

ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 33 - ISSUE 1



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org

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DON'T MISS IN THIS EDITION

- * 114 Santas
- * Apple bobbing at Halloween
- * Boggers AGPU write up
- * Bully's May 07(?) write up
- * No gossip, what's happening?

Please Note:

CHISTMAS IS CANCELLED

**Apparently, YOU told Santa that
you have been GOOD this year ...**



He died laughing



CALLING ALL HARES!

The Hare Razor (Pilot) invites London Hashers to set trails in all parts of our parish, but particularly we seem to be short of hares in the North East, East, South East and South. I will, of course, accept hares from any other parts but I will try and distribute the runs on a more even basis if I can. I currently need hares from January onwards. Please e-mail to pthepilot@aol.com or lh3hare@londonhash.org

London Hash 1920 – The AGPU

For those of you foolish enough not to turn up to this year's AGPU, did you want to get elected to the mismanagement? A defence of "not present" is no defence. So if you find below that you were elected to the MM, tough!! Turn up to the AGPU next year & try to get yourself voted off.



So what of the trail? Well, far too long, not enough greenery, & only 2 drink stops!! But other than that, a good day. This was everyone at the first drink stop. Allegedly, this was half way, but great lies of the world No. 1 (trust me I'm the hare) confirmed that it wasn't even close to half way!! That said, you could see that the hare (our illustrious GM (PBUH) Testy) was worried

He obviously needed a beer to get over the stress of it all. No truth in the rumour that this was Testy's first round of drinks for himself.



So Testy having now relaxed (relaxed as a newt), who got what?

- Wettest run of the year** - Skylark at Leatherhead
- Best themed hash** - Tango & her Valentines trail
- Biggest pack** - Trig at last year's AGPU (the upside of turning up is that you get to vote yourself off the MM)
- Longest hash** - Not Out at Kilburn

Having handed out various awards, it was then time for a round FO to the old committee.



Now the serious bit, who wasn't there & who got what? In the unlikely event anyone can remember who the other new committee (the ones who were there & still allowed themselves to be voted on) is, details as follows:

GM	Testy	Stats	TDH
Haberdasher	Double Entry	Hash Bank	Not Out
Hash Cash	Tango & Love Wizard	Webshite	Skylark
On Sex	Screw Loose	Hare Raiser	Pete the Pilot
RAs	Tablewhine, 2AM	Edit Hare	Ryde
Social Sex	Knickers, Bully		

We then moved on to various crimes that, according to the RAs, may or may not have occurred

- Daffy** The get a life award for 4 hashes in a week!!
- Me, Bonnie, Rent Boy, & Testy** The bouffant award for sartorial elegance in the hair dept
- TDH,** The Sat Nav award for getting lost
- Me & Bonnie** The Jacaranda H3 award for being stupid, stupid, so fu**ing dumb... for getting off at Barnes & having to walk to Barnes Bridge Despite our train stopping there next.

Despite Hash Cash asking her if she was a virgin & as such not being willing to get her to pay subs, **Bangers** was recognised as a returnee. There were of course some stories that didn't make the press:

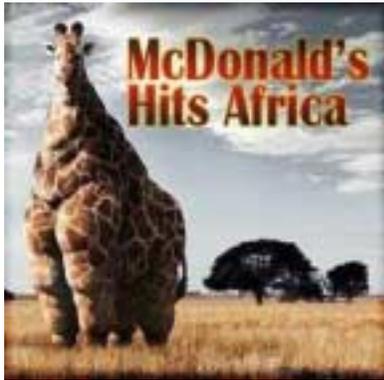
- Tango** Why did you get your knickers in a twist over your gold handbag when you didn't bring it with you?
- Snow White** Some people will do anything to get elected GM (last seen preening herself prior to the elections). You need to be more like Testy & drink a bit more beer.

ON ON Boggers



The train was quite crowded, and a U. S. Marine walked the entire length looking for a seat, but the only seat left was taken by a well dressed, middle-aged, French woman's poodle. The war-weary Marine asked, 'Ma'am, may I have that seat?' The French woman just sniffed and said to no one in particular 'Americans are so rude. My little Fifi is using that seat.' The Marine walked the entire train again, but the only seat left was under that dog. 'Please, ma'am. May I sit down? I'm very tired.' She snorted, 'Not only are you Americans rude, you are also arrogant!' This time the Marine didn't say a word; he just picked up the little dog, tossed it out the train window, and sat down. The woman shrieked, 'Someone must defend my honor! this American should be put in his place!' An English gentleman sitting nearby spoke up, 'Sir, you Americans seem to have a penchant for doing the wrong thing. You hold the fork in the wrong hand. You drive your cars on the wrong side of the road. And now, sir, you seem

to have thrown the wrong bitch out the window.



Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.



Denzil Penberthy, an elderly Cornish farmer, received a letter from the Department for Work & Pensions, stating that they suspected he was not paying his employees enough and they would send an inspector to interview them.

On the appointed day, the inspector turned up. "Tell me about your staff," he asked Penberthy. "Well," said Penberthy, "there's the farm hand. I pay him £240 a week, and he has a free cottage.. Then there's the dairymaid. She gets £190 a week, along with free board and lodging. There's also the half wit.. He works a 16 hour day, does 90% of the work, earns about £25 a week, along with a bottle gin every week, and, occasionally, gets to sleep with my wife."

"That's who I want to talk to," said the inspector, the half wit."

"That'll be me then" said Penberthy.

A man goes to the Doctor with hearing problems "Can you describe the symptoms to me" "Yes.....Homer is a fat yellow lazy bastard and Marge is a skinny bird with big blue hair."



Christmas in heaven is going to be great this year!
 Patrick Swayze is doing the dancing,
 Farah Fawcett is playing the angel,
 Stephen Gately (Boyzone) is singing carols around the tree,
 Keith Floyd is serving up a fantastic dinner,
 and
 Michael Jackson will be looking after the kids



An old man goes into a drug store to buy some Viagra
 'Can I have 6 tablets, cut in quarters?'
 'I can cut them for you' said Dan the pharmacist
 But a quarter tablet will not give you a full erection.'
 'I am 96' said the old man. 'I don't want an erection.
 I just want it sticking out far enough so I don't piss on my slippers.'

Hello LH3 & The South London Hash



I would like to thank you all for the wonderful weekend that the Sans Clue & Paris Hash spent with you on the 9th-10th October 2009.

Here's what happened !!!

On the Saturday we went south east of London where we ran & pub crawled. We went into a park where there was the Greenwich Mean Time Museum (GMTM). I was BULLIED into going into the museum & was told that everybody would wait for me. On the way out there was nobody & the park looked different.

Drifting along I bumped into something HORRIBLE!!! It took me by the arm & led me into a strange pub. There I met a guy who kept saying it's 2am,2am,2am & 2am was even written on his T shirt, however my watch read 2pm. Then he went on ranting & raving about Jack the Ripper. Something was wrong, the time, the year (1888), had going into the GMTM propelled me into the 19th century?

The next thing I knew I was running for the door I had to get a passage back to the place I was before. "Goodnight", said the barman, "we're programmed to receive you can check out anytime but you can never leave". "F...k you" I said & jumped into the nearest horse carriage & headed

into central London. Once there things looked normal again. I had a nice cup of tea & a hot shower in my hotel got dressed & headed to a Mexican restaurant to meet the other hashers from Paris. We were 8 but I did not dare tell anyone of my experience. We had good fun in the restaurant & I was inspired to invent a new word the OCTANGLE. Bonnie was also there & stuck out like a sore thumb, but many thanks to him for giving us correct travel information ,on the net, on how to get to the 2 hashes.

The next day we hashed, also south of London, in The Hampton Court area. Did anyone notice that we passed Christopher Wren's house? After a 9Km run mainly in the countryside, thanks to the hare, we terminated at the George & the Dragon pub. The RA did a good job & we drunk loads of beer.



I managed to get my Eurostar back to Paris in time having to take a taxi part of the way with other hashers, the transport system in London being a nightmare.

Before I close here are some terms that we use on Paris of which most are my own invention.

What's a :

SWINGLE: a single person engaging in casual sexual relationships(internet)

DWINGLE: a couple that parties

TRINGLE: a rare animal species that roams around in threes & exchanges bodily fluids in threes.

MINGLES: two people getting close on a hash, i.e. having a private party. On the net it relates to clubs for over 30. I guess we all qualify.

QUADRANGLE: two dwingles or a tringle + a swingle.

OCTANGLE: 8 people having fun together.

On the SCH3 hashes, especially when we have a lot of beer left, down downs go to the swingles, dwingles & the mingles.



That's all folks,

On² Cupid Stunt

You might not have known this, but a lot of non-living objects are actually either male or female. Here are some examples:

FREEZER BAGS: They are male, because they hold everything in, but you can see right through them.

PHOTOCOPIERS: These are female, because once turned off; it takes a while to warm them up again. They are an effective reproductive device if the right buttons are pushed, but can also wreak havoc if you push the wrong Buttons.

TYRES: Tyres are male, because they go bald easily and are often over inflated.

HOT AIR BALLOONS: Also a male object, because to get them to go anywhere, you have to light a fire under their butt.

SPONGES: These are female, because they are soft, squeezable and retain water.

(Note from the Editor: This was found in the archives, covered in cobwebs, never published – the things Bulldozer will do to get out of scribing again!)

We're Singing In the Rain

Can I just say, I really don't like doing this, no, no not, not, not now Loob!, I hate doing the scribing... So why did I get picked on? Perhaps it was my fault for innocently splashing everyone within a 10m radius of me at the very start of the r*n... or perhaps it was Testiculator, Rambo, Trigger Mist.... Hey, where's the Goat Herder?

So here it is, I'll try to keep it short 'n' sweet, unlike Pickled Fart.

DATE: May 2007

HARE: ButtPlug

R*N NO: 1778 – (the year France introduced the first state-controlled brothel).

LOCATION: Virginia Waters

PUB: Grapes

PACK SIZE: 30 approx including the (not so) Fat Bastard

WEATHER: IT WAS PISSING IT DOWN

Rain, rain, and yet more bloody RAIN.... I personally blame the RA for not being there – was she at home singing in the shower?

We were all hoping for a break in the weather, but not our luck that day. After all it was a Bank Holiday Monday.

Words of wisdom from the Great More On “Oh it'll stop by 1 o'clock.” (Yeah right!)

Thankfully the hare had extra flour with him- he certainly needed it. He also had the brains to shorten the trail down. Thank you! But in saying this, we all had GREAT FUN. We were all kids again for the day. Back to the pub, for a warming mug of Irish coffee.

STOP PRESS: WE HAD LOST BOGGERS.....”YES”

Any volunteers to go and search for him? What happened to Eric the Volunteer?

Down Downs dished out by Testy (having not been invited to sing in the shower).

700 R*Ns: Rambo

300 R*Ns: Knickers

The hare of course, plus a few others.

Unfortunately Boggers found his way back – so too much flour used after all.

Back inside the pub for some posh pub grub. It was lovely that all hashers sat down for a meal together. Thanx ButtPlug for a great Hash.

On On

Bully. X

Ps. Did I tell you that it rained that day.....



Guess what? This was Beach Bum's first hash in London!

Bully meant it literally when she says that hashers sat down for a meal together!

TRUE STORIES.....

LAST TANGO finds her ideal car!



The coven prepares another sacrifice.....

**RIP Mickey
(1993 - 2009)
291 Runs with London H3**



Seen on the Kathmandu H3 website:



Returnee Pickled Fart, GM of the London Hash



Visitors Yvonne?, Marie, Rey, and Knickers

Mid-Life Crises???

Periodical crashes his Sunbeam Tiger while racing at Thruxton - not this car!!!!



Tricky spotted on the Brent with his new 'toy' - looks very much like this one!!!



BHOPAL refuses to run any further on Testi's AGPU trail.



HASHERS
We must support this great hash boozer!

Brentford's Magpie and Crown pub re-opens

Posted by [Jessica Thomas](#) on Nov 13, 09 12:39 PM in [People](#)



Popular pub the Magpie and Crown re-opened today as negotiations with the owners took a turn for the better.

Punters returned to the Brentford High Street boozier at lunchtime, only a few weeks after landlords announced they would be closing due to being unable to meet demands for a 15 per cent rent increase.

MORE TRUE STORIES.....

Birthday Celebrations.....

Yorky Porky - 40 years



Fat B*stard - 50 Years



HARE Spotted On Hash Trail !!!!



DEATH of a PRINCESS in SLOANE SQUARE



I think we have found the MURDERER

Caboose practises his Uri Geller act on a lamp post

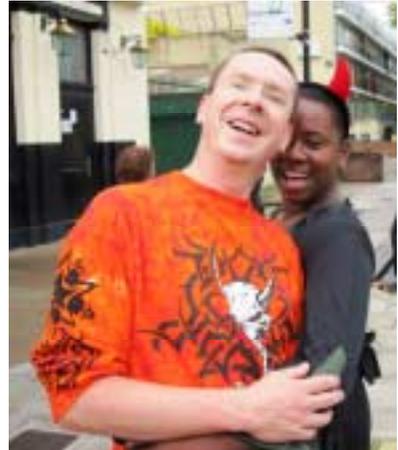


Ooops!!! another reason why Christmas may be cancelled

Come and join London Hash
 On Saturday 19th December at 12 noon for the annual memorial trail to remember hashers who are no longer with us. Wear a white beard or Santa hat (or both)
 (P trail from Brentford & Northfield to The Globe - Windmill Lane)




London Hash Run 1922, 17th October 2009, The Duke of Hamilton, Hampstead
Hare: Marxist; Scribe: Daffydildo & Little Bear



On the way down to Sutton station to get the train into town, a bird (probably a seagull) crapped on my bag. Reliably informed that this was a sign of good luck, I promptly bought a lottery ticket for that evening. However, I did not win the lottery, due to the fact that the good luck was already used up by the time we got to Hampstead, as we caught the last northern line train there before it all ground to a halt.

The GPS refused to get a signal at the start of the run and only managed to lock on to the satellites at the first re-group. Holding the device in the air merely served to get me noticed by 2am, who promptly assumed I was putting my hand up and nobly volunteering to do this write-up.

West London had run from this pub only 2 days previously, and mindful of this, today's hare Marxist set a devious trail which avoided the main part of Hampstead Heath and instead wound its way around Golders Hill Park and Hampstead Garden Suburb. Full Marx to the hare for setting a trail of intriguing originality - I cannot remember ever running in Hampstead without the obligatory stroll up Parliament Hill to admire the view. But we have all seen that so many times before.

Half Cock turned up on her bicycle in Golders Hill Park, having set off from home in Edgware to join us at the pub, only to come across the trail en route.



The circle commenced with Spare Rib unceremoniously debagging the RA, Sthweetheart, in an attempt to expose his sweet cheeks to the assembled pack.

Notable down-downs were given to those who had made sterling efforts to get to the pub despite the total malfunction of the northern line, especially Spare Rib, who had apparently run all the way from Barnet.

Bangers from Australia complained about being given a down-down in real beer and stated that lager should always be awarded to an Aussie. This inevitably prompted the traditional tribute song to our Australian cousins. She really should have known better.

Date: Sat 31st Oct
 Run no: 1924; Pub: The Sir Richard Steele
 Hare: Sthweeheart
 Scribe: Cyst Pit

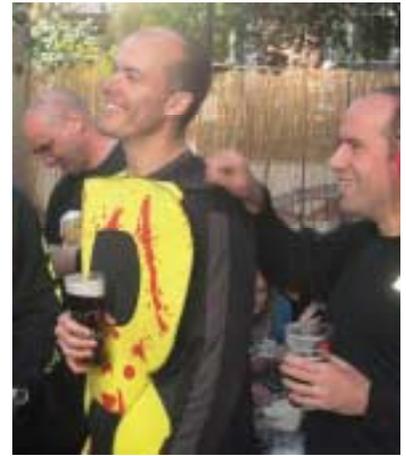
"Bloody frightening, Halloween run"

There were to be two disturbing events on this particular London r*n. The first forced upon us at the On Out circle (is that what it's called?) Most hashers obliged the hare's request to dress the part on this feast of Halloween, even if some efforts were a little skeletal, they were efforts nonetheless ... And then there was Mad Cow. Unanimously vote the "zero-effort-bastard" he was presented (by the hare) and ordered (by the RA) to wear a luminous green mankini for the duration of the r*n. Now is the perfect time to point out the 'actual' request from the hare, to be found published in the run email was, and I quote, "...put your ugliest face on..." In his defense I for one think Mad Cow did a bloody good job, and has been for some time. Anyway in bizarre fashion becoming of a Mad Cow the mankini was worn [in places] and the pack released.

Side note - It was witnessed, prior to the handover, Sthweeheart trying to disguise the secondhand mankini as new by repackaging it ... "It had pride of place in my wardrobe" he slurred. A truth he laid bare after one too many screaming orgasms.

Quickly into a snappy false trail followed by some swift pavement pounding was to be our starter. Everything went as smoothly as expected until reaching a rudimentary check at highgate cemetery - This for some unknown reason spooked the pack, causing the them to split, the majority going completely off trail for possibly the rest of the r*n. Heard little or no moaning about this later on so maybe they reformed having calmed down, who knows? What is certain is only five remained on [true] trail (Martian Matron, Esoteric, Sparerib, hashcash, Cyst Pit). We darted about hitting check after check, but without sight of trail, hashers or hare in-between it threw the rhythm - regardless we kept moving and (according to the hare) remained on trail. It was a good uphill climb before we reached and became the official re-group, all of us voicing our desire for a drink stop.

Passing the time we convinced two nearby seated old ladies we were the cream of the pack and the hash-n-public banter was going well until Spare Rib, without provocation, dropped his trousers to reveal something a little more semi-skimmed than gold top. Leaving the coffin-dodgers choking on their Battenberg we called an end to the RG, heading off in search of trail at speed! With no helicopters to be heard or seen; reassurance the cops hadn't been called; and fairly certain Spare Rib was no longer a danger to our freedom we emerged from the undergrowth and once again onto pavement. Down the hill a rather cold but patient hare was waiting for our arrival. Fairly straightforward after that, 'easy street' if you like, with the hare directing us through the remaining checks we gradually crypt (*sorry*) up the rear of the pack and into the pub. (7 miles for anyone interested)



Screwloose named on a Halloween hash at least 10 years ago (look carefully and you will see her screws)



The Sir Richard Steele pub had the Halloween feel. Decorations a-plenty with a menu to suit the hare had clearly made an effort when choosing the On Inn. While the hashers drank the mild mannered (hasher) LOST, treated all to hash blood - very much tastier than it sounds, vegetarian he assured me and blood red! In the beer garden our hare tempted any hasher willing to play his little game with the promise of FREE BEER. The sight of heads bobbing frantically just to pleasure Sthweeheart showed a depraved side to hashing. Outside beer after beer was being drained from the hare, while inside Esoteric drooled over depictions of a carnal nature on the mural painted ceiling. Amongst all this Double Entry vying for attention paraded skin - and lots of it - daring the October weather to bite. Into the gutter we sank.



Run 1926, Oxford Circus, the Stags Head. Yorcky Porky's birthday run.

It would have been nice to say that the day started fine and it all went downhill from there, but weatherwise, it started downhill and very firmly stayed there.

Let me explain. It was very windy and very wet, sometimes one, sometimes the other, but mostly both at once and lots of it too. The only up-side, and I do like to find one however tenuous, is that there wasn't many people around to obstruct our running. They had more sense and stayed indoors.

The pack was quite small considering the location, only about 30 people, probably something to do with the weather.

Ryde did the announcements. We had 3 visitors and 2 returnees.

Yorcky Porky spoke about the run. As it was the west end, the first part of the trail was in plaster board and was probably washed away, later it was set in flour. There was a drinks stop by Anal Condom's car. He would be walking the trail and was thickly wrapped in waterproofs and galoshes.

It was only drizzly and very windy when we started. Enough arrows were visible so off we trotted to our first false trail. I think it was the only one. We went east and north, crossing the Euston road and heading up towards Camden. We got there by skirting round it eastwards. Eventually we ran up Camden Road towards the tube station, stopping for a check by Sainsbury's.

We'd been very keen up till then, several people went out at every check, and mostly we found them without too much help, but it all went wrong when Anal thought he spotted Yorcky walking towards Chalk Farm. We were all soaking wet and cold, the thought of getting to the drinks stop, and then back to the pub was a good one, so we followed Anal. Yorcky was on trail, Anal was fantasising, we were easily led. Yorcky kept magically disappearing behind groups of people and popping out further up the road. We kept running up there after him. Well, this situation couldn't go on for ever. Yorcky finally disappeared



all-together and Anal was forced to disclose where his car was and lead us to it. It was the band stand by the lake in regents Park.

A shorter cutting group was already keeping the place warm, but still looked very pleased to see us. We had beers and stood around waiting for Yorcky to arrive so we could get on with the down-downs and get back to the pub. We shivered and waited, and shivered and waited some more.

Where was Yorcky? It being his day we had to wait for him before we started the down-downs. Twin Peaks began to get restless and eye up the bottle of fiz, but she left it alone. Tango arrived, no, that's not her, she's running! Yes it is! No, she's running. Well, shock horror, it was her. She

took one look at the bottle of fiz and accused Twin Peaks of keeping it till it went off. It was opened and put out of it's misery.

We shivered and waited. The front runners arrived followed by Yorcky. 3 had done the whole trail, which under the circumstances was quite good.

Yorcky got his cup of fiz,

More-On got on with the down-downs. We had Speckled Hen. Yorcky got two. The virgins and returnees got one each, as did some others.

We were allowed to go, but wait, what about helping to tidy up?

We tidied up, then were finally allowed to go, so we did.

Back at the pub we had beers and the usual wonderful spread of food provided by the landlord. **On-on, Knickers.**



Preston Road, 21st November 2009



Well the day started out like most do in London...rainy and over cast. There were many transport problems seeing as how the Jubilee line was down and other tubes as well..we eventually met up at the Preston Pub in Preston. A bit classy for our style (no TVs in the lot and carpet wall to wall) but the Adnams beer was flowing which of course was the most important thing. Funky Gibbon was the Hare and promised a short run (that was the first red flag).

The run started through the high street and quickly ascended us into the local greenery at Preston Park. This OVER 6 MILE RUN 1:10 long run though hills of green grass/mud and 3 Regroups later...we eventually made it back to the pub in one piece. Tango of course was 20 or so minutes DFL.

The down downs were the following:
The Hare for laying the longest recorded short run.

After finding magazine porn on trail, Spare Rib for locating it...and Sthweetheart for making the pages stick together ☺

Table Wine for attending the

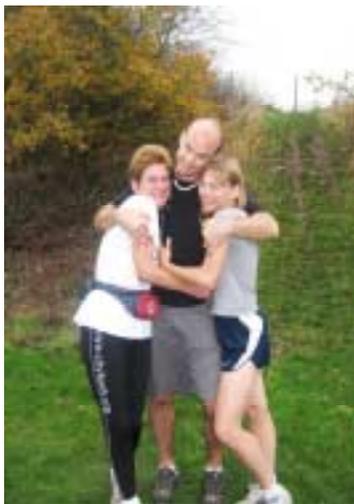
Woking beer fest instead of hashing and taking the incorrect bus till it reached the end of its line. Side notes: Pete the Pilot short cutting half the trail (of course), "Just Caroline" from New Zealand came on her 2nd run with the HASH. Announcement were the Brussels and City



Xmas party hashes both on the same day of the 12th and the next Hash being in **Chorleywood**

We then proceeded to the local Irish Pub to watch New Zealand put a thrashing on England in Rugby as we drank away the evening with men in their 70's named Patrick and O'Malley.

On Out Sthweetheart (*Why do they call him Sthwæetheart? Ed*)



DON'T FORGET the CLaWs CHRISTMAS PARTY on SATURDAY 12th DECEMBER - TICKETS £12 INCLUDING FOOD & WELCOME DRINK & LIVE BAND AT MONUMENT-SEE A COMMITTEE MEMBER FOR TICKETS