

ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 33 - ISSUE 3



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org

**BOGGERS.....
BRINGS A TOUCH OF CULTURE
TO THE HASH ON HIS RETURN
FROM SOUTH AFRICA**



Vuvuzela Concerto in B Flat

$\text{♩} = 120$ *Insistendo quasi le vespe*

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Send items for this mag to

London Hash.....

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DON'T MISS IN THIS EDITION

- News on everything that has happened to London H3 since the last ON Paper! In February – apologies from Edit Hare.
- Registration form the London H3 2000th r*n celebrations. Make sure you register soon – there are 130 registered.
- Loads of Run Write Ups



RUN NO: 1940
STAINES
HARE: RAMBO
SUNDAY 14th
FEBRUARY 2010

A small selected bunch of seasoned London hashers turned up at the Bell. No virgins or visitors, no doubt put off slightly by the vagaries of the

transport system. The majority of the pack arrived together by bus, due to engineering works on the line, except for Last Tango, who was at least ½ hour behind the pack still on a bus somewhere. So the GM having finished his pint decided the run could get underway. Rambo then threatened us with dire warnings of hip high river crossings. In the event we hardly got our feet wet, unusual for a Rambo run as I can remember wading through ankle deep or above. The run was mainly off road with stiles and kissing gates. These obstacles caused a problem for the buggy belonging to baby Emily, so they were routed around a different route.



On arrival back to the pub, after a longish run, down-downs took place fairly quickly due to the start of the rugby match. Several hashers had to stay in the pub to keep front line seats for the wobbly TV. Down-downs didn't take long, one to the hare Rambo, one to myself for talking, though I secretly think it was coming my way - lemonade. Pete the Pilot received a down-down as Mad Cow had to explain to a bouncer to let him into a pub during the recent c*** pub crawl. Just when Pete the Pilot was about to start his down down Love Wizard charged into the circle having just arrived back with Last Tango.

Finally on a romantic note, it was after all Valentine's Day. It was up to a stranger, who had been smoking in the garden, to bring out the free red roses provided by the pub for the harriettes.

ON ON Lofty

PS In America, Jeff Ondash embraces the Valentine spirit by setting a new world record for hugging. Nicknamed Teddy McHuggin, the 51-year-old from Ohio gave 7,777 squeezes in 24 hours outside a Las Vegas hotel on Saturday. 'When you hug somebody, they all smile' he said.



LH3 run number 1941 - 20th February 2010

Hares: Bhopal and Hands On

Pub: Blue Anchor

Scribe: Love Wizard

A strange ball of fire in the sky greeted us this morning of Hands On and Bhopal's run in Hammersmith. As we gathered in the pub, we were very pleased to watch Team GB beating Germany at Curling in Vancouver.



We proceeded on out where several virgins and visitors introduced themselves to the pack, though one hirsute visitor preferred to keep his identity secret. The hares explained a small set of hieroglyphs that would guide us around the trail.

On on along the bank, over Hammersmith Bridge, and back over again 5 minutes later, it seemed that it was going to be a very short trail... Well for two hashers at least it was: Eric and Rent Boy dashed straight past the first check point, and ended up in the nearest public house, where, it is rumoured, they can still be found.

The pack came off the bridge where the trail took us on to the golden sands of the river bank! Treading daintily among the coconut shells and broken bottles, some perhaps wished they had packed their galoshes... Madcow lived up to his farmyard moniker, sloshing around in the mud, and Chii-Zu very nearly lost his shoe. Fortunately for him this shoe related incident was not punished in the usual way.



Pace-setters Pilot and Moron high up on the embankment called the pack to stop playing sandcastles and get on with the trail. Generally this was heeded, and several of us proceeded to shin up one very dodgy looking ladder to join the trail. The rest of the pack however, could not be stopped, and carried on along the beach.



The pack now divided firmly into two, we carried on away from the river, over Hammersmith heights, where we were introduced to the first of Bhopal's architectural delights, Harrods depository, now luxury flats, on the far bank. Other sights set out for us were a faintly disturbing Hansel & Gretel style cottage, elegant 30s deco flats, 60s eye-sore west London college, etc. etc.

The trail then took us through Westfield where we were more than happy to make a racket amongst the otherwise blissful ballet of the Saturday shoppers. Ironically, we left via an escalator.



The trail brought us back round to the river where we were treated to a drinks stop on Bhopal's boat – including mulled wine and hot cross buns. 2am was keen to investigate the neighbouring boat's barbecue – was it b.y.o. sausage? Fortunately we will never know.

And so to the pub, who generously paid for the down downs. These were issued to Rent Boy for his devilish good looks and penchant for a mirror; Hot & Delicious was also caught seeking her reflection, Nice Butt was nominated to drink the pint; Helen Williams, born again virgin, and Isabelle Germa, actual virgin, were treated to a rousing chorus of "A Frenchman..."; unfortunately, the other visitors and virgins left before the down downs; Yorcky Porky reached his 50th LH3 run, but where was his tankard?



**Hash Trash for run No. 1943 7th March 2010 -
Sorter & Porter, East Croydon. Hare Eric the ?**

Arrived at the pub on time, no hare - but the trail was evident so we set off anyway, expecting a totally tarmacd run around Croydon. However Eric had very different plans! Not just parks, but bridleways, woods even a regroup at an observation point - looking down on the many attractions of Croydon. Many checks - some with multiple false trails. Eric was finally seen in the pub at 13:00!

The Circle was RA'd by Table Whine with Down-Downs to Eric, the visitors and Last Tango - for mistaking the trail for the p-trail and heading in entirely the wrong direction for the pub.



Visitors:
Laura Richards - Newcastle
Ball Handler - San Francisco
Rim Job - San Francisco (via Cheshire)
Returnees:
Sleak Cheeks
No-One (returnee from the mid-eighties)
On-On
Cheap Shit

aa

EDITOR'S NOTES:

NO RUN WRITE UP FOR THE TRAIL IN LEATHERHEAD

APRIL 2010

WELL WORTH A MENTION

THANKS TO THE HARE - SKYLARK



The world's largest check??





Su Wong marries Lee Wong. The next year, the Wongs have a new baby. The nurse brings out a lovely, healthy, bouncy, but definitely a Caucasian, WHITE baby boy. 'Congratulations,' says the nurse to the new parents.

'Well Mr. Wong, what will you and Mrs. Wong name the baby?'

The puzzled father looks at his new baby boy and says, 'Well, two Wong's don't make a white, so I think we will name him...'

Are you ready for this???????

Sum Ting Wong

"Morning Sex"

She was standing in the kitchen, preparing our usual soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast, wearing only the "T" shirt that she normally slept in. As I walked in, almost awake, she turned to me and said softly, "You've got to make love to me this very moment!"

My eyes lit up and I thought, "I am either still dreaming or this is going to be my lucky day!" Not wanting to lose the moment, I embraced her and then gave it my all; right there on the kitchen table.

Afterwards she said, "Thanks," and returned to the stove, her T-shirt still around her neck.

Happy, but a little puzzled, I asked, "What was that all about?" She explained, "The egg timer's broken."

THE AUSTRALIAN APPROACH

A young Aussie lad moved to London and went to Harrods looking for a job.

The manager asked 'Do you have any sales experience?'

The young man answered 'Yeah, I was a salesman back home in Dubbo.'

The manager liked the Aussie so he gave him the job.

His first day was challenging and busy, but he got through it.

After the store was locked up, the manager came down and asked, 'OK, so how many sales did you make today?'

The Aussie said 'One!'

The manager groaned and continued, 'Just one? Our sales people average 20 or 30 sales a day.'

How much was the sale for?'

'£124,237.64p.'

The manager choked and exclaimed £124,237.64!! What the hell did you sell him?'

'Well, first I sold him a small fish hook, then a medium fish hook and then I sold him a new fishing rod.'

'Then I asked him where he was going fishing and he said down at the coast, so I told him he would need a boat, so we went down to the boat department and I sold him that twin-engine Power Cat.'

'Then he said he didn't think his Honda Civic would pull it, so I took him down to car sales and I sold him the 4 x4'

The manager, incredulous, said, 'You mean to tell me...a guy came in here to buy a fish hook and you sold him a boat and a 4x4?'

'No, no, no... he came in here to buy a box of tampons for his lady friend and I said...'

'Well, since your weekend's buggered, you might as well go fishing.'

A married couple went to the hospital to have their baby delivered:

Upon their arrival, the doctor said that the hospital was testing an amazing new high-tech machine that would transfer a portion of the mother's labour pain to the baby's father.

He asked if they were interested, both said they were very much in favour of it.

The doctor set the pain transfer to 10 percent for starters, explaining that even 10 percent was probably more pain than the father had ever experienced before.

But as the labor progressed, the husband felt fine and asked the doctor to go ahead and kick it up a notch.

The doctor then adjusted the machine to 20 percent pain transfer.

The husband was still feeling fine. The doctor then checked the husband's blood pressure and was amazed at how well he was doing.

At this point they decided to try for 50 percent. The husband continued to feel quite well.

Since the pain transfer was obviously helping the wife considerably, the husband encouraged the doctor to transfer ALL the pain to him.

The wife delivered a healthy baby with virtually no pain, and the husband had experienced none.

She and her husband were ecstatic.

When they got home they found the postman dead on the porch.

Run nr: 1945 (*don't mention the war...*)

Station: Canada Water

Pub: Ship & Whale

Hare: Beach Bum

P-trail: Lily Von Stoop and Lily Bum (*Hmmm! Obviously! Ed*) →

(*This is Beach Bum at Leatherhead – sorry, no photos from Canada Water – Ed*)



Don't we all love our "On! Paper!"? Especially if the front cover carries a load of babies (see previous issue). By the way, does anybody know what the collective noun is for babies? Flock? Gaggle? Buggery (see below)? Of course we don't really care that much about the run write-ups. We go for the jokes, and even more so for the latest on hash procreation, or, if possible, hash rumours and scandals. There is never enough of it, as More On would say.

But there we were in the Far East, in a nautical environment, with whales and docks and suitably damp, sweaty weather. The "Herr" was a Frau (*Gerwoman, tr.*), but she had enlisted her German and Gergirl to set the P-trail, which was long, very long, if you came by train. It could have been quicker if you came on the river and landed at Greenland Pier - at least if you did not travel via Hampton Court, like Last Tango.

About twelve of us set off, including two buggy hashers. They had an unfair advantage, as bits of the trail overlapped with their last buggy hash. The trail was planned and set with typical German Gründlichkeit, with loads of checks, and scenic landmarks, like Southwark Park, the Mayflower, Brunel Museum, and the Stave Hill Eco Park. On the way we picked up a number of hashers but we also lost some, notably the little buggers and their minders, who tried to go for a drink with More On and Pete the Pilot. They were promptly thrown out for under-age drinking.

In the end we were about twenty. Worthy of a mention are Crystal Balls from Mash Hash, doing his 99th run with London, virgin Peter from round the corner who had been made to come by Air Screw from Peterborough (don't ask!), visitor Ollie's Twister carrying young Oliver, and returnee Ceren (Thunderthighs was heard sighing: "I have never had such a flat tummy in my life...").

Sthweeheart and 2 am did a double-act in the pub garden, including quite a bit of double-entendre. All of the above were "done", and some more. Sthweeheart exempted himself from punishment for excessive FRB-ing, but got it anyway for new shoes. Bonnie deserved a drink for his promise to keep Boggers in South Africa for as long as possible (*Note: he clearly is not as powerful as he claims, as Boggers turned up at Chorleywood on April 17th*). Just Helen was baptised as "Hot down South" (she can give you a detailed explanation if you ask her nicely). This turned out very useful, as her virgin father, visiting a few weeks later, was promptly called "Cold up North".

Thanks to Beach Bum and family for showing us the delights of the East. More On and I had a lovely boat ride back to London Bridge, would never have thought of it otherwise. Nice pub, too. No doubt we'll be back! On On,

Martian Matron

Smart Arse Answers:

A teacher at a polytechnic college reminded her pupils of tomorrow's final exam. 'Now listen to me, I won't tolerate any excuses for you not being here tomorrow. I might consider a nuclear attack or a serious personal injury, illness, or a death in your immediate family, but that's it, no other excuses whatsoever!'

A smart-arsed guy at the back of the room raised his hand and asked, 'What would happen if I came in tomorrow suffering from complete and utter sexual exhaustion?'

The entire class was reduced to laughter and sniggering.

When silence was restored, the teacher smiled knowingly at the student, shook her head and sweetly said,

'Well, I suppose you'd have to write with your other hand'.

A lorry driver was driving along on a country road. A sign came up that read 'Low Bridge Ahead.' Before he realised it, the bridge was directly ahead and he got stuck under it.

Cars are backed up for miles. Finally, a police car comes up. The policeman got out of his car and walked to the lorry's cab and said to the driver, 'Got stuck, eh?' The lorry driver said, 'No, I was delivering this bridge and ran out of petrol!'

WORDS OF WISDOM.....

Sometimes, when I look at my children, I say to myself, 'Lillian, you should have remained a virgin.'

- Lillian Carter (mother of Jimmy Carter)

I had a rose named after me and I was very flattered. But I was not pleased to read the description in the catalog: - 'No good in a bed, but fine against a wall.'

- Eleanor Roosevelt

Last week, I stated this woman was the ugliest woman I had ever seen. I have since been visited by her sister, and now wish to withdraw that statement.

- Mark Twain

The secret of a good sermon is to have a good beginning and a good ending; and to have the two as close together as possible.

- George Burns

Santa Claus has the right idea. Visit people only once a year.

- Victor Borge

Be careful about reading health books. You may die of a misprint.

- Mark Twain

By all means, marry. If you get a good wife, you'll become happy; if you get a bad one, you'll become a philosopher.

- Socrates

I was married by a judge. I should have asked for a jury

- Groucho Marx

My wife has a slight impediment in her speech. Every now and then she stops to breathe.

- Jimmy Durante

I have never hated a man enough to give back his diamonds.

- Zsa Zsa Gabor

Q. What's a Catholic priest and a pint of Guinness got in common?

A. A black coat, white collar and you've got to watch your arse if you get a dodgy one!

The seven dwarfs always left to go work in the mine early each morning.

As always, Snow White stayed home doing her domestic chores.

As lunchtime approached, she would prepare their lunch and carry it to the mine.

One day as she arrived at the mine with the lunch, she saw that there had been a terrible cave-in.

Tearfully, and fearing the worst, Snow White began calling out, hoping against hope that the dwarfs had somehow survived.

'Hello...Hello!' she shouted. 'Can anyone hear me? Hello!'

For a long while, there was no answer. Losing hope, Snow White again shouted, 'Hello! Is anyone down there?'

Just as she was about to give up all hope, she heard a faint voice from deep within the mine, singing;

ENGLAND FOR THE WORLD CUP

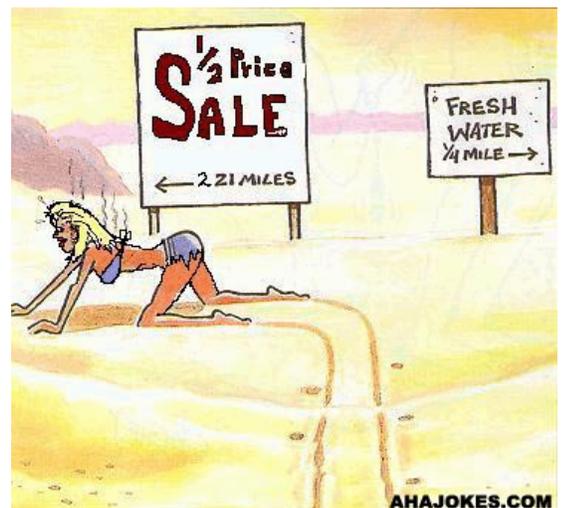
Snow White fell to her knees and prayed, 'Oh, thank you, God! At least Dopey is still alive!'



This is one of the best uses for a vuvuzela you will come across....

My wife barely notices the racket all those vuvuzelas make throughout the World Cup matches.

She's used to hearing a tirade of horns every time she pulls out at a roundabout.





JOIN US FOR ANOTHER GREAT BRITISH TRADITION



23rd Hooray Henley Hash

Sunday 4 July 2010

11am (to coincide with London Train)

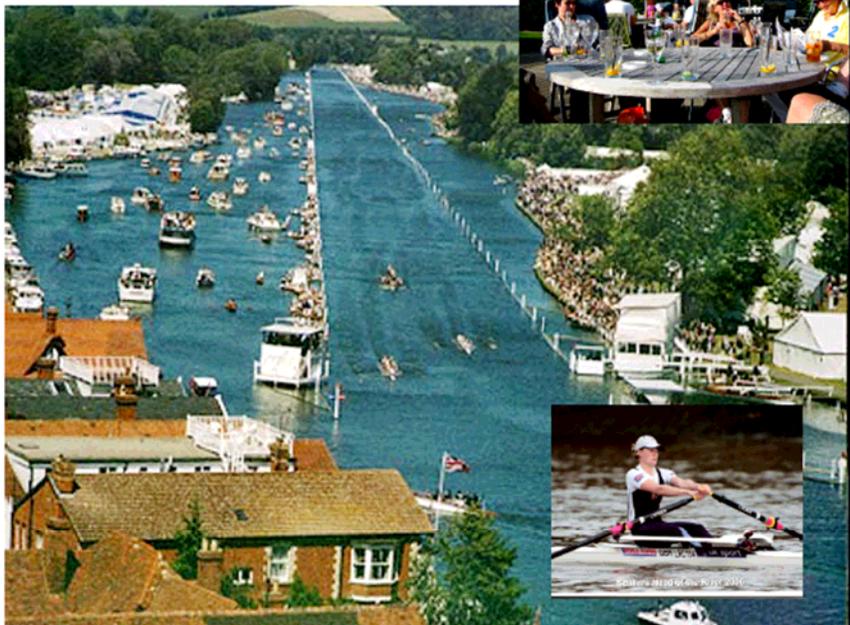


Following a fine tradition we celebrate the last day of Royal Henley with the Hooray Hash event from Henley Rail Station. The trail passes the international regatta course stopping perhaps for traditional Pimms & cake.

Afterwards there is the opportunity to join the rowing spectators from 2pm on the public Berkshire side of the river or for contrarians to watch Wimbledon Men's Final in a local town pub.

Henley-on-Thames Station Car Park, RG9 1AY GridRef: SU763822

- 5-8 mile scenic trail
- Shortcuts for walkers
- Difficult parking,
- be prepared to walk from, for example:
- Mill Lane off Reading Road RG9 4HB
- Fairmile, Nettlebed Road RG9 6AA



LONELY ENTERPRISES

(Temporary service while founding hare away at Interhash)

More information: ben@ralston.bz

Tel: 07710 981 309 (emergency contact on trail)



BE THERE FOR LONDON

VOLUNTEER AS A POLICE OFFICER

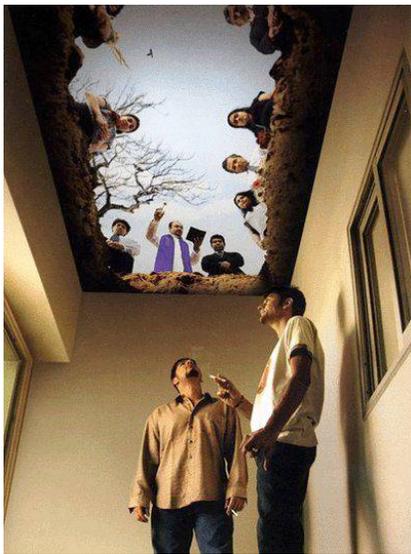
SPECIAL CONSTABLES
25 hours a month - Opportunities in your area

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Vivamus lict orci dolor, ultricies egestas euismod sapien. Integer faucibus sem ut elit fermentum pulvinar.

Download an application form today at www.metpolicecareers.co.uk/specials
Text SPECIAL127 to 84889 for an application form or call 2000 XXX XXXX
Phone 011 800-0000000 ref: 200/00 for more information

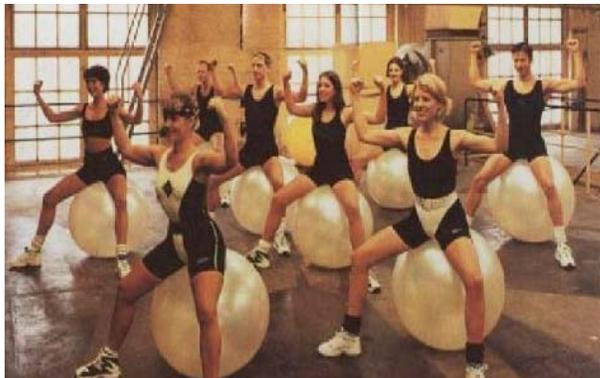
WHATEVER YOU DO, DO THIS.

METROPOLITAN POLICE met.police.uk



THIS IS A CEILING MURAL IN A SMOKER'S LOUNGE - would you continue to smoke?

**GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING
DO NOT SWALLOW CHEWING GUM**



I was proceeding a westerly direction along the trail.....

**.....AND ANOTHER GREAT OFF ROAD TRAIL AND NO RUN WRITE UP
MAD COW WAS THE HARE THIS TIME, VENUE CHORLEY WOOD
(COME ON SCRIBES - YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE)**



The Grand old Duke of York (aka the RA)
He had ten thousand men (aka 5 sinners)
He marched them up to the top of the hill.....

Barnes Bridge

3 April 2010

Pub: Coach and Horses

Hare: Curly

It is a well-known axiom that the First Rule of Hashing is that there are no rules. While this is undoubtedly true, the wise hasher should be aware that there are certain *principles*, or *tenets*, that must be respected. Violate these at your own risk, as I learned on the day of the annual Boat Race Hash.



Principle 1—don't interrupt the GM or you might be appointed scribe. When I kindly pointed out to

Testiculator that he had failed to include me in the introductory "Welcome to run 1947—who was born in that year?" he immediately appointed me scribe.

Principle 2—if you are appointed scribe, best to do your write-up ASAP or you will have forgotten everything. As I write this a full five weeks after the event, my few remaining live brain cells are struggling to remember that I even attended the event myself.

Principle 3—if you are appointed scribe and don't do the write-up immediately, you should at least take some note to help you remember. This principle I didn't violate, precisely, but the problem is that I appear to have lost the notes somewhere between Barnes and Pimlico. See above reference to dead brain cells.

So here's what I do remember: Curly set an excellent Boat Race Day trail through Barnes Common, over railroad tracks, through city streets, etc. At one point, the trail was lost, and Testy took this opportunity to stop in the nearest pub. Luckily, Butt Plug came along and found trail immediately. We then went to the Marc Bolan memorial, where Tango, Double Entry, Screw Loose, Hands On, and Jacques entertained the imaginary audience with their rendition of 'Born to Boogie'. You had to be there. At the very end of the run, the Hare took advantage of the recent rains and ran the pack through a swampy bog, which covered us all in mud, including poor Jacques aka Hung Low.

Back at the pub down downs proceeded. Here's what I remember: the Hare, of course, visitors Lonely and Bootsie, virgin Alexander (progeny of Dill Bitch and Charlatan), returnee Putenda Ritz, and I'm sure there were others.

The afternoon continued but with a noticeable lack of the usual Boat Race crowding, perhaps due to the fact that it was the day before Easter. Soon, however, more people started to arrive, including flock of undergraduate Bertie Wooster look-alikes. As the race time approached, I wandered down to the river and got a front row space to watch the event. This was the first time I actually saw the race in person instead of on the pub television. It was good fun and Cambridge won in a close race.



Back to the pub. Here's where the above mentioned brain cells go very dark, so best end it now.

On On, Sleek Cheeks

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

A male whale and a female whale were swimming off the coast of Japan when they noticed a whaling ship. The male whale recognised it as the same ship that had harpooned his father many years earlier. He said to the female whale, "Let's both swim under the ship and blow out of our air holes at the same time and it should cause the ship to turn over and sink." They tried it and sure enough, the ship turned over and quickly sank. Soon however, the whales realised the sailors had jumped overboard and were swimming to the safety of shore. The male was enraged that they were going to get away and said to the female, "let's swim after them and gobble them up before they reach the shore." At this point, the male whale realized the female was becoming reluctant to follow him. "What's the matter darling?" "Look love," she said, "I went along with the blow job, but I absolutely refuse to swallow the seamen."



**R*n 1952: Blackheath.
Hare: Crystal Balls
Scribe: Hot Down South**

R*n 1952 started well and most of the pack, including Last Tango, managed to make it to the pub on time. This was thanks to the nice short distance between station and pub (hurrah) and a well laid P trail which was fortunate since the pub details had remained Top Secret until arrival – i.e. they had not been published on the web site. The run, commencing from The Crown in Blackheath, was hared by Crystal Balls, who was celebrating his 100th r*n after 15 years of hashing, and co-hared by his daughter Hannah-Balls.



The On-Out: Prior to the start of the On-Out Testiculator asked for a volunteer scribe. I, along with everyone else, stared at my feet and shuffled backwards, however, I, unlike everybody else, did this unsuccessfully and found myself ‘volunteering’ for the first time on a London Hash as scribe. I hope this to be a reasonably accurate account of events; nonetheless, I shall endeavour not to let the truth get in the way of a good story. And so the On-Out began. Crystal Balls went through the usual spiel of how the trail had been laid in flour and chalk and most of the pack listened semi-attentively. I say most as Boggers, eager to get on trail, had already departed and then of course there were a number of late comers which included Thunder Thighs, Eric the Viking, Rambo and Butt Plug. The run included one returnee, Simon, and one visitor, David, who just looked confused as Crystal Balls went on about various blobs of flour and chalk symbols.

The R*n: There was talk about waiting for the late comers whose train was expected within moments, however, the large number of profanities which were aired deemed this to be an unpopular idea and the pack dispersed forthwith. The route began, leading the pack along cobbled streets and through affluent housing areas most of us could only dream of before finally reaching Greenwich Park. The weather which up to this point had been surprisingly reasonable for a Bank Holiday suddenly turned. In spite of it being May and the first of the Summer Monday Hashes we were pelted with hail. I was later informed by the RA that this adverse weather had coincided with the arrival of Eric the Viking and so we are left to wonder whether this was a display of the Hash gods’ displeasure of such lateness or simply the RA passing the buck. At this point I feel it needs to be mentioned that the RA was not running due to an injury, a pulled muscle! And so, the trail continued through the park with a number of re-groups, checks and false trails which served to keep the pack well together. The trail was a fairly even balance of park and road running with the main complaints being the lack of shiggy despite the rainy weekend and the plethora of nettles to which many a harrier came a cropper. There had been promises of a beer stop and sure enough the trail ran past a fridge in the middle of the street which had been marked as the beer stop. Sadly, we were left disappointed as there was no beer, just a McDonald’s mayonnaise sachet to be found. Thankfully the On-Inn was spotted shortly afterwards and this more believable promise of beer was enough to raise our spirits and take us on to the end of the 1952 r*n.

The Circle: The pack was summoned to attend the closing circle after about an hour and a half. During which time the pack had been fed (chips by the hare) and watered. The hare and co-hare had their down-downs followed by the returnee and the virgin. The returnee who had been seen last about a year before promised he would attend again the following year and the virgin who was standing in quiet horror said nothing but graciously accepted the beer offered to him. The RA then began to address the sinners in the circle, during which time it became apparent that sinners and good stories had been hard to find, with the exception of Lilly Von Stupp. Lilly Von Stupp faced charges of using an electronic device (a GPS thingamajig) in order to locate the pub in which he was already located and mugging a pensioner for £20 – the lesser crime some would say. Sinners also included Hijacker and Love Wizard who faced penalties for flimsy and potentially half-fabricated crimes. Finally, Crystal Balls, in commemoration of his 100th r*n, was presented with vase. The aforementioned vase which had been rapidly procured and decorated not with the customary engraving but with a couple of strips of highlighted paper attached with sellotape marked this momentous occasion. The circle swiftly came to a close and a wave of harriers and harriettes rushed once more to the bar.

I wonder if I will win this month's 'Mad Cow inappropriate lycra award'?



Run#1953
Date: May 10th 2010
Venue: Black Horse, Greenford

I arrived at the pub very early having travelled straight from Cardiff to London Victoria then I caught the Underground to Greenford, arriving at the Black Horse after a lengthy p.trail from the Greenford tube at 6.20pm to find that I was not the first to be at the pub as The Erector was already there. But it was a while before more arrivals. This was my first London H3 I ran in 6 months.

The pack was called to order, Curly gave his haretalk (we were reassured by the hare the run would be less than 10 miles) and I was called to scribe. With no pen or paper on me I will have to try to remember what happened on trail. Immediately we stumbled on a first check only to pick up the trail in Carr Road. The trail wound its way along the scenic Grand Union canal including under the busy A40 (Western Avenue) where we stumbled upon a 2nd check. I was kindly led onto a shortcut there as the pack spread out.

I later found myself in Northolt with the stragglers and then found myself on very familiar route....to an impromptu Beer Stop at Yorky Porky and Twin Peak's home...as Yorky kindly supplied the thirsty hashers the remnants of the Catch the

Hare: Curly
 Pack Size: 23
 Scribe: Titanic

In my 10 years of hashing I have never been to an on-inn in Greenford until this run. However, I have often run hash trails through Greenford.
 Hare H3's beers. This is where we heard stories of Cyst Pit's newborn dramas!

We arrived back at the Black Horse at just before 9pm and found that Double Entry was still out there presumably lost...and she had no mobile phone on her as she was strictly obeying the no mobile phones on the hash rule. Fortunately she arrived back safely some 40 minutes later.

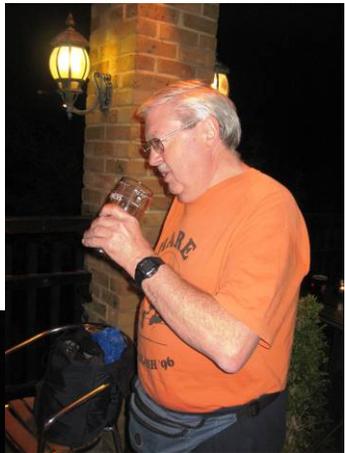
Some Down Downs that I remembered were awarded for the following:
 Curly-for setting a great run.
 Yorky Porky-for hosting the Beer Stop.
 Donor Kebab-300 runs award
 Cyst Pit-Pregnant Pause (becoming a father for 2nd time)
 I am afraid they were the only 4 down downs out of many I can remember as I didn't have the notes on me and my writing the notes on my mobile phone (as I appeared to be texting) was mistakenly not saved! Grrr!

Cheers and on on Titanic Dickhead

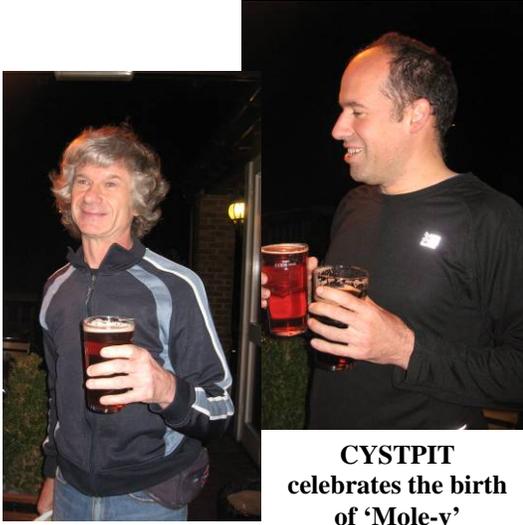
Jesus Christ!?!*!



Jesus is on the cross and he calls Peter over,
 'Peter, Peter'.
 'Yes Lord', says Peter.
 'Come closer', says Jesus.
 'Yes Lord, what is it?', says Peter.
 'I can see your house from up here'



Apparently, over the weekend PILOT had visited a beauty parlour in Macclesfield to get his toe nails painted.....



CYSTPIT celebrates the birth of 'Mole-y'

Donor Kebab 300 r*ns with LH3

Paddy and Mick go to London to donate sperm. It was a disaster! Paddy missed the tube and Mick came on the bus! Paddy calls Aerlingus to book a flight. The operator asks "How many people are flying with you ?" Paddy replies "I don't know! Its your feckin plane!"

TRUE STORIES:

THERE ARE STILL SOME HASHERS OUT THERE WHO THINK THEY NEED TO RUN 26.2 MILES TO EARN A BEER.....



BOY BLUNDER'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT EXTREME IRONING WINS NO PRIZES



LILY BUM DOWN THE PUB WITH THE FLOWER POT MEN



THE YELLOW PERIL HITS RICHMOND.....



MORE TRUE STORIES:



WHO IS THIS SHOPPING ON TRAIL? OH IT'S THE GM LOOKING FOR A NEW BOOTS, AFTER HIS RECENT WEEK AWAY WITH THE MORRIS DANCERS



**SKYLARK
50 RUNS WITH LH3**



**LAST TANGO
300 RUNS WITH LH3**



**BULLDOZER
100 RUNS WITH LH3**



**LH3 TAKE
OVER A
No. 371
BUS**

HELP! I think I'm in the shiggy!

Ed: Another candidate for this month's 'Mad Cow inappropriate lycra award'?



**London Run # 1954
Pimlico Tube Station
Hash Pub – The Grosvenor Arms
Hares – Martian Matron & Moreon**

Pimlico is my “hometown” so I was quite looking forward to this run. The pub was in a perfect location – just on the corner of Vauxhall Bridge – which made me suspect that we would be heading over that bridge “On home”.

However as an infrequent “returnee” the last thing in the world I expected was to be assigned as the “scribe”. Actually I didn’t even realise that I had been assigned this “privileged” role until Thunder Thighs asked me if I knew what I had to do! Huh??? I’d never even known a “scribe” existed!



And we were off in the direction that Martian Matron had pointed us – through several residential areas and a couple of false trails in between. I really don’t know what mood took almost all of the hashers but almost no one wanted to “check out” the trails at almost all of the “check points”! Even Skylark! We all just mulled around and waited patiently to be pointed again in the right direction by Martian Matron, who complained bitterly to Bill when she saw him at the top of a hill in Battersea Park.

Battersea Park btw was a joy to run through! New sights and routes were unveiled! Except at the Pagoda where we all mulled around again waiting to be directed. Really??? What lazy drug had we all ingested before this run????? Even after Battersea Park there was another check but no one seemed interested in checking it! They now knew the way back to the pub and headed determinedly in that direction! I think I was the only bozo who followed the trail to the end of a park along the river before Vauxhall Bridge. This trail doubled back in order to get back onto the road and it seemed



On On! Natasha

everyone knew this bar me!! Erk!
Last stretch along Vauxhall Bridge to the pub and again if you weren’t clever enough to cross at the light so that you were on the same side as the pub, you’d find yourself running past the pub on the opposite side to the next set of traffic lights! Although I did witness several hashers risking life and limb climbing over the meridian railing!!

Back at the Pub we were treated to Martian Matron and a young guy with a lovely voice treating us to piano accompanied songs from The Sound of Music and Gilbert & Sullivan ☺

All in all, a great hash trail! Shame that the hashers were overly lethargic (I am including myself here!)



Your Editor can’t think of many young guys with lovely voices on the hash!!

As a rule, I don’t pass along these "add your name" lists that appear in emails, BUT this one is important. It has been circulating for months and has been sent to over 20 million people. We don’t want to lose any names on the list so just hit forward and send it on. Please keep it going!

To show your support for Gordon Brown please go to the end of the list and add your name.

1. Mrs Brown.
- 2.

Run number 1955 - The Secret Garden Run from Ealing North
Hare - Ryde assisted by Tablewhine
Pub - The Greystoke
Distance – 8.96 km in 1 hour 17 minutes OR 7.98 km 53 minutes running and 17 minutes stationary.
Visitors (or returnees) - Born Again; Precious; ROO, Stretch Marks; Ship of the Desert; Jacqueline and Nicola (who incidentally did not have a Hash name, and proposed "Nickers" to the utter horror of LH3's "Nickers.")



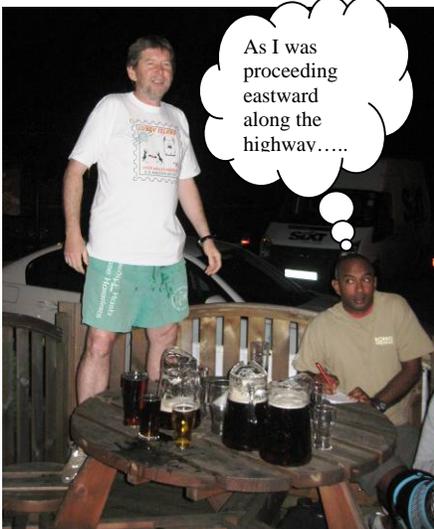
The run started off promptly at 1900hrs (plus 25 minutes) and the pack went straight across the busy North Circular Road and turned off into a leafy estate amidst luscious lawns where local residents were tending to BBQ's. Was this our first beer stop? Sadly not, so the pack continued on its way in a northerly direction into a myriad of back streets lined with spectacular lawns. The two Hamersley H3 visitors, Precious and ROO appeared to have local knowledge as they were swift to find the first few checks and leave the regulars in their dust.

"Ship of the Desert" and "Lilly von Strop" opted to run around playing with their GPS's comparing notes on how far they had run, their average speed and how long they had been standing still. Hmmm, maybe they deserved a beer later on? A note for the RA?



Credit goes to the Hare for not managing to loose the pack along the run, despite getting lost whilst setting it. A note for the RA?
 Anyway, the Hare did excel and provide lots of shortcuts for the knitting circle and showed us a couple of Secret Gardens, which where then NO longer Secret. A quick drink stop at the top of Hanger Hill Park and then it was down hill all the way to the ON INN.

There was the usual menagerie as elbows were scraped to reach the bar for a drink, Double Entry did a roaring business peddling her wares, Hard Core Bomber nipped across the road for some Hash Chips as the pub had stopped serving food at 2100hrs. What? Such a long run you say, well, time flies when you are having fun.



Down Downs

1. The Hare - Ryde for a lovely run and getting lost 300 yards from the pub while setting it.
2. Visitors and returnees - The OZ lot stood (no they don't really stand down under but you know what i mean!) as majority so the usual flag song was sung.
3. Drain Oil - for doing an average of 3 runs per year in 25 years - Go do the math!
4. Nikki and Born Again (who had left) o Titanic opted to drink his beer – Clever Boy!
5. Eric the Viking - For eating dog snacks
6. GPS Boys - Roo, Ship of the Desert and Lilly von Strop
7. Sucker the Fucker - For sinking his ship...sorry, barge.

ON ON Hard Core Bomber

Monumental Hash – Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square, London Eye, Big Ben, Sherlock Holmes Pub Stop and a whole-lotta of elephants.

Hare: Bonny

Visiting from the Isle of Whyte (*American for Isle of Wight – Ed*) was Lips on Tits and and **virgins** included the Sonik, Jason and a lovely young lady from China who did not know what to do with her beer, so Eric kindly assisted her.

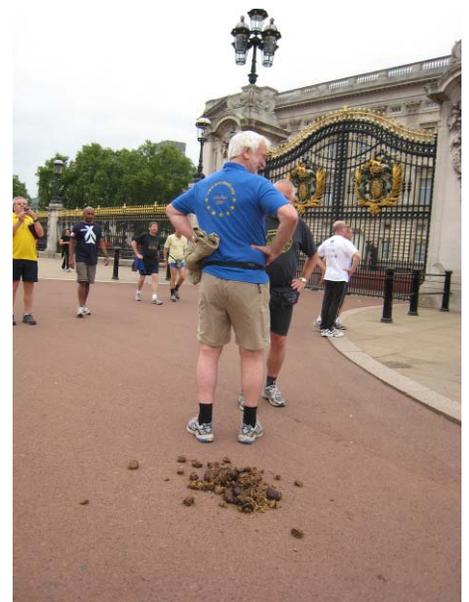
Down Downs included Last Tango (I am not sure what event she



was at) who blew her opportunity to achieve her New Year's resolution to have sex, and instead chose to attack 17 defenceless garbage cans, Eric acting as a gentleman consumed on her behalf. Last Card Louis was acknowledged for being a dirty little Aussie. Monsieur Merde for leading the innocents astray and Banged Up for asking if she was lost while standing on a check. And finally Dave who gives everyone with the uncanny sense that he has done the same silly things as before, was newly

christened Dave-ja-vue.

**Cheers,
Banged Up**



CHECK HOW MANY LONDON HASH TRAILS YOU R*N IN 2009:

LH3 Hashers attended in 2009	LH3 Runs in 2009		LH3 Runs in 2009
Last Tango	43	Cyst Pit	10
Tablewhine	41	Gaylick	10
Pete the Pilot	40	Horrible	10
Ryde	40	Lofty	10
Eric Sutherland	37	Please Sir	10
Testiculator	37	Clifton Jones	10
Knickers	34	Baldrick	9
More on	31	Cheap Shit	9
Thunderhighs	31	Hands On	9
Titanic Dickhead	28	Scarface	9
Double Entry	27	Sthweetheart	9
Screwloose	26	Action Man	8
Skylark	26	Beer Banger	8
Boggers	24	Called Away	8
Funky Gibbon	23	Hard Core Bomber	8
Martian Matron	22	Hijacker	8
The Erector	22	Periodical	8
Unacceptable	22	Pope	8
Mad Cow	21	Snow White	8
Domesticator	20	Armpit	7
Rambo	20	Daffy Dildo	7
Bhopal	18	Linford	7
Not Out	18	Pecker	7
Jilted Jugs	17	Strap On	7
Teapot	17	Airhead	6
Bonnie	16	Bangers	6
Love Wizard	16	Bear Behind	6
Marxist	16	Black Hole	6
Curly	15	Bowballs	6
Souflait	15	Bulldozer	6
2AM	14	Janni the Nanny/Dunny Penny	6
Butt Plug	14	KC	6
Hot and Delicious	14	Lilly Bump	6
Yorky Porky	14	Lost	6
Nice Butt	13	Road Kill	6
Pickled Fart	13	Spare Rib (BMP H3)	6
Sleek Cheeks (NYC and X-LH3)	13	Swollen Bona	6
Aussie Bear	12	Twin Peaks	6
Fat Bastard	12	Wacker	6
Ging Gang Goolie	12	Call Girl	5
Rent Boy	12	Charlatan	5
Jaywax	11	Esoteric	5
Lilly Von Stoop	11	Footloose	5
Mick Mac	11	Kaffir	5
Beach Bum	10	Little Bear	5
Caboose	10	Trigamist	5

LATEST LONDON H3 HARELINE:

Day	Time	Date	Run	Hare	Station	Pub
Fri	7am	25-Jun	1960	Prince/Hard On	Farringdon	Cock Tavern
Mon	7pm	28-Jun	1961	Boy Blunder	Stockwell	TBA
Sun	11am	04-Jul	1962	Lonely	Henley	Joint with Hooray Henley H3
Mon	7pm	05-Jul	1963	Boggers	Green Park	TBA
Mon	7pm	12-Jul	1964	Prince	Teddington	Abercorn
Mon	7pm	19-Jul	1965	Not Out/Titanic	St John's Wood	TBA
Mon	7pm	26-Jul	1966	Smart Arse	TBA	TBA
Mon	7pm	02-Aug	1967	Pickled Fart/Strap On	Thames Ditton	George & Dragon
Mon	7pm	09-Aug	1968	Black Hole	TBA	TBA
Mon	7pm	16-Aug	1969	Beach Bum	Canada Water	Ship & Whale
Mon	7pm	23-Aug	1970	Souflee	East Finchley	Old White Lion

AND FINALLY.....

Whydo Tesco's make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

Whydo people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a diet coke.

Whydo banks leave both doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.

Whydo we leave cars worth thousands of pounds in the driveway and put our useless junk in the garage.

Why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin ?

Why women can't put on mascara with their mouth closed?

Why don't you ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?

Why is 'abbreviated' such a long word?

Why is it that doctors call what they do 'practice'?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavour, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why isn't there mouse-flavoured cat food?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

You know that indestructible black box that is used on planes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?!

Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?

Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?

Why didn't you write that run write up for London Hash House Harriers?

Why? Good question