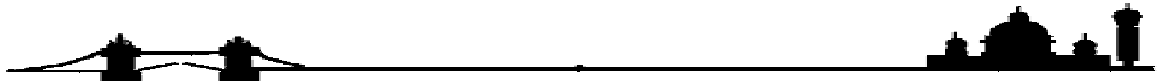


ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 32 - ISSUE 5



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org



Testiculator
loses control of
reshuffle as Teapot
leads LH3
committee
resignations.....

- Teapot resigns as haberdash and heads out to work for the UN Refugee Agency in Western Sahara (but why does he look as though he is electrocuting his testicles?)
- Boggers announces he is Bogging Off to South Africa on an urgent assignment (though the photo may look as though he has got the sack).
- Last Tango, may have to temporarily withdraw while she recovers from an unfortunate incident with a donkey on a Greek Island.



Gordon Brown: more scared of an election than an eight-year-old Chinese prostitute.

LH3 Hash Contacts

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

Email: edit_hare@londonhash.org

**DON'T MISS THE
TRAIL ON MONDAY
13TH JULY
FROM
THE WYCH ELM,
KINGSTON
WHERE THERE WILL
BE A PRESENTATION
OF THE SURPLUS
MONIES FROM
EUROHASH 2007 TO
THE CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY & RIDING
FOR THE DISABLED.**

APOLOGY from the Editor.....

I made a mistake in the last edition of On Paper when I included a r*n write up from Mr X as the first article on the first page. I apologise as this may have put many of you to sleep and meant that you did not make it to the exciting, juicy, gossip and write ups on the following pages. So this time, please enjoy this page and read on.....

Two hashers were stranded at sea in a life boat. On the 4th day, a mermaid came up out of the water and offered them one wish to save their lives. The hashers thought about it and one shouted out, "I wish the ocean was a sea of beer." And it happened. A little while later the other one shouted, "Great, now we have to pee in the boat!"

Australian Poetry Competition.

The Australian Poetry competition had come down to two finalists - a university graduate and an old aboriginal. They were given a word, then allowed two minutes to study the word and come up with a poem that contained the given word. The word they were given was TIMBUKTU

First to recite his poem was the university graduate. He stepped up to the microphone and said;

Slowly across the desert sand

Trekking a lonely caravan

Men on camels, two by two,

Destination - TIMBUKTU

The crowd went crazy.. No way could the old aboriginal top that, they thought.

The old aboriginal calmly made his way to the microphone and recited.

Me and Tim a-huntin' went

Met three whores in a pop-up tent.

They was three, and we was two

So I bucked one, and TIMBUKTU.

The aboriginal won.

An exasperated mother, whose son was always getting into mischief, finally asked him 'How do you expect to get into Heaven?' The boy thought it over and said, 'Well, I'll run in and out and in and out and keep slamming the door until St. Peter says, 'For Heaven's sake, Dylan, come in or stay out!''

A little girl goes to the barber shop with her father. She stands next to the barber chair, while her dad gets his hair cut, eating a snack cake The barber says to her, 'Sweetheart, you're gonna get hair on your muffin..'

She says, 'Yes, I know, and I'm gonna get boobs too.'

Overseas News from ABC [Australian Broadcasting Corporation]

The British are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats in Islamabad and have raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved." Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross". Brits have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies all but ran out. Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to a "Bloody Nuisance". The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was during the great fire of 1666.

The French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide". The only two higher levels in France are "Collaborate" and "Surrender". The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France's white flag factory, effectively paralysing the country's military capability.

It's not only the French who are on a heightened level of alert. Italy has increased the alert level from "Shout loudly and excitedly" to "Elaborate Military Posturing". Two more levels remain: "Ineffective Combat Operations" and "Change Sides".

The Germans also increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to "Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." They also have two higher levels: "Invade a Neighbour" and "Lose".

Belgians, on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual. The only threat they recognise is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish are all excited to see their new submarines deployed. These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish Navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish Navy.

Americans meanwhile are carrying out pre-emptive strikes on all of their allies, just in case.

New Zealand has also raised its security levels - from "baaa" to "BAAAA!" Due to continuing defence cutbacks, New Zealand only has one more level of escalation, which is "Shut, I hope Australia will come and rescue us". In the event of invasion, New Zealanders will be asked to gather together in a strategic defensive position called "Bondi".

Australia, meanwhile, has raised its security level from "No worries" to "She'll be right, mate". Three more escalation levels remain: "Crikey!", "I think we'll need to cancel the barbie this weekend" and "The barbie is cancelled". Never before has the barbie been cancelled.

HASHERS.....

HAVE YOU MET YOUR FULL POTENTIAL?



Special in more ways than one

Austin Rodrigues works in IT project management for the NHS. Originally from Goa and born and raised in Africa, he has been living in London for the past 10 years and volunteering as a special constable since 2007.

What inspired you to volunteer?

I always wanted to join the Service but was reluctant to give up my full time job just in case I did not like police work. Working as a special, I have the advantage of retaining my full time job while still working as a police officer. I simply wanted to be able to put something back into the community.

How many hours do you spend working as a Special Constable?

I usually volunteer between 20-30 hours per month. I enjoy doing it and try to do so as often as I can. The programme enables you to be flexible as long as you do the minimum hours, which is great.

What type of training did you receive before joining the service?

Before becoming a special constable, you must undergo a special training programme. There are two options and I decided to take part in the 4-week intensive course at Hendon. This involved self-defence techniques, Officer Safety Training (OST) and Emergency Life Support (ELS), as well as classroom sessions and written exams. There's also a more spread out programme to suit other people carrying it out in their free time.

What type of work do you do with the Met Police?

It's always varied, which keeps me on my toes. Generally I work as part of a response team, therefore acting on any number of calls we get through the 999 number. There have been incidents involving theft, domestic violence, pub fights, drunk and disorderly, the list goes on.

Why do you volunteer and what do you get out of it?

I get great satisfaction from volunteering. Knowing that I can regularly help people and contribute to making lives safer is a great feeling. The skills that I've learnt have enabled me to be confident when assisting people both on and off duty in many situations.

Why would you recommend others to follow in your footsteps?

It's a challenge, but more importantly it's the greatest challenge you can face and the rewards are the best part of the job. Anyone can become a special constable. So, if you have a few hours to spare, why not join the specials and make a real difference to someone's life.

How do you like to spend your free time? Ever thought you could be making a lot more of it? 2500 Londoners are already maximising theirs by volunteering as Special Constables (volunteer Police Officers) for the Metropolitan Police Service. You could do the same anyone can.

All types of people from a variety of backgrounds and day jobs are becoming Special Constables and helping to reduce crime across the capital. By giving up as little as eight hours a fortnight, they regularly join Met police officers and assist them across the city's 32 boroughs.

Specials have the same powers as regular officers and once you undergo the necessary training, you continue to get full support in your new, important role. You wear the same uniform which therefore makes it impossible to distinguish the difference between full time officers and a special constable.

Becoming a special is one of the most rewarding ways of giving something back to your community, helping to make it a safer place, reducing crime and the fear of crime in

London in general. You're out on the front-line and fulfilling duties that make a valuable difference to the city.

It's a challenging job to do but also highly rewarding in the skills that you learn and the experiences you encounter. So you'll get involved in all kinds of police work from safety and security at major events to special operations tackling underage drinking, criminal damage or public disorder. Working alongside a range of teams from Safer Transport, Safer Neighbourhood and Town Centre teams, means you will come across a variety of unique experiences as a Special.

The Met, and in particular the Met's Special Constabulary, is an extremely diverse place to work, with one in three Specials being women and a third coming from black and minority ethnic communities.

So, wherever you're from and whatever you do, do this.

For more information or to download an application form to become a Special Constable, please visit www.metpolice-careers.co.uk/specials



METROPOLITAN
POLICE

Working together for a safer London

For more information visit www.metpolice-careers.co.uk/specials

.....Hard Core Bomber obviously has!

London hash 1885

Ramboling round (W)raysbury

A glorious day and a good turn out. All very positive so far. An A to B. Slightly worrying. Rambo's the Hare, & he won't tell us where B is. Oh crikey!!! Then the hare tells us there's a river crossing. Oh 'elp!!! To Rambo, a river crossing might just involve the Thames at a point where there's no bridge. He did, however, say that it was a bit dryer than he would have liked, although there was some shiggy promised.

Anyway, be that as it may, off we trotted. Apart from the plasterboard being slightly erased and some tosser parking his car on the road over a mark, all was looking okay so far. Then we came across the crossing!!! Not too bad, but some girlies needed to act like girlies and held hands across the river. Ah

And **Boggers** decided it was safety first (he girlie to hold his hand, & who can blame them – straight into the water.

Trail continued much in the same vain – a bit of greenery, a bit next hour or Eventually appeared. So

the

the
river!!!
the



greenery, less shiggy, lots more greenery etc. Then pub appeared.... But we were the wrong side of the Fortunately, it didn't take too much effort to mount bridge and finally get to a much deserved pint.



couldn't find a Ed) & waded

street, a lot of of shiggy etc for twolll Staines there was more

There was then a bit of a delay before the circle took place. With the rugby on the TV, the RAs – Jilted Jugs & Tablewhine – were given the hurry up & told to get a move on. Down downs were then awarded to:

Rambo for a reasonable trail despite the lack of shiggy and a dodgy river crossing
Thunder Thighs

&

Dunny Penny the get a life award for 1200 & 200 respectively

Jilted Jugs the peace in our time award for an entry she'd gone to Bath for a

Half marathon – training isn't required even Rambo run – Ed

Sleek Cheeks BR playing with their train sets

Double Entry Directionally challenged due to maps marked the wrong way

Call Girl Living up to her hash name with a lot of calls & rabbiting (rampant of otherwise – Ed)



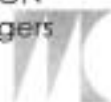
runs

showing

for a

being

That was that & it was back into the pub to watch the Sweet Chariot swinging low over West London and avoiding any unwanted punctures caused by iffy thistles. Unlucky Eric. How's that song go? Oh flower of Scotland, when will we see a win again...?





4th & 5th JULY 2009
 LONDON H3
 Are invited to join the
FOLLEVILLE FLAT FROG H3
 In Brittany
<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/tablewhine/>

Camping weekend with 2
 hash trails

See Tablewhine & Ryde for
 details (edithare@londonhash.org)

AWESOME TOILET!!



WOMAN'S YEARLY EXAM

Went to the doctor for my yearly physical...The nurse starts with certain basics.
 How much do you weigh?' she asks. '135,' I say.
 The nurse puts me on the scale. It turns out my weight is 180.
 The nurse asks, 'Your height?' '5 foot 4,' I say.
 The nurse checks and sees that I only measure 5'2'.
 She then takes my blood pressure and tells me it is very high.
 'Of course it's high!' I scream, 'When I came in here I was tall and slender! Now I'm short and fat!'

AWESOME SPLINTER!!



This is an actual emergency room photo of a fisherman who lost control of his High Speed Bass Boat in West Virginia. The warden's believe that he was traveling at a speed of approximately 75 mph at the time of the accident. He was unable to negotiate a curve in the narrow waterway and unfortunately for him, upon striking the shoreline, he was ejected from the boat and landed on an old fence post. The good news is after about 6 months, this man made a full recovery after suffering a shattered hip, broken leg, several broken ribs, internal injuries and soft tissue damage. The doctors credited his recovery to the fact that the post lodged itself so tightly that there was little or no blood loss.



Lundy Island Hash House Harriers

Run No.23.

5th September 2009

Price: £55.00 until 1st July, £60 until 1st August, then £65

Price Includes; Limited edition collectors T-shirt,
"O' I'M LARDY" Hash (Oscar, Iron Maiden & Lightweight's Annual Run Debacle, WhY? (Friday Evening Pub Crawl Run),
Camping in Bideford on Friday & Saturday nights,
Ferry crossings,
Hash on Lundy Island,
(Bring Your Own) Picnic (Pub Grub may be available at pub prices),
Saturday night Disco,
Saturday night buffet,
Sunday Breakfast,
Sunday Run with the North East Rural Devon H3.

For more info contact;

Paul "Fat Controller" Mountford, Tel: 0117 9352 372

Mark "Tablewhine" Young, Tel: 020 8567 5712 E-mail: tablewhine@hotmail.com

Fill in the form below and send (with your cheque*) to:

Mark 'Tablewhine' Young, 18 Balfour Road, Ealing, London, W13 9TN.

Name; _____ Hash Name; _____

Home Hash; _____

Address; _____

_____ Post Code; _____

Tel; _____

Email; _____

I would like to come and I enclose a cheque* for £ _____

T-shirt ____ Vest ____ Size: S ____ M ____ L ____ XL ____ XXL ____

I'm a Veggi ____ I'll eat anything ____

*Make Cheques Payable to 'Lundy Island Hash House Harriers'

A word of advice before I begin - don't make the mistake of nominating someone else to be scribe when the GM asks for volunteers as it is very likely to backfire on you, as I found out at the beginning of the r*n.

It was a glorious day in leafy Richmond and loads of regulars and visitors alike turned out for Nice Butt's r*n.

The pace was quite fast as the trail headed toward the river and then the park with the front r*nners quickly finding flour and kicking through the check points. So fast was the trail that the FRB's actually held an impromptu 'regroup' to allow the remainder of the pack to catch up.



After a good 15 minutes wait, Interesting Steve, (somewhat rudely, and with no regard to the hare's feelings) pronounced the r*n to be 'boring and predictable' called 'on on' and headed for Isabella Plantation.

The ornamental woodland garden was awash with pinks of every shade and hue and was breathtakingly beautiful. Sleek Cheeks, Domesticator and I were so caught up with the 'pinkness' of all the Azaleas and Rhododendrons that we momentarily lost trail and started following the 'Catch the Hare' trail from the previous week.



Whilst it is not a hardship getting lost in a beautiful garden on a glorious day, it was a bit disappointing to be told that there was no Pimms left when we eventually arrived at the drinks stop.

Ah well, courtesy of hash flash –Teapot, here is a picture of the Pimms proudly displayed by Bonnie.



'On inn' was called and we headed back to the pub and settled down to numerous beers in the sun soaked garden.

Down-downs for various trumped up charges went to Nice Butt (at least twice), Hard Core Bomber, Sky Lark, the visitors, Bonnie, Called Away, Fat Bastard & Footloose. Stop Press - As far as I am aware for once in our Hash lives, the local residents didn't complain about us! I'll drink to that!

On On Screwloose

London H3#1890
April 27, 2009
Mile End
Pub: Palm Tree
Hare: Pete the Pilot
Pack Size: 18
Scribe: Titanic



I left Wood Green (where I was staying) early to get to Mile End which is just as well as I had a challenge to find a P-trail...the hash had truly begun! It was such hard work finding the P-trail that I failed to notice the arrow crossing the road so I wasted a few minutes walk! Eventually I found the pub...The Palm Tree...was it the right one? They play jazz music...the only Palm Tree premises of any sort I previously knew is the Palm Tree Resort in Subic Bay, Philippines! What a strange and inappropriate name for this East End boozier...the pub was playing great classic jazz music recordings. A few minutes later Thunderthighs walked in wheeling in heavy luggage as she just flew in from Greece...as I was minding her house and her cat Fatty for a few weeks.

The pack was called to order and the Pilot the hare informed us he would not be coming on the run and Caboose volunteered to be the front marker. The maps which were tricky to interpret were handed out to some of us so I didn't bother to look at it. I couldn't even locate the pub on the map so I had no choice but to keep up with the pack which wasn't too difficult as the pace of the pack weren't running at breakneck speed.



The trail wound its way past the Hertford Union canal and into Victoria Park, it was raining steadily, not heavily. We wound our way out of the park then found ourselves wondering back in and there was a beautiful rainbow....and at the end of it was a pot of Gold or should I say....Tea!

Then the trail past the old London Bridge monument....before we crossed a bridge over the A12. The trail wound its way past more of the Hertford Union Canal and past Bow industrial estate of Hackney Wick, right next to one Olympic stadium building sites.

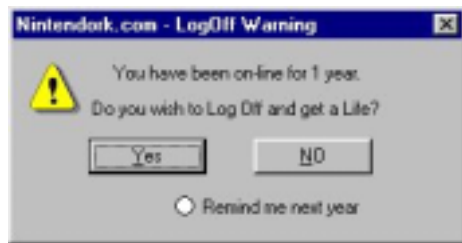
The trail wound its way back over the A12 and through the streets and back over the and eventually back to the Palm trail. Good effort from Pete the Pilot and thanks to Caboose for sweeping the trail so the stragglers including me didn't get lost. Overall it was an interesting trail.



After the circle was held in which Pete was given his hare down down and an award was given for a 50 Not Out....(Not Out's London H3 50th run) in walked Tango one hour after we finished as she also had problems map reading too!

Cheers and on on Titanic

TRUE STORIES...



Teapot has headed off to work for the UN Refugee Agency in Laayoune, Western Sahara on projects aimed at improving the humanitarian conditions for Sahari refugees. At present there are no report of any Hashes in Western Sahara, but there are plenty of rather fast scorpions to keep Teapot company as he endeavor to set virgin trails.

He writes "I'm settling in fine - Laayoune is a rather small town, busy traffic, and familiar dusty concrete apartment block all over. The UN is pretty much the biggest industry in town....except for maybe the fish market.

Few opportunities for the kind of entertainment I would be used to - am missing out on the new Star Trek, but will find new fun things to do in time.

The communication infrastructure is a bit lacking so, although I've been able to visit an internet cafe to spend time talking with Tiina (Domesticator), it will be hard for me to upload pictures and little access to facebook or skype.

Nevertheless, I am extremely excited that I am finally here in my new home for the next eight months or more, and already, happily, I have plenty of work to keep me very busy.

There is an incredible history and dynamics I am coming face to face with, and frankly I am now in the thick of it. Real frontier kind of work.

On On,
Teapot

HASHERS WHO NEED TO GET A LIFE



The Hague Hash wins the bid for Eurohash 2011



HASHERS WHO HAVE A NEW LIFE



MORE TRUE STORIES.....

26.2 MILES & STILL DRINKING.....



Is this survey unfairly targeting the London Hash Committee



Who thinks up these headlines?



LONDON HASHERS
STRUGGLE TO KEEP
UP WITH THE
TORTOISE AT
EUROHASH IN
TURKEY



LH3 Run No. 1893
Monday 11th May 2009
Turnham Green, The Duke of York
Hare: Snow White

There I was sleeping soundly and next thing I knew the keys were jingling in the door, the trainers came out, the bags were grabbed and in the car we got.

Off we went down to Chiswick, parked and ran down the road following the P trail. Around the corner, there was a group of loud hashers gathered outside the pub who looked just like this.



It just happened that at that precise moment they were looking around for a scribe for the day and I walked, stage centre, right into that one.

Note to self: either be earlier next time or stop for a longer pee

Being late, the run started immediately south bound down towards the river and the lovely London sewage type smells. Numerous trees along the way and we went through Homefield Recreation Ground. I met a friend there off lead seemingly without her owner. We swapped the normal pleasantries of sniffing each other all over just



like all good true hashers do and then we went along our way again.

One hasher with a loud American accent (my uncle Scarface) and blue shoes like these was encouraging us and calling out loudly helping us along the way.

Round the corner we went and I could tell we were near the brewery with the lovely smell of hops and barley. Then we gathered a bit outside a church with very loud bells pealing.

Temptations to do a little dance were resisted and On On was called round to Chiswick Park – one of my favourite hang outs. I like doing my business in the bushes there (such a true hasher activity).



We started to make our way back north up to the High Road. Up by the town hall, I lost the chalk and flour scent and, following encouragement from the one that carries a tankard on his belt, opted to go straight back along the high road.

Back at the pub, a lovely large bowl of treats and liquid was waiting (aka crisps and beer to you). Several crumbs were dropped much to my joy. Loud yelling and gulping known as down downs took place. There were 3 witches awarded a drink (one looked ever so much like my honorary auntie Jilted Jugs) plus some other visitors & friends.

All in all a fun night out and it beat agility training any day.

ON ON!! WOOF!! WOOF!!

Jacques (aka Swung Low or Mobile Shit Machine to some meanies out there)



Run 1894 pimlico

Hares Scar face and sweet cheeks

With all the regulars in Turkey there seemed to be a plethora of septics

The hares ..yanks

The virgins 5 yanks

The visitors 2 yanks

I arrived early and then listened to various hop Nazis complain that the beer was off

This continued until Testi got the barrel changed ,but I think this was because they had finished it

Rather than that the barman had noticed

SO off we went down the river and across Vauxhall Bridge ..(or is it now owned by Fiat ?)

A bit of spying proved that MI5 building was a false trail so back across the bridge and downstream again and then inland where the virgins discovered that checks work

They soon learnt how to hover and wait for the Hare ..who did not like to mark though until she was sure that all the yanks had gone the wrong way

The trail I think then went fairly straight to Victoria coach station with the back markers shepherded by the larger of the two hares

The SCBs then kept bumping into eric mostly and a few late comers who had been stuck under a train on the Victoria line or something like that

Im told the main trail then skirted round the Chelsea flower show where a few of the pack tried to pick up some toffs in frocks while others bugged the pimps/chauffeurs

Trail wended back via a regroup or two to a view stop where sweet cheeks tried to explain the Pink Floyd animals album cover (Battersea power station) to the yanks
Most of who were still wearing nappies (when it was printed –not on trail)

Then back via trail and short cuts towards the river and the pub

The virgin girlies got down downed for being virgins and yanks

And one or two of them proved that they could drink

MM got accused of torching a west country fire station with man pig

Knickers got done for frontrunning or something

And there was a pair of titanics (one titanic drinks all titanics drink)

We were informed the collective noun for titanics is a Down Down

Though Mad cow did think it was a Glacier

But then he does go waterskiing in the Alps at easter

The pub was very generous and the locals decided to practice becoming hashers and kidnapped the GM and tortured im by filling him with free beer

The rest of us left and watched more tourists get squashed under trains on the tube again

On on FB

** How do you define optimism? A banker who irons 5 shirts on a Sunday. **

** What's the difference between Investment Bankers and London Pigeons? The Pigeons are still capable of making deposits on new BMW's**



Run no. 1895.

Wimbledon, The Crooked Billet.

Hare: Unacceptable.

Scribe: KC

The only comes once-a-year Cockney (a writer by profession, allegedly) was nominated Scribe but later cried off, due to wrist strain/injury, so it was down to yours truly to try recall the day's proceedings.

There had been threats of thunderstorms over the Common earlier on, but Weather Goddess turned benign this Bank Holiday and drew a pack of 36, plus Lil'Bum (aged 8 weeks) who came in her own F1 beer buggy, appropriately equipped with Weissbier holder and parents in tow. There were visitors from far and wide and a crop of enthusiastic virgins – including one from the Yokohama hinterland.



Despite the lack of rain, the run was as wet and shiggy as one could expect from Unacceptable, with two river crossings and a couple of bogs to boot. Much of the trail was pleasantly soft underfoot and cleverly avoided the windmill, golf course and Balls. Sadly, hashers were strung out over the 4.5 mile trail as checks were few and easy to suzzout (like running City, one hasher commented). Bright spots were Knickers showing off her sun tan as close to the lower cleavage as one would dare on the common.

Otherwise, some very wet feet and no major injuries, although the stinging nettles did damage to quite a few. Road Kill came off worst with massive gashes running up and down both thighs – he must have been bouncing up and down the undergrowth, or was someone else helping him? Whacker on the other hand had difficulty negotiating dog poo and ended up eating dirt in full view of his offspring, who seems to have seen it all before. SB (Swollen Boner) completed the hatrick by crashing into a low lying bough, perpetuating the swelling.

Down-downs, officiated by none other than our absolutely laid back 2AM (minus the Euro-hashing TW & JJ, both of whom were surprisingly sorely not missed), took a long time coming, but were done with great efficiency and economy (the quarter pint down-down will go down in the annals of hash history as the most economic ever).



The Crooked Billet to its credit did not run out of beer – they had plenty of notice, I am told. Good range on offer and reasonably well kept, although one has to keep and eye on the pint-line. Also do not go for the little packets of biltong next to the crisps.

These bits of dried leather cost nearly as much as half a steak in the restaurant.

Overall Verdict: Very good run. There is still life in LH3, despite Eurohash, and the absence of Tea-Pot and Boggers.

ON! ON! KC

In the hospital the relatives gathered in the waiting room, where their family member lay gravely ill.

Finally, the doctor came in looking tired and somber. "I'm afraid I'm the bearer of bad news," he said as he surveyed the worried faces.

"The only hope left for your loved one at this time is a brain transplant. It's an experimental procedure, very risky but it is the only hope.

Insurance will cover the procedure, but you will have to pay for the brain yourselves."

The family members sat silently as they absorbed the news. After a great length of time, someone asked, "Well, how much does a brain cost?"

The doctor quickly responded, "£5,000 for a male brain, and £200 for a female brain."

The moment turned awkward. Men in the room tried not to smile, avoiding eye contact with the women, but some actually smirked.

A man unable to control his curiosity, blurted out the question everyone wanted to ask, "Why is the male brain so much more?"

The doctor smiled at the childish innocence and explained to the entire group, "It's just standard pricing procedure. We have to mark down the price of the female brains, because they've actually been used."

DON'T WE STILL LOVE THE TOMMY COOPER STYLE JOKES.....

- I met this bloke with a didgeridoo and he was playing Dancing Queen on it. I thought, 'That's Aboriginal.'
- This lorry full of tortoises collided with a van full of terrapins. It was a turtle disaster.
- I told my girlfriend I had a job in a bowling alley. She said 'Tenpin?' I said, 'No, permanent.'
- I went in to a pet shop. I said, 'Can I buy a goldfish?' The guy said, 'Do you want an aquarium?' I said, 'I don't care what star sign it is.'
- I bought some Armageddon cheese today, and it said on the packet. 'Best before End'
- I went to buy a watch, and the man in the shop said 'Analogue.' I said 'No, just a watch.'
- I went into a shop and I said, 'Can someone sell me a kettle.' The bloke said 'Kenwood' I said, 'Where is he then?'
- My mate is in love with two schoolbags. He's bi-satchel.
- I went to the doctor. I said to him 'I'm frightened of lapels.' He said, 'You've got cholera.'
- I met the bloke who invented crosswords today. I can't remember his name, its P something T something R.
- I was reading this book today, The History of Glue. I couldn't put it down.
- I phoned the local ramblers club today, but the bloke who answered just went on and on.
- The recruitment consultant asked me 'What do you think of voluntary work?' I said 'I wouldn't do it if you paid me.'
- I was in the jungle and there was this monkey with a tin opener. I said, 'You don't need a tin opener to peel a banana.' He said, 'No, this is for the custard.'
- This policeman came up to me with a pencil and a piece of very thin paper. He said, 'I want you to trace someone for me.'
- I told my mum that I'd opened a theatre. She said, 'Are you having me on?' I said, 'Well I'll give you an audition, but I'm not promising you anything.'
- I phoned the local builders today, I said to them 'Can I have a skip outside my house?' He said, 'I'm not stopping you!'
- This cowboy walks in to a German car showroom and he says 'Audi!'
- I fancied a game of darts with my mate. He said, 'Nearest the bull goes first' He went 'Baah' and I went 'Moo' He said 'You're closest'
- 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'
- I visited the offices of the RSPCA today. It's tiny: you couldn't swing a cat in there.
- I was stealing things in the supermarket today while balanced on the shoulders of a couple of vampires. I was charged with shoplifting on two counts.
- I bought a train ticket to France and the ticket seller said 'Eurostar' I said 'Well I've been on telly but I'm no Dean Martin.'
- 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 went to the local video shop and I said, 'Can I borrow Batman Forever?' He said, 'No, you'll have to bring it back tomorrow'
- A waiter asks a man, 'May I take your order, sir?' 'Yes,' the man replies. 'I'm just wondering, exactly how do you prepare your chickens?' 'Nothing special, sir. We just tell them straight out that they're going to die'

LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS RUN LIST

RUN No	DATE	VENUE	PUB	HARE
1900	Monday 15 th June '09 7pm	Notting Hill Gate	The Hillgate	Titanic
1901	Monday 22 nd June '09 7pm	Green Park	The Kings Arms	Bonnie
1902	Friday 26 th June '09 7am	Farringdon Breakfast trail	Probably The Cock Tavern	Prince
1903	Monday 29 th June '09 7pm	Crossharbour DLR	The George	Jilted Jugs
1904	Sunday 5 th July '09 12noon	Henley		Ratshit
1905	Monday 6 th July '09 7pm	Tuffnell Park		Mouthwash
1906	Monday 13 th July '09 7pm	Kingston	The Wych Elm	Pickled Fart
1907	Monday 20 th July '09 7pm	Tba		Aussie Bear
1908	Monday 27 th July '09 7pm	Kilburn or St John's Wood	Please check before leaving home	Not Out
1909	Monday 3 rd August '09 7pm	Tba		Black Hole
1910	Monday 10 th August '09 7pm	Tba		Tba
1911	Monday 17 th August '09 7pm	Gt Portland St		Pope