

ON! PAPER!

The Magazine of the
LONDON HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

VOLUME 33 - ISSUE 4



RUNNING ALL OVER LONDON

For info check out www.londonhash.org

**Thinking of running for a LH3
committee post?
The LH3 AGPU is on Saturday
25th September 2010
(details to follow - see website)**

***STOP PRESS – The Castle,
Tooting Broadway***



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**See Testi if you
would like to be
on the committee
of London H3.
The 2000th
Run Weekend
is going to be a
blast!
150 signed up so far
– so why don't
you join the
committee and get
involved?**

DUKE OF HAMILTON, HAMPSTEAD 21/06/10 - HARE - UNACCEPTABLE SCRIBE – MAD COW



After reaching for fleeces over the weekend, the British climate finally recognised it was the longest day of the year and rewarded us with a fine warm evening. Unacceptable feeling guilty about the poor and starving citizens of the earth set his trail (what ***** trail some asked later) in sawdust instead of flour, who cares about deforestation anyway? It only took a couple of minutes for the pack to fail to notice the first false trail and after some delay and the absence of the hare they finally worked out to check back. After a slight loop around the impoverished streets of Hampstead the pack finally made it on to the heath. Within a few minutes Curly paid for some enthusiastic checking by blundering into a dog whose very nasty chav owner decided that he was guilty of dog abuse and eloquently threatened him with the very real possibility of a visit to intensive care. Fortunately the fierce sight of Skylark charging to the rescue deterred said chav from inflicting no more than minor damage to Curly and his assailant contented itself with a few parting charming words before disappearing off to most likely give someone else a kicking (who said Hampstead was just full of luvvies and pinko liberals?).



The hare then cunningly set another check back off of the heath to the streets in the general direction of Camden which delayed the half witted pack considerably as no-one thought to check there. Shortly after at the next false trail the hare's handiwork became a total mystery as no-one could find the trail (other than visiting Aussie .Pog who declined to let a bunch of whinging poms in on the secret). An executive decision was made (after roundly cursing the hare's ineptitude) to do our own run back on to the heath covering familiar territory although Pussyfoot did manage to steal some plasterboard from somewhere and mark the live run for the knitting circle who were no more successful in locating the hare's trail. Thus the live running FRBs were back to the pub well before the rest other than a smug Pog who had found the real (very short) trail.

As usual the pub were very generous with the beer (presumably other publicans are buying it up for housing so they can charge us for down down beer) which was just as well as we had plenty of visitors.

After partially slaking our thirst the pack were summoned down to the very chilly pub cellar (you can't have street circles in Hampstead you know!) for the circle. The following visitors were recognised:

- Hamilton (no I am not kidding, he is just very vain and expects places named after him)
- Anya
- Flounder
- STTI
- Pog
- Melanie



After due process of the kangaroo court the following sinners were convicted along with the hare

- Budapest BF, something to do with slim athletic bodies
- Me, something not to do with slim athletic bodies (you're just jealous you bastards)
- Linford , 50 runs (don't rush yourself to the milestone!)
- Hardcore Bomber, fallen idol no longer modelling for the special constabulary
- Pussyfoot, trail saboteur
- Curly, breach of the peace and dog abuse
- On On Mad Cow**





Hash Review: R*n 1960 (The Looooooooongest Day Run)
Hares: Prince & Hard-On.
Pub: The Cock Tavern, Farringdon.
Scribe: H.D. South.

7am was certainly an unusual time for a Hash but this was to be an unusual r*n in more ways than one. On arrival Hard-On thrust a sheet of paper into the hands of bleary-eyed hashers as they entered The Cock. Now, as I am sure you are all fully aware, your average hasher is rarely seen with out a glass, or indeed glasses of beer (helps with balance I'm told). However, on this occasion the glasses were of a different nature as a number of hashers, Ryde and Knickers included, ruffled through their bags in order to locate their spectacles so as to examine and decipher what appeared to be a random series of photographs.¹



The group, about 15 in total, once full of coffee and/or beer, eagerly climbed the stairs ready to begin. We gathered outside The Cock and Prince explained how the photographs would replace the flour traditionally used on the trail. The idea was to follow the trail by matching the pictures with the passing surroundings. The justification for this being that often whilst hashing the pack would become so intent looking for flecks of flour that they would miss much of the detail that made a carefully chosen route that bit nicer. And so, despite the early hour, the pack quickly adjusted to this change of format and started, at a steady pace, towards the river. As the trail was identified, the route fathomed out and on-on called, Prince followed and chalked in a 'B' trail² to guide any stragglers around this scenic city trail.

The trail took the pack past St. Paul's Cathedral, over the Millennium Bridge, past the Tate Modern, along the South Bank, over Blackfriars Bridge and back into Smithfield's Market.

Initially there were fears this photo trail would impede any decent running, however, these proved to be unfounded and the pack picked up pace as the 'landmarks' were identified. A number of these clues proved a little bit trickier to find which gave the back runners time to catch up. Shortly after crossing Blackfriars Bridge, about three quarters of the way through the trail, the pack split into two and the FRBs stormed ahead. They were later found mid-pint³ when the rest of us mere mortals headed on-inn to The Cock for that welcome drink and the promise of a fry-up.



Breakfast was enjoyed by all. As mentioned r*n 1960 was a particularly unusual event and the good ole cuppa proved to be equally as popular as the pint of real ale, predominantly by Mud-Plug and myself; rounds of Tetley's (tea) were being got through at speeds normally associated with down-downs. After breakfast it was discovered that a significant number of hashers, it would appear, do scrub up and can make quite a convincing show of being respectable as suits and other work related clothing was donned. Sadly, due to these pressing work commitments faced by many, there was no circle. Nonetheless, I think I can safely say, had there been a circle the hares would have been commended on an excellent and innovative trail and, although I remain a faithful fan of flour and chalk, I am



1 Oh darn!!! There has been a considerable gap between the first and second paragraph in which time I have moved twice and lost my notes. My apologies for any entertaining anecdotes that I have forgotten about and therefore not included.

2 B for Breakfast or so I was told.

3 Whether that was mid the first, second, or third+ pint I cannot say with any certainty. I regret that my investigative journalism skills leave much to be desired.

certainly looking forward to attending another of Prince and Hard-on's trails. Here's to the Hares! **On-On. H.D**
South

Hash: 1961
Hare: Blunder
Where: Stockwell

We come to Stockwell to run round all the nice greenery, keep an eye open for iffy looking characters in blue hats with checks across the front, & drink in the Priory Arms. This is always fun..... until Blunder is the hare. We should have known better.



Things started off okay with the pub having a fine selection of ale. As most of you had phukked off to Borneo, the turn out was quite small. But we did have some visitors – Elmer P Gookenburger & Hiram J Hackenbacker the 3rd from Bullsh1t Idaho hash house harriers. We would have had a short trail but:

Our visitors started to give their life story; and Blunder was the hare

Q: Whats the difference between a Wonderbra and the French World Cup squad?
Q: A Wonderbra has decent support and a cup.

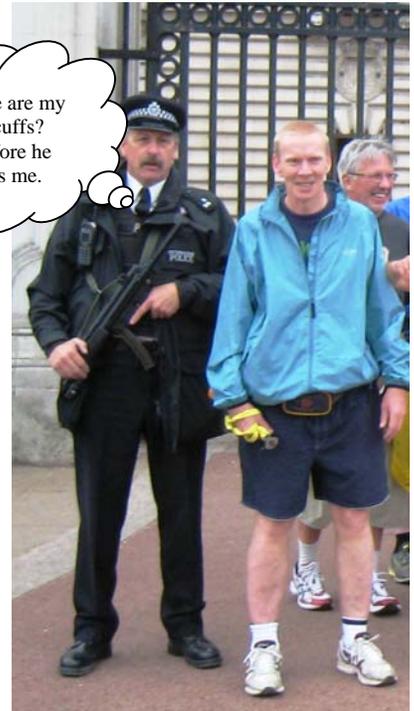
Anyway, at about
back to the
the circle, but I



2am in the morning, we finally got
pub!!!!!! Not sure what happened in
believe that:

Hare got a pint
Visitors got a pint
Septics got a pint for losing to Ghana in the world cup, & for not knowing where Ghana is.
There may have been a moment's silence for the death of English football,
or was it for the strange demise of a Uruguayan linesman who died suddenly
from the shock of having his eyesight restored.

Where are my hand cuffs?
...before he notices me.



A poem

I am an entertainer, I sing for charities,
for Oxfam & barnardoes, & for those worse off than me.
For all the concerts that I've done for the homeless overseas,
My favourite charity is not for refugees,
It's for a home in the Americas that stands beneath the trees,
The sunshine home in Montevideo for

blind Uruguayan referees

ON ON
Boggers

A gorgeous young redhead goes into the doctor's office and said that her body hurt wherever she touched it. 'Impossible!' says the doctor. 'Show me.'
The redhead took her finger, pushed on her left shoulder and screamed, then she pushed her elbow and screamed even more. She pushed her knee and screamed; likewise she pushed her ankle and screamed. Every-where she touched made her scream.
The doctor said, 'You're not really a redhead, are you?'
'Well, no' she said, 'I'm actually a blonde.'

'I thought so,' the doctor said, 'Your finger is broken.'

*A police officer stops a **blonde** for speeding and asks her very nicely if he could see her license. She replied in a huff, 'I wish you guys would get your act together. Just yesterday you take away my license and then today you expect me to show it to you!'*

R*n No - 1962, Green Park

Hare – Boggers (Ed: I see Boggers managed to diplomatically get himself out of the difficulties on page 4)

Given that the vast majority of the regulars were sunning themselves in Borneo at the InterHash and that it was Boggers setting the trail, it was always going to be interesting to see how many would turn up. But turn up they did, as a grand total of 17 brave souls turned up to experience a Boggers r*n! Not to mention the stray hasher who joined us half way through the trail, and exclaimed that it had been easy to catch us up as the trail was well marked!

Of the starting pack of 17, we had three visitors. Arty Farty from Beijing, although originally from Holland who is now living in London and should become a regular and two Americans from, well from the USA actually. I did ask the assembled pack to make sure that we didn't loose any of our visitors, but it seems that request feel on deaf ears as we lost the two American visitors out on the trail. Oh well, 10 percent losses are acceptable!

The trail meandered through the narrow streets around Green Park and Shepherds Market where we ran past startled dinners and almost every pub in the area, before heading off towards St James Park where the trail disappeared! It is not a good idea to lay a trail in wood shavings in a park that happens to covered in, yes, you guessed it, wood shavings! Anyho, Boggers (and his bl**dy annoying vuvuzela) was on hand to steer us in the right direction, which was past Her Maj's little town house, before heading off through Hyde Park and back to Green Park. A thirsty pack turned up at the pub ready to drink for queen & country, only to have been beaten to the bar by about 30 (or so) of Her Maj's finest, who were all ordering food individually! Some time later, with cold ale in hand, the assembled mass started to swap tall tales of daring does...

And then, in true hash fashion, it was audience participation time, or put quite simply, the down-downs. Having lost two visitors, the down downs were limited to;

- the Hare, who was also celebrating his 454th r*n, and was given a rousing rendition of "get a life";
- Arty Farty for visiting, and both he and I gave a quite appalling rendition of "Beijing, Beijing".
- TDH because he had been entrusted with the safe keeping of someone pussy, only for said pussy to have gone "walk-about" causing TTD to pull out what little hair he has! Needless to say the pussy in questions had turned up, and finally;
- we welcomed back Bow Balls after his recent heart scare and in the interest of his health gave him a down down of good'ol orange juice.

On-On Bonnie



FIRST TIME SEX.....

A girl asks her boyfriend to come over Friday night to meet, and have a dinner with her parents.

Since this is such a big event, the girl announces to her boyfriend that after dinner, she would like to go out and make love for the first time.

The boy is ecstatic, but he has never had sex before, so he takes a trip to the pharmacist to get some condoms. He tells the pharmacist it's his first time and the pharmacist helps the boy for about an hour. He tells the boy everything there is to know about condoms and sex. At the register, the pharmacist asks the boy how many condoms he'd like to buy. a 3-pack, 10-pack, or family pack.

The boy insists on the family pack because he thinks he will be rather busy, it being his first time and all.

That night, the boy shows up at the girl's parent's house and meets his girlfriend at the door. 'Oh, I'm so excited for you to meet my parents, come on in!'

The boy goes inside and is taken to the dinner table where the girl's parents are seated. The boy quickly offers to say grace and bows his head. A minute passes, and the boy is still deep in prayer, with his head down.

10 minutes pass, and still no movement from the boy. Finally, after 20 minutes with his head down, the girlfriend leans over and whispers to the boyfriend, 'I had no idea you were this religious.'

The boy turns, and whispers back, 'I had no idea your father was a pharmacist.'

A DATE FOR YOUR 2011 DIARY.....AFTER YOU HAVE HAD FUN AT THE LONDON H3 2000th WEEKEND 29th APRIL TO 1st MAY 2011.....

<p>Newcastle Hash House Harriers 1000th Run Weekend</p>		<p>Ridley Hall, Bardon Mill, Northumberland NE47 7BP 10th to 12th June 2011</p>
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Ridley Hall is set in its own magnificent grounds, 25 miles west of Newcastle and less than a mile from the main A69 trunk road. The Hall has a 4 hole golf course, a lawn tennis court and stunning and spacious grounds. Accommodation is in 2, 3 and 4 or 5 bedded rooms (screened space for each bed) in the Hall, maximum 60; some camping in the grounds with access to facilities is possible but numbers limited.

Friday: Arrival, registration, run/walk to the Pub in Bardon Mill for the evening.

Saturday: Breakfast in main dining room. Run in the River Allen Gorge directly from the site. A variety of concurrent runs for those of differing levels of fitness or recovery. Packed picnic lunch. Circle in the grounds of the Hall. Afternoon of Sport in the grounds. Evening BBQ in the gardens adjacent to the Hall. Entertainment till late.

Sunday: Breakfast. Hangover run in the Tyne Valley from the site. Circle. Bugger off.

Costs £89 in the Hall, camping £79 (including all food from Saturday to Sunday breakfast and drinks from late Friday to Sunday circle).

Prices rise end of December £100 Hall/£90 Camping, bookings close 30/04/11.

Contact Keith "Counterfit" Hudson for registration form.

Mob. 07985 160 125 e-mail: k.hudson@susheat.com

The "Blaydon Race" (5.9 miles) occurs on "the 9th of June" from Newcastle to Blaydon on Tyne. Pre-lubies and competitive runners note: www.blaydonrace.org

Q: How do you make a Geordie lass laugh on Boxing Day? A: Tell her a joke on Christmas Day.

Q What have a 3 pin plug and Newcastle United got in common. A They are both completely useless in Europe.

Q: Why does a Geordie lass only have short dinner breaks when working? A: To avoid re-training.

’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’ ’

A Muslim was sitting next to Paddy on a plane.
Paddy ordered a whisky.
The stewardess asked the Muslim if he'd like a drink.
He replied in disgust "I'd rather be raped by a dozen whores than let liquor touch my lips!"
Paddy handed his drink back and said
"Me too, I didn't know we had a choice!"

Paddy and Murphy are working on a building site.
Paddy says to Murphy "I'm gonna have the day off, I'm gonna pretend I'm mad!"
He climbs up the rafters, hangs upside down and shouts "I'M A LIGHTBULB! I'M A LIGHTBULB!"
Murphy watches in amazement! The Foreman shouts "Paddy you're mad, go home"
So he leaves the site.
Murphy starts packing his kit up to leave as well.
"Where the hell are you going?" asks the Foreman.
"I can't work in the feckin' dark!" says Murphy.

Paddy is said to be shocked at finding out all his cows have Bluetongue.
"Be Jeysus!" he said, "I didn't even know they had mobile phones!"

*Mick and Paddy are reading head stones at a nearby cemetery.
Mick say "Crikey! There's a bloke here who was 152!"
Paddy says "What's his name?"
Mick replies "Miles, from London !"*

A little wine a day helps keep the doctor away

PEOPLE who drink up to half a bottle of wine a day are healthier than teetotalers, new research suggests. A study of 150,000 French people found those who enjoyed low or moderate intake of alcohol were fitter than teetotalers or those who drank to excess. But June Davison, of the British Heart Foundation, said: "If you don't drink already there is no reason to start now as there are healthier ways to look after your heart."

However, as we do already drink, it seems we really must carry on!
Ed.

A husband and wife are sitting quietly in bed reading when the wife looks over at him and asks the question....

WIFE: "What would you do if I died? Would you get married again?"

HUSBAND: "Definitely not!"

WIFE: "Why not? Don't you like being married?"

HUSBAND: "Of course I do."

WIFE: "Then why wouldn't you remarry?"

HUSBAND: "Okay, Okay, I'd get married again."

WIFE: "You would?" (with a hurt look)

HUSBAND: (Makes audible groan)

WIFE: "Would you live in our house?"

HUSBAND: "Sure, it's a great house."

WIFE: "Would you sleep with her in our bed?"

HUSBAND: "Where else would we sleep?"

WIFE: "Would you let her drive my car?"

HUSBAND: "Probably, it is almost new."

WIFE: "Would you replace my pictures with hers?"

HUSBAND: "That would seem like the proper thing to do."

WIFE: "Would you give her my jewellery?"

HUSBAND: "No, I'm sure she'd want her own."

WIFE: "Would you take her golfing with you?"

HUSBAND: "Yes, those are always good times."

WIFE: "Would she use my clubs?"

HUSBAND: "No, she's left-handed."

WIFE: --Silence--

HUSBAND: "Shit."



WANTED!
If you see this hashier, stop him and tell him he owes LH3 6 weeks' subs!

STOP PRESS!
It's OK he paid £8 subs at last week's trail



Apple Does it Again!

Apple announced today that it has developed a breast implant that can store and play music. The iTit will range in cost from \$499 to \$699, depending on cup and speaker size. This is considered a major social breakthrough, because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.

When Grandma Goes To Court

Lawyers should never ask a Mississippi grandma a question if they aren't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a Southern small-town prosecuting attorney called his first witness, a grandmotherly, elderly woman to the stand. He approached her and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know me?' She responded, 'Why, yes, I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, and you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you'll never amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you.'



The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, 'Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?'

She again replied, 'Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone, and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. One of them was your wife. Yes, I know him.'

The defense attorney nearly died.

The judge asked both counselors to approach the bench and, in a very quiet voice, said,

'If either of you idiots asks her if she knows me, I'll send you both to the electric chair.'

A chicken farmer went to a local bar, sat next to a woman and ordered a glass of champagne.

The woman perked up and said, 'How about that? I just ordered a glass of champagne, too!'

'What a coincidence' the farmer said. 'This is a special day for me. I am celebrating.'

This is a special day for me too, I am also celebrating,' said the woman.'

'What a coincidence!' said the farmer. As they clinked glasses he added, 'What are you celebrating?'

'My husband and I have been trying to have a child and today my Gynaecologist told me that I am pregnant!'

'What a coincidence!' said the man. 'I'm a chicken farmer and for years all of my hens were infertile, but today they are all laying fertilized eggs.'

'That's great!' said the woman, 'How did your chickens become fertile?'

'I used a different cock,' he replied.

The woman smiled, clinked his glass and said, 'What a coincidence!'

TRUE STORIES:

LH3 discover design fault with the sleeves of the London Pride T Shirts



Rumour has it that Teapot was heard in Hanwell recently, but don't worry, sound travels well – he's still in the desert!



The Baby Boom (reported in the last ON Paper!) continues to hit..... As Millie arrives for Chocolate Starfish and Disco King

SOME FRENCH THOUGHTS FOR 'HOT DOWN SOUTH':

"A Frenchman's home is where another man's wife is." - Mark Twain -1878-79 Journal

"There is nothing lower than the human race...except for the French." - Mark Twain 1878-79

Those who jump off a bridge in Paris are in **Seine**.

Dijon vu - the same mustard as before.

Hot Down South says she enjoyed meeting so many interesting, sophisticated people, while hashing with London H3

She will soon forget meeting Born Again – she is heading off to France & will no doubt meet more suave and sophistication... and hopefully, she says, improve her French.



Skylark finds a sole mate in the jungles of Borneo.....



Linford - 50 runs with London H3

Hash Run: 1965
Hares: Not Out and Titantic
Date: Monday 19th July 2010 7pm
Scribe: Chi-Su



It was a balmy warm evening in St. John's Wood for the 1965th run with swarms of flying ants crunching like gravel

beneath our flying feet – a sign of rain to come I was gravely told (never happened). This was another birth year run, this time for Titantic (and Not Out?). Am in nerdy isolation for wondering who's going to be the youngest London H3 hare to be able to set a birth year run over the next few months? There was a good turn out of around 40 hashers with the excited buzz of those returning from the Interhash in Borneo and wider trip to Vietnam. Some seemed to literally have a post-Borneo-ic glow about them, though I did make a 'resolution' not to discuss this matter in detail.

The run was mercifully quite short (3.6miles) through the familiar terrain of Primrose Hill and Regent's Park, though Titantic, as the SCB hare, still managed to get lost on his own trail. Marxist got caught out by the ruse to not put the trail up to the typical viewpoint on Primrose Hill and went powering up there with those mighty bonsai legs of his expecting a regroup, only to see us all waving to him from the RG down in the bottom corner of the park.

In Regent's Park we hashed around several cricket matches in progress, not realising at the time that some sort of Pakistan vs Australia cricket match had pretty well finished off the good beer back at the pub.

Back at The Star, the lovely Mrs Not Out turned up with bags of samosas and pakoras, having gone well beyond the call of duty to collect them from the authentic territory of Southall, nowhere near where they live. Very tasty hashnosh. The circle was a long time coming and a sizeable chunk had already left by the time we were forced to go inside away from delicate neighbours for our shady rituals.



Down-downs

By the stage of the down-downs the pub had run out of the best beer and clearly from the gurning what was left wasn't too popular. However, I believe The Star did provide the following down-downs:

- For the hares, Titantic and Not Out
- Four virgins got down-downs
- Both Testy and Madcow had been so desperate for a beer tonight that they had both gone out and purchase new footwear deliberately
- I got confused at this stage about how Titantic had earned his second down-down by putting shreds in Tablewhine's drawers? What do some hashers do in their spare time?
- Artsy-fartsy had one for spoiling his beer and sang a Beijing song with Piles
- 2am got punished for a general lack of correctness
- Skylark for throwing Stayover's shoes into the Thames and
- Thunderthighs had to pay for some streaking hashing in Borneo.



I hope I got these right – if not, I'll have to make a 'resolution' to write clearer notes in the future. **ON! ON! Chi-Su**

Mind your words.....

- * Practise safe eating - always use condiments.
- * Shotgun wedding - A case of wife or death.
- * A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.
- * A hangover is the wrath of grapes.
- * Dancing cheek-to-cheek is really a form of floor play
- * Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?
- * Condoms should be used on every conceivable occasion.
- * Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.
- * When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.
- * In democracy your vote counts. In feudalism your count votes



Place: Epping
Date: Monday 26th July 2010
Run Number 1966

Was this a record? A pentathlon of Hash Chapters joining together for a run? i.e. London, FUKFM, Herts, Essex and Cambridge, plus visitors from Sydney & USA. We had the pre-run talk at 7.15pm, by which time only a small group of LH3 hashers had arrived, including me, Lofty, Bhopal, Please Sir, Last Night and TDH. Pete the Pilot and Souflee arrived shortly after. Just as we set off Spunky, the baby-faced, long-time-no-see ex-LH3 regular, turned up from Sydney Thirsty. He was showing his age at last by not running due to gammy knees.

Goodness knows where we ran but it was all off road and through fields of thistles. The only place I can recall is Coppard Hall, a magnificent 18th century mansion currently under

restoration, along with its extensive gardens. Oh, we also passed Rod Stewart's house but I failed to spot that.

I was sure that the prompt start (for LH3), long distance from central London and 20 minute walk from the tube would not deter London's keenies. True to my belief 2AM, Rambo and Martian Matron had caught up by the time we reached the drinks stop. Moreon was already there having completed the course backwards (was he really Lord Lucan in disguise?) Ryde and Tablewhine were also waiting back at the pub.

COPPED HALL
 EPPING, ESSEX CM19 3HS



Most of you will know that I have a little house on a Greek Island which I visit frequently. Near the end of my last visit I went to Whistling John's (don't ask!) birthday gathering. I sent a write up to the local English Language magazine but they wanted some photos to accompany it. Most of you will also know that I'm a technophobe and don't know how to send them. Last week I took my camera to a friend's house and the son sent the photos from his computer – or he thought he did. They were never received. Hence the raison d'etre for my laptop at Epping. I was seeking a willing volunteer to send the photos and Tops valiantly agreed. To cut a long story short, they never went either! Hey ho, can't win them all. Back to hashing!

I couldn't help noticing the American visitor was wearing the most freaky rubber like shoe attire I'd ever seen, with glove-like extensions to accommodate each toe. I told him they'd be no good for my nephew as he's got webbed feet! I later noticed Last Night grimacing doing exactly what I'd done i.e. poking them with her finger in disbelief.



A raffle was held and sandwiches supplied by FUKFM. Down Downs included the presentation of an original water colour gollywogg in the Irish rugby strip for Fergies', almost 65th birthday, (again for those unaware of Fergus collects any gollywogg memorabilia).

The visitor from Washington DC drinking out of his 'gloves' and Vicky Vomit who had the brightest of white new shoe laces in the oldest of filthy shoes.

The words of Sparerib's singing excelled in shocking those of nervous disposition.

To cap it all, it was a good long run on a very warm muggy evening. I have no sense of smell but I'm sure the aroma of filthy perspiring hashers overtook any local country odours.



Ed: Sorry about the quality of the photo – the sun's shining out of.....

Many thanks to the hares and ON ON to the next pentathlon.
Thunderthighs



**London Hash House Harriers
Run no 1968
Pub The Grove
Location Clapham South
Date 9 August 2010
Hare Black Hole**

This far flung Young's pub had the pleasure of 30 plus hashers increasing their custom several fold.

The event started with 5 virgins and 3 visitors being introduced, increasing the pack by over a quarter.



We wended our way through the back streets of leafy Clahm, before inevitably reaching the Common. The route went south side, past groups of strollers, and serious athletes involved in jumping skipping, some even sprinting in some military formation, preparing for our next invasion of a morally corrupt regime, (USA or Russia?) or were they merely trying to preserve their bodies to imbibe mind bending substances in greater quantities.

In accordance with habits of a lifetime your scribe stayed on the north side of the Common, where 15 minutes later the pack emerged in the north west corner, with many virgins, out in the front. Had they misunderstood our literature and believed us to be an athletic club, surely not, but their youthful looks, which considerably lowered our average age, long limbs, and clean living, gave them an advantage over the generally debauched, obese elderly crew that usually hobbled from pub to pub.

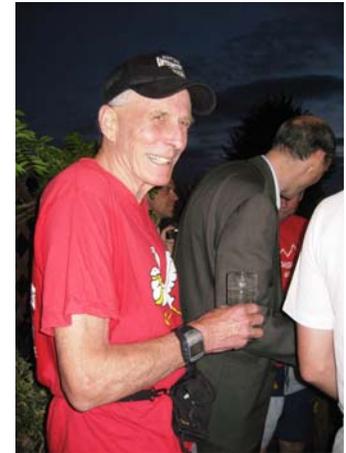
These youthful virgins, and a few miscreant regular hashers, you know who are, 'skylark' and 'not out' dutifully returned to the pub, where 'butt plug', 'tablewhine' and a.n.other, greeted these newbies with dutiful silence and awe, before returning to their beer. We understood the lengthy sojourn from the tube, on this warm dry evening had provided them with an extra excuse, as if any were needed, to help the poor publican and Young's get through these trying economic times.

Time passed, as the warm night came down on Clahm, and half the pack had fallen under the spell of 'testiculator', our renowned GM, who found himself inexplicably drawn to 'The Windmill on the Common', a pub, for any with the slightest doubt.

As the light faded our valiant pack trickled in slowly. '2 am', 'Eric the ...', 'last tango' and the usual rabble emerged. Not before 'vomit' who is vying with 'last tango' for his late arrivals at runs snuck in.

'Shakesbeer' from Winipeg, that is in Canada, and 'wackon wackoff' from Nagoya, Japan enjoyed down downs, along with, no name Kara, as visitors, together with virgins Paula, from Hoxton; Rod, Battersea via Liverpool; Will, an Essex boy now living besides the Common, together with Kelly his Dorset counterpart; and last, but definitely not least Thea, an East London lassie, originating from Hereford.

'Butt plug' and 'vomit' received water for their obnoxious behaviour, the beer having run out, shame you shout.



Most of the virgins found there way to us via modern technology online, and one even persuaded Alex, a non running virgin, following a great hash tradition, to find us in the pub.

The pub was generous with its beer, and facilities, and served us well.

Our hare the great 'black hole' provided us with an unofficial pub stop, aided by our GM, full use of the Common, and with the help of our RA, fine weather, if somewhat humid, on what must be the flattest route for many a year. The virgins were sickeningly ecstatic in their praise, and 'black hole' in time honoured tradition succumbed to the pint he deservedly was given.

**On on
Marxist**

← Scribe

LATEST LONDON H3 HARELINE:

Day	Time	Date	Run	Hare	Station	Pub
Mon	12 noon	30 th Aug	1971	Yorky Porky	Northolt	TBA
Mon	7pm	6 th Sept	1972	Eric the	Wandsworth Common	The Hope
Mon	7pm	13 th Sept	1973	Jilted Jugs	Stratford	King Edward
Mon	7pm	20 th Sept	1974	Horrible	Holland Park	TBA
Sat	12 noon	25 th Sept	1975	Testi	Tooting Broadway	TBA - The AGPU
Sun	All day	26 th Sept	Hash Cricket LH3 v Herts H3 – Bayford Cricket Club, Herts			

STOP PRESS! Good news.....

Joy for real ale drinkers as Hampstead's Duke is saved

ANGUS Douglas-Hamilton, the 15th Duke of Hamilton, who died in June aged 71, may now rest more easily in his grave.

The Duke of Hamilton pub in New End, one of the oldest in Hampstead, has been reprieved from closure and its supporters hope it will continue to serve beer for the next 300 years, as it has for the past three centuries.

The future looked bleak for the historic pub when the owners made a planning application to convert the building into two four-bedroom houses.

A battle to save the Duke was organised with the backing of the Campaign for Real Ale, Hampstead

and Kilburn MP Glenda Jackson, the Heath and Hampstead Society and the late Duke's second wife, Jill, Duchess of Hamilton. Glenda Jackson wrote to Camden's planners on behalf of her constituents, expressing concern about the number of pubs lost in recent years.

The Wellington Pub Company, which owns the Duke, withdrew the planning application last month but is thought to be considering another application. The Duchess tells me: "It is vital to keep landmarks and places where locals can meet. The Duke is both – and it is also one of the few real ale pubs left. To lose it would be a tragedy for London."

Trains and boats and .. well buses actually. London Hash supporting London Transport on the way back from the weekly hashes



Guy goes into the doctor's. 'Doc, I've got a cricket ball stuck up my bottom.'
 'How's that?'
 'Don't you start.'

Don't forget the Hash Cricket on Sunday 26th September. See Ryde for details.

And finally.....Ireland 's worst air disaster occurred early this morning when a small two-seater Cessna plane crashed into a cemetery. Irish search and rescue workers have recovered 1826 bodies so far and expect that number to climb as digging continues into the night.