaise all Americans, who managed their pints with no problems. Condom received his 100 run mug, Rambo managed to keep his beer down, and many other Down Downs, as the pub were very generous with the beer.

Bull Dozer, having only got up at 1150 that morning got a special congratulations.... for forthcoming celebrations?? So please congratulate Bully and Looberty..... What for.....they are trying to keep it a secret!!! But Pope has asked Bully to take over as GM of the Horrors....hint...hint!!



And then Jilted Jugs was also in the running for this post!!!! (Does Testy Know??)

Thanks also to Taco Belle for supplying Hash Chips, then going home to feed us with Sushi before the West London party that night.

Good Run, Good pack, Good Pub, goodnight. Trigamist





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
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	Last Tango
1714	Saturday	08/04	South Harrow – Piccadilly Line	12.00	Twin Peaks

Provisional in italics

LH3 HASH CONTACTS

Grand Master:- Peter (Trigamist) Lloyd gm@londonhash.org
 Hare Raiser:- Rob (Unacceptable) Tomlinson hareraiser@londonhash.org

LH3 Web site :- WWW.LONDONHASH.ORG

