

Waterloo - 28/10/2006 – Sausages, Cheese & Falafel

Couldn't find a picture of Waterloo.... (Ed)



A run set by Knickers in the delightful borough of Southwark attracted a large pack of 6 swollen to 7 by a visitor, one Bare Back Rider from sunny Bahrain.

The pack, who for brevity I will now refer to as Please Sir, Sean, Actionman, Twiglet, Daffy, Butt Plug, and Bare Back Rider assembled at the Mulberry Bush, a modern Young's pub on Upper Ground. They were raring to go at 12.10, 12.15, 12.20 and 12.25. Alas no hare! Still raring we waited for the hare till 12.30 pm when she deigned to turn up

having stopped for coffee and Turkish cakes along the way - after all why worry about your fellow hashers when your tummy's got a bit of a rumble on! The pack assembled outside the pub successfully blocking a quarter of the pavement to receive the usual admonishments from stand in RA Twiglet and the usual nonsense about a trail set in chalk and flour, though on this occasion just flour, and occasionally not much flour - the purveyors of said grain apparently being somewhat scarce that morning. By 12.45 we were on our way.



The run feigned toward the river before getting into its stride in a dash down to the Imperial War Museum followed by a meander through a mix of what south London has to offer - charming bijou flats (with dubious neighboughs, vicious dogs, and sky dishes), pleasant Victorian squares hiding gems like the Henry Wood concert hall., plus trendy apartments with balconies overlooking statues of dray horses, old leather markets, and buildings covered in quotations.

We wound our way to tower bridge, and then along the river and down to borough market. Here the hash degenerated into a pathetic dawdle with Actionman and Twiglet stopping to buy cheese and then pausing to consume bratwurst (which is I believe is some nasty German all meat sausage lacking all those extra ingredients that make the great British banger great.) Eventually hashers returned to the Mulberry Bush where Peacemaker and Snow White were to be found having a leisurely lunch and discussing the many reasons why they couldn't run. Forgetting they had relinquished their committee positions this able pair took over proceedings and we soon found ourselves outside for the circle.



Here our hare was admonished for organising shopping instead of a beer stop, failing to buy enough flour, and failing to turn up on time. Despite these shortcomings the pack generally agreed it to be a fine trail and the hare was forgiven her many sins. Our visitor, although known to have hashed on many occasions, had foolishly taken a very modern (i.e. new) footwear option, consequently her down down was drunk from this unsuitable apparel, in spite of the many tiny holes with which her trendy running shoe was punctuated.

A smell of cheese wafted through the circle, as action man was called to answer for the crime of shopping and his shoe was deemed the appropriate vessel for his down down. He considered his own feet for a moment and declared the mature cheddar purchased was simply not that strong and begged an alternative. Consequently the unedifying sight of a grown Australian slurping beer from bareback riders newly christened shoe was witnessed by hashers and innocent bystanders alike, adding one new horror to the many delinquent activities that have taken place on London's South bank.

The hash retreated to the pub after Sean looking rather relieved completed his own down down from a traditional glass container. A Turkish meze completed the afternoon at the coffee shop where Knickers had spent most of the morning. This was acclaimed delicious and excellent value even by those previously stuffed with sausages and cheese.

Butt Plug

London Hash House Harriers Run 1751, The Gatehouse – Highgate

Hare : Marxist

Scribes : Testiculator & Jilted Jugs

After a long, long trek up the hill from the station weaving left and right the pack slowly assembled in a rather upmarket Wetherspoons pub. Early arrivals were the visitor and virgin Josephene and Paulette who had decided to have breakfast in the locality. Far surpassing the London packs' local knowledge that sustenance would be needed just to make the start on this sunny day.

Eventually the sparse members of the committee realised they had better take some initiative and get the pack moving. The hare's brief informed us that the trail was setn a combination of chalk, flour and sawdust ! He also suggested that short cuts may be available. But that was only a suggestion.



So we set off, just as Knickers arrived – note that Last Tango had arrived a full 25 minutes before this, however this did give Tango plenty of time to change into one of her new Interhash haberdashery. The official description was an XL Polo shirt, however in reality this had morphed into a knee length dress.

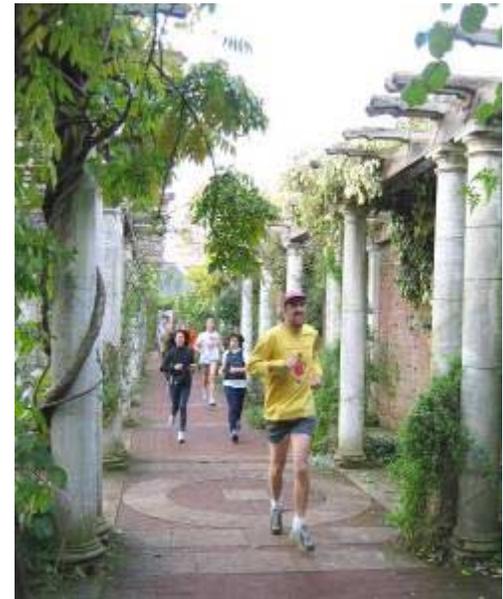
The pack spread out quite quickly and so the first regroup 10 minutes in was a welcome retreat. For those that arrived early it provided a panorama of the City of London – but also to see the slow stagger of the walkers – short cuts, none to be seen!

The trail then twisted it's way, unsurprisingly, around Highgate woods until we came to the second regroup. At that point the hare had clearly managed to lose a large number of the pack including all visitors and virgins (Who additionally were Dawn & Simon, plus Hands Off - from Warsaw). So we waited and waited. Every minute or so a new hasher would arrive – but still never the numbers that started the run. By the time Last Tango arrived the FRB's were starting to get edgy (or was that thirsty ?)

The trail home from here should have been simple, running through the orangery, around the lake and then up the hill. However the markings came close to the out trail and some of the knitting circle were mindlessly wondering and started doing the trail again. For the rest of us we thought we could smell beer. Then there was the hill. A killer ten minute climb, with no refreshment on the way. The pack once again spread out and it was a full 45 minutes between the first and the last to return.

The only place to have the circle was out in the garden. Unusually for a Wetherspoons we were given lots of free beer (or did this have something to do with being around the corner from Marxists' office). By now the temperature had dropped and the pack was ordering food and coffees to keep warm.

Over a month since the AGPU it was debutant RA Jilted Jugs who got things underway with a down down to the hare, the visitors and virgins. Down downs were also given to Last Tango in lieu of an award for "weight watcher of the year" given the size of her new outfit.





Additionally, Boggers - allegedly the first back, but no one recalls seeing him on the run. With the size of his horn he was very aloof on trail. Wouldn't Chew's tardiness (even after Knickers - a clear ploy to miss the run) so was also punished.



This being the first weekend after Interhash the stories were still coming back from Chaing Mai. The offenders brought into the circle included Testiculator for falling asleep in the late bars of Chaing Mai – Twice. And also to Suntory Road due to his flight being diverted back to Bangkok after 3 hours in the air. His reciting of verses of the Koran before going to sleep had been taken the wrong way.

Hot and Delicious had not only completed the Ballbreaker run at Interhash but even paid out for another t-shirt which she was proudly wearing to say this. Jilted Jugs was also charged. When climbing up Angkor Wat in Cambodia and reaching the top this harriette could see a man in an orange frock and reached out her hand asking to be helped up. Unfortunately she was left to fend for herself as the Buddhist Monks are not allowed to touch women.

Today was the occasion of Geriatric's 100th r*n, although he was not around to accept his tankard – so the down down was taken by Postcard on his behalf.

Finally we all retired back into the pub for some more beer and food, before the more high browed / foolish members of the pack went off to the Opera which was being held in the attached theatre. The more sensible of the pack remained in the pub and had not moved seats when the performance ended. The drinking carried on, and on and on from there (from what can be remembered).

A fine run, supplemented with culture, food and beer.

On On



LONDON H3. RUN #1754 2nd December 2006.

FROM: The Mitre, Lancaster Gate

HARE: Knockers

Visitors: Half Moon (Houston), Invisibitch (San Antonio), Back Door (San Diego)

Virgin: Tim from Houston

The pack gathered from various stations as far away as Paddington and Bayswater at The Mitre “pup” (the hare’s Clouseauesque rendering presumably for the benefit of the Gallic staff and clientele) on a sunny, blustery winter’s noon and exchanged the customary hash pleasantries before the RA, Jilted Jugs, called the gather round. Knockers told us it was quite a long run and apologised for the long on-inn. Hey, it was a nice day so nobody groused that much. On-on was called at 12:25.

The trail led immediately across Bayswater Road into Hyde Park and a scenic check by The Fountains at Marlborough Gate. On quickly called and an enthusiastic pack headed south east along Buck Hill Walk at a strong enough pace to false trail mark. Called found again over the continued onto a check in Tree. At this point, only things began to unravel.



take the FRBs well past a on-back the trail was West Carriage Drive and the vicinity of Reformers 20 mins into the run

Hounds checked in all Hatman south towards the Keep, Testiculator headed no doubt to show the bollocks properly. Boggers, headed towards Lane. This diaspora of trail was found both at

directions: Tablewine and bridge at Fishermans north to Speakers Corner, inhabitants how to talk Several others, possibly the south end of Park LH3 had two outcomes: Fisherman’s Keep and at

Marble Arch. Your diligent scribe being of the southern party missed the enjoyable trail through the back streets and squares of Mayfair and the wonderful opportunity to witness Call Girl checking it out in Shepherds Market.



The trail re-entered Hyde Park by Apsley House, No.1 London for those who like a bit of trivia with their write ups. Meanwhile the front-running SCBs followed the trail along the south side of the Serpentine and on to the Serpentine Gallery. Marks and checks were hard to come by and some hashers found themselves running their own trail in Kensington Gardens, around the Albert Memorial and all points in between. Having shown enough willingness for this week a dozen or so of the pack arrived back at The Mitre for a quiet pint or two at 1:15. The keen striders from the Mayfair contingent were welcomed back about half an hour later.

Down-downs were plentiful. Knocker’s first D-D for being the hare, Moreon reminding us that “it is an offence to blow a horn in a Royal Park” being in some way an explanation of the trail’s variations.

Next up the visitors and virgin. In fact Tim the virgin had a glass of water all to himself for saying what a good “race” it had been. Unbeknownst to the RA Tim had also awarded himself a hashname, “Toolman”; virgins are seldom so well learned in the conventions of the hash that one wonders.... another time perhaps?

The quartet of septic visitors downed their downs commendably. Hopefully we'll see some or all of them again.

The RA reminded us that "parents are important" and hauled Double Entry out for bottling out of attending 'son' Jack's christening at a previous hash, excuse – studying. Oh dear. Jilted Jugs, being of the old school of RA and fully aware that hash standards must be upheld, suspected Knickers' jewellery accessory and smart civilian turn-out as probable evidence of a night on the tiles. She was duly rewarded for good hashlike behaviour with "a note for the slapper". The piece in question? A pearl necklace no less. The stuff you learn about folk on the hash is amazing. Last Tango was brought up on polonium, she say, and it has never done her any harm. Her words not mine. Another D-D dispatched to the Radioactive One.



Half Moon was called back into the circle for being seriously confused and thinking he was on West London H3. I know how he feels.

At this point Ryde's pivotal dissertation on tinpots and "Duke & Puke" was given, it is perhaps worthy of inclusion elsewhere in the trash. Suffice to say it was a good effort at getting a free beer but not good enough for this RA. However Testiculator and Call Girl had seriously sinned against the RA, forcing her into exercise over and above hash needs by walking to the hash from Bayswater station. Shame, shame. For accompaniment Invisibitch brought us a new D-D song "Hot vagina for your breakfast..." Those good 'ol boys in San Antonio sure know a good thing when they see it.

Next D-D went to Snow White (pure, but she drifted) because she has lined up a new job commodity trading Cocoa. Maybe we'll hear of business trips to Columbia shortly.



Are there no limits to the RA's insight and empathy? Indeed, as she said, it was sad day as Knockers is leaving us to ply his trade as a young and thrusting legal eagle in the Kingdom of Bahrain. Knowing that Knockers would be meeting exalted company in his new position the RA staged a demonstration of a Bahraini formal greeting, a solemn and ritualised kiss-attack where the junior man kisses the senior man on lips, nose and forehead. Ideally suited to the role of older louch potentate was Eagermount and Knockers, being the firm bodied blond young man that he is, took the junior role. No doubt he'll go down well in Bahrain. LH3 wish Knockers and his family well.

Thunder Thighs had an item of lost property to return. Sad to say I can not report what or whose it was. Scarface may have had something to do with it. Tim "I'm a virgin" got done for new shoes. He got the hang of the "right" shoe eventually but not before Mickey had had a good go at the spillage.

Moreon's tale of Middle Eastern tendencies amused us prior to the last D-D to Marxist for being a late arrival. Many were lucky to escape that charge. Announcements followed and the pack departed. The on-on-on for some, if not most, was to "the best duck in London" as Kaptan Condom avowed. Perhaps more of this next week at South Ealing? Anyone?

ON-ON Eagermount

25 years of double dutch depravity

Friday, Saturday and Sunday

April 27, 28 and 29th 2007

WITH EXTENSION:

Special Annual Queensday run on Monday the 30th

Come and join us to commemorate 25 years of Hashing in the Hague in Holland, part of Europe. It will be celebrated end of April 2007 and will go on for 4 days! The site is a Hostel in an amusement park (for kids) in a beautiful area, dunes, woods and the beach on walking distance. It includes The Queens day run on the Monday, Queens day is celebrated all over the world in places where 2 Dutchmen come together, but The Hague is the best place: the Queen lives in our town! The night before is the Koninginne Nach:

A big event with all kind of bands playing on the streets and squares: food and drinks every where, till late! Once a year The Hague looks like Amsterdam: this is the time.

We arranged busses for transporting us to the centre of The Hague and back, a 15 minutes drive. Since we are staying in the amusement park, kids are welcome, we'll have babysitters and free entrance to the park and also free entrance to the Tropical Swimming pool (also for the adults!). Kids up to twelve year will pay 20 euros per night, all included! So register now!

Costs: for the quick ones: Euro 160

Extension: Euro 40

!!!Only valid until the end of November 2006!!!

(after that it will be 190 for the weekend & 40 for the Monday)

including: STAY IN THE HOSTEL

Run/PubCrawl on the Friday

(marathon) run on the Saturday on the beach & dunes

Party on the Saturday and Sunday (Koninginne Nach)

a very, very special run on the Sunday ! UNIQUE!

Traditional Queensday run on the Monday

With Dutch Games & Dutch Drinks

Breakfasts, meals & Dinners

Beer, wine & softies

TWO T-shirts

4 circles!

xxx

!



LH3 run no 1750 from Twickenham on Saturday 4th November

Hare: Call Girl

Venue: The Cabbage Patch

(Totally unbiased) Write up by Pickled Fart

A crystal bright autumn morning coaxed out a decent sized pack of thirty odd, including a handful of West London Hashers and various recent returnees from Inter Hash, and one virgin, introduced as a friend of Bulldozer, an announcement that provoked predictable, and unkind, hoots of derision, to the affect that Bully had no friends. The Scottish Ambassador claimed virgin status on the dubious grounds that he had not run on a Saturday before, a claim that was quickly dismissed, as he is of course well known to London Hashers. And what a perfect Hash name, for one who embodies all the charm and erudition for which his race is internationally renowned.

The lovely Call Girl addressed the assembled pack, looking as fresh and bright as the morning, despite having lain what she described as “an extended trail”. Caboose protested that he only wanted a short trail. A complaint that sounded a bit rich to those of us still undergoing therapy following his ludicrously long Twyford trail about three years ago. A Joint with Berks, which he obviously interpreted as meaning that, as there were two Hashes, the trail must be twice as long and go in two different directions.

Off the packed jogged through the pretty Victorian Terraced cottages of North Twickenham to cross the A316. “I know where we are going.” I observed to a fellow Hasher, knowledgeably predicting a left hander towards the Duke of Northumberland and Crane park, and confidently checked to the left from the first check on the far side of the A316. The check duly broke to the right. “Well, I suppose the Hare does need to take the trail where I think it should go.” I observed to my fellow hashers, when I had eventually caught up with them again. An act of condescension that was not to go unpunished.

The trail weaved through the leafy streets of St Margarets to meet the river Thames, sparkling in the autumn’s sunshine. We proceeded along Richmond river side as the flooding tide lapped at the tow path. Perhaps it was the sunshine, but at one point Pete the Pilot, fresh from Inter Hash, seemed to think that he was back in the paddy fields of Indo China.

Back towards Twickenham, on the Middlesex bank. There was an “official” drink stop, but before that, the trail passed the Swan on Twickenham riverside. Like asteroids caught in the gravitational pull of a giant planet the scattered pack were drawn in to enjoy a pint of real ale on this beautiful afternoon, with the with the swollen Thames at our feet. A experience that enchanted this author so much that I regret that I can not report on the official drink stop as I did not make it that far.

Back at the cabbage patch down downs were awarded to the Hare, for a marvellous trail, to Butt Plug, for scratching his butt, to the Scottish Ambassador, for what I cannot

recall, to various virgins and visitors, and to your humble correspondent for his above-mentioned condescension.

After the circle many of the pack returned to the Swan to enjoy the rest of the afternoon and evening in its cosy bar. A perfect end to a perfect days Hashing.

P.F.



The King of Hares really does walk on water.... (Ed)



Thanks to Titanic for keeping the stats up to date – here is a summary of 2006 attendances.....

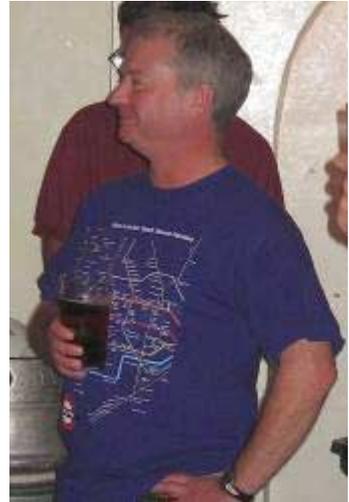
HASHERS WHO R*N WITH LONDON H3 IN 2006

Ryde	49	Bonnie	8
Unacceptable	44	Bulldozer	8
Trigamist	43	Caboose	8
Twiglet	41	Nul Point (Joe Barrow)	8
Snow White	37	Linford	8
Action Man	36	Postie	8
Last Tango	36	Sucker the Fucker	8
Tablewhine	36	Airhead	7
Peacemaker	35	Gaynor Whiting	7
Thunderthighs	35	Knockers	7
Knickers	34	Chogm (Klas Buring)	6
Pete the Pilot	33	Flybynyt	6
Bhopal	30	Hip Hop	6
More on	29	Pope	6
Eric Sutherland	28	Postcard	6
Jilted Jugs	25	Rampant Rabbit	6
Pickled Fart	24	Twin Peaks	6
Hot and Delicious	22	Vomit	6
Martian Matron	22	Yorke Porky	6
Rambo	21	Avril Weston-Bart.	5
Mad Cow	20	Bear Behind	5
Marxist	20	Cotton Picking Fucker	5
Boy Blunder	19	Doner Kebab/Taxidermist	5
Butt Plug	19	Fag End	5
Please Sir	19	Looberty	5
Interest Free	18	Psychodelic	5
KC	18	Sam Huggins	5
Call Girl	17	Skip	5
Lofty	17	Titanic Dickhead	5
Mickey (t,,kkkkkkkm,he dog)	17	Urine	5
Souflait	17	Wouldn't Chew	5
Testiculator	17	Checkpoint Charlie/Offie	4
Screwloose	16	Eagermount	4
Rent Boy	15	Fat Bastard	4
Boggers	14	Foxtrot Whisky	4
Double Entry	14	Hatman	4
Bowballs	13	J Wax	4
Daffy Dildo	13	Kaffir	4
Anal Condom	12	Lady Boy (Andrew Bertolaso)	4
Janni the Nanny	12	Little Hole	4
Pecker	12	Mick Mac	4
Geriatric/Lord Lucan	10	Rolls Royce	4
Half Cock	10	Standin Shit	4
Hijacker	10	The Saint	4
Not Out	10	Tinsel Tits	4
2AM	9	White Trash	4
		Windmill	4

RUN REPORT – THE GREEN MAN – PUTNEY 30/12/06
SCRIBE – MAD COW



The final run of the year was set by Pickled Fart who decided that as the pack had obviously overindulged at Christmas a run with loads of free grub at the Eight Bells was out of the question and instead a long hike up the hill was a good hors d'oeuvre prior to battling the shiggy and ups and downs of Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common. The scribe was rewarded with the dubious pleasure of doing the run report for barracking mismanagement for failure to control the circle which was misinterpreted as too much talking!



The weather forecast had not been too pleasant, but fortunately a brief window between deluges enabled the run to take place in dry weather although the hare had used said forecast as a (piss poor) excuse for failing to provide a beer stop. Most of the run was off road as one would expect from this location with plenty of reasonably long checks all of which bar one I managed to check in totally the wrong direction, but then there were not that many checkers out as at least half of the pack did a reasonable imitation of a geriatric rambling club and the FRBs got bored waiting at the regroup and left the hare to shepherd in the rest of the lazy bastards. Having sweated out some of the holiday excess, most of the pack managed to make it back to the pub before the next instalment of the winter monsoon arrived. Despite the lack of the beer stop, the good timing with the weather, the hash friendly terrain and the non marathon duration meant that the overall verdict on the hare's efforts was reasonably favourable.

After a brief slaking of thirst the pack was called to order for the circle which was held inside due to the deluge which would have severely diluted the down downs had we gone al fresco. (Woolly Bush) one of the younger pack members was named something illegible on Peacemakers run notes before the following sinners were duly punished for their crimes.

- Gaylick – Samaritan (is this the same hasher I know of this name?)
- Call Girl – Met up with all her friends at the homeless shelter (anyone for meths and tonic?)
- Tango – Child molester
- Bhopal – Designer T-shirt fashion victim
- Action Man – Asked for passport by hire car company, he does'nt normally bring it for flying let alone driving!
- The Scribe – God knows, but there was a spare drink left so someone needed a DD



On On

I bought some Armageddon cheese today, and it said on the packet 'Best Before End'

I phoned the local ramblers club today, but this bloke just went on and on.

I phoned the local gym and I asked if they could teach me how to do the splits. ~ He said, "How flexible are you?" ~ I said, "I can't make Tuesdays or Thursdays."

I was driving up the motorway and my boss phoned me and he told me I'd been promoted. I was so shocked I swerved the car. He phoned me again to say I'd been promoted even higher and I swerved again. He then made me managing director and I went right off into a tree. The police came and asked me what had happened. I said "I careered off the road"

London Hash House
Harriers host

EUROHASH 2007

@ Kingston University
Seething Wells
Campus

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

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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 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 		<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Saturday night dinner Band/Disco (Friday & Saturday nights) All runs Free Bar Goodie bag 				
<i>Sorry – no dogs allowed on the site</i>						
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 eurohashrego@londonhash.org If you are paying for 6 or more people you can send a Euro cheque to us for 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. 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

.....and now for the obligatory jokes page.....

A guy is driving around Dublin when he sees a sign in front of a house:

"Talking Dog For Sale ."

He rings the bell and the owner tells him the dog is in the back garden. The guy goes into the garden and sees a Labrador sitting there.

"You talk?" he asks. "Yes," the Labrador replies. "So, what's the story?"

The Labrador looks up and says: "Well, I discovered that I could talk when I was pretty young. I wanted to help the government, so I told the Garda about my gift, and in no time at all they had me jetting from country to country, sitting in rooms with spies and world leaders, because no one figured a dog would be eavesdropping. I was one of their most valuable spies for eight years running. But the jetting around really tired me out, and I knew I wasn't getting any younger so I decided to settle down. I signed up for a job at the airport to do some undercover security wandering near suspicious characters and listening in. I uncovered some incredible dealings and was awarded a batch of medals. I got married, had a load of puppies, and now I'm just retired."

The guy is amazed. He goes back in and asks the owner what he wants for the dog.

"Ten euros," the man says.

"Ten euros? This dog is amazing. Why on earth are you selling him so cheap?"

"Because he's a liar. He never did any of that stuff.

A man and his wife are dining at a table in a plush restaurant, and the husband keeps staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sits alone at a nearby table.

The wife asks, "Do you know her?"

"Yes," sighs the husband, "She's my ex-girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up seven years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since."

"My God!" says the wife, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?"

A chicken farmer went to a local bar, sat next to a woman, and ordered a glass of champagne.

The woman perks up and says, "How about that? I just ordered a glass too!"

"What a coincidence," he said, "This is a special day for me, I'm celebrating."

"This is a special day for me, too, and I'm also celebrating!," says the woman.

"What a coincidence," says the man. As they clinked glasses he asked, "What are you celebrating?"

"My husband and I have been trying to have a child, and today my gynaecologist told me I'm pregnant!"

"What a coincidence," says the man. "I'm a chicken farmer. For years all my hens were infertile, but today they're finally laying fertilized eggs."

"That's great!" says the woman, "How did your chickens become fertile?"

"I switched cocks," he replied.

She smiled and said, "What a coincidence....."

I stopped at a friend's house the other day and found him stalking around with a fly-swatter. When I asked if he was getting any flies, he answered: 'Yeah, three males and two females.' Curious, I asked how he could tell the difference. He said: 'Three were on a beer can and two were on the phone.'

Is it fair to say that there'd be less litter in Britain if blind people were given pointed sticks?

**London H3 – Run 1753 of the modern era.
The Viaduct in Hanwell. An Amazing Run!
Hares: Tablewhine & Ryde**

So your humble correspondent was sat at home at 11:30 on Sunday, and just contemplating leaving for the run, when a loud clap of thunder broke the calm and it absolutely p...ed down! A quick change of plan and five minutes later I am motoring there (never the best way of going hashing). In spite of the inclemency of the weather, we managed to muster quite a reasonable pack – about 24 in all, including 2 horrors (MacBeth and Just Lizzie) and I hound (Swung Low).



The pub has just been done up, although you humble correspondent does remember hashing from it a good many years ago. They had the excellent Arkells on as guest ale. Happy memories of living in Gloucestershire.

How we laughed when the hares finally made it back in at 12:30, – after remarking the whole trail, just in time to Chalk Talk – or in this case – “dull sludge talk” to the pack. Of course, deep within our hearts, we felt for them!!! (but it wouldn’t do to let it show).

Picklefart added some amusement for us by cunningly having his bike revert to kit form just in front of the pub. Expect to see it on E-bay in the forthcoming days. (One careful owner, never raced, rallied, crashed or thrashed, but in several bits)

Swung Low was equipped with his very own hoodie – in bright orange. Double Entry advises that he is going through his Kevin the Teenager phase. All moody sulks and raging testosterone, and he’ll have his very own Asbone next week.



Tablewhine waxed long on the difficulty of marking trail in the wet. For the record, the best flour to set trail with is a) someone else’s, and b) strong plain flour. The gluten helps it to clump together. The worst is the self raising you had to buy in the local corner shop. It’s a) expensive and b) so fine it blows away too easily. Just in case you think I really don’t have a life, this info came from Olymrick who has a bakery in Aberdeen, so is in a position to know.

On Out led us away from the road and towards (and eventually under) the Railway. Bulldozer did her best to get everyone onto the on-in trail, but got no takers, and we all decamped in the general direction of the Brent Valley Park. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the going underfoot could only be described as “Heavy” especially for someone like me. It’s not the actual falling, you understand, just the landing.

With great consideration, the hares had set a utterly brilliant shortcut for the more pedestrian harriers. I can personally testify to its wonderfulness. It took us over a slightly shorter part of the Valley Park, and skirted several golf courses. I found it slightly reassuring to note that some of the trail followed the “Capital Ring Route”, so if we got lost, a mere 78 miles would bring us safe back to Hanwell again.

For more information on the Capital Ring Route, check out cuddly Ken’s TFL web site <http://www.tfl.gov.uk/streets/walking/routes-2-1.shtml>



Tablewhine considerably led the SCBs to the main feature of the day, in the well known Bunny Park (more formally known as Brent Lodge Park. We crossed or skirted the River Brent at length. Crossing without use of a bridge may have been a little hazardous after the rain. However, in pride of place in the Bunny Park we came to the main feature of the day – the Millennium Maze, home of the Drinks Stop. Note I say Drinks Stop and not Beer Stop, because, for the hardy runners who braved the dangers of the maze, their reward for reaching the middle was a tot or two of delicious “Black Stuff”. Everyone entered into the spirit of things, but, as we know, there’s always one! And today it was Bhopal who shortcutted! “Black Stuff” comes in small plastic

cups – Note for the hares – try and get smaller ones next time. The colour of “Black Stuff” did look remarkably similar to the colour of the River Brent today (sort of black?)

After downing a WHOLE BOTTLE of Black Stuff (remarkably similar to Owbridge’s Cough Linctus) we all headed back to the Viaduct, where we considerably took our shoes off before entering., whereupon Looberty just as considerably sorted them all into a big pile for us.

Heard in the pub: Horror – pointing to a deeply soiled White Cardiff rain-jacket. “You’ll have to wash that separately” – and the response “ I don’t do laundry – I have a girlfriend”.



After a pint or two of excellent beer, we all herded out into the car park to take advantage of the setting sun and circled up. We had one virgin runner – Macbeths best friend “Just Lizzie”, and a few returners, the names of who temporarily escape me. I got done for having newish shoes, and Hot and Delicious for locking herself out and making Martian Matron climb ladders with her broken foot to let her in. Trigamist was ritually crucified for being late as ever, and we all went home to watch England, Scotland and Wales being stuffed at Rugby.

For reasons which remain lost in the mists of time, Macbeth and Just Lizzie left their shoes in the pub. They are currently drying out on a radiator in my flat (the shoes, that is) and may be redeemed at a suitable opportunity.



Cheers and On On, Urine



Now if only we had the photo in advance (courtesy of Google maps)



Running all over London

The Hash House Harriers are an International Network of Running and Socialising clubs, with an emphasis on the latter. The noncompetitive 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 hashers as well as visitors from other Hashes. A chalk "P" trail will lead from the Station to a nearby pub from where the run will start, and finish. The four mile runs last for about an hour and are followed by intensive "recovery" sessions back at the pub.

London HHH run weekly, at Noon on either Saturday or Sunday during the Winter, and at 7 P.M. on Monday during the Summer.

Non- members , £1 per run. Optional annual membership £20.

Email circulation list - if you would like to receive a weekly reminder of the run location, please Email the [hare raiser](#) to add you to the LH3 distribution list.

RUN	DAY	DATE	VENUE	TIME	HARE
1762	Saturday	20/01/07	Morden – Northern Line - A to B run		Peacemaker & Charlatan
1763	Saturday	27/01/07	Ealing Common – District & Piccadilly Line – Free booze + 50th party – <i>note later time of trail</i> Ealing Bowls Club, Western Gardens	*** 2.30pm	Mad Cow
1764	Saturday	03/02/07	Oakwood - Piccadilly line	12 Noon	Unacceptable
1765	Saturday	10/02/07	Wimbledon – District and Main Line - joint with SL'ASH	12 Noon	Last Tango
1766	Saturday	17/02/07	Norbiton – Main Line from Waterloo.	12 Noon	Butt Plug
1767	Saturday	24/02/07	Chiswick area somewhere	12 Noon	Pope
1768	Saturday	03/03/07	Loughton – Central Line - joint with FUK Full Moon	12 Noon	

Q: What's the difference between a girlfriend and a wife?

A: 45 pounds.

Q: What's the difference between a boyfriend and a husband?

A: 45 minutes.

Q. What do a Christmas tree and priest have in common?

A. Their balls are just for decoration.

Q. What is a Yankee?

A. The same as a quickie, but a guy can do it alone.