

ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 33 - ISSUE 2



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org

**THIS MONTH'S
COMPETITION...
.....HAS
ANYONE ANY
IDEA WHAT IS
CAUSING ALL
THESE BABIES?
LONDON H3 sends
congratulations and best
wishes to all involved.**



23rd December
Takobelle &
Country Bumpkin



Emily Grace Pepper
was born on the
19th December
Hot & Delicious & Nice Butt



Alexander James Hulbert
was born on 12th January -
Dill Bitch & Charlatan

LH3 Hash Contacts

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DON'T MISS IN THIS EDITION

- * Two run write ups for Chorley Wood....
- * Peter & The Wolves
- * A few jokes(?) – please send me some good ones!
- * Up & coming hash events, including the **London H3 2000th run celebration** – get yourself registered before the price goes up at the end of April 2010 – see rego form at the back of this On! Paper!



Hash Run: 1928
Hares: Mr X & My Lil' Sperm 'ead
Date: Saturday 28th Nov 09
Scribe: Clifton (now known as Chii Zu – Ed.)

As I headed off on the long journey from the deepest and darkest corners of Lewisham for the country air of Chorleywood for this joint Hash between the London HHH and Herts HHH, my main concern was whether this 9th run would finally be the event when the bastards would bother to name me. Or, whether I would continue to be nameless, without a 'hash-tism' as it were. My instinct was...no.

Arriving at Chorleywood Station, I met up with Pete the Pilot, who often seems to be slightly early like myself, and a couple of charming Herts types including the returning Dribbles from Boston, who accompanied us on the rather long uphill trek to the Land of Plenty.

For the London HHH this was venturing to the northern borders of our fiefdom, whilst for the Herts HHH it was as far south as they were willing to forage without facing danger.

However, it was a glorious, if touch parky, winter sunny day. The slightly undulating green pastures almost brought a tear to the eye until a stumble across cow-shit field brought us back to reality.

At the start, however, everyone was in fine energetic form. I managed to keep up with Love Wizard for a while and did I imagine it or did he chant "erectus!" as he vaulted a fence instead of using the stile?

Zing-a-long-a-max, who had the perpetual horn (which sometimes sounded more like the Kazoo) was shooting off all over the place tearing down check backs like a balloon let off before tying off.

Eric the Viking was also somewhat hyper today, crashing through the forest bellowing on-on! every 20 yards.

The route was well marked, with plenty of check backs and false trails, until we reached the M25. At the check back there was a message lovingly created out of flour on the ground that said "Sorry I've just run out of flour so I've headed back". Luckily, we weren't that far away from the on-in and there were enough people around with some kind of implanted GPS chip for us to find our way back to the pub.

I was slightly disappointed to see a fairly low turnout from the London HHH, but I shouldn't have worried as a lot of them were happily drinking away in the pub when we returned. Last Tango, for example.

Down-downs

Both the hares, of course

Tess the virgin had to take her down down with 2am to emphasise the size issue

Ryde got a down down for quibbling about the length of Mr X's scribings

Bangers had to finally make amends for hiding on the floor a taxi on arrival to a hash

Eric had to make amends for the watering down of all whiskeys

(Slim of the Weak for an interjection) and Marxist had to answer for

his raincoat made him look like he'd just scurried out of a soho cinema



Oh, I was right about the naming, Signed, 'Nameless'

Ed. "Say cheese" has also entered into the [Japanese language](#). However, the word "say" is almost always dropped from the phrase, resulting in the phrase simply being "Cheese." This is usually pronounced in Japanese (and written in [katakana](#)) as "chiizu" (チーズ).



MR X also wrote about the Chorley Wood Trail (your Editor has précised his version):

Saturday is a strange day for Herts to have their weekly run, it was somewhat of an experiment as well as being a joint run with London H³ who often run on Saturdays. Also Public transport is better on a Saturday.

The start time of Noon was later than most Herts Hashers are used to, but with the part of the Metropolitan line being closed for engineering works this should allow most of those not driving plenty of time to get there, with the exception of Last Tango!

Tess, the Herts Newie, arrived in plenty of time to shame some of the more seasoned Hashers. The early arrivals heard that one of the Hares was yet to return from setting a loop in the Trail, unlike Captain Oates he did make it back in time to enjoy a pint before the Circle was called, in fact it took that long for the joint Pack to circle up, that he could have had two Pints!

Mr. X explained his delay was down to the fact that he was sussing out a lot of permissive paths for a possible future run, then he met up with the Landlady's partner, as he was walking the Pub dog! Finally right near the end of the Trail he came face to face with a large dog fox, who looked indignantly at the Hare & took his time to wander off.

Ryde asked the Herts gang to hang around a little longer as Last Tango was again living up to her name, she had called from her Train coming in to Chorleywood. Kafir arrived in his car & Mr. X wished him a Happy New Year, as he reckoned that it was the first time that he has seen him this year! Zing-a-long-a-max, then Lofty, as well as Marxist also drove in to put in late appearances.

Tablewhine introduced the Circle to London's 1928 Trail (or was it the year of his birthday?) & Mr. X stepping in for the absent Herts' Grand Monkey, to introduce Herts 1312 Trail, no one noticed that that he said 1311!

Ryde now asked for a scribe to write up the run for the London's 'On-paper' & when Mr. X's name was mentioned in the same sentence as "Pinch his write-up!" she said that 'Mr. X run reports for the Herts Trash are way too long! Ooooooh, put those claws away!

A somewhat knackered Mr. X, as the chief Hare, took the centre of the Circle again to explain what the Pack could encounter on their way around the Trail. The parts about short cuts, all Short Cuts & CHK would be marked for late comers & finishing the Trail in an hour went down well. However, the part about a possible encounter with Metropolitan Police dogs wasn't as popular! The Pack were told if they were approached by any that they should stay still & keep their arms down by their sides.

The Herts Newie was almost forgotten by the Herts RA, Tess was asked to show herself to the rest of the Pack & the RA quoted NASA's Gene Krantz "I've never lost a man on my watch & I am not starting now!" as he asked for the Pack to keep an eye out for her & not to loose her on the Trail, which would be hard at her height!

Without further ado the Pack were let loose to run up the Swillett, which Mr. X explained is an old expression for a natural soak-away on a hill! The Pack ran up the narrow lane of the Swillett to pass by the Stag, a M^oMullens Pub, where a CHK was found directly across from it. *Ed: I never was any good at précising....*

The Keenies were swiftly away up the footpath beside the Pub as it ran beside some local allotments, they were encouraged to run this route as My Li! Sperm 'ead went up there with them to lure them along but they would soon be turning around as there was a T just beyond allotments. Meanwhile Pete the Pilot & Bangers were carrying on along with Mr. X where the Swillett becomes the Heronsgate road to find another CHK just a couple of hundred yards up for the last one, by where a footpath crosses the main road. The Trail was picked up on the southerly footpath out by the side of a local football pitch, where a few kids were having a kick around. The Pack were now led on down the green hillside to a CHK on a crossroads of several footpaths, it was a wonderful vista out over the verdant Herts rolling landscape on this bright & sunny day. It may have been a little chilly up on the hill on the fresh afternoon, but the Hares felt warm from the smug feeling as they watched on while the Keenies fell for another Falsie, this one being a longer one all the way down in to the valley & up through the next enclosure to find a T up by the hedgerow in front of Bullsland Farm cottage. Most of the Pack cut across the paddock to follow the footpath diagonally out over a crop field to track of Bullsland lane, hidden behind the hedgerow. Eric the Retread just caught up with the Pack at this point, after he had been off Trail searching the earlier Falsies, he was just in time to follow the other FRBs up the lane on another Falsie Trail, lucky old Eric! The Trail headed south down the rough uncapped farm track to a 90° right turn in its route, now the Hash headed westward again, this was the area of the first bit of shiggy the Pack would encounter as they ran up to the next CHK at the T junction with another track of Old Shire lane. The Keenies found the Falsie up to the south on Old Shire lane, running along the side of Buckinghamshire Chilterns University grounds. The likes of Skip & Windmill were up with the FRBs as they came back from that path the SCBs were soon to be led up by My Li! Sperm 'ead. The Keenies were now taking a loop, firstly they would carry on along the shiggy path to the west, at the bottom of the university ground, a CHK was found at the corner of the Woodland Trust land of Phillipshill Wood & the firmer uncapped track of Shire lane rising up northward, this was a falsie! The Pack made their way through the start of the Woodland Trust land, then no less than 3 arrows directed them up off of the main wide track & on to a footpath rising up through Newland Gorse beside the college grounds, at the top of the hill the Trail left the woodland & ran across a large open field close to Shrubswood. This was the first up-hill section of the Trail & a few slowed up, Tablewhine had a chat with Mr. X at the back on the way through the broadleaf wood, while Screw Loose & Double Entry's progression had been hindered by having to carry their Racing Snake until he was out of the shiggy, as his 'undercarriage was get dragging through the mud!' The next CHK was found out on the driveway to the Buckinghamshire New University ground, there a green tie of possibly a St Albans' School found on the stile to get out to the drive. It didn't take long for the Keenies to find the correct Trail this time, the as they clambered over another stile to find themselves on a meandering path through an enclosed bit of fallow land of Newland Park, but suddenly the Dust just petered & the Hash now thought that they had fallen for yet another Falsie. The likes of Skip, T-B-T, More On & Windmill began to lead the rest back as they retraced their steps back to the driveway, but they hadn't gone awry as the Long trail Hare came wandering toward them! It seems that someone, possibly in uniform, may have removed all trace of the Dust as the Pack were ushered to continue along the snaking path & follow around by the now boarded up out-buildings of the University grounds, many of these had large signs warning of Metropolitan Police dogs being trained there! As the Hash made their way by a split in the path in part of the wild grassy field, there was still no sign of any Dust, it wasn't until they reached the stile out to the green playing fields beyond the fallow scrub land, that they saw the first blob of flour in quiet awhile. The FRBs made their way over by a hockey pitch that was in use that day, the Long Trail Hare thought that he saw a Herts Hasher running the line (or what ever its called in Hockey) when he was out setting the Trail? But he didn't have time to stop & find out. The Pack crossed the tarmac driveway to the Sports ground, seemingly the only part of the University still in use, to amble between one last small section of scrubby land & to climb the last a stile on the Trail to find a re-group on Old Shire lane between the hedges. By this time the SCBs like Pete the Pilot, Bangers & Psycho with My Li! Sperm 'ead had already made tracks & had moved on. So, Mr. X waited for Screw Loose & Double Entry to catch up before allowing the FRBs to search again. Windmill was one of the couple of FRBs who decided to CHK out further up the enclosed Old Shire lane, toward the Chalfont road, even after the Hare had hinted heavily that there was only really one way to go once he had ruled out the route up from the north on the enclosed path that the SCBs had taken to get to the re-group! The rest of the Pack crossed the stile & headed eastward over a paddock, the going slowed as they waded through the large patch of shiggy by a kissing gate, now they were out on to an uncapped drive to Goretland Lane. The Trail now ran along the edge of the open farm land to the corner of Bottom wood, there an arrow directed the pack on to the meandering path between the trees, along the way the route dropped down in to the valley to reach a CHK at the very bottom. It was only a short way to the next CHK, just out side of the wood. From there the Trail was found running up the long steep green slope, littered with cowpats to avoid on the way up to a CHK by a mobile phone mast up above the M25, this bit was supposedly put in to keep the London Hash happy with some traffic & urban noise! Now, one of the Hares hadn't realised that the route back Inn was back going to be along the tree-line, but instead he had chalked 'On! On!' on the spar of narrow wooden gate to a private road on the route he took back Inn. The Pack found the wooden gate down the slip road to the Mobile phone mast & so only a couple of short cutters of Bus Stop & Screw Loose, who were now 'long cutting', took an alternative way back up to the Swillett. The majority of the Pack came back in along the private Nottingham road, as there was no Dust up there a few looked around in case they were off Trail, the sight of Mr. X taking that route as well meant they were reassured to carry on to the T-junction & turn to the right on the short Stockport road & on by the picturesque little Church of St Johns, with its War Memorial outside, to reach Long lane & turn left to head up a few hundred yards to the On Inn.

Mr. X was happy that he hadn't 'lost anyone on his watch' but was surprised to find that the Pack had actually increased by about 8 extra Hashers, with Yorkie Porkie, Twin Peaks & Testiculator in that unusual position of propping up the Bar by the time everyone was back at the On Inn!

Ryde handed out the LH³'s 'On Paper' Trash, while Mr. X stapled together the Herts Trash. Last Tango then enquired what Herts were going to do about chips, or food? Mr. X said he hadn't arranged anything as he wasn't sure on numbers for a Saturday, in the end LH³ sorted out the chips, though they didn't seem to go far as Mr. X missed out as he handed out the Trashes!

If LH³ getting the chips in wasn't bad enough, they refused to take any money from Skip with the Herts Run fees, & they bought all of the Down-Downs! Herts weren't going to hear the end of that for a while!

There were a few Hits but not many misdemeanours out on the Trail, of these the first ones saw the Hares of Mr.X & My Lil' Sperm 'ead rewarded for a Trail that took majority of the Pack an hour & five minutes to get around, this seemed very popular with the Pack!

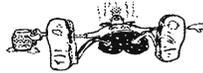
Tess the Newie was out, the Herts' RA was pleased to hear that she didn't purchase any London Haberdashery when it was being offered for sale Double Entry & instead was prepared to wait & get some Herts gear! 2 AM joined her in the circle as they were complete opposites in height, Mr. X calling them the long & the short of the Hash!

Ryde was awarded her Down-Down by Mr. X as he said she could always highlight sections of his Run report & press delete to Edit it! 2 AM called LH³'s returnee from Boston in to the Circle, which led Mr. X to get T-B-T in there as if one Bostonian Drinks, all Bostonians drink, since he has only recently been out there for his holidays (vacation)

Last Tango was out for her usual late arrival; Eric the Retread was awarded the last Down-Down for his emails sent to Mr. X about 'Investing' in a single malt, that Eric obviously thought he was going to get some of? Mr. X made sure that Eric's punishment was suitable for a Scotsman as he had it in a St Albans Beerfest glass, which carries St Alban's Saltire, this is similar to that of St Andrew's but with a the cross is in gold instead of a white one, then he watered it down as he said Scotsmen don't like this to happen to their Whisky, Eric protestations fell on deaf ears!

By the late afternoon something unprecedented would happen as Mr. X, My Lil Sperm 'ead & Hyena were the last Herts to leave, this left Ryde, Tablewhine, Pete the Pilot & Eric among the few LH³ Hashers to gloat that they would beat H⁴ at being the last to leave! There was a valid reason for the Herts early departure & that was that they were going to a Beer festival in St Albans & Mr. X was continuing on after that to see Magic Sofa play their last ever gig! This didn't stop the ~~left over~~ remaining LH³ Hashers from making some very vocal comments!

Having edited this report down for Ryde, I bet the bit about Herts leaving before the last few of LH³ doesn't get edited out of London's "On Paper"!



West London & London H3 are off to the gee-gees!

Afternoon of Jump Racing

Saturday 6th March 2010, 11:30am
Kempton Park, Sunbury, TW16 5AQ

Grab a copy of the Racing Post and head (yeah, yeah...) for 'The Grey Horse' to run through the stats 'n tips, then off to the track by 1pm for the first of the races.

"P" trail from Sunbury Station (ex Waterloo/Clapham).

Cost: A knock down price of £14.50 if booked in advanced or £18 on the gate.

Interested? and after the reduced price? then I need to make the **booking by 27th Feb at the latest....yes, dosh up front!**

Contact Bully for more details:

Mobly: 07949626101 or

Email: bully@PANTSwestlondonhash.org (remove me pants!)

- Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
- Don't drink and drive. You might hit a bump and spill your drink.
- Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him how to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.



6th Dec 2009 – Pimlico : Scribe - Testiculator



Santa's were everywhere! There had been a Santa dress charity run in Battersea Park that morning, with Twin Peaks and Bear Behind taking part as a pre-lube to the days main event. On every street corner there was someone else dressed in a red suit ready to empty their sack for the children.

Wise people would have checked where the pub was, and then seen you could have walked quicker from Vauxhall, rather stuck on with the underground travelling the one stop to Pimlico. The result was the start was delayed while the pack dribbled in.

Over the river was basically the story of the run, across Vauxhall Bridge, along to Battersea Park and the back over Battersea Bridge, before winding its way through some ugly housing estates before on home.

Liking a beer or two Bonnie and Testiculator stopped off on the way back at the King William IV, the spaced out Mancunian may explain why the bar staff thought the order was 2 pints of Guinness and 2 glasses of Rose wine. We have no idea what words were translated to this drink selection, the rose was declined.

Last Tango was of course late, and found the above pair, giving them an excuse to leave the dive bar.

Experienced hashers know that you should not turn up in new shoes. What is more if you have managed to forget to leave your running shoes at home, then having the alternative as a new pair of knee high leather boots would not be the first choice for most. This did not bother Knickers, although the fact they split part way round made them no good to drink from later on.

Now back in the pub the beer started flowing, along with a few Mulled Wines before the pack ascended to the Spy Room upstairs. Today it was our private room including roaring fire, with the backdrop of the MI6 HQ.

Bonnie and Testiculator led the circle. The Christmas Party season has fogged the memory of who was punished, the name of the hare isn't even clear as these notes are written.

One crime was punished was the individual who thought that a row of Christmas trees for sale looked like a row of penis's wrapped in condoms. Whoever that was has seen some strange cocks in their time.

Nepal was such a good trip for Knickers that she forgot to send the postcard back to Unacceptable. The completed card and addressed envelope worked its way to the RA's before being delivered by hand.

Enter A Quickie to the circle, an visitor who seemed to be giggling most of the time, we are not sure why but appeared to keeping Daffy Dildo amused.

Returning to the bar, the Youngs beer then continued to flow until the darkness came and we all drifted back home (or whatever Eric could find that night).

Run No 1930: Brixton; the morning after the night before. Hare: Love Wizard

The Hare had set a P trail but nearly managed to lose the pack before they arrived at the pub, which did not bode well for the trail. He was still out setting the trail and was one of the last to make it to the pub - volunteering to set the trail the morning after the CLAWS Christmas Party might have seemed like a good idea at the time.....

The pack set off at hang over pace and rarely sped up, allowing latecomers Tablewhine and Ryde to catch the pack. The trail went across green stuff before the Hare suggested a short cut for those who would rather see out their hang over out in a warm pub than on another 3 miles of trail. The short cut was unmarked and due to inadequate directions from Love Wizard (or hazy heads of the lazy) ended up as a long and generally uninteresting detour for several SCB's.

The pace of the day remained leisurely and the pack was eventually, and reluctantly, forced outside for a circle. Testi realised that he had failed to appoint a scribe again and landed me with the task,

hence the limited details of the run. Having barely begun, Down Downs (to the Hare & Please Sir) were curtailed when the heavens opened and the half asleep pack moved the quickest they had all day to retreat to the pub. On On
Ging Gang Goolie



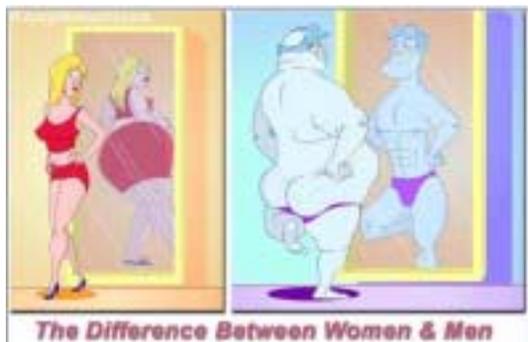
Last night, my kids and I were sitting in the living room and I said to them, 'I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens, just pull the plug.'
They got up, unplugged the Computer, and threw out my wine.

Three years ago, Chinese calendar - year of the cow Mad Cow Disease.
Two years ago, Chinese calendar - year of the bird Avian Flu.
This year, Chinese calendar - year of the pig Swine Flu.
Next year, 2010, is the year of the Cock.
Anybody worried?



Official Announcement:

The government today announced that it is changing its emblem from a Union Jack to a CONDOM because it more accurately reflects the government's political stance. A condom allows for inflation, halts production, destroys the next generation, protects a bunch of pricks, and gives you a sense of security while you're actually being screwed.





18th December 2009 – London Hash Memorial Trail – The Globe, Brentford



- Regrouping at Hairy Fairy's memorial bench in Gunnersbury Park.
- Clifton is finally named, ChiiZu (for attracting Japanese photographers)
- Pilot is safer on his feet in the ice than in his car (charged with having to pick his car up from down the street after it slipped out of the driveway)

- John Terry has been lined up to star in a new ITV drama. It's called Other Footballers' Wives.
- John Terry has announced he's lost his England captain's armband. Fabio Capello told him to ask Wayne Bridge to check under the bed.
- What do Wayne Bridge and the Titanic have in common? They both should've stayed at Southampton.
- What has Vanessa Perroncel got in common with a Champions League final goalpost? They've both been banged by John Terry...
- We all knew John Terry liked scoring at The Bridge, but this is ridiculous.
- John Terry has explained he didn't mean to have sex with Vanessa Perroncel - he just slipped while he was showing her how to take a penalty.

'Tell me, Ronan, how did you manage to get so very drunk last night?' asked the parish priest.
 'Well you see, Father, it was like this. I got into very bad company after winning a bottle of whiskey at a raffle.'
 'But you were with Mick McGahey, Ryan O'Toole, and Patrick McCann and they don't drink.'
 'Dat's what I mean, Father...'

You are driving in a car at a constant speed. On your left hand side there is a valley and on your right hand side there is a fire engine travelling at the same speed as you.
 In front of you there is a galloping pig which is the same size as your car and you cannot overtake it.
 Behind you there is a helicopter flying at ground level.
 Both the giant pig and the helicopter are travelling at the same speed as you.
 What must you do to safely get out of this highly dangerous situation?
 Get off the merry-go-round - you're drunk!

Remember, an alcoholic and a drunk are not the same thing at all. The alcoholic has to attend meetings.

Ever hear the expression "hard drinker" ? Never made much sense to me, drinking's one of the easiest things in the world to do.

Richard comes home from a night of drinking. As he stumbles through the front door, his wife snaps at him, 'What's the big idea coming home half drunk?' Richard replies, slurring, 'I'm sorry honey. I ran out of money.'

LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS 27TH DEC 2009 Run no. 1932

Where: Wimbledon, The Crooked Billet.

Hare: Last Tango.

Scribe: KC (everyone else cried off, again due to wrist injury I suspect)

The Pack: With the mild weather and the urge to work off the excesses of Christmas, a respectable 22 came, give or take a few, including a good number of returnees, from out of the yule woodwork, and out of a taxi - Thunderthighs spent £8 getting to the pub from the station, and the remaining 2 hours looking for the trail.

The Trail: There were in fact five different trails, not counting the two false ones and an enormous optional SCB loop designed to expose those lazy SOBs to parts of the common they would otherwise never have seen. The crows thought Christmas was still on and feasted dutifully on the fare the trail was set in. If this was a fine wine, connoisseurs would describe the trail as complex (full of potential and good for laying down), earthy (though not shiggy), full of interesting top notes (what the ***), suggestions of soft fruit and nut (keeps one guessing), but sommit corked.

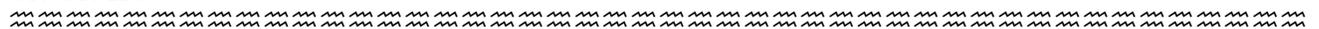
(Tip: winter flour should always be laced with Doxylamine or some other sleeping agent - following a trail of snoozing crows should be a cinch).

Celebrities: Lost interest, Unacceptable and unsuspecting visitors took the SCB option and could have ended up in the direction of Roehampton crematorium (invariably saved by little old ladies walking their dog). Drainoil with uncanny homing instinct erred only at the tailend of the home stretch, going around Cannizaro Gardens instead of through. Knickers as always ran all five trails and arrived back at the pub before everyone else, ahead of Butt Plug and Mick Mac. Pickled Fart did the same but took a couple of hours more, pipped by Eric (wandered in just for a few casual pints). Some 2.5 hours after the start, the entire pack was back, including the Hare, who looked relieved no one actually got truly lost in the woods. Yorcky Porky or a lookalike administered the DDs to visitors, returnees and other riff raff with the usual trump-ups.

The Pub: Good real ales, and very generous with the DD beers. But as always watch the pint-line. And be prepared to pay top gastro prices for the burnt offerings.

Verdict: A great time was had by all, despite the top notes and the Hare not finding 2AM lost in the woods.

ON ON KC

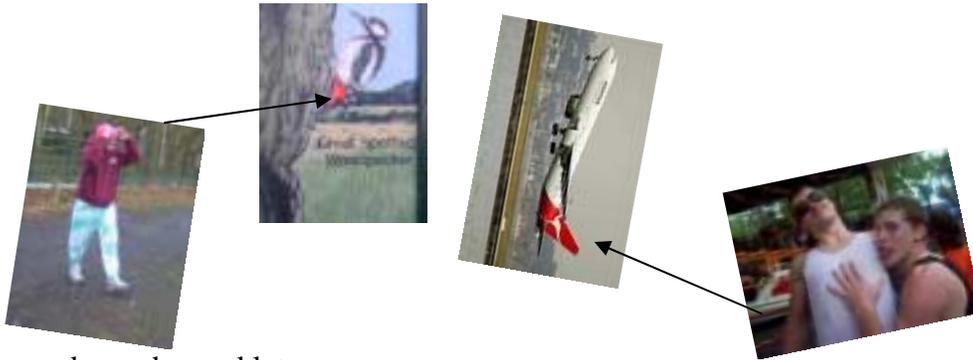


[Things you notice when you're 60](#)



RUN 1934 FROM THE WYTCH ELM KINGSTON SUNDAY 3RD 2010-01-03

As the train arrived the pub filled up and there after more hashers arrived on bike foot and car Janet (Mrs Landlady to you) Had advertised inside the pub and with her r*ning Club so we had at least 4 virgins Jo, Bronwyn ,mumbled and Tony Due to the emense pletera of virgins the “Best off road hare alive” Was forced to give a Chalk Talk and tried to explain that if the trail came back on itself that was a bonafide check in itself (many thought this meant that the run was short and we were already back) However the pack led off up Mannie’s back passage and out to the standard check by St Agnes Popeist Church .However instead of heading to Ham common via the back lanes suddenly the trail was called up the hill and into Richmond park ! Then again up the hill towards Ladderstile. At this point The writer noticed Perio and Gaylick staring upwards at a flying object with a red tail



The pair were down-downed later

The trail then didn’t go out of Ladder Stile gate but wended its way north along the ridge up and down past the Thatched house and to the gate of Isabella Plantation (where KC decided to head straight on to Mortlake)

However not so ..the hare had fooled us again and veered off to Charles Plantation in the next valley where there was a Bonafide recheck

Otherwise known as a loop (at this point the back markers became the FRBs except the ones who had third guessed the prince of hares and had gone into Isabella anyway!

Next back again to Isabella with the virgins checking and calling ..but not kicking thru ..much to the annoyance of the Hare who had not provided them with flour

And over and down to Ham Gate where Mik Mak and KC again quadruple guessed the hare and ran onto Ham common while the pack contoured back to Kingston gate and ~~into~~ past the Park Tavern and back to the on inn

After a short wait for the FRBs to find the trail out of the Park Tavern

Down Downs were dispensed outside in the cold to avoid annoying the football fans inside

The Virgins all claimed to have cum with Janet except Tony who said he came with the landlord ..and was beaten by three women to the end of his beer

(which he said was one of his fantasies)..beaten not the beer

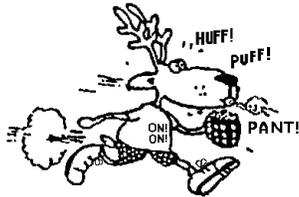
Dunnypenny got dun for needing glasses to see rent boy and drive

Mik Mak got done with his socks for unreturning

And Wizard Sleeve got his new shoe christened after a debate over his right footed ness

There were some others including Periodical and Gay Lick for sky gazing and Janet for coming a long way but by then my pencil had frozen to my notepad

On Out FB



Herts Hash House Harriers
 25th Anniversary Weekend
 11th -13th June 2010
 (Limited Numbers)



Letchworth Garden City RUFC
 Legends Lane, Letchworth Garden City, Herts SG6 2EN
Registration fee of £75 per Person* until Easter (£85 per Person* after 05/04/10)
 For further information, enquiries, special requests email: hertsh3@yahoo.co.uk
 Herts website: <http://www.hertshash.co.uk>

Buggy Hash House Harriers

If you are **TIRED OF PUSHING YOUR PUSHCHAIR THE SAME STREET UP AND DOWN** and **CAN'T MOTIVATE YOURSELF** to go for a run with your Baby - Just come and join us!

We are a group of Mums and Dads going for a run or brisk walk with our prams to explore the local area. The trail will be changed every week and is marked similar to a hare and hound game. You will know where to start and where to end but it is up to your skills to find the true trail.

If you can make sure that your **BABY IS STRAPPED IN SAFELY** and your **BUGGY CAN STAND A BRISK WALK** - And - your **GP GAVE YOU AN OK** for running! Just come and join us!

For our **NEXT RUNS** we gonna meet at 3pm on **FRIDAYS** at the most famous **Buggy Mafia Meeting Point** - Starbucks, Surrey Quays Shopping Centre.

Just put on your trainers and be ready to do about 5k for a start up.



Lilybum - founder member

If you have **ANY QUESTIONS?** do not hesitate to contact us.

Jana aka Beach Bum

Phone 077 26 243920
 Email JanaLoeschke@yahoo.de

To honor the English law we have to mention that you are participating at your own risk and we can not be held responsible for any incidents occurring during our runs.

I've just found out I can still have sex at 70! I am so happy because I live at 78, so it's not far to walk home . . .

The inventor of the frisbee has died, aged 90. He is hoping to come back as a boomerang.

If you're being chased by a police dog, try not to go through a tunnel, then on to a little seesaw, then jump through a hoop of fire. They're trained for that.

I saw that show, 50 Things To Do Before You Die. I would have thought the obvious one was "Shout For Help".

Bill Clinton leaves NYC hospital with 25 new nurses cellphone numbers after heart check up.

Super slut and media whore Katie Jordan Price has been sensationally recalled by her manufacturer.

The recall has been issued due to a 'potentially severe and fatal component fault' within her structure.

It is believed by experts that her 'air bags' are faulty and are liable to go off at any time. Johnny Buttikiss, celebrity expert, told us "she's a time bomb, it's not if it's when!"

The latest model of Katie Price has been on sale since 2007, when the new updated sleek version was unveiled in Los Angeles.

Hopefully no-one will notice my shaking hand



**Run No. 1934: Victoria Park, Mile End,
Pub: Coburn Arms
Hare: Unacceptable**

The momentous feature of this hash was that Last Tango was 3 minutes early for the hash. (It is worthy of note that LT was also early for the next hash, but then she went back to her old ways.)

Now to the trail. This is written on the basis that I saw very little of the pack. More like just half a dozen hanging around at the back. (Other than me, the innocent will be protected.) It was, apparently, a fine circle around Victoria Park with some lumpy bits going off of the circle. Unacceptable dropped copious amounts of from a large sack of sawdust. There was plenty of it liberally spread around. I was fortunate to have set a trail around the park a few months earlier, so once I found my bearings it was quite simple to find which direction we were going. I can add very little more to the real trail.

More interestingly our revered GM had a phone call some days earlier, from a person of the female persuasion stating that she was going to do something different for the New Year, and decided it was hashing. As usual a number of the pack took to the drink before setting off, and our new hasher (Charley) also had a half of Youngs. After the hash it was noted by some, particularly Bhopal, that Charley was by now knocking back the pints of Young's Special. She stuck around for some time and eventually departed. I'm not sure it was her kind of ru**ing.

A creditable number of visitors, probably due to the C**T on the Friday. They were Suntory Road, Wet & Ready, Standing Ovation and Thursday Thirsty. Also Charley was a virgin.

A good number of down-downs were spread around, notable to Unacceptable (Hare), Eric (does he get a pint every week!), Sthweatheart, Bangers and Eagermount.



A good day out, **Pilot**



Testi is useless at synchronised ice skating



Jim asked his friend, Tony, whether he had bought his wife anything for Valentine's Day. 'Yes,' came the answer from Tony who was a bit of a chauvinist, 'I've bought her a belt and a bag.' 'That was very kind of you,' Jim added, 'I hope she appreciated the thought.' Tony smiled as he replied, 'So do I, and hopefully the vacuum cleaner will work better now.'

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY ON THIS 24th FEBRUARY – Love THE ROYAL MAIL.
I may be dyslexic, but I ovel you!

HASH NEWS.....

FROM WEE BEV (London GM in about 1999)
& HERR FLICK & FAMILY, IN TASMANIA



Hashing along outside our home for Nash Hash publicity

Hope to see some of you in Kuching (Heather and Ross are registered for this one) otherwise we may catch up with you in 2011 in the UK. (I'll save my way)

How Trigamist spent his Christmas.....

"...it is a totally different existence out here, ultra basic and early morning temperatures ranging from -10 C to the more normal recently of -20, so colder than you are having there. The wolf sanctuary is in the middle of nowhere, the nearest 'trading post' is about 12 miles away on a Navajo reservation, but its alcohol free area!!!! the nearest liquor store is 43 miles and the nearest bar they tell me is 60 miles, but I have no transport to get there!!!!. but despite the cold most days are total sunshine and occasionally above freezing point!!!! but the night skies are amazing, better than Tasmania, as there is no air or light pollution. The animals are also amazing, although they take a long time to accept and react to you, after 9 weeks here, most are friendly to me, but I am only able to actually touch 7 of them and our little Red Fox, the other 50 are still no touch. but some are totally no go for all the volunteers here, as they will attack virtually anyone."

www.wildspiritwolfsanctuary.org



The first ever Flash Hash run was on 18th December 2009,

started at the Watermans cinema and ended with a pub crawl along the river Thames.

"No recollection of getting home", says JWax.

Join the next Hash Flash - planned for 20th February, Hammersmith.



The December S'Lash visits

Kew Gardens. The advantage of being a relatively small group is that you can get away with r*unning on Royal Property. A Kew official managed to recognise that Baldrick was running and politely told him to stop. The badger sett proved very popular....



Wales snatched a dramatic win over Scotland in the Six Nations and 2AM snatched a fiver off Eric the Retread, who was confident that Scotland would win. Oh! The bet was taken at the point when Scotland was leading 24-14 with 14 minutes remaining, so I suppose Eric the.... had reason to be confident! but then, look at the T shirt...





DISPATCHES

The global pub crawl

Need friends in a new city? Join the local hash – a worldwide network of 'drinking clubs with running problems'. **Matthew Barker** laces up in Lima

COME ON! GET MOVING!" It sounded like an army boot camp, but this was no drill sergeant bellowing orders. It was a grinning Papa Luchio, 76-year-old veteran of the only running club in the world where carrying a hip flask is not only permitted, it's actively encouraged.

Welcome to hash number 449 at the Lima chapter of the Hash House Harriers where, thanks to a bizarre quirk of history, a motley crew of Peruvians and ex-pats find themselves upholding an eccentric English tradition in a quiet beachside city suburb.

Hash five, one of the group's leaders, helpfully talks us visitors through it: "Each group is called a kennel. Our kennel has been meeting every other week since 1974. We all take it in turns to be the trail master and set a course in the city or countryside. The important bit is that we start and finish at a bar."

This is just one of the thousands of kennels spread around the globe. Theoretically they are running clubs, but a heavy emphasis on socialising has given rise to the self-mocking description: 'the drinking club with a running problem'.

As newcomers, we were soon initiated into a gossam world where otherwise sensible, middle-aged people find themselves guzzling beer before chasing

each other along hastily lain trails, following spray-painted arrows that eventually lead to the halfway point, otherwise called the beer stop.

As Hash five explained: "It's all taken from your old British game of hare and hounds. Whoever sets the route is the hare. The rest of us are the hounds, following the scent of our prey. Except he's a clever rabbit and knows to leave misleading trails."

The deliberately deceptive routes keep the fastest runners from leaving the rest of the group – and often end in everyone getting lost.

One of the more inadvertent by-products of the British Empire, the first hash club was created in pre-war Malaysia 70 years ago by a group of sedentary officers and colonists who sought ways to work off their weekend excesses. The name was taken from their billet, nicknamed the Hash House because of its dreary corned-beef dinners. Even today, tins of hashed beef are passed around at Lima's hashes, as members celebrate their club's odd historical heritage.

Few of the club's traditions have changed since the first kennel

was created and, despite its enormous growth in popularity during the 1970s and 80s, which spread new groups around the world – including to Antarctica – the spirit of hashing remains true to its British colonial roots.

This is especially true as the bedraggled hashers make their haphazard way to the finish line, this time a small bar on a south Lima beach. As the newcomers are welcomed and the late finishers are lampooned, old colonial songs are chanted faithfully, albeit with the occasional expletive thrown in for good measure.

Limp Willy is this week's trail master and he stands in the middle with Hash five, inducting us hash virgins into the group. We call out our names, where we're from and say a few words in our fathering Spanish, to the uproarious merriment of our fellow hashers.

"People have been doing this for 70 years," Limp Willy tells us afterwards. "God willing, they'll still be doing it in another 70. We're a running club and a drinking club, but most of all we're a club of friends. What better way is there to spend a Saturday afternoon?"

It's a hashy: The traditions of the hash are assiduously upheld: the world over, beer, run, more beer...

Brenda O'Malley is home making dinner, as usual, when Tim Finnegan arrives at her door. "Brenda, may I come in?" he asks. "I've somethin' to tell ya". "Of course you can come in, you're always welcome, Tim. But where's my husband?" "That's what I'm here to be telling ya, Brenda. There was an accident down at the Guinness brewery" "Oh, God no!" cries Brenda. "Please don't tell me." "I must, Brenda. Your husband Shamus is dead and gone. I'm sorry. Finally, she looked up at Tim. "How did it happen, Tim?" "It was terrible, Brenda.. He fell into a vat of Guinness Stout, and drowned." "Oh my dear Jesus! But you must tell me true, Tim, did he at least go quickly?" "Well, Brenda, no. In fact, he got out three times to pee."

» HOW TO HASH
There are 2,000+ kennels worldwide, in most major cities. Many are open to newcomers and passing travellers; there's no global directory but a web search should throw up links to your local group.

Turnham Green – 23rd January 2010 The Packhorse & Talbot

Hare: Knickers

I must remember to nominate the scribe myself in future. These RA's and GMs are just not trustworthy. All I said was 'thanks' when 2AM asked for a scribe and suddenly I'm the scribe for the week.

Anyway, I always thought that Turnham Green was a very pleasant area, until the other day I had to fight through police cars and ambulances to get to the tube. Apparently there had been a stabbing on the Westbound District line. Thankfully all was quiet on the 23rd January as we all gathered at the Packhorse and Talbot. As far as I can remember there were two virgins – a very young American Boy, who was doing an Intern in the Houses of Parliament

(what is he going to learn from our government?). The other virgin cycled from Wanstead because he missed the train – well, that's keen, we all thought, but it's the same old story, neither of the virgins have returned. Then there was the visitor from Bangalore, India, RareComer. Now, she had an interesting story; she came over to UK because she had never seen snow before but she was far more intrigued by the dog poo, cigarette ends and litter left after the snow melts. She sent the following message on her return to India *"It was fab-bu-lous dah-ling to meet with all of you fun London Hashers! Grazie muchas bene bene for your hospitality, and for sure we'll meet again in BLR (we have that Yellow Disc in The Sky here everyday, you know! You'd love it!)"* She probably won't be back either, now she has experienced our snow.

Knickers set a great trail, but she was too ill to run with us, so Unacceptable and yours truly offered to



mark the checks. Inevitably we got it wrong and almost the entire pack missed the Whisky Mac stop in Chiswick House gardens – sorry Knickers!

The circle seemed to go well, judging by the laughter coming from 10 month old Lilybum. Down downs were given to the usuals – Hare, Visitors, Virgins and Love Wizard for something to do with his recent 'panto' performances - ***Who's that little girl who wears a red cape and goes round shouting 'knickers' at the Big Bad Wolf? That's Little Rude Riding Hood!***
ON! ON! Ryde

LATEST HARELINE:

Day	Time	Date	Run	Hare	Station	Pub - 10/2/10
Sat	12am	20-Feb	1941	Bhopal/Hands On	Hammersmith	Blue Anchor
Sat	12am	27-Feb	1942	Rent Boy	TBA	England v Ireland 4pm
Sat	11.30am	06-Mar		Bulldozer	Social	TBA
Sun	12am	07-Mar	1943	Eric	East Croydon	Porter & Sorter
Sat	12am	13-Mar	1944	Screwloose/Eagermount	Mornington Crescent	Joint SLASH Scotland v England 5pm
Sat	12am	20-Mar	1945	Beach Bum	Canada Water	Ship Whale - France v England 7.45pm

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 thepilot@aol.com or lh3hare@londonhash.org