

# ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the  
**LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**VOLUME 30 - ISSUE 5**



**RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON**

For info check out [www.londonhash.org](http://www.londonhash.org)

**LONDON H3 AGPU  
7<sup>th</sup> October at the  
Coach & Horses at  
Barnes at 3pm**

***LH3 Hash Contacts***

***Grand Master: -***

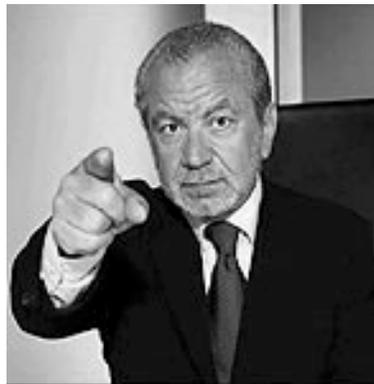
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**Don't miss in this issue:**

- News from Takobelle
- Read about how Cooperman (Isle of Wight H3) found survived the Hooray Henley Hash
- How the pack finds Treasure on a Hash

**Please let the current committee know if you are interested in standing for a committee post.**

Send items for this mag to London Hash Edithares:

Ryde and Screwloose

Email: [edithare@londonhash.org](mailto:edithare@londonhash.org)

**FINSBURY PARK – The Old Dairy, Crouch Hill Monday  
17<sup>th</sup> July 2006**

**Hare: Three Times**

**Scribe: Postie**

About 15 hashers assembled for recent local boy's 'Threeway' (*Ed – read Three Times*) stuff up er run at the Old Dairy, a pub that was a bit of a walk from the station. It was about 7.30pm that the pack set off on which was a nice warm/hot balmy evening. At the beginning myself and Trigamist got caught on an early false trail. It was flat going until we got to Hornsey Rise where we had a check next to a group of winos. By then I was hot and thirsty and I was looking longingly at one man's Special Brew. However someone called On On. The trail then started going uphill toward Hornsey Lane.

We reached Suicide Bridge that went over Archway Road. Instead of following the trail down to the left I wanted to look at the view from the bridge with about 150 ft drop. Ryde and Trigamist followed me. I said "I've had enough of this run and want to end this cruel life." Instead of being talked out of it by my fellow hashers I was given a helping hand by Trigamist to help me over the railings of the bridge. His thought was that if Postie wants the quick way out I'll help him. I was just about to be lifted over when Marxist appeared. He had run the false trail and had to run back up hill – the trail did go across the bridge. On seeing this I found life was worth living for. The run continued uphill, before doing a hideous loop taking in parts of hilly Highgate. By then the pack was well spread out. After into Watelow Park with Ryde and Linford it was downhill towards the Archway. From there I decided to take the direct route home, I didn't feel like seeing the streets of my old manor. Courtesy of 'Threeways' I arrived back at the pub. There



was Pete the Pilot having arrived late having a pint and a couple of fellow hashers. After a few beers I talked to Unacceptable to find out the latest hash news. Thanks to 'Threeways' for a nostalgic run and the beers for the Down Downs which I was a grateful one of the benefactors.

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**TRIPLEDICK**

We had a minute's silence at the Henley Hash weekend as TripleDick was remembered, then we all relaxed and enjoyed the weekend as he would have done and as he would have wanted us to do. The auction of TripleDick's camping gear at the Henley Hash in July raised £181.10 for The Woodland Trust. We bought 30 trees on a Woodland Trust site. Thanks to all bidders and models!



TD's brother, Phillip has sent a CD of photos of him through the years of his short life. If anyone would like to borrow the CD please contact Ryde ([kathgod@ukonline.co.uk](mailto:kathgod@ukonline.co.uk))  
Do you recognise who is with TD in this photo?

**Victoria – July 2006**

**Hare: Peacemaker & Hip Hop**

**Scribe: Soufflé**

We convened at the Grouse & Claret where at 7pm the only people inside the pub beside the barman were all hashers of whom there were more than 30 (mostly visitors it seemed).

We had joint hares, one young, fit and healthy so-and-so (Hip Hop) the other the almost but not quite so young, fit and healthy Peacemaker (now that must be worth a free pint!) The run re-introduced the seemingly forgotten regroup, at least for London on Monday, other hares please take note. It started through the streets of Belgravia. We went down the aptly named Harriet Walk and past the turks Head in honour of our visitors from Ankara. After skirting Hyde Park we ended in Mayfair, three times through Shepherds Market if you were lucky, before crossing Green Park back to the pub.



If the run was good the Down Downs were better. These were held in a cellar bar reserved for, according to the notice pinned to the door, "London Flash". How accurate we thought until the realisation dawned that then we would all be flashers. During the usual honours the land lady came in to tell us that she had found a watch and did it belong to anyone present? Unfortunately for her More On was giving one of his dissertations and bellowed at her to shut up for daring to interrupt him.



He, More On after interrogating an attractive female virgin with his three standard questions – 1) Was it hard enough? 2) Was it long enough? 3) Who made her come? Then apparently decided on a new career as, wait for it, a dancing instructor with waltzes a speciality and piano accompaniment provided by Martian Matron.

The evening ended with a blur of goodwill and everyone went home and lived happily ever after.

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A champion jockey is about to enter an important race on a new horse.

The horse's trainer meets him before the race and says, "All you have to remember with this horse is that every time you approach a jump, you have to shout, 'ALLLLEEE OOOP!' really loudly in the horse's ear. Providing you do that, you'll be fine."

The jockey thinks the trainer is mad but promises to shout the command. The race begins and they approach the first hurdle. The jockey ignores the trainer's ridiculous advice and the horse crashes straight through the centre of the jump.

They carry on and approach the second hurdle. The jockey, somewhat embarrassed, whispers 'Aleeee ooop' in the horse's ear. The same thing happens-the horse crashes straight through the centre of the jump.

At the third hurdle, the jockey thinks, "It's no good, I'll have to do it," and yells, "ALLLLEEE OOOP!" really loudly. Sure enough, the horse sails over the jump with no problems.

This continues for the rest of the race, but due to the earlier problems the horse only finishes third.

The trainer is fuming and asks the jockey what went wrong.

The jockey replies, "Nothing is wrong with me-it's this bloody horse. What is he-deaf or something?"

The trainer replies, "Deaf?? DEAF?? He's not deaf--he's BLIND!"



**Hash:** London Hash House Harriers  
**Run No:** 1729 – July 2006  
**In:** Richmond, Surrey  
**Hare:** Rent Boy  
**Scribe:** Eric the....

After a 15 minute walk round the long way, we arrived at the Marlborough Pub and through the back to the beer garden to meet the rest of the pack. We all then started to become clebs with the photographer from Timeout Magazine taking shots of us, from the beer garden to the start of the run and on the way round. The Hare Raiser got the hare Rent Boy to give us a few words about the trail. The pack started off to the right and running away from the pub. Through a couple of checks, up and down some streets and through the gates into Richmond Park. Once in the park the run really started (the front of the pack out of site and only a few of us left), off

and over to the left, through fern and wood and round to the plantation. The hare waited for the rest of the pack and his girlie Yana the Nana. Out of the plantation to meet Rolls Royce and Trig and the run then went over to the Ham Gate/Richmond Park garden and back down to the Richmond gate and down and round to take us back to the pub. A view point arrow at the Roebuck would have let the visitors have a good view and Unacceptable stated a similar view can be seen in Richmond, Virginia, USA.

**Returnees:** Half Penny and Hip Hop - shared a pint  
**Henley Sinners:** Ryde for being over organised - half-pint, Boy Blunder for getting the bug and being organised - pint  
**Run sinners:** Souffle for using his one brain cell – pint, Come under sufferance (hard woman to please ? arn't they all) - half-pint of water, Airhead for dropping her keys - half-pint of water  
**Points out of 10:** Ale, Beer garden and run 9/10.



\*\*\*\*\*

HHHHi,  
 This is Takobelle.  
 How are you???  
 Long time no see!!  
 We have just moved another flat in Yokohama city.  
 It's located near by sea.  
 I run sea side park every morning.  
 It is very nice view.  
 This flat is very near from CountryBumpkin's office.  
 This area is bit expensive than before our flat.  
 I'm looking for cheep market everyday.  
 There is China town behind our flat.  
 There are many Chinese restaurants .  
 I sometimes go to there together my friend.  
 It is very convenience place.  
 We miss London very much.  
 We are very looking forward to meeting again  
 in Chang Mai in Thai.  
 Say regard to everybody!



ONON  
 Takobelle & CountryBumpkin

## LONDON R\*N NO. 1738 – EALING, ACTON... 'WHEREVER'

The Tube system is in disarray (so what's new?), the 'P' trail from Ealing Common station leads to the door of Chateau MoreOn, it might rain despite the RA's best-laid plans.....yes, it can only be August Bank Holiday Monday and the now traditional midday r\*n, followed by a Barbie – no, not the one with Ken! – in the Chateau garden.

In its own time a good size pack assembled, and at midday-and-a-bit...well, 12.30, gathered on the pavement outside 19 Western Gardens: many of 'the usual suspects', several more rarely seen, and a single virgin, Michiko, with irregular Sweet Peacock – ready to applaud the belated arrival of Mad Cow, who had been delayed by an over-stiff sausage (!) We contrived, on this occasion, to miss out said Common entirely, and it was some time before your scribe found greentop on which to break into a lope from a fast walk. Eventually we emerged onto Hanger Hill Park to cross the Lane, and thence to a welcome Beer Stop *chez* Roxoff & SP, where...a perfectly timed cloudburst split the imbibers between mega-umbrella and gazebo. Your scribe, being under the latter, and stung by the taunts of those under the former who had the cooler, donned his waterproof Goretex jacket and launched a lightning raid: result, beer under gazebo, stunned faces under umbrella, despite Twin Peaks' effort to restore the *status quo ante*.

The sun duly returned, and with it the pack to Schloss Martian Matron, and the 'honour bar'. MoreOn fired up the gas Bar-B-Q, and then joined his thinner half for the circle's plaudits for a fine r\*n. As RA your scribe then singled out

- Action Man and Knickers for mutual grooming: who paid whom, and for what?
- Mic Mac, who ran on ahead of a group of latecomers from the station to let the pack know they were on their way, and needed to Vaseline his inner thighs for his efforts. (At least he didn't ask Knickers to do it for him.....)
- Jilted Jugs, who peculiarly chose to wear a Hash T-shirt in the colour of the alcohol in which she had over-indulged the night before: we should stick around for gin.....
- Plastered, while Twin Peaks regaled the circle with a tale of his introduction to wine: Salt'n'Sauvignon crisps, anyone? (Well, he was only 12.)
- Howard from Marlow, 19 years and never been named: although he'd have accepted 'Whatever you want', or variations on that theme, his attention to my fellow RA's chest led to 'Foxtrot Whisky' by popular acclaim; and
- Our virgin, whose birthday it was, hymned in both our and her own language.

Your RA much appreciated a final Down Down proposed by Yorky Porky for the split-second timing of the drinks stop downpour.

Thence to the grill, and a pleasant afternoon of over- or under-cooked delicacies and expertly-prepared salads, washed down by copious drafts of Young's bitter, Spitfire or other accompaniments. Our hosts' gazebos held off the occasional shower, and we thank them again for their generous hospitality:

On On!

Peacemaker

## Jolly Good Hashing Weather

**Navigator** and I noted the **Hooray Henley Hash** (an offshoot of the ever-popular London Hashes) and discussed how easy it would be to get there in my car from Portsmouth. But, having a very busy summer timetable, I decided not to go - and so was a bit surprised when **Navvy** announced he'd booked and what time was I driving up - so we went, and glad we were too.

The **Henley Royal Regatta** is the biggest and oldest regatta in the world and runs for 5 days at the end of June. The racing is two-lane and is basically a knock out type event with Clubs coming from all over the World. About 100,000 people attend each day but few actually watch what's going on, especially the highlight of the week, the Final of the Grand Challenge Cup on Sunday.



Not much to do with Hashing then, though **Navvy** and I did observe that the probable connection between the London Hash and rowing was a common ability to get out of their skulls.

The evening of Friday 30th June and the 4:30pm hover got us on our way to a pleasant evening drive up the A32 and around a few little villages to get the back way into **Henley** by 7:15, giving adequate time for a welcome drink and pitching tents before the Pub Crawl at 7pm.

I had previously planned the route using various scaled print-outs from streetmap which **Navvy** quickly discarded in favour of his talking GPS route-planner that turned out to have a somewhat neurotic temperament. *"In two-tenths of a mile, turn left"* went the authoritative, but mechanical, female voice. I didn't, as I knew what the queue into Reading would be like, and went straight on. *"Turn around. Turn around!"* commanded the voice and then went quiet for a bit, apparently coming to terms with my choice of route. It then came back after a while with yet more suggestions on how we should drive into the centre of Reading in the rush-hour. Then, **Navvy** reluctantly picked up the map as we ignored The Voice for the third time and it finally went into a permanent sulk and reset itself. I don't think one of those will be on my Christmas List.

In comparison with the rest of Henley, the **Football Club** is an unassuming, slightly run-down building, but less than a mile from the town centre. We pitched tents, registered with the now obligatory pink fingernail from **Thunderthighs**, a complimentary pint and joined the **Friday Night Expedition** around town.

First stop was the **Horseshoe** where we met the **Essex** and **Herts** contingent and got the first taste of some very good Brakspears Ales, supplemented with a few of **TC's** chips. On and around to further venues noting, as we went, the surprising lack of rowdy boaters - obviously the Henley rowing fraternity have their own entertainments and keep well away from the locals' haunts. It wasn't until we stopped at a town-centre coaching-inn that we saw our first real Hoorays, striped blazers and all. If their boat balance was the same as their in-pub balance, then they probably got knocked out in the first round.

Back to the club and a Hash barrel awaited us till the wee small hours.

**Saturday** was Hooray Henley Day and after assisting **Looby** to prepare the breakfasts, a small group of us ventured to the town bridge where our lack of boaters and ties made us proud to be Hashers. Back to site and the only pre-requisite for the Run was A Hat - quite welcome on what was to be a stonkingly-hot day. It was an A-to-B, with most of the ladies thrusting dresses and Ascot hats into corners of **Tablewhine's** car, ready for the reception at the finish. A 6-mile, hilly run took us to the East of the town with many a short-cut leading to the finish or, better still, to the excellent **Flower Pot** pub two-thirds of the way round. After much refreshment here, the On-Inn was along the river, past the race start, where the crowds thickened until our sweaty, vested bodies



were weaving through the surprised gentlefolk along the narrow towpath. The reception was in one of the many allocated slots in the field next to **The Barn** pub where **Ryde** had laid out an impressive spread, washed down with Pimms and More Beer. I suppose we did stand out a bit, with the neighbouring tables ignoring us until **Twonk** was politely asked to stop eating their food.

**Windsock** joined in the spirit with his striped blazer but the "Miss Eurohash" top was a little incongruous. However, the one thing we did have in common with the entire enclosure was that everyone was eating and drinking to excess and yet paying no attention at all to any of the rowing events.

Worth noting here that, many years ago, I used to row and frequent apres sessions in the pub were often accompanied by drinking games with the 'went the other way' version of the Hash song.



It was TV football, more drinks or sleep until Saturday evening when there was more beer and a very good disco, with the highlight being **TT's** table-dancing session, culminating in a stage-dive without back-up.

**Sunday Morning** was indeed the hottest day of the year and, yet again, we were



grateful for our hats. The Run, or Runs as it turned out, started from the **Station** and, we were surprised to find out, arriving at Hash Standard Time of 11:05, that many had already left. So we left, as did many other small groups before and after us, and we progressed in an ungrouped, random anticlockwise fashion - a predictable trail, I was told, as there was only one route in the fields behind the football pitch and they'd done it the other way round last time. Very polite and understanding civilians by the impressive on-inn along the Thames at Marsh Lock.

It was Circle and Goodbye time and the paddling pool got less used as a drinks cooler and more for Hash-namings and Hyena's birthday. Countless RA's, most of whom ran out of steam after the first good idea.

An absolutely crackin' weekend - a combination of venue, weather, **Ryde**, **TW**, the **Hidden Helpers** and an awful lot of imagination. Many Thanks.

*Cooperman - The Isle of Wight Hash*



### **Run # 1734 - Waterloo – Knickers was the hare.**

A 'coin de la coin' run (in pidgin French) by Knickers (aka Panntse de Dessous) for a number of reasons : 1) nice little nook of Coin Street to On2 from; 2) false trails at every corner keeping the pack pretty much together, at least till the labyrinth around the War Rooms; 3) the London Eye was seldom out of sight, giving hashers a real false sense of security; 4) not once did the trail go anywhere near the Royal Mint, helping keep the run to a really comfortable length; and 5) the Golden Zest served up by the Bush went down a treat



even for uninitiated Septics.

A good number of out of towners, woodwork crawler-outers, a new crop of eager virgins, and the usual suspects swelled the pack to over 40, or 2.2 times the average for the last 50 weeks - no mean feat in the summer heat.



Or did all and sundry have prior knowledge of the Pimps at the Embankment Gardens, where one visiting hasher from Amman recalled having once seen a life camel in broad daylight. In his wildest, wettest dreams perhaps. All in all, a par excellent run score, for one whose long hash experience was (finally?) put to good use - and all before hitting the half century.

KC



# LONDON HASH ATTEMPT TO USE THE HASH BRAIN CELL ON A TRAIL .....

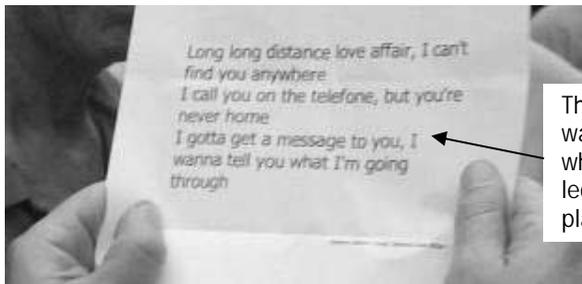
St James Park – 10<sup>th</sup> July 2006  
Hares – Action Man and Twiglet



A very puzzled pack listens carefully while the GM explains how a treasure hunt hash works.

Peacemaker shows the Hash how it works.....and once the hash worked out what the f\*ck was going on the clues took us to all the following places:

- 1<sup>st</sup> - The Horse Guard Palace
  - 2<sup>nd</sup> - Trafalgar Square
  - 3<sup>rd</sup> - China Town
  - 4<sup>th</sup> - Soho Square
  - 5<sup>th</sup> - Liberty Dept Store
  - 6<sup>th</sup> - American Embassy
  - 7<sup>th</sup> - Ritz
  - 8<sup>th</sup> - Hard Rock Cafe
  - 9<sup>th</sup> - Buckingham Palace
  - 10<sup>th</sup> - St James Park Bridge
- finally back to pub, The Old Star



Long long distance love affair, I can't find you anywhere  
I call you on the telephone, but you're never home  
I gotta get a message to you, I wanna tell you what I'm going through

The hash was not sure why this clue led us to this place?



Last clue and I think we've finally got it! It's the maple leaves in the fountain that lead us back to the pub.



2AM struggles to adjust to no longer being in Scotland – seen practicing a jig. Meanwhile Pilot much prefers the Hokey-Cokey



Date - 24-07-06

Location - Kew gardens

Pub - on Kew Green, Hare - S.T.F., Write-up: Knickers

After a brief few words from the hare, we set off at a fast amble towards the river and two false trails.

The men seemed to like this bit. We apparently we passed a young girl wearing Rocky Horror style fishnets. I didn't notice, but when I said so they all chorused "We did!" and grinned.



We then went towards Kew gardens along the river before turning onto Kew Green. We crossed it and ran down Kew road for a while, before turning east to Kew Village. From there we turned south, ran down a dull street for ages, ran along a dull street, crossed a park and ran up and down some more dull streets. Got very hot.

Eventually we got back up to the Mortlake Road which we crossed and headed towards the river again, passing the dump where there was a check. Who said dump! This was too much for Mad Cow, he watered the pavement to mark the check. I thought that was how dogs did it.



A shortish run got us to the rail bridge where Pickled was waiting with a can of Kirner, and very welcome it was too. Patricia, Pickled's sister arrived. She is nothing like him, being tall and willowy and quite pretty. Lovely girl, she brought two bottles of Piper Hiedseik, I was there in a shot claiming preferential treatment 'cos it's my birthday soon. That worked.



Got back to the pub. More excitement for the boys. More pre-pubescent girls wearing very little with stockings, wandering slowly round the green looking for boys. They got lots of attention, there was quite a bit of drooling too.



50...50...50



Down-- downs went to the hare for doing all the work; Bonnie F wit for being there; Mad Cow for watering the pavement and doing 50 runs; he got Knob Kreek in water and a glass mug. Action Man got one for not knowing what tercentennial meant; Hard Core

Bomber for looking Etheopian, (no, he's put on a lot of weight over the last few years) and Stonker for being 50 years old.

More-On, Mad Cow and Action man decided to confuse everyone and dress as identical triplets, by wearing matching Marlow polo shirts. The posh people, they said.

A fine pleasant evening.  
On-on, Knickers.

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**Overheard at last Mondays hash:**

Tablewhine and MoreOn were drinking steadily, pint after pint after pint  
After a couple of hours when the 10th drinks were served More On raises his glass to his lips and says "Cheers" to Tablewhine.  
Tablewhine stares at him, clearly upset and says testily "Look, did we come here to talk or to drink"



# 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.

1742	Monday	11th Sept	Chalk Farm (Northern Line)	7pm	Souffle
1743	Monday	18th Sept	Kennington	7pm	Half Cock
1744	Monday	25th Sept	Russell Square - London Welsh Club on Grays Inn Rd	7pm	Postie
1745	Monday	2nd Oct	This is run 1745 so we are looking for a suitable venue. The hare has pointed out that there was more than one battle that year and the Jacobites even won some of them	7pm	Eric the wee scot
1746	Saturday	7th Oct	Barnes - Coach & Horses <b>This is the AGPU</b> , come and vote out the old committee, welcome in the new one. Volunteers contact Trigamist	3PM	Trigamist

### LH3 HASH CONTACTS

Grand Master:- Peter (Trigamist) Lloyd [gm@londonhash.org](mailto:gm@londonhash.org)  
 Hare Raiser:- Rob (Unacceptable) Tomlinson [hareraiser@londonhash.org](mailto:hareraiser@londonhash.org)  
 LH3 Web site :- [WWW.LONDONHASH.ORG](http://WWW.LONDONHASH.ORG)

Monday, August 14, 2006 **METRO** 9

## Are you the one with a hangover?

TAKE a look at your colleagues on either side at work today – chances are that you or one of them will be nursing a hangover. It seems that Monday morning blues are driving us to drink, with one in three of us turning up at the office with a hangover, a study says. More than eight out of ten workers said the feeling of dread at the start of a working week usually kicked in on Sunday night. Lack of sleep and stress makes 'Minging Monday' the most hated day of the week – with one in four oversleeping and 36 per cent contemplating phoning in sick. Of those who do make it to work, 17 per cent are likely to argue with a colleague and 15 per cent will consider quitting their job. Eight per cent will forget a meeting and a worrying one in ten openly admit having been physically violent in the workplace on a Monday. And, despite the fact most people associate Mondays with work, for



Monday malaise: One in three of us has a hangover as we face up to a new week of work

22 per cent it is the least productive day of the week. Of the 1,000 people surveyed, 58 per cent said they found it difficult to sleep the night before going back to work. Previous research has shown 20 per cent more people die of heart attacks on a Monday than any other day of the week. Diego Reck, of FX channel, which carried out the survey, said: 'The secret to making Monday more bearable is to have something to look forward to in the evening.'