

On rainy Sundays there are people who stay inside and watch TV, there are those who read books and then there are those idiots who decide to go for a **RUN!!**

The motivation for me to go on this run was provided by an ex flatmate Bev who had decided to come on a run after years of me talking about the hash. Bev experienced some dramas in the morning trying to get to Waterloo. Not realising that the Waterloo and City Line does not run on Sundays she had to run from Bank station to Waterloo. Getting out of the station was also an issue as repeated attempts with her oyster card proved fruitless. Bev was very upset and kept telling the station master that she had £30 on her card. In reality it was 50p. (drink a down down) I later found out that Bev has 2 oyster cards. (I don't think it will be long before Bev is named!).

Once on the train at Waterloo Bev and I met up with Hijacker. With only 3 of us on the train and the weather being bleak the situation didn't look good. Several philosophical discussions around the question of "why are we here" ensued. I also had to persuade Bev that unlike the Swansea hash where she had been the previous weekend, we did not require her to recite hashers names in the circle as a newcomer. In this case however, that wouldn't have been that difficult!

Somewhere along the length of the journey we were joined by Rambo, 2 am, Dribbles (a visitor from Boston) and Ship of the Desert. We were met at the station by Skylark who wanted to make sure that we could all follow the P trail. As it was pouring with rain it's the first time in hash history that I have run a P trail (or run period actually). Testi was already at the pub when we got there. The company that he works for have an office in Leatherhead. I can only assume (RA's love assuming) that Testi spent the night at his office in order to get to the pub early to get some extra pints in. That's determination for you, that's why he's GM and that's why he's such a sad F.....r.

The pub was very warm and cosy and some of us wanted to leave the run out all together and just spend the afternoon drinking mulled wine. At the beginning of the run Skylark explained that he had laid the trail in flour and chalk but that it had probably all washed away. We all felt great at that point. At the first check we all went off in completely the wrong direction. Testi went off in one direction, Rambo went off in pursuit of a bird (men – so easily distracted) closely followed by the rest of the male contingent. Us ladies just stood in one place huddling together reciting spells-

"When shall we four meet again in thunder, lightning or in rain"
(2am referred to us as the witches coven)

Skylark was clearly exasperated after waiting around for us and declared that it was the worst checking that he had ever seen on a hash.

This check was followed by a false trail which served no purpose as we all stuck together as a pack anyway. Skylark managed a sniggery laugh which we felt was inappropriate. The trail went through some lovely countryside complete with orchards which would look great in the summer. We got very wet and muddy negotiating lots of puddles. Skylark had to cut the run short as he said that we were very slow. I think that was a cheek quite frankly. We were all sticking together and displaying real teamwork. I wouldn't like to have got lost in the Surrey countryside.

It was a relief to finally get back to the pub and have a few glasses of mulled wine. With a good ratio of 2 RA's to 9 hashers it was decided that everyone get a down down. Therefore, Bev (for travel dramas), Dribbles (visiting from Boston.... such a long way ..such a waste of time), Testi (early arrival), Ship of the Desert (wearing inappropriate summer gear), Rambo (I can't remember !), Hijacker and me (for being part of the witches coven). I thought I was exempt from getting a down down until 2 am reminded me that there were 9 halves for everyone. Maths was never my strongpoint. 2am had a down down for the sake of it.

The rest of the afternoon was spent warming ourselves by the fire and having much deserved drinks.

Maybe we aren't idiots after all. Maybe we are just hardcore.

Jilted Jugs



THE FESTIVE SEASON IN PICTURES



Pole dancer & Pimp at the
CLaWs Christmas PPPParty



Pre- Christmas Mulled Wine & mince
pies Run in Syon Park



West London H3 Christmas Day Hash
(with a missing GM!)



Trafalgar Square – New Year's Day
blowing away the cobwebs

DOUR JANUARY IN PICTURES



See next edition of On Paper for run write up of the Burns Hash



In a few days time the January battle for many begins – choosing to stick with a new year’s resolutions or giving in to your vices. But one sport enables you to do both, as CRAIG BURNETT and MATT WATTS discover..

Try a kind of exercise

If there are any guarantees on a list of new year’s resolutions, “drink less” and “exercise more” would be a safe bet for many.

But if you are like us, more inevitable than the resolutions are their outcome each year – the unused gym membership form in the bin by the end of January and your penchant for alcohol as healthy as ever. So imagine our intrigue to hear about “hashing” – an alternative way to get fit that combines both exercise and alcohol consumption.

The pastime, practiced all over London, involves eager runners and/or drinkers taking part in an invigorating run with more than the odd pint before, after and even during the jog.

The idea was started in 1888 by British Army officers serving in Malaysia who wanted to work off their weekend’s excesses, or at the very least work up a thirst, before returning to their ex-pat club to

recommence drinking.

The club was known locally as the Hash House – taking its unusual name from its staple food of corned beef hash – and as a result the running and drinking pastime got its name.

Eighty years later, could it be the perfect marriage between our desire to exercise and the rather ridiculous notion that we could drink less?

We set off on a “hash” with the London Hash House Harriers (LHHH). We are told we simply have to arrive at Hampstead Heath tube station at 12pm and markings will guide us to the pub where we are to begin.

Without fail chalk markings with a “P for Pub” shaped arrow guide us to the Duke of Hamilton public house, where we declare to a group of 15 to 20 assembled joggers that: “We are here for the Hash.”

“Better get yourself a drink before you go,” they reply

Next thing we are told the rules – it seems this is not any old run. A “Hare” has gone out and marked a trail for us to follow. We will be guided by chalk and sawdust markings around the streets and Hampstead Heath on a five mile course full of tricky false trails.

Runners help each other by calls such as “are you?” if fellow runners are going in the right direction, the reply of “looking” if they are searching for the right trail, and then “on, on” when they discover it.

But as we soon discover the first rule of hashing is there are no rules, effectively everyone needs to make it back to the same pub any which way they can.

On arrival an hour later – perhaps involving a shortcut or two – “hashers” quench their thirst with a well-earned pint before joining a circle where people are given drinking penalties for any misdemeanours during the run.

STOP PRESS

London H3

will reach it’s 2000th r*n in April 2011 – please let a committee member know if you are willing/able to be involved in organizing a celebratory event.



All welcome: Hashing can be fun for all ages but you’ll need to be able to get served in a bar

HOW ABOUT THIS FOR A LONDON HASH AWAY WEEKEND?(Ed).

The Vectis Lunatics Full Moon Hash House Harriers

Present



UK Full Moon Hash 6

A Ticket to Ryde

Friday 31st July to Sunday 2 August 2009
in Ryde, Isle of Wight

The Best Things in Life are Free – but the Cost of This Weekend

is a mere £60 until 31 January 09 (thereafter £70)

so let us introduce to you:

A Hard Day's Friday Night Red Dress Pub Run with the Valhalla Hash	
On-site Camping with Toilet and Demand Shower Facilities	Free Bar at the Campsite Plus Nash Hash Goodies
Saturday & Sunday Breakfast	Saturday Lunch and Gourmet Dinner
The Saturday Full Moon Run	
Saturday Night Beatles Theme Party (<i>We're Gonna Have a Good Time</i>)	
Sunday Hangover Run with the Isle of Wight HHH	

Help! More details and forms on <http://www.iwhhh.org.uk>

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Please register me for the UKFM NH6 Weekend

Name: **Hash Handle:** **GM/RA**.....

Address for Mr Postman:

..... **Home Hash:**

Contact Me by Post/Email **Tel:**

Food: Meat / Veggie **Drink:** Beer / Lager / RedWine / WhiteWine / Softies

Run Length: There is Only One RUN - That's What I Want!

TShirt Size: S / M / L / XL / XXL / Yellow Submarine

FeatherBedders: I'd like to know more about B&B (Yes / No)

The Venue is about half a mile from Ryde Esplanade. Travel details to follow in due course.

Baby, you don't need to drive your car onto the Island!

Neither the organising committee, UKFMH3 or The Vectis Lunatics Full Moon H3 their servants agents or assignees accept any responsibility for any loss, damage or injury, however caused, sustained by any participant in this event. Participants expressly waive their right to pursue any of the above in respect of any loss, damage or injury or any other claim sustained whilst travelling to or from or participating in this event.	Signed: Dated: <i>One form per entry: only signed forms will be accepted</i>
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Signed Entry forms (one per person) and Cheques to UKFM NH6, please.

c/o Bumps & P-Rick, Little Mousehill Farm Cott, Littletown Lane, Wootton, Isle of Wight, PO33 4RS (01983 882623)

London H3 Post Xmas run - *Trash by JWax*

I was unwise enough to stand next to Ryde in the pre-run circle, and she pointed her finger at me when it came to selecting the Scribe.

Well, being always far behind the Pack, I can't comment on all the sins they committed.

I have managed to take a few pictures before the battery died on the top on Alexandra Palace hill, so I will have to rely on my failing memory for what happened later.

Not long time ago I was haring LH3 run in Boston Manor, and noticed that the London Hashers (not to be mistaken for West London Hashers) didn't differentiate between On On and On In, didn't pay any attention whatsoever to blobs, checks, arrows and other trail symbols, and only noticed the flour when they slipped on it.



This time, it was different.

The Hashers did pay attention to the markings in chalk, alas not necessarily to the markings made by Mick Mac (very accomplished Hare). The pictures above illustrate this scenario. One of the FRBs shouted False Trail! (picture 1 above), and the whole Pack retreated. The poor Hare had to force them back on the trail. It appeared, that it was the warning left by lamppost painter (picture 2 above), at the bottom of about 10 lampposts along the trail.



To be fair, some checks were so tiny, it was no wonder the Pack didn't notice them. Here, the Hare tries to mark the check and it looks like he might wipe out the whole of it with one foot stroke.

Remember Pink run from this pub at Thunder Thighs 30th ?



This is the Veteran Tree, one of the Hash Views on the trail.





This picture is the proof that sometimes the Pack gets so confused that I manage to catch up with them.



We hoped to see some big-bellied dart champions (another Hash View attraction), but they all went for a beer.

At this point, my camera battery died unexpectedly.

The circle took place in a dilapidated ballroom upstairs where we found a whiteboard listing the rules and ethos of our hashing friend GBH.

Unfortunately, I don't remember who got the down down and for what, except the Hare of course, and perhaps Tango for being late.

We continued socializing in the bar where double spirits were on BOGOF offer, and by the time I left, MoreOn was quite pissed.

On On JWax



DAILY ALCOHOL LIMITS NOT REALLY WORKING FOR US, SAY DRINKERS

THESE recommended daily limits on alcohol the government has come up with are really not doing it for us, drinkers said last night.

Beer and wine enthusiasts across the UK stressed that while three to four units may sound reasonable, it's obviously not going to get you troused, even if you're a lady.

They are now calling on the government to rethink its guidelines or better still just leave them alone and go and bother fat people instead.

Snow White, a trainee Financier from Chiswick, said: "It seems to me that they may have confused a safe daily limit with what I like to call 'lunch'."

She added: "Of an evening I like to smash through the limit with a convivial cider or two after work, before I then jump up and down on the limit and set fire to it with a nice bottle of Pinot Grigio."

"I manage to do all this without bothering anyone else. The worst that happens is an occasional tendency to fall asleep and urinate all over the sofa, but, and I'm sure we're all agreed, that's my problem."

Jilted Jugs, a marketing executive from Docklands, added: "How's about this? As an adult, I think a reasonable daily limit is me drinking as much as I fucking want."

"If it affects my work I'll get sacked. If it affects my relationships I'll be all lonely and sad."

"And as for my health, following a quick glance at my tax bill I've decided that the NHS will treat me and the government can keep its fucking opinions to itself."



TRUE STORIES

CONGRATULATIONS!

Looberty turns all romantic and asks Bulldozer to marry him!



Look, just 'cos I said 'yes', it doesn't mean you can pinch my

Recently spotted at the Hash Christmas Party, not a lot of people know that Garbage has not hashed with London H3 since November 2002 but he has still run more times with LH3 than most of us – **767** runs.



CONGRATULATIONS ALSO

to Lily Von Stoop and Beach Bum who recently tied the knot and are now looking forward to the birth of Lillybum, or Beachlilly or Beach Bump (I guess that will be Beached Bump by the time he/she arrives)?

2 AM walks into a post office one day to see Stay Over standing at the counter methodically placing "Love" stamps on bright pink envelopes with hearts all over them. He then takes out a perfume bottle and starts spraying scent all over them.
2AM's curiosity getting the better of him, he goes up to Stay Over and asks him what he is doing. Stay Over says, "I'm sending out 1,000 Valentine cards signed, 'Guess who?'"
 "But why?" asks **2AM**.
 "I'm a divorce lawyer," Stay Over replies.

LONDON HASH HAS A DAUGHTER PAROS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

– founded in 2008 by
Thunderthighs of London H3'



Thunderthigh's Report of Ruby's Funeral in Edinburgh on Friday 16th January 2009



Those who knew Ruby (Piss Poor), the long term partner of Olymprick, of Aberdeen, were aware of her illness and stoic battle against bowel cancer. Sadly, she died in hospital in Olymprick's arms early in the morning of 12th January 2009. I first heard of Ruby at Inter-America's in Trinidad in 1997. We were sitting around one evening outside the Pelican pub chatting and Olymprick told me he had just met a wonderful lady who might be the lady. She was.

Ruby travelled a great deal with Olymprick, hashing their way around the world. I believe the last proper hash weekend she attended was the Herts 1234 in July 2008, at which she was seen dancing on tables. She was also well enough, albeit frail, to attend the 2AM, Tablewhine and Hot & Delicious party here in London in October 2008.

Although Ruby was in hospital in Aberdeen when she died, she wasn't expected to pass away so suddenly. I was in Halifax visiting my sister when I heard of Ruby's death. Ryde, Airhead and Living Bra all called me.

I travelled up by train on Friday morning and stayed at Emu's. We drove to the crematorium fairly early and the waiting room became so full people had to wait outside. Most were wearing a touch of red, as requested but for those unaware Oral Sex was

there with an array of red ribbons and tiny red fabric roses sewn onto pins to help out.

Ruby arrived at 4pm in a 'green' raffia casket and I was informed had been dressed in her FMN Boots (she loved those red high heeled knee length boots and it was she who called them this – Fu_k Me Now!) The eulogy was read by Jackie Gibbs (Hot Tits) and a poem that Olymprick had chosen was read by Tongue Lasher. She had many floral tributes but the most beautiful were her name in red roses and ON-ON in white roses. The collection was for the Marie Curie foundation, Ruby's favourite charity. At Olymprick's request we were all invited to a local hotel for tea, biscuits and sandwiches and well, yes, there was a bar! And later on a disco at which the same music was played as at her 50th party. The final song being 'Goodbye Ruby Tuesday'.

December 2007 had heralded Ruby's 50th and Olymprick hosted a wonderful Hawaiian themed party for her in Edinburgh – as a practice for her 60th, he said, at which some of us from London were privileged to attend.

Ruby was so well liked and Olymprick so well respected as a travelling hasher that it was a gathering of hash clans. Higgins arrived from Brussels and Haggisimo from Saudi. Some of the others included Showman, Stretch, Adonis and a contingent of 11 from London, making over 250 people in all. In the hotel there was a 'Ruby's Room' in which many photos of her were displayed. There was also a computer showing a series of photos of Ruby having fun at a party, set to music and of course a memorial book in which to write a memory of her.

I remember Ruby as an effervescent girl, always laughing and happy. Some of us used to send her the occasional card or email to let her know we were thinking about her and in return she sent out a few pairs of Scottish Knickers from La Senza. I for one will be proud to wear them in her memory.

ON ON Roobs love from Thunderthighs.



A FEW QUOTES FOR VALENTINE'S DAY:

"I was nauseous and tingly all over. I was either in love or I had smallpox!" - **Woody Allen**

The great question, which I have not been able to answer is, "What does a woman want?" - **Sigmund Freud**

"Marriage is the triumph of imagination over intelligence. Second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience." - **Samuel Johnson**

"An archeologist is the best husband any woman can have; the older she gets, the more interested he is in her." - **Agatha Christie**

PUZZLE CORNER

All In The Family

Pope had dinner the other night with his only sibling's husband's mother-in-law's only daughter-in-law.

With whom did he dine?

Spot the Puzzle?

Put an 'X' where you think the puzzle is...

(Fantastic prize for the first correct entry)

CAPTION COMPETITION

Send your captions to
edithare@londonhash.org



What travels by car is called 'shipment'; what travels by ship is called 'cargo'. Why?

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY
*Never build your farts in.
They travel up your spine, into your brain,
and that is where shitty ideas come from!!!*



OH NO! LOOK WHAT THE ECONOMIC DOWNTURN
HAS DONE TO CORPORATE
LOGOS...



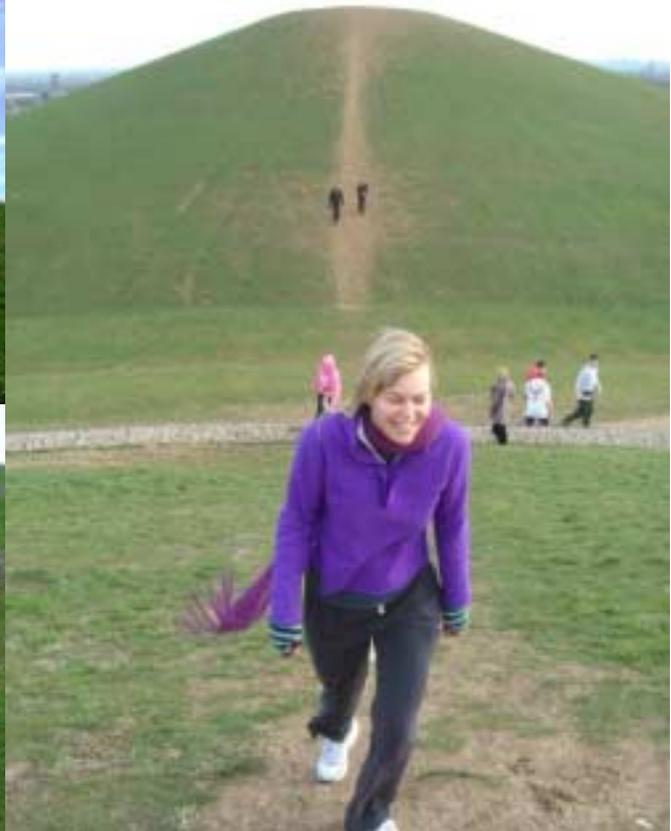
London H3 11th Jan 09
A to B - Crown to Duke of Kent

Without a sighting of the hares or trail the pack held fast until 12:30 before gathering outside the Crown. Although this had started as a bloody cold January there were no bitter winds, it was as far as I could see the beginning of a lovely day. LayMe believing everything the weatherman told her and nothing her eyes could have, prophesied rain, doom and more rain.



Foolishly I volunteered 2AM for scribe, only to have it backfire. I was ill prepared to take notes for this weeks tosh so cornered Jilted (Jugs) - being a girl, and genetically programmed to carry a bag and in it there bound to be a pen, chewed or otherwise - she handed me something that looked more like a rabbit (latex not Bugs) than a pen. I must have needed convincing because Jilted confirmed, "It's a pen".

Our GM, Testi, brought the pack to attention with wit and humour allowing the hares to gain composure after their ordeal. Cleverly they had set the run backwards, from B to A, but all respect was quickly lost when they listed the catalogue of errors we were likely to meet. After their apologetic introduction the r*n started in the direction of the A40, not that this was obvious. A check at the underpass was scoffed at by the FRBs and their radars led them straight to and up those 3 hilly things near the target roundabout. [The 3 hilly things, Gaylick tells me contain Terminal 5 rubble ... Tablewhine said Wembley rubble ... Pope thought Barney rubble]



Up can only mean down and sure enough we headed down and away from the traffic and towards green stuff, as was to be expected from this calibre of hare(s). SkyLark by his own admission "got lucky" with a couple of checks and raced ahead. In hot and sweaty pursuit (a double act by Knickers and Pope) the pack started to thin and lengthen in the scramble to catch up. And just as it seemed he might be in front for ever SkyLark took his eye off the mark (literally),

and his glory was cut short. Racing promptly over the location of 'B' was the next challenge to conquer. Direction: Ealing was the consensus. The bold and foolish even offering pub names as our final destination. Led astray by such confidence, I felt myself reeled in and nodded at every mention of a pub name I knew. However, by Popes 40th guess my confidence had shrivelled (it's the cold don't you know) regardless of whether his had or not, and on examining some of his suggestions I concluded he must have been at the sherry ahead of all of us. Onward: twisting and turning, around and round...

Enter Pete the pilot: in a field, drink stop marked out, looking a lot like he's too early for a car boot sale. A beacon for hashers nonetheless it wasn't long before he was surrounded - his wares popular, by everyone other than himself,



down to the last drop which Tablewhine forced from the barrel. Years of pampering at East Grinstead and WANK hashes have spoilt RadioSoap which could be plainly heard when she tuned into the lack of chocolate/cake and broadcast her displeasure. Sip stops: They do that down there don't you know. Everyone made it to the drink stop including the prophet LayMe with further warnings of the great rain that was to be bestowed upon us. Not believing we'd displeased the gods, and under clear skies as far as the eye could see I concluded she was possessed. The sooner Called Away can perform exorcism in some shape or form the safer we'll all be ... Onward: (still) green under foot, past some regimental allotments and onto 'B' The Duke of Kent. Warm, spacious. The beer: Pride, London Porter & Chiswick.

Down downs were to be as far away from the pub as audibly possible instructed the landlord. Under normal circumstances the large beer garden would have provided all the protection required for the most sensitive of public ears, but we had with us Teapot and Yorky! Transporting them back to 'A' was an opportunity long missed so we huddled against the furthest boundary and got on with it. 2AM had his work cut out as RA. It must be difficult punishing such a well behaved bunch. Kamikaze's defensive line "No thanks luv I'm doing my hair" having being asked if he was going to the Valentines run earned him a down down. Don't worry mate you weren't about to be 'Tangoed' - we all got an invite. Two young and curvy visitors got down downs for having pert bums, I'd like to think, but imagine I'm a little off track on that one. Jilted (oh you make it so easy) a down down for falling off a shoe shop treadmill and coming away with an injury, and maybe some shoes that possibly matched. In a final desperate attempt to fill a gap 2AM threw out a hot potato comment to the crowd and watched knowingly, as Testi, Yorky and Teapot juggled.



You'll be glad to read this write up has come to an end – I know I am. The batteries in Jilted's 'pen' have run down quicker than you'd think was possible – used a lot I guess. Good to know she's someone who enjoys a jolly good bash at letter writing. In fact as you read this she's probably knocking one out right now.

On On Cyst Pit

Here's another Darwin Award...remember that each and every one of these is a TRUE STORY:

A young Canadian man, searching for a way of getting drunk cheaply, because he had no money with which to buy alcohol, mixed gasoline with milk. Not surprisingly, this concoction made him ill, and he vomited into the fireplace in his house. This resulting explosion and fire burned his house down, killing both him and his sister.

Clapton – Sunday 18th January 09

After driving down in record time from a week in Halifax interrupted with a very unexpected trip up to Edinburgh for Ruby's funeral, I arrived at the Hope & Anchor at about 12.15pm having already called in home to feed the cat. Luckily they hadn't set off, but the pack was only 8.

Apparently at midday there was just the hare, Stay Over and Pete the Pilot and Pete wasn't even going to run! That would have been a first, I think! At least he (Stay Over) would have know all the checks and falsies.

We waited until 12.30pm but the pack failed to increase and as there were no committee members Trigamist started us off. As he didn't know the run number I gave him my run number, 1182 to announce (actually it was 1192, my mistake) and we were off.

It was a fantastic run, the right length, no hills, roads or pavements just scrub, shiggy, fields, canals, rivers, ducks and swans.

Ryde & Tablewhine caught us up on route and Teapot just as we arrived back.

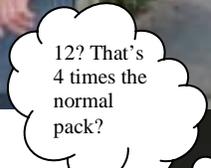
After scoffing all the complementary cheese and biscuits on the bar Teapot told that his wife, Domesticator, had fallen quite badly on the trail but she wasn't dead because he heard her call out and he left her in order to catch up with the pack. Poor Domesticator arrived sometime later with holes in her trouser knees to prove how hard her fall was. Her arrival boosted the pack to a creditable 13.

Down Downs were awarded to Stay Over, Hit & Run (a visitor from Boston), me for driving 220 miles to the run, Teapot for leaving his wife, Domesticator for falling, et al.

Thank you Stay Over. Great run, great venue. Just a shame there were so few of us to enjoy it.

ON! ON!

Thunderthighs.



LH3 Run List

1879	Saturday 7th of February 12pm	Wansted tube	TBA	Please Sir
1880	Saturday 14th of February 12pm	Putney BR – St Valentines – wear a Red Dress	The Green Man	Last Tango and Skylark
1881	Saturday 21st of February 12pm	Mile End tube	The Coburn Arms	Jilted Jugs
1882	Saturday 28th of February 12pm	Hanwell BR	The Viaduct	Curley
1883	Sunday 8th of March 12pm	Beckenham Junction BR	The Oakhill	Boggers

Continued from Front Page

.....but too many parents are still allowing their child to take the family car, drive to the airport and start fiddling about in the cockpit of a Boeing 737.

He added: "We've all heard stories about people who flew 350 passengers from Heathrow to JFK when they were 12 and it never did them any harm, but there are many more who had to ditch in the Atlantic and then wait for their parents to come and clean up the mess."

Sir Liam has issued new guidance outlining all the things children are not supposed to do, including chainsaw testing, running a major clearing bank, 'crack-whoring' and 24-hour tequila snorting contests.

But Smack The Oyster, 14, from Small Town America, said: "The bank thing I can understand - and maybe the crack-whoring - but I love flying planes and getting drunk.

"And at least when I drink I do fun things like setting fire to old mattresses and laying waste to entire communities, instead of getting a bit racist and then trying to touch my neighbour's husband on the bum."

Six year-old wine connoisseur, Mad Cow, also attacked the plans, adding: "I have developed a keen palate and have a particular fondness for a late harvest merlot, especially with Coco-Pops.

"But I don't really like Pinot Grigio, mainly because it tastes of poo and bogies."

This space has been left for your contributions
(edit_hare@londonhash.org)