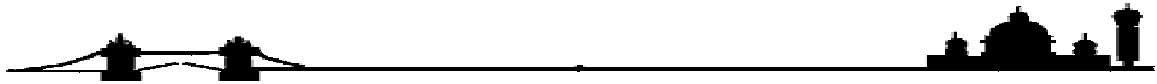


# ON! PAPER!

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

VOLUME 32 - ISSUE 6



**RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON**

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

**SATURDAY 3<sup>RD</sup> OCTOBER 2009**  
**IT'S THE LONDON H3 AGPU**  
**FROM BARNES.**

**HASHERS - YOU CANNOT TRUST A POSTAL VOTE TO  
KEEP YOU OFF THE COMMITTEE!**



**"I have every faith in postal voting"**

**LH3 Hash Contacts**

**Grand Master: -**

*Chris (Testiculator)Andrews*

**Hon Sec: -**

*Nikki (Call Girl)Gordon- Jones*

*onsec@londonhash.org*

**Hash Flash:-**

*Teddy (Teapot)Leposky*

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**&**

*Ryde*

*lh3edit@londonhash.org*

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

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or [lh3edit@londonhash.org](mailto:lh3edit@londonhash.org)

**DON'T MISS**

- \* Loads of Run Write ups
- \* Beer sampling in Faversham
- \* Tree Felling in Brittany
- \* News from Japan
- \* News from the Western Sahara
- \* Charity presentations
- \* Four weddings & a Funeral  
(Oh, OK, just one wedding)

### London H3 #1897 King's Cross Monday 8th June 2009

Being the proud owner of a 50 runs volumetrically challenged tankard, I figured I'd now been around long enough and having done this venue a few times already now, a P trail from Kings Cross was only for beginners and I might as well head out from Russell Square which was clearly closer. Bristling with confidence I walked towards London Welsh club, up Grey's Inn Road and passed a young lady with a familiar face. We smile as we pass and I try and remember where we had met before. Damn old age! From school perhaps not sure, but then it was a boys school, although I was always suspicious of that lad in the second row. Maybe a Harriet? Unlikely, going the wrong way you see. Anyway it'll come. Then I pass another gent. A stranger but wearing a loud T-Shirt, too quick to read but no doubt H3. I stopped and thought, OK odds are now against me, turn back you've missed the mark. Strangely enough the young lady in question, Screwloose I believe, passed again on the way back going the other way on the other side of the road so I felt slightly comforted.



Hare & Scribe

Two visitors and two virgins; the Erector (didn't work for me) and a young lady from Cambridge Hash who's hash run from the same pub each week (how do they keep that interesting ?) and a couple of Sams who were both 6'2" and scarily similar from Durham University. Moderate turn out for the pack and as usual considerably more at the end than at the start !

Erik the Viking was the Hare and he turned up looking disturbingly like he was just about to embark on a 6 month campaign complete with 80lb rucksack. Made me wonder exactly how long this run was going to be and how hostile the territory was. That became clear within 5 blocks of starting as I was bush-wacked by Testi and volunteered to be scribe.

The run took us round a multitude of Clerkwel/Finsbury backstreets and my knees told me avoided all green spaces like the medieval plague pits they no doubt once were. It still amazes me that I can have no idea where I am for a good half hour in a city I grew up in! I do know we surfaced again around the barbican having dashed down Whitecross market along the way. The run then took us down Aldersgate then back up through West Smithfield and the market. Ahhhhhh the smell of freshly dead meat, pity the veggies. Up through those medieval streets all roughly called St John's something and across Farringdon Rd. Skylark and the two Sams leading the way. A few tricky moments when the pack got very scattered before the trail was picked up again and we headed towards Mount Pleasant. You know that bit where it suddenly gets hilly again. I'm always surprised to find a hill in London. Its not so obvious when your walking or flashing the Oyster card. Surely in a modern city hills should be a thing of the past (especially at the tail end of runs). After all they covered over the rivers when they got in the way. Otherwise we would have got wet feet at Farringdon. So why not level the hills. Anyway puffed my way up this one and hit Grey's Inn Rd again back to the London Welsh. I don't have an issue with the Welsh on the hole but they do seem to huddle round that staircase to the bar whenever we return. Like a final obstacle. Ever thought of London Scottish HQ Eric?

Down downs saw our visitors and the Sams drinking (synchronised of course). Also Boggers – cos he's off (if you see what I mean) and someone else, I forget who, for their fine pair of new shoes. Though clearly these shoes already had holes, as he made a thorough mess on the carpet (or was he just scared) but this didn't seem to phase our veteran barman at all.

Thanks Eric, you can fall out now and set up base camp.

#### On On Not Out

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Some Edinburgh Festival Jokes:

My parents are from Glasgow which means they're incredibly hard, but I was never smacked as a child ... well maybe one or two grams to get me to sleep at night. *Susan Murray at the Underbelly*

Is it fair to say that there'd be less litter in Britain if blind people were given pointed sticks? *Adam Bloom at the Pleasance*

Q: Who are the most decent people in the hospital?

A: The ultrasound people.

*David O'Doherty at the Gilded Balloon*

**Pub: The Hillgate**  
**LH3 Run No 1900.**  
**Mon 15<sup>TH</sup> June 2009.**  
**Nottinghill Gate**  
**Hare: Titanic.**



It had been a glorious summer's day but as the pack arrive at the pub black ominous clouds appear in the sky, and as we congregate outside the rain starts to fall, slowly at first. Hashers start to pull colourful rain jackets from their bags. Titanic was beginning to look very worried, and he reassuringly confided in me that the trail was set in self raising flour! But he still looked very worried! Bless! He then announced as this was run no 1900, there would be 19 checks, some of us, including myself momentarily believed him.

Okay! It's pissing down now, and as we set off through South Kensington the pack quickly lost trail, but on we go searching for wet arrows, the great hardened tough outdoor creatures that we are, hoods up and down, as the sun keeps trying to peep through the clouds. Titanic was furiously drawing checks behind where we had run! As we ran up a hill to a regroup, Titanic conceded defeat and basically just told us where to go, turning the run into a live hare scenario.

The regroup was outside a youth hostel, the purpose to show us the possible venue for the London 2000 run celebrations. Then Eric the Viking took a trip down memory lane, "Ah! I remember this place weelll" telling us tales of his shenanigans there, something about climbing over fences, being very drunk, chasing skirt, police involvement...etc.

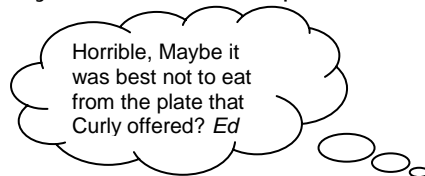


Moreon confidently predicted where the trail would head next, "A perfect rectangle!" he announced hastening any navigational difficulties through washed out trail as most of the pack were just following him, through Kensington Gardens. Titanic has not given up entirely and is busy marking trail again.

A very pretty rainbow now appears as the rain starts to fade away. Beautiful!



Back at the pub hashers congregate outside again as the sun is back, lots of hash food is served sausages, chips, and chicken wings. However when I went to find the chicken wings only a mound of bones were left, not a scrap of meat to be found, and Curly kindly offered me the plate...Lovely!



The down downs were conducted in h tones and the singing slightly muted as



resident appeared in person to complain but was somewhat apologetic about it! I don't know whether he got frightened, the sight of 24 hashers staring menacingly back at him.... Ha ha!  
On On Horrible!

### **Run 1901, Held On 22 June 2009 At The King's Arms, Shepherds' Market, Green Park Station**

Winnipeg, as I recall, is famous for being close to the longitudinal centre of North America, at the confluence of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers (noted for their giant catfish), and its Mennonite University. And not much else. Apart, that is, from a hash, from whence Shakes Beer was spawned. Now the said Shakes Beer had recently arrived in London, at the start of a round-the-world trip. Catfish being scarce in the Thames, Shakes Beer decided to concentrate on hashing, and soon, in fact quicker than you can say Jack Robinson, she had signed up as Bonnie's co-hare for a run in central London.

A fine summer evening attracted a fair crowd, including a number of North Americans, a Honkey, and a virgin (Is a bell) from Coventry, but there were no shepherds at the market or even in the inn. In recent weeks Bonnie has been working hard and actually succeeded in getting Boggers sent to Pretoria for a brief spell. Despite the absence of our dear friend Boggers, who is always keen to get the show on the road (probably so he can get home and watch something on the telly), the run started more or less on time. And in no time at all we were passing the former wartime workplace of Titanic Dickhead's Great Auntie Nancy, marked by an official blue plaque. Shortly after, we passed a rather grander residence, also with a blue plaque, indicating that Lord Palmerston lived there. Nobody admitted to having a Great Uncle Henry.



Then, after a loop or three, and a stroll through St James's Park, we passed an even bigger and even grander residence. It was clearly an important residence, since there were soldiers in fancy uniforms standing to attention in fancy little sheds, and large numbers of people (mainly Japanese) sticking their heads through the railings to get a better view. But since there was no blue plaque on the wall, it was hard to work out why the house was attracting so much attention.

Fortunately, Soufflée, who knows about these things, was able to tell us that it was occupied for some of each year by a rich old lady and her husband. And apparently, as a flag was flying, she was in residence. Very educational, these central London hash runs. But at this point the hashers were getting restless. The hare had short-cut to the large residence, and his co-hare had been front running, but between them they had somehow omitted to mark through the checks. Fortunately for the rich old lady, the revolution did not materialise, and the hashers wended on their weary way.

The sensible ones wended straight across Green Park, crossed Piccadilly, and, demonstrating once again what can be done without a hand-held GPS, found their way back to the pub in time to get served before the revolting masses arrived. Subsequently, Last Tango, Unacceptable and Linford returned, delayed, not because they didn't like the revolting masses, but because they had to do a bit of checking for a change. And it was good to see that Last Tango was no longer plastered, although, like the good lady from Devizes, it seemed that her arms were of different sizes.

2am and Tablewhine conducted a circle and duly rewarded the hare and his catfish-loving co-hare, awarded a 50-run mug to Black Hole,



welcomed the visitors and virgins, and made us listen to a revolutionary song from the Honkey and the Hare which apparently they sing in Beijing. Avoid it, I say.

**More On**



**Run #:** 1906 13<sup>th</sup> July  
**On On:** Wych Elm, Kingston  
**Hare:** Pickled Fart

This was a very special run starting with cheques being presented to three charities before we set off, as a result of too much profiteering by the Eurohash07 committee. Eurohash started two years ago to the day so this seemed like a good opportunity to rectify the mismanagement of this event. A very large pack in surplus of 40 hashers met in the beautiful pub garden before the run where the cheques were presented by the Eurohash GM, Trig surrounded by the other committee members in the now familiar blue and yellow Eurohash committee shirts that included Ryde, Tablewhine and Pete the Pilot, as well as those accused of being “returnees” listed later in the down down section.

I thought one of the benefiting charities must be the Battersea Dogs Home as Jacques fought off half a dozen very large dogs before we even set off (their owner very sensibly took them home just before Jacques returned from the run) but I was wrong. The beneficiaries were local charities, The Children’s Trust (£1,000) and Barnfield Trust/Riding for the Disabled (local branch and owners of the said dogs, £1,000), and Riding for the Disabled (£750). After each were presented with their cheques, the representatives made warm speeches that made it feel good to be a hasher, realising we do do some good other than run/trot/walk, dress up in women’s clothes (independent of gender) and drink beer!

We moved to the front of the pub to circle up for the GM to welcome the numerous returnees who as mentioned already were mainly Eurohash committee members, visitors and Man Magnet as the new GM for West London. The GM was standing on a crossed out but still very evident “W” at the beginning of the spot which should have read “LH3 On Inn”. Somehow this was overlooked by the RA’s later on.

We meandered away from the pub along trail predictably in the direction of Richmond Park, although there was a bit of confusion as we appeared to be following a “P trail” to start with (again overlooked by the RA’s). Maybe that is why the hare lost quite a significant number of hashers at the first check as they decided to head off... to the pub. Apparently Testi and More On decided to head off in a different direction again (although one can only speculate given they were not in the “let’s go to a pub” group...where did they go?).

It already had taken on a fast pace as testosterone competed at the front of the pack between the likes of Rubbed Raw and Sky Lark and probably a bunch of others, but given I was no where near the front of the pack I can only speculate. We entered the Park at the Kingston Gate where there was a conveniently long first check which allowed for a loo stop opportunity. The hash ran a very pleasant route between Kingston and Ham Gate via Isabella Plantation. Fat Bastard (PF’s little helper) was seen cycling backwards and apparently laid the in-trail. He also managed to slip in a view spot “this is my balcony” somewhere between the two gates for those who happened to be carrying a telescope. Meanwhile the hare proper, PF was walking at the back of the pack with his harem of six harriettes (Trig was mistaken for a harriette courtesy of his long locks). However, at about 2/3rds of the way around somehow the Hare of Hares managed to lead his harem astray at a “challenging check”. Tango commented on there being a good Pimms’ stop so not sure what run or planet she was on.



All up it was a very scenic trail mainly in the park on a lovely summer's evening, but short by Pickled Fart's standards as slightly less than an hour and without the checks about 4.5 miles (for those who like stat's). Some commented on the pace being more akin to a City than London Hash.

The circle was held back in the lovely garden (which is open to the public as part of a charity day...on August 2<sup>nd</sup>). Down downs went to:

- The Hare, Pickled Fart
- Rambo for hare of the dog – he tripped over the six dogs and Jacques as he put his bag behind the bar.
- Visitors:
  - Rubbed Raw and Sandy Crevice from Phnom Penh/WLH3.
  - Dave, the landlord's friend who proudly donned a London Marathon shirt.
  - More Legs and hubby from Ohio.
- Returnees:
  - Hedgehog, EFES, No Knickers, and Daffy
  - Ex-Eurohash committee members Urine, Stonker, Saddlesniffer, and Peacemaker.
- New WLH3 GM, Man Magnet.



The evening continued in the pub and garden, and we were provided with great food and hospitality by the pub as usual. The choice to hold the charity run there was very fitting and the hash is encouraged to visit the garden on August 2<sup>nd</sup> (*Oops! Sorry Ed*) to help support them in their endeavour to raise money for charity and compete in the National Garden Scheme National Garden Scheme (NGS) (Link <http://www.ngs.org.uk/>). The Wych Elm is the first Pub garden ever included in the scheme, which supports various national charities such as the Macmillan Trust and also the garden owner can nominate their own local charities

(undoubtedly this will include the local branch of Riding for the Disabled, the Barnfield Trust). The Wych Elm has always been accommodating and generous to the Hash and it would be nice if a few of us turned up to support this event. Of course there is nothing to stop us having a few beers afterwards - looking at gardens can be thirsty work!



**ON! ON!  
Hot & Delicious**

Two silk worms had a race. They ended up in a tie.

I was watching the London Marathon and saw one runner dressed as a chicken and another runner dressed as an egg. I thought: 'This could be interesting.'

A small boy swallowed some coins and was taken to a hospital. When his grandmother telephoned to ask how he was, a nurse said, 'No change yet.'

# THANK YOU'S FROM THE CHARITIES

## BARNFIELD RIDING for the DISABLED

Barnfield Riding School Parkfields Road Kingston upon Thames Surrey KT2 5LL

Tel: 020 8546 3616

Black Horse Harriers  
c/o The Wych Elm  
Elm Road  
Kingston upon Thames

14<sup>th</sup> July 2009

Dear Black Horse Harriers

Thank you all so very much for your generous donation to our funds. We assist over 40 disabled riders each week, mostly local children, to enjoy the pleasure and benefit of horse riding.

The group was formed in 1987 and is entirely self funding and your help is very much appreciated. Should anyone wish to visit and see one of our groups in action you would be most welcome, but please telephone first.

We have had over the years tremendous support from Murrey & Janet and the customers of The Wych Elm and we are all delighted that you also class us as one of the charities to benefit from your fund raising efforts.

I enclose some information about our group activities, which I hope you will find informative.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely

David Thomas  
Chairman

Registered Charity Number 1072731



Hi John

I'm so pleased that my colleague Diana was able to come and pick up your wonderful cheque for £1,000 towards our work at the Trust. I am going to send you a thank you letter but will get it framed so that you can hang it up in the pub. May as well let all the patrons see what a great group the HHH are!

With very best wishes

Allegra  
Allegra Scott  
Community Fundraising Manager  
South East Regional Office  
The Children's Trust  
PO Box 189  
LEWES  
BN7 9GB

### Italian Tomato Garden:

An old Italian lived alone in New Jersey. He wanted to plant his annual tomato garden, but it was very difficult work, as the ground was hard. His only son, Vincent, who used to help him, was in prison. The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament:

Dear Vincent,

I am feeling pretty sad, because it looks like I won't be able to plant my tomato garden this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. I know if you were here my troubles would be over... I know you would be happy to dig the plot for me, like in the old days.  
Love, Papa

A few days later he received a letter from his son.

Dear Pop,

Don't dig up that garden. That's where the bodies are buried.

Love,  
Vinnie

At 4 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire area without finding any bodies. They apologized to the old man and left.

That same day the old man received another letter from his son.

Dear Pop,

Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I could do under the circumstances.

Love you,  
Vinnie

A Doctor at a health conference said "The material we put into our stomachs is enough to have killed most of us sitting here, years ago. Red meat is awful. Soft drinks corrode your stomach lining. Chinese food is loaded with MSG. High fat diets can be destructive, and none of us realizes the long-term harm caused by the germs in our drinking water. But there is one thing that is the most dangerous of all and we all have, or will, eat it. Can anyone here tell me what food it is that causes the most grief and suffering for years after eating it?" After several seconds of silence, a 70-year-old man sitting in the front row raised his hand, and softly said, "Wedding Cake."

Little Johnny's kindergarten class was on a field trip to their local police station where they saw pictures tacked to a bulletin board of the 10 most wanted criminals. One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a wanted person. 'Yes,' said the policeman. 'The detectives want very badly to capture him.' Little Johnny asked, 'Why didn't you keep him when



# TRUE STORIES...

## A short update Urine/John (12/08/09).

Hhhi All

I am home at last after another 3 weeks in hospital, but without any knee joint.

Got my knee in a brace again, but it all seems to be healing up well. Its a long incision - 56 clips!!!

I've got a "Hickman Line" into my chest and from there into a major vein, and a Bupa nurse comes round twice a day to administer some really heavy duty (and unbelievably expensive) antibiotics which stink of cat pee. This will go on for 6 weeks, and then we wait until the blood count for the bacteria comes down. They are testing me every week, drawing the sample from the tube (totally painless).

They will then call me back for some special scans, from which they will make a special replacement joint - we are way past stock sizes now! The surgeon told me he had really taken a LOAD of bone and other material out of my knee - it is noticeably smaller than it was.

Once the new joint is ready they will call me back for fitting, and then we see how we go on.

The new house in Evesham is Fine (if small), and I'm getting in lots of practice using the stairlift. Its livable with, so far. Cheers and on on Urine/John



## Fantastic News from Takobelle and Country Bumpkin

Hello, Kathy & Mark.

How are you???

This is Takobelle & CountryBumpkin.

He is birthday today. We were 44years old now.

We were told from doctor that Takobelle is 18 weeks pregnant. We could get baby next year Jan 11th.maybe.

We are biggggg surprised 3days ago. We just holiday for 2weeks in Japan.

So CountryBumpkin has to go back Doha Qatar alone.

Takobelle has to stay Japan until baby born but I don't know I could come back Doha or not. This is depend on my ContryBumpkin's job.

We just let you know Hash members as soos as possible.

We miss you very very much.

Please,put this news on hash news paper.

Love XXXXXX Takobelle& CountryBumpkin



## LOOBERTY & BULLDOZER ENGAGEMENT COMES TO AN END.....



*Chip off the old block! Ed*

EX LONDON HASH COMMITTEE MEMBERS - DAFFY DUCK (RA) & FAD (Hash Cash - I think) bring a new hasher into the world - Matthew, a brother for Tom.

MORE TRUE STORIES.....



50 runs mug awarded to Black Hole

Hot & Delicious samples the pure spring waters of Faversham during the LH3 Shepherd Neame Brewery Tour having just announced that she and Nice Butt are expecting a baby at the end of the year.



TDH celebrates 200 runs with LH3



Teapot sends greetings from the Sahara. He says 'As hashes go out here, well, its a bit lonely on trail....probably 'cause it was set in sand. Seemed like a good idea at the time'.



Last Tango 'breaks a leg' to make the 2<sup>nd</sup> Paros Hash

'Hedgehogs. Why can't they just share the hedge?'





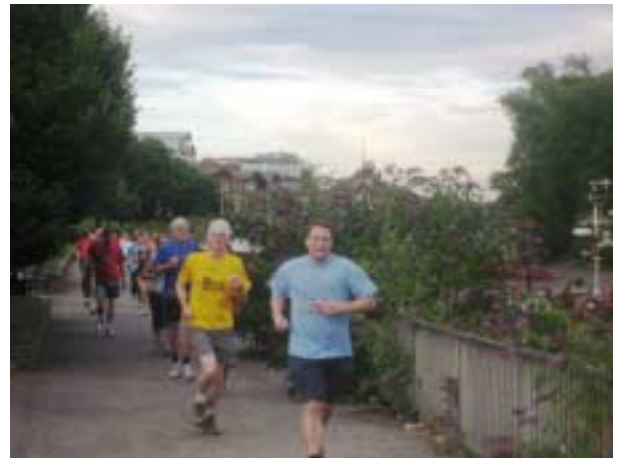
## The Express Tavern, Kew Bridge, 20<sup>th</sup> July 2009

Aussie Bear, An ex Hogwarts school master, hares his first trail (alone) for the London hash. Marking the trail with magical symbols, leading the way!. The run was spell binding! With a hidden boatyard, secret

path/passageways with locks, taking the hash to many Dead ends, running though estates and parks and far beyond! It was a shame that Aussie Bears powers of sorcery, couldn't help his fellow countryman at Lords, who lost the 2nd test to England!. Never mind Aussie Bear!.

Back at the watering hole (The Express Tavern), The fun began, every one was in a party mood enjoying the finer things life has to offer! Good fine ales, Table Whine's and ciders, excellent company with new and old hashers alike (What more could you ever wish for). With some hashers tucking into the pub grub! Testiculator was in great song! when called upon (yet again)!. A guest appearance from joint RA Jilted Jugs doing her stand up, for half an hour! helped to see the circle jollies go off with a bang!

**ON! ON! The Erector!**



Sorry, I am too busy with the navy (rum) to hash.  
ON! ON Titty Twinkles

### The best 'dear john' letter ever

A Marine stationed in Afghanistan recently received a "Dear John" letter from his girlfriend back home. It read as follows:

Dear Ricky,

I can no longer continue our relationship. The distance between us is just too great. I must admit that I have cheated on you twice, since you've been gone, and it's not fair to either of us. I'm sorry. Please return the picture of me that I sent to you.

Love, Becky

The Marine, with hurt feelings, asked his fellow Marines for any snapshots they could spare of their girlfriends, sisters, ex-girlfriends, aunts, cousins etc. In addition to the picture of Becky, Ricky included all the other pictures of the pretty girls he had collected from his buddies.

There were 57 photos in that envelope....along with this note:

Dear Becky, I'm so sorry, but I can't quite remember who you are. Please take your picture from the pile, and send the rest back to me. Take Care, Ricky

# WHAT ELSE HAS LONDON HASH BEEN UP TO THIS SUMMER?

*(Anyone got any photos from the Polo Picnic too? Ed)*

## SHEPHERD NEAME BREWERY TOUR WEEKEND



## FOLLEVILLE FLAT FROG HASH HOUSE HARRIERS WEEKEND - JULY 09





**RUN REPORT – THE CARLTON  
TAVERN -27/07/09  
SCRIBE – MAD COW  
HARES – NOT OUT & SOUFFLE**

A modest size pack bolstered by 2 virgins and 3 visitors resisted the cultural temptations of the opera in Holland Park to come to Kilburn Park (the respectable bit of Kilburn bordering on well heeled Maida Vale and St Johns Wood). The

hare promised us a long run and for once the hare was not lying. After the first check the run started to become very familiar, probably because for the next 2 miles the trail followed the same route as the West London run 3 weeks earlier! There was one subtle difference however, there were no checks. Realising that the rest of the pack were nowhere to be seen, Curly and I as the decrepit FRBs decided to call an impromptu regroup next to the fountain in Regents Park to await the eventual arrival of the rest of the pack. They duly staggered into view several minutes later with Thunder Thighs complaining bitterly about the absence of arrows, why I don't know as there were plenty of arrows, but a distinct absence of circles. As you would guess, as soon as we set off again, a regroup appeared 20 metres around the corner. The trail meandered around the park and the hare resisted the usual temptation for the view stop on Primrose Hill. Funky Gibbon was accosted by a young lady wanting to know where nearest the ladies was, why he would know is a mystery, but he gallantly recommended the nearest bush. We eventually blundered into Souffle leading the SCBs amongst whom Erector described the abbreviated version of the trail as a ball-breaker walk. Fortunately the last leg of the trail was down hill and a footsore pack gratefully stumbled into the pub to rehydrate.



Unusually the pub was equipped with a changing room, so the locals were spared the site of sweaty naked hash torsos fumbling for dry t shirts. With 5 newcomers, the haberdasher took the rare opportunity to reduce stocks of medium sized garments (as opposed to the usual XXL sizes needed) elegantly modelled by Natasha and Maxine. The hare sensibly realising that energy levels would be low after his epic trail had arranged for healthy platters of pizza and sausages to be provided which were swiftly savaged with the usual hash decorum. Duly



replenished, the pack was called to order by Jilted Jugs for the punishment of assorted hares, sinners, virgins and visitors.

Virgins: Linda and Maxine

Visitors : Mouthfart, Natasha and Jorge

Sinners: Double Entry, double sinner for not only losing the keys to the work safe, but losing a cheque payable to the hash (and yes she is apparently an accountant!), she was duly punished with 2 waters lest she crash her brand new car.

Table Whine & Thunder Thighs for technophobic fumbblings on a laptop.

Table Whine for managing to have his car towed away while waiting for a service, and no the car pound does not do a cheap deal on car servicing.





**London H3 run#1909**  
**Aug 3 2009**  
**Location: The Yacht Club, Greenwich, SE10**  
**Hare: Black Hole**  
**Pack Size: 19**  
**Scribe: Titanic**

I left Wood Green with Thunderthighs at 5.40pm in the hope for an early arrival for the on inn before the run was due to start....our hopes of this was cruelly dashed by the futile, unanticipated delays on the Docklands train..for me made all the worse as I advised Thunderthighs that I knew better as I use Oystercard and they are not accepted on the mainland National Rail train....but we still made it just before start.

Just before 7.30pm the pack was called to order by the stand in GM Jilted Jugs and I volunteered Souflait to be the scribe...but to no avail so I volunteered! The trail was almost identical to the one Eric the Retard laid for City H3 just 5 weeks previously! It wound its way up a hill which for a few yards was covered in red tarmac (no one seemed to know why) and up the hill leading up to the observatory and up to Blackheath where a regroup was held at the wall as the entrance lead its way through the gardens at the rear of the observatory....The on on was called by Piloting Pete and the delightful short trail wound its way back past the observatory and down onto the road leading through Greenwich village, back to the river and to the on inn. Thanks to Black Hole for laying a scenic trail.

About 30 or so minutes after the pack finished the trail, and the circle was about to start, in returned Last Tango, Eric and Lofty! Tango later told us she and Lofty caught the train from London Bridge and finished up in Grove Park!

Down Downs were awarded to the following by our illustrious RA Jilted Jugs:  
 Black Hole for laying a scenic trail

Me for moaning about the hash being 'so far out'....well its not too far for the RA Jilted Jugs as she lives nearby!

Curly for waking up very early at 5.30am this morning even though he is now retired!

Taxidermist for 300+ runs although he claims to have done a lot more; he was also given a down down for making an appointment to see a doctor regarding his 1982 toe injury!

Pete for piloting us through a check just after the regroup...the hip replacement has clearly done wonders for the Pilot!



**Cheers and on! on!**

**Titanic**

A FIREMAN came home from work one day and told his wife, "You know, we have a wonderful system at the fire station: BELL 1 rings and we all put on our jackets, BELL 2 rings and we all slide down the pole, BELL 3 rings and we're on the fire truck ready to go.  
 "From now on when I say BELL 1 I want you to strip naked.  
 When I say BELL 2 I want you to jump in bed.  
 And when I say BELL 3 We are going to make love all night.  
 " The next night he came home from work and yelled " BELL 1!" The wife promptly took all her clothes off.  
 When he yelled "BELL 2!", the wife jumped into bed.  
 When he yelled " BELL 3!", they began making love.  
 After a few minutes the wife yelled "BELL 4!"  
 "What the hell is BELL 4?" asked the husband?  
 "ROLL OUT MORE HOSE," she replied "  
 Y OU'RE NOWHERE NEAR THE FIRE."

Two Blonde Essex Girls walk into a department store, They walk up to the perfume counter and pick up a sample bottle. Debs sprays it on her wrist and smells it. "That's quite nice innit, don't you fink Trace"  
 "Yeah what's it called?"  
 "Viens a moi"  
 "VIENS A MOI, what the f\*\*k does that mean?"  
 At this stage the assistant offers some help. "Viens a moi ladies is French for 'come to me"  
 Debs takes another sniff and offers her arm to Tracey again saying "That doesn't smell like come to me, does that smell like come to you?"

## Stockwell – The Priory Arms – 10<sup>th</sup> Aug 2009

HHHi Ryde

How cunning! I normally get away with not righting up as I seldom complete a run but as we SCB's came in with the pack, I had no excuse.

I also congratulate LH3 that the run list now starts at Run 1911...already. Good updating.

This was Run 1910, the year that commemorates the deaths of Florence Nightingale and William James in August of that year.

The P- trail from Stockwell tube seemed odd, with police all over the booking hall and the trail all scuffed up? No P trail?...but when I left I found that the P's had been reinserted. The pub was welcoming with a hint of its CAMRA promotion and a good choice of Ciders..the draught cider was Aspalls, well kept and served in attractive Baltica glasses (curiously Baltica is the no.1 Russian exported beer!)

Select bunch at the Priory Arms with Knickers (who is celebrating shortly chez Marxist) anxiously awaiting

Unacceptable (how odd) for mail. She has three more runs to complete this week...City, Barnes and West London and age is catching up; Hashes three in a week is enough! so she skipped this one.

Visitors included Red Rover, who once helped lay a run with More On for Mother!, and hasher from Newcastle (Oz?). The famous "Red Rover" stagecoach covered the 138 miles from Brighton to Bristol (via Bath) in 15 hours in 1831 (excellent going).

Teapot gave a quick hare talk and used plenty of flour on the well-marked trail.

The run took us quickly to a patch of green at Larkhall Park (scene of a gruesome murder in April) and then wound around the streets of Stockwell. I guess that it went off to Brockwell Park and the proposed site of the new American Embassy in Nine Elms..but we came back to the pub and the pack followed shortly after.

The down-downs were held on the premises and were sufficiently interesting that I failed to write clearly enough to read..but Curley was notable for having paid off his mortgage but not prepared to pay off that of a hopeful harriet..he is not yet bored by retirement.

Hairy Foot was a visitor from KH3 (the second oldest hash in Hong Kong and Lovewizard was in evidence.

More On and Pete the Pilot (and Red Rover), with Ryde and Tablewhine etc are preparing for the Danube cruise whilst my mind is on packing to go to KL on Monday.

Another great LH3 run

**Onion!**



There must be easier ways to get home from the hash, Ed





## Putney Bridge 24<sup>th</sup> August 2009 – The Eight Bells

After welcoming visitors from Pittsburgh, Madrid, Bahrain, Washington, Italy, Boston, and oh yes Gloucester, Tablewhine was faced with a problem. Just how do you bring quiet and order to a noisy and excitable bunch of hashers anxious for the on-out? 'Hash-hush' has only a limited effect and direct pleas are generally ignored, but mutter the dreaded word 'scribe' and silence is yours. Not one word is muttered for fear of attracting unwanted attention. The short and thin step behind more rotund hashers, and even Teapot has been seen to go silent as a mouse and hide. Periodical, our hare for the evening, had already directed the on-out, so Skylark and Eric chose that moment to slip off on trail. Their departure did not go unnoticed.

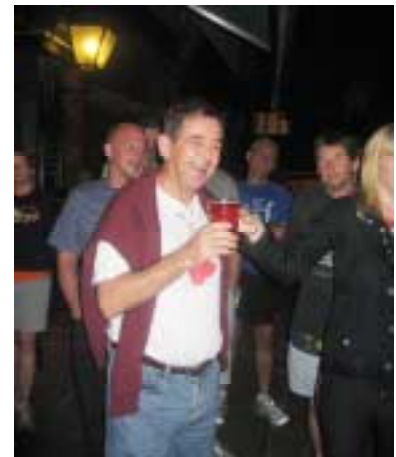
What a roller-coaster of a trail it was. Periodical had cleverly based the trail around filming locations by using a neat little run planning tool at [www.walkjogrun.co.uk](http://www.walkjogrun.co.uk). The trail gathered pace past Putney Bridge railway station (The Sweeny episode 'The Fear' was filmed here). It cranked up the gears into Hurlingham Park (filming of 'Monthly Python's Upperclass Twit of the Year'). Ricocheted through a council estate, and careered recklessly around South Park (no known link with the adult cartoon). From here the ride really started to fly, ducking and diving its way onto Parson's Green. Some swift switchbacks followed, and saw the trail cannonballing across the Fulham road. Here Rent Boy was seen spinning way off trail at a check and into the myriad of streets east of Bishops Park (used in the filming of The Omen). The park was the trail's grand finale, and in it plunged after

bouncing off a check outside 38 Doneraile Street (shooting of an episode of The Professionals). Through the park the trail reached breakneck speed. Screaming past duck ponds and sand pits. The Spanish war memorial just a blur. Diving headlong under Putney Bridge. Then finally coming to a rest at the public bar of The Eight Bells.



Of course some hashers took the trail a little more leisurely than Skylark, and new guy John who attempted to race him back to the pub. Lost lived up to his hash-name by nearly managing to reach Fulham football ground before realising that he

was off-trail. Giving him a Down-down for this would have rather been like giving Teapot a down-down for being noisy. Instead we congratulated Periodical on his efforts in usual hash style, and gave a round of 'meet the hashers' for our visitors and virgin. They being Schindler's Fist, Turd in Command, Who the Fuck is Alex, Manual Stimulator, Arm Pit, Esoteric, and Ryan from Marylebone.



As the hash picked through the remains of the food that The Eight Bells had generously provided, we admonished the guilty in true hash style. These being Marxist who had let the cat out of the bag room, Action Man for being Australian (we were expecting all Australians to go into hiding after their performance at the Ashes), and finally Pickled Fart. Pickled had decided to run the trail backwards, but instead of meeting him half way around as one might expect, we found him wandering around lost at the end of the trail. Well not the end of *his* trail obviously as he was running it backwards. The end of *his* trail would have been the beginning of *our* trail, not the end of *our* trail. He was at the beginning of *his* trail after about an hour of running which meant he was still at the end of *our* trail, not the beginning ..... oh, look he got a down-down for it anyway!



Much merriment continued after the circle on this balmy summer evening, now that global warming had finally kicked in. Rent Boy was noticeably absent from the after party. The reason that he had slipped off early seems to have been that he had hoodwinked hashcash into believing that he was a still member, and left before Titanic could point out that his membership had lapsed a month ago. Slipping off when you think no one is looking is not a good policy. That is how I ended up writing this damn run report.

**On on Skylark.**

## LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS RUN LIST

RUN DATE No	VENUE	PUB	HARE
1915 Saturday 5 <sup>th</sup> September	Highgate	25 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary BBQ	Knickers
1916 Monday 7 <sup>th</sup> September	New Barnett	Follow trail to pub	Lofty
1917 Monday 14 <sup>th</sup> September	Richmond	Triple Crown	KC
1918 Sunday 20 <sup>th</sup> September	Tottenham	Follow trail to pub	Prince & H*rd On
1919 Monday 21 <sup>st</sup> September	Euston	Exmouth Arms	Pecker
1920 Monday 28 <sup>th</sup> September	Wimbledon	Follow trail to pub	Eric
1921 Saturday 3 <sup>rd</sup> October	Barnes	AGPU	Testiculator

A Date for your Diary...



# London Hash House Harriers 2000<sup>th</sup> Run

29<sup>th</sup> April – 1<sup>st</sup> May 2011

Come and join the oldest UK hash to make it to 2000 for a great weekend of celebrations.

Email: [2000@londonhash.org](mailto:2000@londonhash.org) to make sure you get the first rego forms

See [www.londonhash.org/2000.htm](http://www.londonhash.org/2000.htm) for latest news

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At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated "If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving twenty-five dollar cars that got 1000 mi/gal."

Recently General Motors addressed this comment by releasing the statement: "Yes, but would you want your car to crash twice a day?"

Not only that, but....

Every time they repainted the lines on the road you would have to buy a new car.

Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason, and you would just accept this, restart and drive on.

Occasionally, executing a maneuver would cause your car to stop and fail and you would have to re-install the engine. For some strange reason, you would accept this too.

You could only have one person in the car at a time, unless you bought "Car95" or "CarNT". But, then you would have to buy more seats.

Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast, twice as easy to drive, but would only run on five percent of the roads.

The Macintosh car owners would get expensive Microsoft upgrades to their cars, which would make their cars run much slower.

The oil, gas and alternator warning lights would be replaced by a single "general car default" warning light.

New seats would force everyone to have the same size butt. The airbag system would say "are you sure?" before going off.

If you were involved in a crash, you would have no idea what happened. *Believe me, all this happened to me during the production of this On Paper – Ed.*