

ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 32 - ISSUE 4



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org

**START PLANNING YOUR SUMMER OF
HASHING NOW.....**

APRIL

- London Marathon – April 26th
Hash Beer Table, north side of
The Highway, east of Ensign Street



MAY

- Paris Hash in London
2/3rd - Spring Bank
Holiday
- Eurohash – Antalya,
Turkey
22/23/24th – late Spring
Bank Holiday

JUNE

- LH3 Brewery Trip - 12/13th to
Shepherd Neame (see P7 for more
details)
- Touch Rugby 13th (Ooops – the same
w/end)

JULY

- Folleville Flat Frog H3 – tba 3/4/5th



AUGUST

- Danish Nash Hash (in Cambridge!)
7/8/9th
- UK Nash Hash (in Perth, Scotland)
28/29/30/31st

SEPTEMBER

- LH3 BBQ/Picnic (venue
to be decided) 5th

LH3 Hash Contacts

Grand Master: -

Chris (Testiculator) Andrews
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Hon Sec: -

Nikki (Call Girl) Gordon- Jones
onsec@londonhash.org

Hare Raiser:-

Steve (Boggers) Price
hareraiser@londonhash.org

Hash Flash:-

Teddy (Teapot) Leposky
teddyrex01@yahoo.com

Don't miss in this issue:

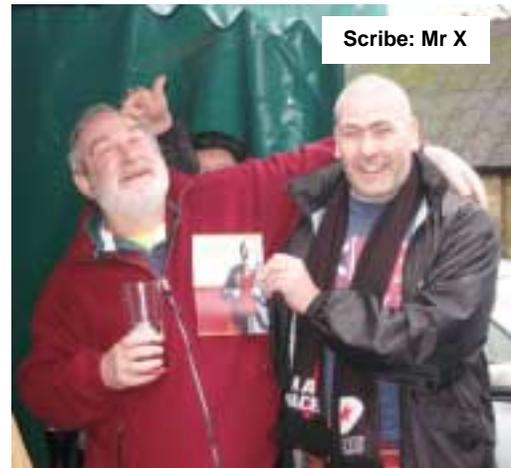
- Valentine's day article from
Running Free Magazine
- Hash Baby born 31 March
- Run write ups for
 - Mr X's version of
Burns Day
 - Teddington
 - Wanstead
 - Mile End
 - Hanwell
 - Catford
- The Soldeu Six Ski Trip

Send items for this mag
to London Hash.....

Email: edit_hare@londonhash.org

Run No. 1265

Venue: The Feathers ☺;
Beer: Adnams, ☺;
Location: Rickmansworth
Hares: Tea Pot & Ship of the Dessert
Runners: 40+
Virgins: 0
Visitors: London H³
Newies: 0
Hounds: 3 + 1 Racing Snake
Après Hashers: 0
Haggis: 3
Total: 40+
Membership: A roamin' in the gloamin!



With London H³ encroaching upon Herts territory without permission, the type of shabby trick you expect from the Hare & Hounds (the self proclaimed Bedfordshire Hash) but not our London cousins, so, it was decided that it should be joint run without informing them. All of this seemed a good idea at the time, but as Robert Burns wrote "The best laid schemes of mice & men!"

With the London Hash start time advertised between Noon & 12:15 Hrs, but to look at the receding Hare-line to check if it would be later, in this case it was going to be at half past noon, this left most of Herts feeling as if it was now late afternoon as they would normally be back in the Pub by this time of day.

Some had a quick drink, others like Mr. X, Hyena & My Lil' Sperm 'ead were on their second after having a pint of Caledonia Brewery's Auld Lang Syne in the Pennsylvanian (a Spoons Pub) in Ricky (local slang for the town). As these three reprobates left the Spoons Pub, they bumped in to the Hares who were in the act of marking the P-arrows from the Station to the Feathers, the Hare advised them to stay in the Pennsylvanian as the Feathers wasn't open yet & it was drizzling outside!

As the Hares waited for another Train to arrive, they allowed the Herts contingent to begin the Trail if they wanted to. Flip Top, Sis, Skip, Psycho, Sludge, 2-1-2 Maureen, Hyena & My Lil' Sperm 'ead set off, leaving Mr. X, T-B-T & Sparky to hang around for London Hash to form a circle & introduce their members to Run 1877. Mr. X waited to stand-in for the absent Herts GM, but in the end he too decided that he would make a head start, as all of this hanging around was wasting valuable drinking time.

Without any Herts Hierarchy left at the start, Testiculator was on his own to perform any introductions to the afternoon Run to the colourful Circle with a fair few tartan Tam o' Shanthers on show, Thunderhighs, Testiculator, Sthweatheart, were among those sporting such headwear, there was also one Hare with a Glengarry on show & Le Voisin who had a tartan baseball cap! After the welcome the Hares of Tea Pot & Ship of the Dessert were introduced so they could inform the Pack of what they could expect out on the Trail, the talk of the Whiskey Mac stop seemed to be of much interest!

The Herts RA thought that he would have a lot of catching up to do in order to tag on to the tail of the Herts early starters, how wrong he would be as once he had passed through the path along the edge of the Church yard, then made his way out through the wee wood with an overflowing burn cutting its way through, he found the others where running back over the A404 London road bridge spanning the Grand Union Canal, or for Bargees & canal users Bridge 173 Batchworth Bridge!

So, from the CHK on the London road bridge, all of the Herts early starters made a quick trot down the steps to the towpath to Lock 81 (Batchworth Lock) where the canal splits, My Lil' Sperm 'ead took to the Grand Union & ran on to find it was a Falsie, but his calls of "On!" had already dragged the rest of the Keenies up by the open barges full of household waste at the waterway's Sanitary station. When the Trail proved to be false, the Herts Keenies had to endure running back by the stench of the garbage.

Mr. X crossed over & took to searching on the towpath on the opposite side of the Lock, the rest followed him around northward on the elbow of the river Chess, but this proved to be a fruitless effort. The small Herts Pack then searched the canal to the west by Batchworth lake, Skip, Sludge, Mr. X, Hyena, My Lil' Sperm 'ead & 2-1-2 Maureen searched the different paths out over the park to the north of the canal.

Confusion reigned as Psycho muddled matters as she said that one of the Hares had told her not to go beneath the bridge, or was it to go under the bridge? Sludge was not much help either as he claimed that he had seen the Hare's map but couldn't recall where it went! While wandering out by Batchworth lake, some of H⁴ almost stumbled upon the Inn Trail if they had only carried on to the end of one path on Riverside drive.

The Herts Keenies wandered back to the A404 London road bridge over the canal, there they found the London Hash Pack had began the Trail. The likes of Eric the...., Tablewhine, Testiculator, Screw Loose & J-

Wax were doomed to repeat exactly the same search that the some of the Herts gang had done minutes earlier, they would fall for all of the same False Trails. Sludge, Sis & 2-1-2 Maureen even ran off with the London H³ Keenies on the ground they had already covered earlier, as the Hares lured them in to a false sense of security!

There had not been much progress & the time was heading toward a quarter to the hour, Mr. X, My Lil' Sperm 'ead & Hyena gave it one last go as they searched around the bend on the A404 dual carriageway, there was no Dust there & they were soon called back. Mr. X had kept pointing out the White Bear Pub on the opposite side of the dual carriageway, "On!" was now being called down by that very Pub!

Having crossed the two zebra crossings, at both of which the traffic didn't seem to want to stop, they found that they were almost the Tail of the Hash. Blobs of Dust ran around the very front of the White Bear & on to Harefield road to where an arrow directed the Pack over to Sheffield avenue.

Hyena, My Lil' Sperm 'ead & Mr. X didn't get any further as their body clock's were now well in to Sunday afternoon drinking mode & the Hares had taken so dangerously close to the Pub that they fell through the door. Off they went to enjoy a pint of Batemans in the White Bear, to reminisce about Roobs as Mr. X filled them in on her funeral service in Edinburgh the previous week.

Hyena was not the only one to be surprised that Testiculator hadn't joined these three in the Pub, but he was taking his GMing duties seriously! A little later when things weren't so sombre, Hyena managed one of his laughs to startle the locals as Mr. X told of how TC & Junior were collared on a 'Welfare Check' by the Police after loitering around Fenchurch Street station on their way home from the last Full Moon!

Meanwhile the rest of the Pack made their way to the end of Sheffield avenue, there were a few CHks thrown in along the way to try & distract the FRBs on their journey to the avenue's termination on Harefield road (again). The Trail was picked up once more, a short way back toward Rickmansworth, where it broke off & led along Stockers Farm road & away from the Rose & Crown at Harefield!!!!

At least Double Entry had the advantage of a racing snake to pull her along as the Trail became a long trot out along the pot-holed route, each of which was filled with dirty water. The Hash ran away from the outbuildings & units at the start of the uncapped road & up to the large group of farm buildings, just before which it turned off to the south to run around the perimeter of a couple of fields roped off with an electric strap to control the local equines, the going was slippery as the path had plenty of shiggy.

This stretch out in to the Herts countryside wasn't without incident as at the end of one paddock there was a water crossing over the gushing tributary of the Sixteen acre spring, most managed to leap this obstacle in one mighty bound, T-B-T & Sparky made it over in such a fashion, but Skip failed to find the gumption & he wandered further down to a narrower point! On the other side of the rushing water an unloved cast-iron Corporation of London Boundary marker was found, these marked the duty boundary of tax payable on transporting coal & alcohol in to London!

The Hash now made their way down through a wooded area, where the Trail changed tack a couple of times before it moved back out in to the open fields, along the way the path ran narrowed as it through two lines of saplings that had grown to make some of the Pack feel as if they were in a carwash, with the shrubbery of the young birch trees brushing off any shiggy gathered upon the muddy path! For the likes of Sludge, T-B-T, 2-1-2 Maureen, Sparky & Thunderthighs, it reminded them of the 'good old days' when nefarious people were given 'the Birch' as a form of corporal punishment.

The Path between the rows of birches was a central line of shiggy, Testiculator took to using the namby-pamby gate of walking with his feet on either dry side! The Trail led on to a CHK near to Cripps' Farm, there the Hares allowed the Pack to search all of the options, even encouraging them to look on a falsie by setting off in that direction! The FRBs eventually worked out that they were heading in a homeward direction, though it would soon veer away again from the On Inn just as the Hash thought it would be a straight forward trot back.

The Trail made its way over rougher, fallow land on a long stretch traversing the bumpy terrain, before it turned westward on to Springwell lane, this was the Start of the Inn Trail & it would lead along the edge of the lane as it ran through another wooded area & back toward the Grand Union canal. Hyena would have loved running this part of the Trail as the Dust was led the Pack fairly close to the Sewage Works & he sure knows his 'Shit'!

Once the Pack had left the CHK & crossed over the bridge before Springwell Lock (No.83), the Trail took to the footpath running the part of the canal below Stocker's lake, this would be a long stretch to sort out the FRBs from the SCBs. On the opposite side of the canal was the iron, skeletal remains of the main building for the now abandoned gravel works. The narrow boats moored along the side the Hash ran on were much more



aesthetic upon the eye, even if some were covered in tarpaulins for the winter, & they needed as much waterproofing as possible for the weather changed & the rain began to fall harder.

The Trail left the canal side at a CHK by Stocker's Lock (No.82) & headed along a path that ran northward on a spit of land stretching between Stocker's lake & Bury Lake on the Aquadrome park, this area is no doubt very picturesque in the spring & summer, but it looked as dull as dishwater on a damp winter's day with only a few hardy waterfowl around to brighten things up. Having worked its way up the length of Bury lake, the Dust then ran along the top end to reach the path beside Batchworth lake that Herts crew had almost stumbled upon & could have found the On Inn.

It was here that the now damp Hash reached the much needed Drink Stop, & where they were treated to Whiskey Macs to warm the cockles, of course with a sniff of Scotch in the air Eric the wouldn't be far off of the Front Running pace. Neither were Rambo, Knickers & Sthweetheart. The Hares would be there for some time as the Pack was pretty well stretched out by now.

The Pack eventually moved on in dribs & drabs to follow the Trail across the river Clone & out to the end of the A404 to cross over before the roundabout & lead along Ebury road, then off down the residential Ebury lane to reach the On Inn in Rickmansworth, famous for being mentioned in the beginning of the Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, & also the one time home of William Penn 1644-1718 (Founder of Pennsylvania)

The SCBs of Mr. X, Hyena & My Lil' Sperm 'ead were all caught out in the down-pour as they made their way back to the Pub, they weren't in there long before Skip & Sludge arrived before most of the London Hash, this kind of led to a few thinking that they may have short cutted the end part!

The Pack changed in to their drier clothes, one Harriette in to Mr.X's Rugby top. Both of the RA's were suitably dressed for the occasion, wearing Kilts & Tam O' Shaners, Mr. X wore the Tam that Roobs had platted the red hair on, he also had a wee kilt around his pint glass, these two looked like real Sweaty Socks. Ryde had two of the wee kilts, these she wore around her wrists, like she was a Bay City Rollers fan left over from the 1970's! They were not alone in being clad in Tartan as the rest of the Pack had seemed to make an effort.

The Down-Downs saw two RA's take the Circle, shame they both weren't held responsible for the Circle, & the green marquee behind the Pub was put to good use in sheltering half of the Pack, instead the Hits went to the Hares of Teapot & Ship of the Dessert; Tablewhine called out 2-1-2 Maureen for running falsies for the second time; Mr. X produced what he first thought was a Christmas card, but it turned out to be an advert for Bells Whiskey & the cartoon like image of Arthur Bell looked as if it was modelled upon a Hasher, so a search of the Circle led everyone to agree that Sludge was Arthur Bell's Dopleganger!

Next out was a London Harriette who was awarded several lollipops to accompany her Down-Down; Sis was awarded a Hit; while the sight of the 'racing snake' on the edge of the Circle reminded the Herts RA of one of his flock, who used have a 'racing snake' which he bought for his mum as present but he ended up keeping it when she declared "I don't want that, it's German!" so Flip Top received his Down-Down!

Tablewhine & Ryde were awarded a Down-Down each when Testiculator stepped up to briefly take the Circle, Mr. X called up the Harriette who wore his Rugby Shirt to keep warm; finally the Herts Hashit & this went



to Hyena for gorging himself on turkey pie at Flip Tops & putting on 2 pounds at Fat fighters, he tried to spin dry the wet shirt & most of the Herts gang ducked as the spray went around the Circle of standing London Hashers!

The Pack retreated to the dry & warmth of the Bar, where they were treated to a couple of Haggis, tatties & neeps, the Hares had already apologised about the 'neeps' being parsnips as the Aussie Landlord doesn't know that the 'neeps' should really be mashed swede or turnip! There was even a veggie Haggis, which one presumes is stuffed full of thistles? The though Scottish Thistle Ale isn't bad, it's distinctive.

As the Pack waited with a Beer, the chatter stopped when the sound of what could have been bagpipes could be heard, Psycho looked surprised as Tablewhine stepped led the procession, he was 'playing' a set of chair legs attached to a tape recorder wrapped up in tartan, unfortunately the tape player had a mind of its own & it started up again on its own when he had put his pipes down. Having heard the Pipes, Sludge, Skip & 2-1-2 Maureen all began to wish they really would bring the birch back as a form of punishment!

The Hares brought the Haggis's in upon silver platters, it was down to Domesticator to produce the knife & toast the Haggis with Robert Burns' ode to a Haggis, as she did so she ceremonially opened up the 'Chieftain of the Pudding race' & was soon 'Trenching your gushing entrails bright'.

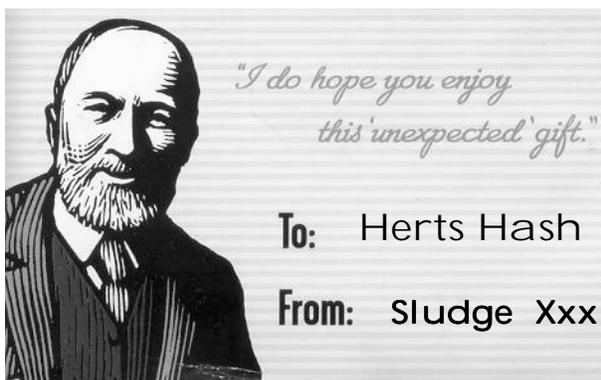
Not a bad way to celebrate Robert Burns 250th Birthday, considering there were only a couple of real Sweaties in attendance!

Those wishing to donate to the charities in Roobs' Memory, please see Mr. X as he is dealing with this.

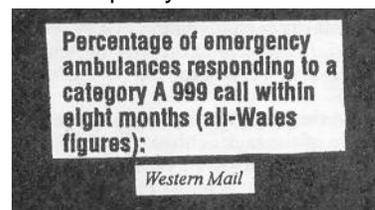
Sludge, Herts Hasher

Separated at Birth

Arthur Bell,
founder of
Bells Whiskey



Lets Hope Kylie can do better



Thunderthighs brought a very limp duck into a vet's surgery. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest. After a moment or two, the vet shook his head sadly and said 'I'm so sorry, your duck, 'Cuddles', has passed away'

The distressed Thunderthighs wailed 'Are you sure?'

'Yes, I am sure. The duck is dead' he replied.

'How can you be so sure,' she protested. 'I mean, you haven't done any testing on him or anything. He might just be in a coma or something'

The vet rolled his eyes, turned around and left the room, and returned a few minutes later with a black Labrador retriever.

As Thunderthighs looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his paws on the table and sniffed the duck from top to bottom. He then looked at the Vet with sad eyes and shook his head.

The vet patted the dog, and took it out, and returned a few minutes later with a cat. The cat jumped up on the table and also sniffed delicately at the bird from head to foot. The cat sat back on its haunches, shook its head, mewed softly and strolled out of the room.

The vet looked at Thunderthighs and said, 'I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100% certifiably, a dead duck'.

The vet turned to his PC, hit a few keys and produced a bill, which he handed to Thunderthighs. Still in shock, she took the bill. '£150!', she cried, '£150 just to tell me my duck is dead!'

The vet just shrugged, and said 'I'm sorry, but if you'd taken my word for it, the bill would only have been £20, but with the Lab report and the Cat scan, it's now £150.'

**Day Six in Heaven – and Jade Goody is up for eviction.
For Sale – blond wig, unused, unwanted Mother's Day present**

LH3 Hash Number 1878
Saturday Jan 31 2009 - Teddington

Approx 25 Hashers and Harriets assembled on a wonderfully sunny, if cold, Saturday in January at The Lion in Wick Road, Hampton Wick at approx 12:00. It was the 31st and, as ever, Testiculator was there, so he must have filed his tax return the previous day or else the Revenue were about to receive a garbled version that night. Even more unusual: both Teapot and Last Tango (no rumours please) arrived in time for the start.

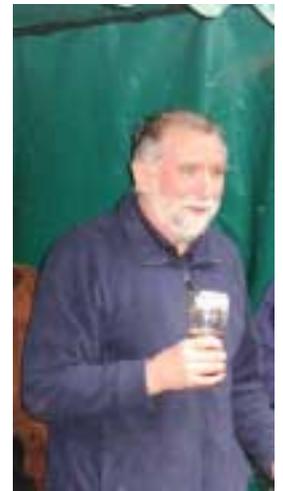
As Butplug was telling us that most of the trail was marked in sawdust Moron was commenting that, as the hare was Butplug, the trail was certain to go once around Bushy Park and back, and so it looked at the start. One hasher (name escapes me – no that is not his hash name) was so convinced of this that he spent the whole time in Bushy Park despite the fact that Butplug led us out and down towards the river; perhaps he just wanted a free pint at the end – he got his wish. As most of us entered Hampton Court Park and spent most of the rest of the hash in this wonderfully empty park, so close to Kingston, we must have missed the false trail that led directly into the pub on the corner of the park. Why else would Rent Boy and Testiculator go in there and spend the next hour trying to find a way out?

Part of the reason for the feeling of cold was, not only WAS it cold, but also there was a strong wind (no, Rent Boy was in the pub) and two things I noticed about this wind:

- i. it was possible to get remarkably close to deer before they noticed you when coming from downwind and
- ii. how remarkably deaf and un-observant hashers seem to be when upwind, - I shouted and waved from the Long Water (it must be called something like that) for ages to attract the attention of hashers, spread all over the park from the last check, to the Re-group - from where you got one of the best views of Hampton Court Palace (just trying to prove I was an FRB for at least part of the hash? ... shortcut? me?)



Hare: Butplug



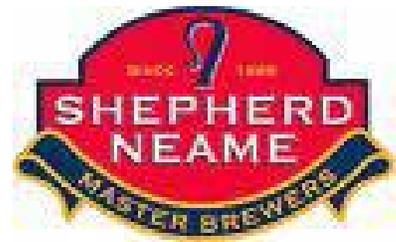
Scribe: Beerbanger

From Hampton Court Park the trail led back into Bushy Park when the choice of sawdust started to look like a deliberate mistake. There had been so much tree surgery that potential trails were everywhere - at least that was the only explanation I could think of for why so many hashers were spread in every direction in the park. Perhaps though, after an hour of cold, some had their well-trained noses in the air and were following the scent to the welcoming pub whilst others were more interested in seeing the new centre in the enclosure, which looks like it should be open for the summer.

Finally we all arrived safely back at The Lion, though Rent Boy and Testiculator did take some time to complete their false trail.

After some had partaken of the excellent food on offer in the pub the ‘down-downs’ were held outside. Despite the notices asking for quiet for the neighbours, Teapot was his normal exuberant self. Butt Plug fittingly stood to attention for his well deserved down-down which seemed to disappear very quickly into his extra-long legs. After a number of other down-downs, one of which was certainly not deserved, things only started to get out of hand a little as we celebrated the engagement of Bulldozer and Looberty for the third(?) time that week – well worth celebrating more than four years after I heard her publicly propose.

Congratulations to you both again - nice ring Bulldozer (no, not that one).



LONDON HHH presents:-
THE LHHH 2009 BREWERY TOUR!!!
Shepherd Neame Brewery, Faversham, Kent
Friday 12th – Sunday 14th JUNE 2009

What's happening?

Friday 12th June

Evening pub crawl in Faversham followed by beer and curry

Saturday 13th June

11am: Hash Run, ON-ON in pub with lunch

Time to explore Faversham in afternoon

6pm: Brewery Tour with tastings **followed by Brewery dinner and evening** entertainment

Sunday 14th June

Hangover run around Faversham, ON-ON in local pub

How much?

Friday & Saturday night: £95 for LH3 Members, for Non-Members add £10

Saturday night only: £60 for LH3 Members, for Non-Members add £10

What's included in the price?

- Bed & Breakfast in local pub **hotel Friday and Saturday night**
- Saturday run and Pub lunch, **brewery tour with tastings & dinner** and entertainment
- Sunday hangover run

How to get there?

By train: London Victoria to Faversham: journey time approximately 75 mins, off-peak return tickets currently £22.10

By car: Take Junction 6 of M2, 9 miles North West of Canterbury

Accommodation

This is based on 2 people sharing. There are 2 types of accommodation: **A** is a 3 star traditional ale house with doubles and twins more local to the Brewery. **B** is slightly further afield (10 mins drive with regular minibus provided), a 4 star place mentioned in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. It has twin rooms, old beams and an inglenook fireplace. Please indicate your preference below & we will try & accommodate it. See www.londonhash.org for registration form.

STOP PRESS

A date for your diary – Saturday 5th September 2009
London hash BBQ/Picnic – venue to be confirmed

Three engineering students were gathered together discussing who must have designed the human body. One said, "It was a mechanical engineer. Just look at all the joints."
Another said, "No, it was an electrical engineer. The nervous system has many thousands of electrical connections."
The last one said, "No, actually it had to have been a civil engineer. Who else would run a toxic waste pipeline through a recreational area?"

The run 1879 in Wanstead started promptly after everyone arrived, had a drink, exchanged greetings with old run-buddies they had not seen for almost a week, and the hare had showed up. The trail started in an unusual fashion inside the pub, where the pack wandered around aimlessly until finally making their way upstairs. It turned out to be a false trail and after this had been confirmed over a drink, the pack moved down to a rabbit hole in the basement to leave the bags. Once there it was concluded that that was enough exercise for one day and as it was surely time for the circle, everyone packed to the same generous space the size of a Toyota Prius. The GM, however, put his foot down and led the pack to the open air.

The run started with the introduction of the two visitors, Swollen Boner and a mystery man who let on only that his 'father was a hasher'... This raised some puzzled expressions but patience is a virtue and the pack was happy to wait until the circle before resorting to the third degree. After the most severe snow storms in two decades the RA had kindly organized a gorgeous day and so the pack took off towards the Wanstead flats. Double Entry was less than impressed by the flatness of the flats and renamed them the Wanstead humps, but otherwise the trail was designed to cater for a variety of tastes ranging from slippery mud to slippery ice. To spice things up the hare had also provided a classic selection of wet leaves and soggy grass, old favourites among the more discerning hashers.



False trails kept everyone on their toes, as these were strategically placed on the far side of mud streams, or possibly pathways. Ryde enjoyed them so much she wanted everyone to share the fun and kept photographing people standing at the false trail mark until the pack behind caught her ploy and simply ignored the false turn. Making their way among the trees and the (dead) flowers, the runners arrived to the regroup, where the hare (Please Sir) took the opportunity to study a map of the area. Perhaps this was to remind himself of all the loops and falsies he had laid, or perhaps he just had no clue where he had taken the hapless pack. The latter theory gained some weight when it was found that the trail was 12 km long, though Sthweetheart was the only one



who was lost. He did manage to find his own way back to the pub suspiciously early, but assured us that no public transport was used.

Towards the end of the run the call of the beer started to get irresistibly strong for the front runners and ditching the trail they decided to carry straight on where they guessed the pub might be. The back of the pack stuck with the trail and with loud shouts of On On they were able to lure their fellow runners to rejoin them and thus witnessed the majestic sight of a group of FRB's making a U-turn among the long hey of the English tundra and galloping back to the fold with Martian Matron at the lead. As the trail then turned right back to where they had been going in the first place, it can only be concluded that the hashers' natural instincts should not be ignored just because of inconsequential details such as the where the trail goes.

Back at the pub the whole upstairs was given over to the hash as a "private function" with a resident bar tender. The bar tender then kindly vacated his place during the circle and re-appeared once the singing – strictly a no no in Wetherspoons – was over. The circle was carried out comfortably with everyone sitting down around a table and down downs were awarded to the hare, to Boggers for making even closer acquaintance with the mud than the rest of the pack, to Eric, and to the two visitors.

Swollen Boner turned out to be aptly named as he had run into rather intimate difficulties with a barbed wire, and the identity of the mystery visitor was cleared. Because he had run the whole trail with a backpack on, hash logic had led many to believe his father must be KC! However, despite this, and to honour his vocation as a teacher, he was named Less-On (prizes awarded for anyone who can guess who the daddy is).

The England-Italy game soon diverted the attention of the pack and most people had found their way to the nearest TV to enjoy sports as only hashers can – with a beer. **ON! ON! Domesticator.**



LH3 Run Nr: 1881

Date: 21 February 2009 Venue: Coborn Arms, Mile End

Hares: Jilted Jugs & Rampant Rabbit

Although it was a bright and ever so slightly breezy day, only a small pack of 15 turned up for the first upside-down run since run nr 1691. Perhaps it's a lingering prejudice against poverty and derelict bombsites that deters hashers from attending runs in this part of London. If so, it's time to revisit and reappraise.

True, whole neighbourhoods were razed to the ground. On the other hand, in an early example of precision bombing, all the pubs were left standing like scarred tree stumps in a desolate battlefield, presumably for the benefit of would-be occupying forces. Perhaps the Luftwaffe were hashers, and Rudolf Hess was sent to lay a trail. Maybe he was a bit premature, or perhaps he had the wrong kind of flour. Anyhow, the British authorities would have none of it and Hess was banged up for the rest of his natural life. So hares (or Hess) beware, or *cave lepi* as they used to say in Rome.

In this instance, not only the venue but the entire street of terraced houses were spared. The Coborn Arms is a traditional friendly back-street Victorian pub selling Youngs bitter with outdoor seating, which, on this occasion, was drenched in spring sunshine. It only took 40 minutes to get there from Hammersmith, despite engineering works on the District, Circle and Hammersmith and City Lines. What more do you want for goodness sake?

The run took us through an old overgrown cemetery, streets of terraced houses, Mile End Park, along and over the canal, and through Victoria Park (full of people taking the air) past lakes and a memorial. Then it was back over the canal, past a range of more recent and, sometimes, quite stylish modern housing, through more streets of terraced houses returning to the pub. Notwithstanding the coloured chalk and strange wiggly arrows, it was acknowledged to be a respectable trail, quite the equal of others laid in supposedly more salubrious parts of London.



There were down-downs for two visitors, Fog Horn and Scarface. A down-down was also awarded to honorary Scarface, Testiculator, his face having more cuts and bruises than usual. The dubious explanation was that he got drunk and fell. A down-down will be awarded to the person who discovers and reveals the true story!

Tom Scrambler confessed that he had found love on his first run the previous week (the Valentine's Day Red Dress Run) with Last Tango. He was even

wearing an orange T-shirt to match her hair. Bearing an uncanny resemblance to Harry Potter, he was named *Love Wizard* to the cooing delight of harriettes in the circle. Down-downs were awarded to the happy couple. Clearly, it's quite a name to live up to, but at least it should be fun trying!



On On Bhopal

Run Number 1882 – 28 February 2009 – The Viaduct, Hanwell

Hare: Curly



Fears were voiced that this might be a repeat of Curly's recent West London run from the same pub. But he's a wily old bird is Curly, and once he'd taken us to the Fox and the canal, the trail was new. A good crowd (to the delight of hash cash), and some of them, according to Ship of the Desert and his technology, ran 6.5 miles in 1 hour and 4 minutes. Good for them. Chacun à son goût, I say. Or, as Martian Matron would put it, "over smaak valt niet te twisten!"

So after the Fox, we set off along the canal, where two nutters on trailbikes threatened to disrupt proceedings, and then, after a loop or three, it was off towards Southall. Another loop round the park, another loop around a couple of roads north of the Uxbridge Road, and then we looped round a golf course. So it was the loopy hashers who managed 6.5 miles – those of us who are not quite so loopy did a bit less. Especially when we were given the clear impression that we would be unwelcome at the second golf course of the day. Since the Iron Bridge was visible at that time, a number of hashers headed for home, leaving the loopy ones to do their loops. But we all arrived at the pub about the same time, so something must have been OK. Curly's advice, probably. Rumours about missing hashers were generally ignored, mainly because Tango and Cyst Pit started late. But what they were doing until 2:37 led to some speculation.



Meanwhile, the circle continued. A welcome for the hare, and visitors Sister Michael from Ashqabat in Turkmenistan (at least he was the last time I met him), Dennis from KL, and Sweet Cheese from NY. We also named a virgin Bitter and Twisted because he couldn't stand bitter and because he'd done an hour's run before the hash. Will he reappear? A couple of ladies, one of whom had apparently run before, were also welcomed. (*Actually they had both hashed before – I should know, they are my nieces – Ed*).



About this point Sister Michael decided we needed more down downs, and so donated a couple of jugs. Sister Michael has a lot to answer for in the hash world, for it was he who introduced Teapot to the world of hash. But he did sing us a song (Sister Michael that is). And some of you are perhaps unaware that Sister Michael has lost about 35kg since he had his stomach stapled last year (what was he like before, I hear you say).

But you may also be unaware that his desire to wash everything down with copious amounts of liquid stems from the time he was crossing the Malaysian-Thai border on his way to Chiang Mai interhash. After some considerable delay at the border, during which time refreshments were served, Sister Michael decided it was time to take his pills, which his wife had carefully divided up into daily doses. So he took his pills. Unfortunately, he somehow failed to realise that his malaria pill was still in the metallic packaging, which his wife had carefully snipped. Not having much experience of swallowing razor blades, Sister Michael was rushed to hospital with severe throat lacerations and a pill stuck half way down his gullet. Fortunately, this hasn't affected his singing, but there's a moral somewhere in this story.

ON! ON! More On



TRUE STORIES...

Screwloose finds her prime-mate.....
OR
Screwloose complains she asked for a beehive hairdo, not an ape-iary...



Eric the Viking trains for his target of under 3 hours for the 2009 London Marathon – come and see him drink a beer at the LH3 Beer Table.



A note from Ship of the Desert.....

I'm moving to Bydgoszcz in Poland (*Ed, it's 170 km from sea – I wonder why he is called Ship of the Desert?*) to another NATO institution. It is called the Joint Forces Training Center (JFTC), and I will be head of the maritime section. I am planning to visit London as often as possible and will then of course be hashing.

Two leaders of an **underage binge drinking** gang which terrorised a neighbourhood were given Asbos yesterday.....



Teapot refuses to remove his hat

The Swan in Staines has a 'no hat' policy and on refusing to take his hat off Teapot is escorted off the premises.



Hash witnesses terrible murders in Whitechapel.....



MORE TRUE STORIES...

HHHHHHH

From Takobelle & County Bumpkin

How are you????

We are fine.

I jointed Qatar Hash3 yesterday.

I met Suzette Lang.

I forgot her Hash name.....She remember me.

I'll send picture.

We are going to live Qatar for 2year.

I would like visit you!!!!

Jwax Baldrick when they visited Yokohama Japan.

They stayed our flat. I took them to Onsen(hot spring - Japanese style spa.

I took them to Syabu Syabu restaurant.

We went to Chinese town in Yokohama.

I took them to Samurai Hash3 in Yokohama.

They went to Hakone on their own. But They couldn't find ATM. So They could not get Japanese Yen.

They could not go restraint in Hakone.

They did not have enough money.

When they came back to my flat. They said,We are starvan!!! starvan!!! Take me bank,No money no Food.....

Go to China town!!!!!! We couldn't eat anything.....

I took them to Chinese restaurant. It was late. almost restaurant was getting close... We finally found restaurant It was nice.

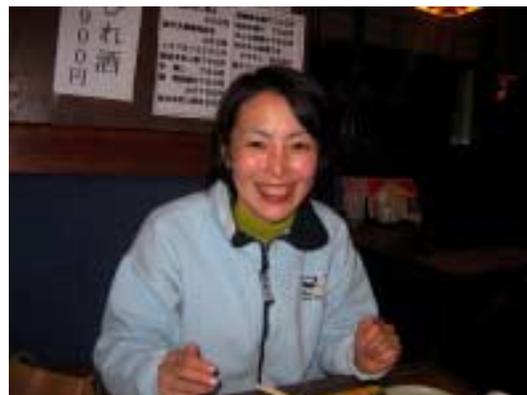
Next morning Jawax when their leaving she couldn't find her glass Where is my glass????? Finally ,Bladrick found from bed cover.....We had gooooooood memories in Yokohama.

Say regard to Jwax and Paul.

I hope see you sooooooon.

ONON

Takobelle & Country Bumpkin.



Peacemaker (ex RA and ex Trail Master for London Hash)...

Celebrates his 60th birthday



John was a salesman's delight when it came to any kind of unusual gimmick. His wife Mary had long ago given up trying to get him to change.

One day, John came home with another one of his unusual purchases. It was a robot that John claimed was actually a lie detector.

It was just about 5:30 that afternoon when Tommy, their 11 year old son returned home from school. Tommy was over 2 hours late.

'Where have you been? Why are you over 2 hours late getting home?', they asked.

'Several of us went to the library to work on an extra credit project' said Tommy. The Robot then walked around the table and slapped Tommy, knocking him completely out of his chair.

'Son, this robot is a lie detector, now tell us where you went after school.'

'We went to Bobby's house and watched a movie.'

'What did you watch?' asked Mary.

'The Ten Commandments.' answered Tommy.

The Robot went around to Tommy and once again slapped him, knocking him off his chair.

With lip quivering, Tommy got up, sat down and said, 'I am sorry I lied. We really watched a tape called Sex Queen.'

'I'm ashamed of you Son,' said John. 'When I was your age, I never lied to my parents.'

The robot then walked around to John and delivered a roundhouse right that nearly knocked him out of his chair.

Mary was bent double laughing, almost in tears. 'Boy, did you ever ask for that one! And you can't be too mad with Tommy. After all, He is your son!'

The Robot immediately walked around to Mary, and slapped her three times.

Hash Baby.....LillyBump arrives 31st

March 2009. Her real name is Mia, 54cm long and 3840gr heavy. Look out for her – she will be hashing soon! Congratulations to Lilly Von Stoop and Beach Bum.



London Run #1884
Catford Rail Stop
Hash Pub—Blythe Hill Tavern
Hares—Testiculator and Ging Gang Guli
Guest Scribe—Sleek Cheeks

As a visitor, I had been looking forward to this run because I was anticipating a hash through a lovely English village. However, on the train out, Tango assured me that Catford was not *quite* the English village of the BBC dramas. The long trudge to the pub which passed by a series of chicken and chips shops and showed that she was right. The pub, The Blythe Hill Tavern, was at the top of the road and was a classic neighborhood pub. Hashers were inside already, intent upon sampling the large selection of beer.

But it was time for the run. Before setting out, returnee Mongrel was reintroduced to the group, and Testi informed us that there would be a Guinness stop along the way, in honor of St. Paddy's Day two days away.

The trail first went up, up, up to a park with a panoramic view of London. Now this was more like it. The pack was more than willing to mill around the check at the top, with only Hung Low (formerly known as Hangs Low) eager to run. But what goes up, etc. etc. and we were soon out of the park into a residential area. Along streets and through shopping areas the trail flowed. At one point we saw a "P" mark indicating the pub was near. But the trail couldn't be over so soon, could it? Testi came along then and explained that he had gotten lost while setting trail and thought the pub was nearer than it actually was.

We came to another hilly park, improbably named "One Tree Hill" where we were treated to another panoramic view of London. Along the way we found ourselves in some brambles and mud, and the pack marveled that the hare had actually found shiggy in the suburbs. We passed through several cemeteries with some elaborate headstones. The pack paused to look at one granite tribute to "Bob", while Ryde found a poignant inscription on another to "a brickie sorely missed."

Through more streets and alleys, with one particularly mean false trail over a bridge and then back again. At the top a large commons we saw a welcome sight, Ging Gang Guli with the promised Guinness stop. But this wasn't Guinness. It wasn't even beer. It was green and tasted like medicine, so people thought it was either cough syrup or mouthwash. The hares admitted that it was crème de menthe and water, but they had also thoughtfully provided beer. Some singing ensued along the St. Patrick's Day theme, and the pack ultimately headed back to the pub at an extremely leisurely pace, although to tell the truth the pace had been leisurely throughout the entire trail.

The Blythe Hill Tavern advertised a beer garden, and there actually was a large yard in the back which hashers soon took over. Unacceptable fetched us back for the down-downs, however, and they were quickly dispatched. Last Tango and Mongrel were recognized for only running when they saw the beer check; Boggers for wearing a dress (or at least something that looked like a dress); Aussie Hug for falling through a fence on the Friday the 13th Hash; and Double Entry and Table Whine for various infractions. Scarface was honored for leaving a hat at a run two years earlier, only it wasn't actually his hat. He happily drank anyway.

The hash ended the day in the pub in the usual way—half watching football on one screen and half watching rugby on the other.

Thanks to the hares, and on out.



A CR*P IRISH JOKE FOR ST PADDY'S DAY

Can I have some Irish Sausages, please?' asked the Irishman, walking up to the counter.

The assistant looked at him and asked: 'Are you Irish?'

'If I had asked you for Italian sausage, would you ask me if I was Italian?' demanded the Irishman indignantly. 'Or, if I asked for German Bratwurst, would you ask me if I was German?'

Then, warming to his theme, he went on: 'Or if I asked you for a Kosher hot dog, would you ask me if I was Jewish?'

'Or, if I asked you for a taco, would you ask me if I was Mexican?! Would Ya? Would Ya?'

The assistant said: 'Well, no.'

Suitably encouraged by the success of his logic, the Irishman steps it up a gear.

'And if I asked you for frogs legs, would you ask me if I was French?' 'What about Danish Bacon, would you ask me if I was Danish?'

'Well no, I probably wouldn't' conceded the assistant.

So, now bursting with righteous indignation, the Irishman says: 'Well, all right then, why did you ask me if I'm Irish just because I asked for Irish sausages?'

The assistant replied: 'Because you're in Homebase'.

THINGS THAT ARE DIFFICULT TO SAY WHEN DRUNK:

1. Innovative
2. Preliminary
3. Proliferation
4. Cinnamon

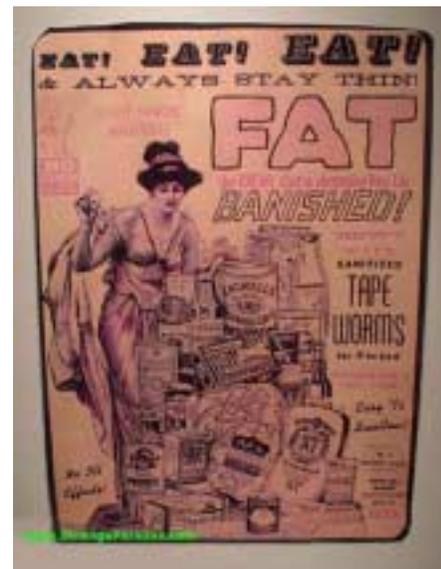
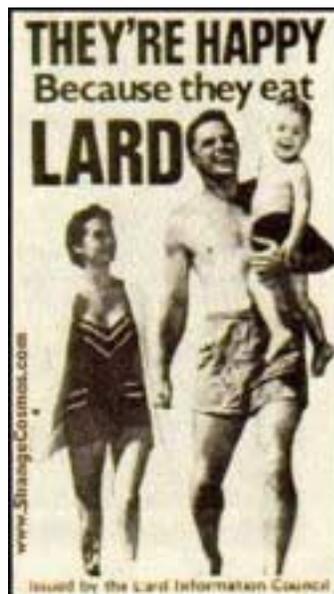
THINGS THAT ARE VERY DIFFICULT TO SAY WHEN DRUNK:

1. Specificity
2. Anti-constitutionalistically
3. Passive-aggressive disorder
4. Transubstantiate

THINGS THAT ARE DOWN RIGHT IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHEN DRUNK:

1. No thanks, I'm married.
2. Nope, no more booze for me!
3. Sorry, but you're not really my type.
4. Kebab? No thanks, I'm not hungry.
5. Good evening, officer. Isn't it lovely out tonight?
6. Oh, I couldn't! No one wants to hear me sing karaoke.
7. I'm not interested in fighting you.
8. Thank you, but I won't make any attempt to dance, I have no coordination. I'd hate to look like a fool!
9. I must be going home now, as I have to work in the morning.

ADS FROM THE 30s





Somehow Skylark

managed to talk himself into writing up this year's 'Marxist in the Mountains' for OnPaper. The editor's directive was to get as much juicy gossip as possible. Skylark would like to thank his five companions for their very generous assistance with this. There were broken hearts, broken rules, broken bones and broken promises. Oh and a broken hire car, but more of that later. First a summary of the Soldeu Six.

Marxist	everyone who is anyone in Soldeu knows Mad Marxist
Boy Blunder	never has a hasher been better named
Anna	known as Roger the Cabin Boy in hash circles
Beer Banger	also bangs CB radios into pints
Pork Pie	would you trust this man with your vote?
Skylark	now comes with a health warning in most ski resorts

'Hmmm what shall I do today? A bit of shopping maybe? Buy something skimpy for my panties draw? I know, I'll go skiing in Andorra for a week'. So Marxist got a phone call from Anna at 9am on the day of the flight saying that she was coming after all, despite her break-up with Blunder. Both refused to say who dumped who, or whether there was any chance that they would get back together during the trip. We would have to wait and see.

All successfully met at Luton airport, which given the group dynamics over the next week was an achievement in itself. Pork Pie had brought a little companion with him. A book called 'Pimp' by 'Iceberg Slim'. Anna found the opening paragraphs of this obscenity of English literature so offensive that she promptly disposed of the offending article. Unfortunately for Pork Pie, his boarding card happened to be inside it.

On arrival at the apartment it soon became apparent who had the brains in the party; and that was Beer Banger. With the benefit of past experience he had booked himself into a nice hotel down the road, leaving the rest of the group to squabble over the cramped accommodation. Marxist of course snaffled the double bed, but was pressured into agreeing that whoever pulled could have the use of the room. Pork Pie boasted that he would be pulling a different girl every night of the week. This promise we had as much confidence in as a Tory party manifesto.

Finally the next day, all were on the piste, dusting off their ski skills under a cloudless blue sky. Anna, the group beginner, made steady progress under the tuition of Beer Banger. Skylark's technique was simply to point his ski's downhill and hope for a soft landing at the bottom, and Blunder was quickly renamed King Wipe-out.

Après ski always started at the Ice Berg bar, where their two-for-one happy hour took the edge off what would otherwise be a painful experience on the wallet. Pork Pie seemed in no hurry to fulfil his 'bird a night' promise, so it was up to Beer Banger to show the lad how it was done. In the midst of the early evening revelry, a Dutch lady stripped to her bra on the dance floor, and Beer Banger moved in. Skylark was not to be left out of the action, and had his jester hat played with by the fair maiden. Finally a fiscally tactical retreat to the apartment was made. This eating-in tactic continued, and evenings became filled with supermarket wine, bridge, and Scrabble with extra points for rude words and alcoholic drinks.

Blunder's jungle juice (red wine, brandy, orange juice) was a constant companion on the slopes. It is this concoction that Skylark blamed for complete on piste lack of co-ordination. First he managed to barrel Pork Pie off of a ski lift, then a string of beginners on a red run became the target of Skylark's miscalculations. He was not the only one to succumb to the effects of the falling down juice. After several gulps, Marxist who can reach the bottom of a black run in two small turns, headed mistakenly off of a vicious black at speed and cart wheeled into trees in a shower of skis and poles. Blunder also wiped out several times on the same black, much to the amusement of Pork Pie who videoed the event to keep him amused



on lonely winter evenings. Marxist suggested that they instead tackled a wide 'easy' black that would be a good 'confidence builder'. Blunder wiped out on this one as well, and so did Marxist!

Après ski again began in the Ice Berg bar, then on to the Piccadilly bar where it was found that Skylark's complete lack of hand-eye coordination rendered him completely useless at table football. It was not until the next evening that it was discovered that gin in Andorra costs less than lemonade. So it was gin and tonics all round for Blunder, Pork Pie, Anna and Beer Banger. By early evening they were completely sozzled. Anna walked back alone after getting a kiss from a Dutch guy that she fancied in the Ice Berg bar. On arriving she demanded food immediately. Skylark's chicken in white wine sauce was still a work of art in progress, so she rudely declared 'I can't eat that' and started pulling food out of the fridge to cook for herself. Polite requests that she remove herself from the cramped

cooking area didn't work, so Skylark increased his assertiveness, only to be described later as being 'hostile'. Finally she stormed out, and found herself a Peruvian waiter who gave her a kiss and more meat than she could handle.

Meanwhile back in the bar, Pork Pie was going frantic over his missing gloves and goggles that he had carelessly left lying around. They had in fact been hidden by Blunder to try to teach Pork Pie a lesson. Tensions continued until the front door of the apartment, where an argument between Pork Pie and Beer Banger resulted in Boy Blunder's CB radio being dunked into a pint of beer.

In the flat Blunder headed straight for the bath, and refused to get out to eat the meal that Skylark had lovingly prepared. Anna returned even more intoxicated, and hammered on the bathroom door demanding to be let in to use the bath. (*Ed: please see www.boyblunders.co.uk for the end of this story*). Later, Anna who had previously complained about men wandering around the apartment in just their underwear, dashed across the living room with her bare arse on show.

A glorious Andorran sangria sunset cast red across the peaks and pistes, as the six sipped Champaign after their last day on the slopes. Anna had successfully tackled her first black run, and Pork Pie's pull rate was still at zero. Painfully aware of this, Pork Pie made a cringe worthy advance on a waitress at the final meal with the line 'you are the most beautiful girl from Crawley that I have ever met'. Needless to say that his score by the end of the evening was still a big fat zero, and no one had managed to oust Marxist from the double bed.

Departure day had arrived without broken bones or broken hire cars. What could possibly go wrong? Well firstly Anna could not resist hiding Pork Pie's passport, which he had been carefully storing on the living room floor for the past week. Once that was sorted out, Pork Pie, Anna, Blunder, and Skylark headed down to a restaurant in a neighbouring town for breakfast. Unfortunately Pork Pie ignored the alarmed requests from his passengers that he keep the car on the road. Blunder had to instruct him how to change the tyre that he had destroyed.

Two groups headed back to Girona airport, and neither journey was without incident. Beer Banger stopped at a French supermarket, and managed to break his little finger whilst trying to save a tumbling bottle of red wine. Meanwhile Marxist – against the advice of his passengers – made a very illegal U turn across four lanes of traffic, and in full view of three police vehicles. The police thought that they had caught a group of desperados trying to make a getaway, and searched the vehicle – after finally working out how to open the boot. Marxist's dumb tourist routine kept him from further trouble, and got him directions to the airport.

Bumper snowfalls, clear skies, empty pistes and a great bunch of mates. This is what perfect ski holidays are made of. Many thanks to Marxist for organising it and to everyone who made it memorable.

Kids Are Quick

TEACHER: Maria, go to the map and find North America
 MARIA: Here it is.
 TEACHER: Correct. Now class, who discovered America?
 CLASS: Maria.

TEACHER: John, why are you doing your math multiplication on the floor?
 JOHN: You told me to do it without using tables.

TEACHER: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?
 DONALD: H I J K L M N O.
 TEACHER: What are you talking about?
 DONALD: Yesterday you said it's H to O.

TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell 'crocodile'?
 GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L'
 TEACHER: No, that's wrong
 GLENN: Maybe it is wrong, but you asked me how I spell it.

WORLDWIDE HASH EVENTS

DATE	VENUE	CONTACT*
10-12 April '09	Stuttgart H³ Annual Springfest Hash Germany	Blue Moon +49 17 52 694 847
11-13 April '09	The First UK FM H³ Pan European Nocturne – in Spain Benidorm, Spain. Click here for flyer.	Smartarse +44 7966 868 911
17-19 April '09	Vindobona H³ Away W/E Glanz-an-der-Weinstrasse, Styria, Austria	Glo- Balls +43 2215 3178
24-26 April '09	 Belgian Nash Hash Hosted by Brussels Manneke Piss H3 at Bouillon (near the Belgium/France border)	EZ Over +32 495 707 404
1-3 May '09	Africa InterHash 2009 Hosted by Kampala H ³ , Uganda	Been Counter +256 772 700 300
1-3 May '09	 Aussie Nash Hash Hosted by Cairns H ³ , Queensland	Weed +61 419 029 446
1-3 May '09	 Dutch Nash Hash & Hague H³ 1500th Run Monster, The Netherlands	Neptunus +31 638 673 447
15-17 May '09	Eurohash Prelube in Fethiye Turkey	Wicked Willy +90 536 944 6617
15-17 May '09	Madrid H³ 25th Anniversary & Prelube to EuroHash 2009 Spain	Just In TBA
16 May '09	Kraków H³ Inaugural Run Jordan Park, at the end of ul. Romana Ingardena, Kraków, Poland	Tampon Jelly +48 668 389 164
22-24 May '09	 EuroHash 2009, Turkey, Antalva	Breezy TBA
29-31 May '09	13th Killer Hill Weekend Hosted by Bergen H3, Norway	TBA
4-7 June '09	Kiev H³ 15th Anniversary Ukraine	TBA
5-7 June '09	 China Nash Hash Hosted by Hangzhou H ³	Pushup TBA
26-29 June '09	InterScandi 2009 Hosted by Oslo H ³ in Harstad , North of the arctic circle in Norway	TBA
26-28 June '09	 German Nash Hash & Hannover H³ 25th Anniversary	Colour of the Eggs TBA
27-28 June '09	 Canadian Nash Hash Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada	TBA

2-5 July '09	Edmonton H³ 1000th Run Alberta, Canada	Woody TBA
3-5 July '09	Okinawa H³ 3000th Run Japan	Smell My Finger TBA
17-19 July '09	Sembach H³ 10th Anniversary Castle Wolfstein, Germany	TBA
7-9 Aug '09	 Danish Nash Hash Hosted by Cambridge H³ in the UK in co-operation with Copenhagen H³	Mind Your Nuts +45 2332 5230
21-24 Aug '09	Bonn H³ 25th Anniversary No details yet - Bonn H3 website hasn't been updated since 2006.	TBA
4-6 Sept '09	Berlin H³ 1500th Run Neu-Globsow, Stechlinsee, Germany	TBA
4-6 Sept '09	 Swiss Nash Hash 2009 Yverdon les Bains, Switzerland	Captain Sensible TBA
4-7 Sept '09	InterAmericas Hash 2009 Hosted by Colorado H³ at Winter Park, CO, USA	Ultrawimp TBA
15-24 Oct	Blue Danube Cruise 2009 Hosted by Wolf and Friends H3. Passau (Germany) via Vienna (Austria), Budapest (Hungary), Vukovar (Croatia), Belgrade (Serbia), Rousse (Bulgaria), Danube Delta (Ukraine), Bucharest (Romania).	The Wolf TBA
6-8 Nov '09	12th Borneo Nash Hash 2009 Hosted by the Penampang Tua Paau H3 in Kota Kinabalu, Sabah, Malaysia	TBA
2010		
12-26 June '10	VODKA-TRAIN – Pre-Lupe to INTERHASH 2010 On on the Trans-Siberian-Railway, all the way from Moscow to Beijing!	Automatic Balls +49 69 95 90 97 00
25-27 June '10	Penang Harriettes 2000th Run Penang, Malaysia	TBA
2-4 July '10	SARAWAK_RAINFOREST Borneo Interhash 2010	John Josh
3-6 Sept '10	 USA Nash Hash Madison, Wisconsin	Info TBA
10 Oct '10	On On On Run Hosted by Fethiye H³ , Turkey (Note: On is ten in Turkish!)	Wicked Willy +90 536 944 6617
2011		
27-29 May '11	EuroHash 2011 Bid by the Netherlands' Hashes Kasteel de Berckt, The Netherlands	Neptunus +31 638 673 447
TBA	PanAsia Hash 2011 Hosted by Bandung H³ , Indonesia	TBA
2012		

	Bali & Java Hashes combined bid for IH2012 Great Temple of Borobudur, Jogjakarta (aka Jogja), Indonesia	Info TBA
	2014	
	 Interhash 2014 Brussels Bid Hosted by Brussels Manneke Piss & Ostende Gonads H³s	TBA

HASH EVENTS IN THE UK

DATE	VENUE	CONTACT*
27-29 March '09	Plympton H³ 1500th Run Twelve Oaks Farm Caravan Park. Teigngrace. Devon. Now Fully Booked	That's Crap TBA
10-11 April '09	North Wilts H³ Magna Carta 1215 Run W/E King John's Castle, St Briavels, Lydney, Glos	KitKat 07783 168 954
11-13 April '09	The First UK FM H³ Pan European Nocturne – in Spain Benidorm, Spain. Click here for flyer.	Smartarse 07966 868 911
23 April '09	St George's Day Hash #6 The Old Spot, Dursley, Gloucestershire (GL11 4JQ)	Dr Z 01453 548 431
9-10 May '09	Q.U.A.F.F. Mad Bastards Weekend Coed Y Brenin, Wales	Blow 0115 854 7577
5-7 June '09	Elgin H³ 25th Anniversary Run Silver Sands Caravan Park, Covesea, West Beach, Lossiemouth, Scotland	Spotty Dog 01343 545 655
5-7 June '09	Cardiff H³ Hash Camp 2009 Penycae, Upper Swansea Valley. Click here for flyer.	Half Hour 01443 230 860
19-21 June '09	Guernsey Hash House Harriettes 1500th Run Midsummer Madness W/E Click here for flyer and here for reg. form.	Shrink 01481 239 338
19-21 June '09	Wessex H³ Mid-summer Camp Princetown, Dartmoor. Click here for flyer and here for for reg form.	Mr Beaky 07887 794 715
26-28 June '09	Friends of the Mole H³ 1000th Run W/E Canterbury, Kent. Click here for flyer. NB: Change of date.	Fat Controller 01622 891 538
27 June - 1 July '09	QB40 The Long Q.U.A.F.F. Pennine Cycleway South. Flyer TBA.	Blow 0115 854 7577
3-5 July '09	Bristol Greyhound H³ 21st Birthday W/E Bream Rugby Club, Bream, Lydney, Glos. Click here for reg form.	Money Penny 07980 436 272
17-19 July '09	Hursley H³ 1000th and R2D2 H³ 500th Run Winchester, Hants. Click here for flyer/reg form.	Portia TBA
17-19 July '09	Yorkshire H³ "Schools Out For Summer" 1414 W/E	Sweetbreads TBA

24-26 July '09	12th Isca Roman Away Day Exeter, Devon	Buzby 01392 879 600
31 July - 2 Aug '09	UK Full Moon Nash Hash Ryde, Isle of Wight (Now fully booked)	P. Rick 01983 882 623
7-9 Aug '09	 Danish Nash Hash Hosted by Cambridge H³ in the UK in co-operation with Copenhagen H³	Mind Your Nuts +45 2332 5230
22-24 Aug '09	Q.U.A.F.F. Barden Bunk Barn Weekend Skipton, Yorks	Blow 0115 854 7577
28-31 Aug '09	 UK Nash Hash Hosted by the Scottish Hashes led by Edinburgh H³ and to be held at Perth Racecourse Registration Now Open Click here for reg form.	Hoggy 07796 230 239
31 Oct '09	Ebley Full Moon H³ 200th Run	TBA
2010		
23-25 April '10	QB50-52 Cycles 'N' Celts Click here for flyer.	Blow 0115 854 7577
10-12 Sept '10	Nash Bash 2010 Hosted by QUAFF in Sherwood Forest. Click here for flyer.	Blow 0115 854 7577
2011		
29 April - 1 May '11	London H³ 2000th Run Details to follow	Call Girl TBA
2012		
27-30 April '12	QB76-78 Pedals 'N' Pirates Click here for flyer	Blow 0115 854 7577

LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS RUN LIST

RUN No	DATE	VENUE	PUB	HARE
1887	Saturday 4 th April 12pm	Chorley Wood BR	Rose & Crown	Mad Cow
1888	Saturday 11 th April 12pm	New Southgate Tube	The Bank	Mic Mac
1889	Sunday 19 th April 12pm	Canada Water Tube	Ship & Whale	Lilly Von Stoop & Beach Bum
1890	Saturday 25 th April 12pm	Hampton BR	TBA	Nice Butt & Hot & Delicious
1891	Monday 27 th April 7pm	TBA	TBA	Pete the Pilot
1892	Monday 4 th May 12pm	Ealing Broadway	TBA	Pope
1893	Monday 11 th May 7pm	Chiswick BR	TBA	Snow White
1894	Monday 18 th May 7pm	Pimlico	TBA	Scar Face & Sleek Cheeks
1895	Monday 25 th May 7pm	TBA Wimbledon	TBA	Unacceptable
1896	Monday 1 st June 7pm	Angel	TBA	Horrible & Hot Poker
1897	Monday 8 th June 7pm	Kings Cross	TBA	Eric the Viking