



ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 34 Issue 1 December 2010



Caption competition?!

KINGSTON in the Autumn

What happened at the
AGPU?

CITY SHAME US ON
HALLOWEEN

Celebrating 300 runs



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Send items for this mag to the scribes
above.

Many thanks to all who sent in jokes or
photos for this issue.

Notes from Abroad

...a note from the three (2.5?) unfaithful repatriated German Hashers. We arrived safely and (almost) finished neat building prior first snow fall. We love our 18th century converted barn out in the fields, but despite excellent hashing grounds no hash near :-)) next and first run will be in Dresden, a Xmas run, combined Berlin and Hamburg HH weekend activity. Our families Hasher no 3's development is proceeding as scheduled, expected to be launched around jan 20th-first hash: still tbd, but NLT feb 20. our participation in London 2000th is a little in question since Lilly will be deployed to Lebanon and two baby hasher with just mum hasher might be a little too ambitious. However we just registered for ih 2012 in kenya incl the pre cruise.

Well, hope everything is well in london, greetings to the fellow London hashers, have a nice weekend

Beach bum, Lilly Von stupp and Lilly bum



A man is getting into the shower just as his wife is finishing up her shower, when the doorbell rings. The wife quickly wraps herself in a towel and runs downstairs.

When she opens the door, there stands Bob, the next-door neighbor.

Before she says a word, Bob says, 'I'll give you \$800 to drop that towel.'

After thinking for a moment, the woman drops her towel and stands naked in front of Bob, after a few seconds, Bob hands her £800 and leaves.

The woman wraps back up in the towel and goes back upstairs.

When she gets to the bathroom, her husband asks, 'Who was that?'

'It was Bob the next door neighbor,' she replies.

'Great,' the husband says, 'did he say anything about the £800 he owes me?'



AGPU

I had been in a round with her all day..... don't worry, three RA's left the AGPU with me and they all turned up at the London v Herts cricket match the next day, so I didn't get away with it!

ON! ON! **Ryde**



but I'm bound to be wrong, seeing as an awful lot of my hashing memories have become blurred over the years. There was a large pack (it's amazing how many people will travel miles for free food). It turns out it wasn't Wolfie's "Power for the people" we heard as we approached the pub; Teapot was back!

AGPU? The whole of the old committee resigned, and then, it seemed that all of them were voted back in again. It was a bit like musical chairs - and then a few 'newbies' managed to break in and grab a chair - **Chi-Su** as Edit Hare (phew!), **Little Bear** and **Hands On** as Hash Cashes, **Sparerib** as a RA.

Down Downs? All I know is that I received a very unusual Christmas gift from **Tablewhine** last year - a mini '**The Erector**'. At last we don't need to carry it to the hash anymore, because The Erector eventually turned up to receive his down-down. Even The Erector himself said that it really does sound like him, when it

The first flat I ever owned was just down the road in Tooting Bec and I didn't know there was so much off road running area around Tooting (I thought it was all near me in Tooting Bec) but our hare, Testi, found plenty of it. We ran through hospi-



Above: The new mismanagement

tal grounds, graveyards, across the Wandle and on and on and on (didn't **Testi** know we had an important committee meeting to attend?) and finally we had a drink stop, presented by **Ging Gang Guli** on a ping pong table in a small park - a Pimms stop - OK **Testi**, the trail was fantastic!

rudely and completely unexpectedly says "You're not welcome 'ere" or "Your name's not down, you're not coming in". You had to be there....

I knew I was in trouble when I noticed just how drunk **Last Night** was (as she was supported home by **Testi** and **Ging Gang**) and then remembered that

Back at the pub, what happened at the

Left: The original Erector

Hare



Testiculator

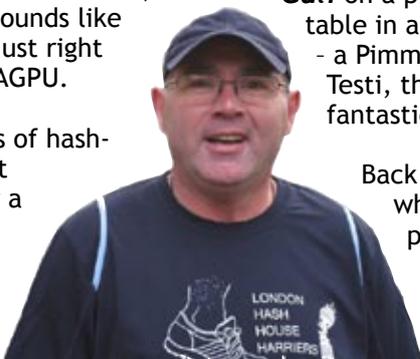
Mother Hash:
SL'asH
Year started:

It's the AGPU; maybe it will be the last time (as Edit Hare) that I have to twist arms and give a mean look at the pack in order to find a scribe for the trail.....Oh no! Too late - they've picked on me to do the run write up!

I did a search on 'Tooting' and one theory is that the name Tooting could have come from an alternative meaning of the verb to tout, being to look out - great, that sounds like hashing! I thought to tout was something that hookers do....

Citizen Smith ('Wolfie'), and the Tooting Popular Front, came to mind as we approached Tooting Tube station. Wolfie was the self-proclaimed leader of the revolutionary Tooting Popular Front (merely a small bunch of his friends), the goals of which are "Power to the People" and "Freedom for Tooting". In reality, he was an unemployed dreamer whose plans fall through because of laziness and disorganisation. Great, that also sounds like hashing - just right for a LH3 AGPU.

In 18 years of hashing, I can't remember a trail from Tooting,



A husband says to his wife, "what would you do if I won the lottery?" She says, "I'd take half, then leave you." "Excellent!" he replies,.... "I won £10, here's £5 - now Bigger off!"

Hare



Rent Boy

Mother Hash:
West London H3
Year started:

10.10.10

- An auspicious date, and a remarkably warm and clear day - enough so that your humble scribe wished she'd brought sunglasses instead of an umbrella, but having been in London only a few months, she was reluctant to trust that things wouldn't turn gloomy at any moment.

The P Trail from Kingston Station was a bit long for comfort, but everyone managed to gather at the pub and we were off promptly at 12:37 pm. It wasn't long before we were deep into the sylvan wonder of Richmond Park, (though there was a small contingent who favoured simply stopping at the Park Tavern - 0.00000001 miles from the start - and waiting for the pack to return on the In trail). It also wasn't long before our esteemed hare could be heard muttering "Must remember own trail..." which was mildly alarming. Around that time *Fat Bastard* stopped to check his email by logging on to his home wifi network -is his wireless router powered by plutonium and kryptonite?.

Schadenfreude

Not long after, the pack was led to cross a treacherous and raging torrent over

a couple of dodgy tree trunk-cum bridge things. Tragically no one fell in, thus depriving your scribe of the use of the word *schadenfreude* (from the German, meaning "pleasure derived from the misfortunes of others").

Short-Arsed

Following the uneventful water crossing much of our path ran along a random series of deer trails, which led to an interesting discussion of Lyme disease, and an great amount of whinging from *Pickle Fart* (whom your humble scribe has been instructed to describe as "short-arsed"), and who complained that the trail had been laid in "the worst part of Richmond Park for



insects". Clearly, *Pickle Fart* is an accomplished amateur entomologist, because when asked what type of insects we were likely to encounter said that they were "the ones that bite".

Then there was more running, more whinging, more deer trails, and a short foray into Isabella Plantation, where the pack dodged happy, perfect families of two-headed children riding on shoulders, dogs chasing sticks, and many a confused onlooker. It was not long after this that the gates to the park appeared once again, and the pack made its way to the Park Tavern to fortify itself for

the last, grueling leg back to the Wych Elm.

Somewhere along the way *Bulldozer* managed to forage a couple of wild mushrooms, and seemed determined to eat them at some point, despite saying "I know lots of people say you shouldn't eat wild mushrooms EVER, but two people told me these ones were ok."

Toxic Orange Sludge

Tango's first circle as RA was an appropriately chaotic affair. *Rent Boy* was given a down down as hare, but so was *Janni* (spelling?), and there was some sort of kneeling and talk of marrying. Next up was *Budapesht*, given a down down as a nod to the toxic orange sludge then surging across her homeland. She was joined by *Titanic Dickhead*, who would be traveling to Hungary shortly after.

Bulldozer got *Eric the Retard* up next, claiming that Eric had not only failed to prove a P Trail for the previous night's SLASH, he'd also not actually marked the hash trail, and had, in fact, neglected to even show up for the event. Then it was *Pickle Fart's* turn (insert mandatory adjectival phrase for *Pickle Fart* here: "short-arsed"). There was some talk about him straying from trail because he was distracted by rutting deer, and *Chi-Su* was called up for some barely fathomable reason your scribe couldn't be bothered to record. Bully's mushrooms made another appearance, and *Pickle Fart* ("short-arsed") even took a bite from one, though it was quickly spit out.

Virgins

Finally, our two virgins were invited into the circle - *Milena* and *Katya* from Bulgaria. They were appropriately feted and sent out, to be followed by *Skylark*, who got a large, thirst-quenching down down for spending the morning running a half marathon (and finishing in 1:36, which is damned good).

Your humble scribe was then called in for the spurious crime of not recognizing the park gates at the end of the trail and instead expecting there to be, you know, A MARKED TRAIL. She was quick to point out that we'd been facing in the OTHER DIRECTION when running through the gates the first time, and hence couldn't really be expected to recognize them from a COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE. Nonetheless, the down down was administered and consumed in good time.

There was then a great deterioration in the circle that involved the RA arranging a large number of hashers into incomprehensible patterns on the lawn - some lying down, some holding hands, all baffled. It was gradually revealed that this was meant to be an homage to the day's auspicious date - 10-10-10.

Scribe



Shakes Beer

Mother Hash:
Winnipeg
Year started:
2007

The Irish have not lost their sense of humour... These days, if you put your card into the ATM and it says insufficient funds, you cannot tell whether it means you or the bank!



Hare



Buttplug

Mother Hash:
London HHH
Year started:
1999

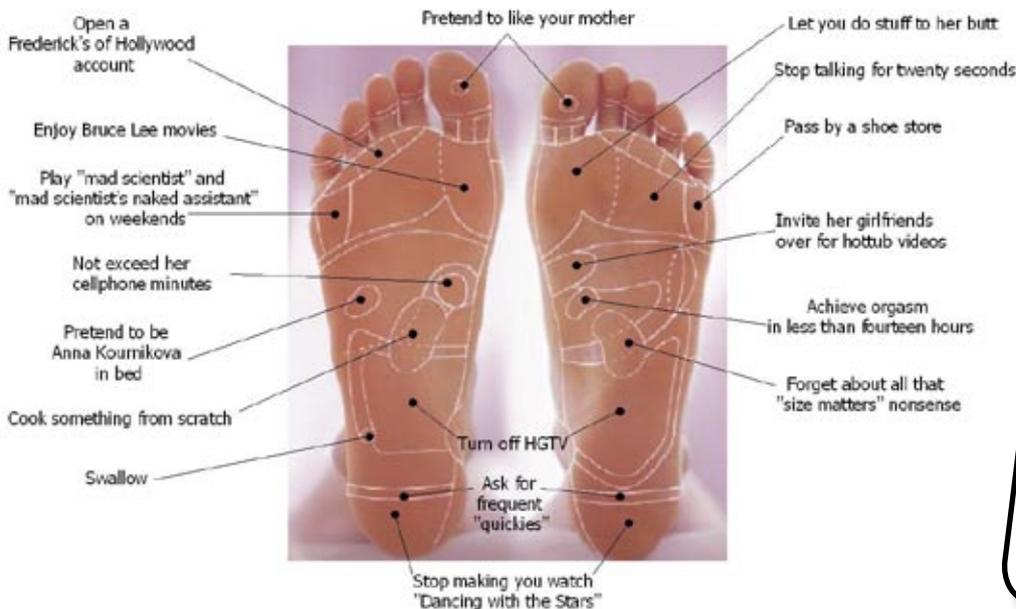
Run started off with the Sun shining and two checks close together, then a run through the woods and across the busy road and on into the woods to the third check. The pack then went up and down the valley after another couple of checks we ended up at the "DS" with the Hare succeeding to bribe us with Whiskey and Absolute Vodka and nibbles. Then the trail turned for home and after a couple of checks we started back on the out trail. The trail was about the right length, due to the lovely Northern Wind.

RA then gave out down-downs to the two visiting US Marines and Returnee *Vomit*. Next *Skylark* and the US Marines again for claiming to be first back, when the Hash is non-competitive. Next the Hare *Butt Plug* got a down down. Pack where in good tune and keen to get back in the pub. After more beers the pack started to slip off home to end another good days Hashing.

On On *Eric the...*



You press here/She'll do this



Scribe



Eric

Mother Hash:
Ulm H3
Year started:
June 1980

Hash Humour



Sometimes, we try too hard to get to the greener grass.

In the process, we end up in trouble

And when you find yourself in trouble and you're stuck in a situation that you can't get out of,

there is one thing you should always remember...

Not everyone who shows up
Is there to help you.



Bottle of Wine

A woman and a man are involved in a car accident on a snowy, cold Monday morning; it's a bad one. Both of their cars are totally demolished, but amazingly neither of them is hurt. God works in mysterious ways. After they crawl out of their cars, the man is yelling about women drivers. The woman says, 'So, you're a man. That's interesting. I'm a woman. Wow, just look at our cars! There's nothing left, but we're unhurt. This must be a sign from

God that we should be friends and live in peace for the rest of our days.' Flattered, the man replies, 'Oh yes, I agree completely, this must be a sign from God! But you're still at fault... women shouldn't be allowed to drive.' The woman continues, 'And look at this, here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune. She hands the

bottle to the man.

The man nods his head in agreement, opens it and drinks half the bottle and then hands it back to the woman. The woman takes the bottle, puts the cap back on and hands it back to the man. The man asks, 'Aren't you having any?' The woman replies, 'No. I think I'll just wait for the police...'

MORAL OF THE STORY:

Women are clever, evil bitches.
Don't mess with them.

Jingle Bells

*Dashing through the snow
In a one horse open sleigh
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way*

A risk assessment must be submitted before an open sleigh is considered safe for members of the public to travel on. The risk assessment must also consider whether it is appropriate to use only one horse for such a venture, particularly if passengers are of larger proportions. Please note, permission must be gained from landowners before entering their fields. To avoid offending those not participating in celebrations, we would request that laughter is moderate only and not loud enough to be considered a noise nuisance.

Letter to Men's Helpline

"Hey Mate really need your advice for a serious problem"

I have suspected for some time now that the missus has been cheating.

The usual signs: Phone rings, if I answer the caller hangs up, going out with the girls a lot.

I try to stay awake to look out for her when she comes home but I usually fall asleep.

Anyway last night about midnight I hid in the shed behind the boat. when she came home she got out of someone's car buttoning her blouse. Then she took her panties out of her purse and slipped them on. It was at that moment I noticed a hairline crack in the outboard mounting bracket... Is that something I can weld or do I need to replace it?

Hare



Marxist

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year started:

I was scratching my left hand and then 2am just said "you are the scribe for today because u put your hands up" no worries 2am ON ON the run start.

As a scribe I should not be at the back but I can't help it because we got some fast runners like the killer B *Sweetheart* and the Halloweens outfit was lovely unfortunately it was only *Sweetheart* family mamba. *Ryde* at least forgave the rest of us for not having ours on.

Nature was pleased with us as we went through Hampstead Heath Golders Hill Park beautiful views, the flowers and trees there are the cutest u can imagine and the cool air that was treating us with it freshness and warm heart oh that was a real treat you know.

Henry was having his lunch on trail and there I was with an empty stomach I did not have no breakfast and he was so greedy as soon as *Lofty* gave him his food

he will just run off eating it all.

Ohhhhhhhh *Lady C* and *Boggers* was getting too close in the woods chatting and chatting until we get in the middle of nowhere "we lost again" this wasn't my fault this time and then *boggers* said "oh we lost". I said to myself good for you, I have been missing all this time and I've got alibi that was exciting searching for exit. Fortunately one elderly couple directed us.

Got into the woods again and before we could reach Kenwood House, this is *Lady C* "I feel like hugging the trees, am I a tree hugger?". This looks like heaven she says. If you so passionate about it dear next time just do it.

ON ON lost and found we got to the main road and showers of blessings descended, people were watching us so no escape. We had to run up the hill into the pub, what a shame.

Marxist was given the biggest chalk u can think of and a down down by *ZAM* who before that he broke the glass, health and safety nobody was hurt YES
Eric the Viking and me laughed at *ZAM* this my turn for accidentally choosing me as scribe.

Returnee was *beer banger*

There was *Rawle* from

Real Madrid Hash.

You see, sending mail to people reminding them about keeping fit is not an easy task especially when you are doing it without any pay, which means we should be thankful to people like *Screwloose* who's down down was done just because we appreciate you love.

And what can LH3 do without *Tango* who don't miss any unfolding dramatic pictures, you deserved more than one down down Dear. And there was rain, oh *tango* you are special that why the rain came on time when u having a glass to cool you down.

Xiao Juan could only run and walk, and the little run she did she was breathing as like she just done the marathon. Anyway you tried but you must try your hardest.

Sweet heart how can you become a killer bee. He said "you may be in my list ". Oh no I can't because I'm a witch and that's why when we got lost we where found again. Isn't that sweet my blood is bitter hahahahahahah!!!

Skylark took part in a half marathon on 10th Oct to raise money for doctors of the world UK. An international humanitarian aid organization. Oh bless for saving lives so, with that marvellous job

u deserve a treat but he was asked to lay down his back flat on the ground and got a down down poor *skylark*.

When it comes to food people always think about themselves first but not *PETE THE PILOT*.

I was curious as to why he was not having any of the delicious crispy and tasty bacon buggers that our generous hare *Marxist* provided. He said "I can give you food out of my mouth if I have to "that so kind of u *PETE*....."

Moaning about food.... There is none for the vegetarian, I had a humble hasher whispering then I got to realise it was *THUNDER THIGHS*, oh no, how can the chef of Gatehouse pub do this to our lady.

But her cry did not last for 5 minutes, when there stood the chubby chef with a crunchy and mouth watering VEGGIE BUGGER ... Thank you she said with a wonderful smile.....

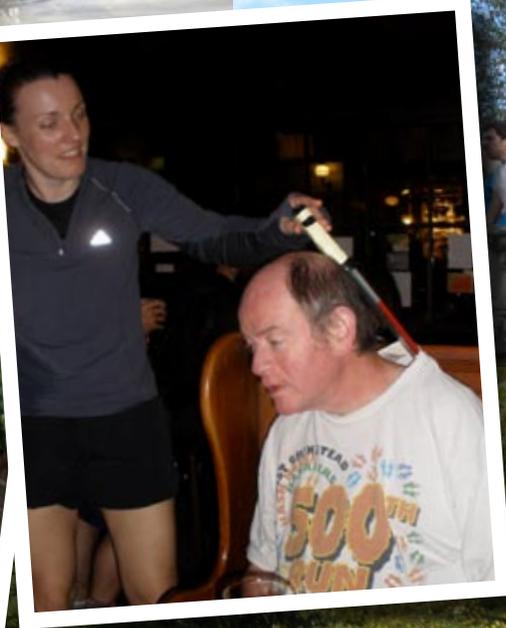
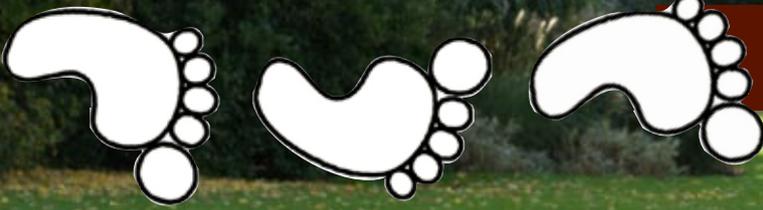
Scribe



Dozylocks

Mother Hash:
London HHH
Year started:
2010

I want to die peacefully in my sleep, unlike my screaming passengers



Hares



Stretch Mark & Budapest

Mother Hash:
B-Shanghai • S-Kangoon
Year started:
B-2006 • S-1999

Go West

We met at the Roundhouse, just north of Wandsworth Common.

A nice pub with several real ales,

arty film pictures on the wall,

and a bit of trendy, foody atmosphere.

The hash set about lowering

the tone immediately,

and met with considerable success.

After the usual interlude for drinks and chatter the bags were gathered up and dispatched to a nearby flat for safe keeping.

The GM then spouted the usual rubbish before introducing not one but two virgin hares - *Budapest* and *Stretch Mark*.

They said some fine words about chalk and flour, checks and false trails, and by the time your scribe started listening again we were off.

Old hands knew the trail would go round the common and so confidently ran the wrong way at the first, second and third checks as the trail headed west, and

west again, and again and again.

It was a bright autumn day and yellow, red, gold and orange leaves coated the ground and shifted about in the gentle breeze.

Our hares had departed from the traditional white chalk and chose a beautiful russet orange, whilst many hashers admired such taste and sophistication, those FRBs who wished to find the trail frequently found it too well camouflaged to succeed.

Our hares, however, showed remarkable good sense and simply laughed at the whinging and told the FRBs to try harder.

A tactic which paid dividends as the hash proceeded to Putney Bridge only losing 4 or 5 less than desirable characters along the way.

Old hands knew once they had gone across the bridge that the trail must go left as we had

already been running for 45 minutes. They confidently checked the wrong way as the trail went west again!

Those that managed to run past rather than into the Eight Bells caught up the pack by Fulham Palace. Several hashers, led by **2AM**, tried to gatecrash a wedding being held at the palace failing to spot that their hash t-shirts would not pass as morning suits even after they had been straightened and brushed.

Finally the trail headed back towards the pub meandering to Wandsworth Bridge via a number of parks. Old hands knew once the trail had gone over the bridge that it must go left; and of course it did, many were heard to congratulate each other on being able to predict where the trail would go, demonstrating their good sense and short memories.

Just an hour and a half after setting out the FRBs were ordering pints back at the bar. Down downs were done and the hares congratulated on a fine first effort - though the moaners suggested that next time they set just one run instead of linking two together!

BP

Run 1981 • Roundhouse • Clapham • 6/10/10

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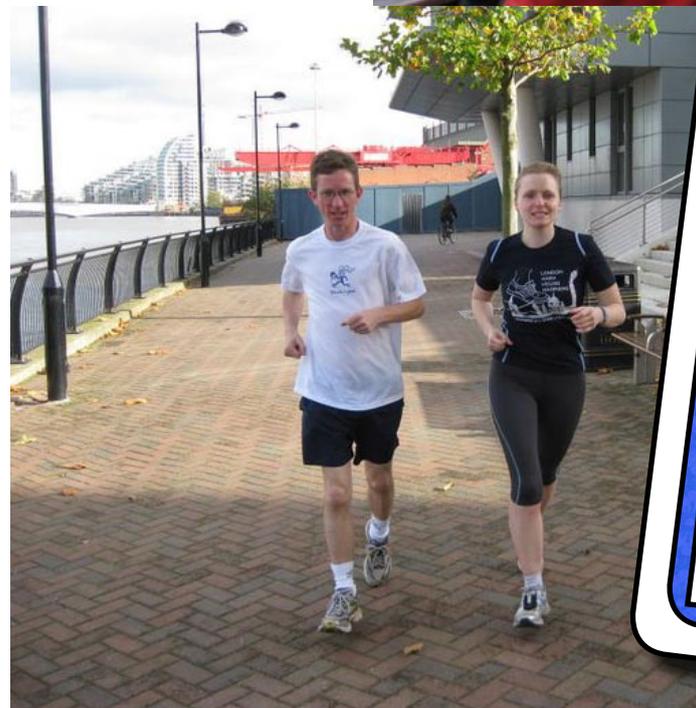
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BP



Scribe



Buttplug

Mother Hash:
London HHH
Year started:
1999

If at first you don't succeed, then skydiving definitely isn't for you

Hash Humour 2

Fondling In Bed

After 20 years of marriage, a couple was lying in bed one evening, when the wife felt her husband begin to fondle her in ways he hadn't in quite some time.

It almost tickled as his fingers started at her neck, and then began moving down past the small of her back.

He then caressed her shoulders and neck, slowly worked his hand down over her breasts, stopping just over her lower stomach.

He then proceeded to place his hand on her left inner arm, caressed past the side of her breast again, working down her side, passed gently over her buttock and down her leg to her calf. Then, he proceeded up her inner thigh, stopping just at the uppermost portion of her leg. He continued in the same manner on her right side, then suddenly stopped, rolled over and started to watch the tv.

As she had become quite aroused by this caressing, she asked in a loving voice, "That was wonderful. Why did you stop?"

He said, "I found the remote".

A real Australian joke!

A Northern Territory farm hand (an Aboriginal) radios back to the farm manager.

"Boss, I gotta helluva problem here. I hit a pig with the Ute. The pig's OK, but he's stuck in the bull bars at the front of my Ute and is wriggling and squealing so much I can't get him out."

The manager says, "Ok, there's a303 rifle behind the seat. Take it; shoot the pig in the head and you'll be able to remove him."

Five minutes later the farm hand calls back, "I did what you said Boss. Took the 303, shot the pig in the head and removed him from the bull-bars. No problem there, but I still can't go on."

"Now what's the problem?" raged the Manager.

"Well boss, it's his motorbike. The flashing blue light is stuck under the right-front wheel arch."

"You there Boss?"

How to be cruel to old guys - Eye Test



What happens if you order a Bacardi Breezer in the Outback, Australia

The four stages of Life



Your Name?
Abu Dalah Sarafi.
Sex?
Four times a week.

No, no, no male or female?
Male, female...
sometimes camel.



Hare



Eric the...

Mother Hash:
Germany
Year started:
1980



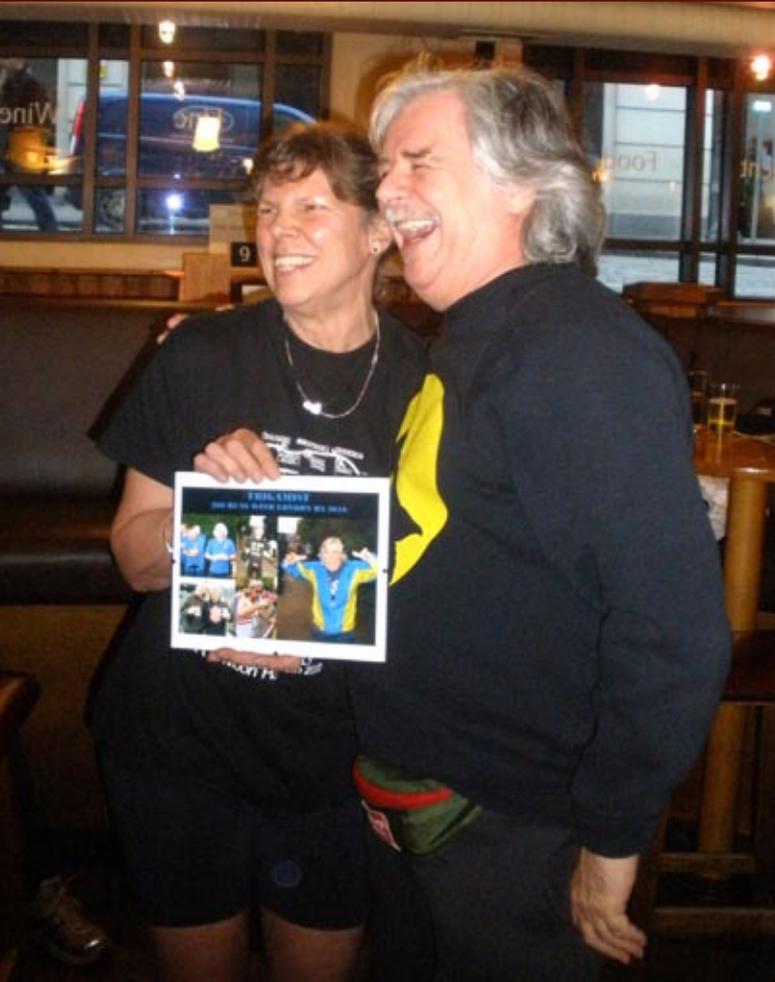
Notice outside London theatre: "The part of the

Welshman has been filled. The Dai is cast."

Eric set this joint run with the FUKFM3 as a pub crawl around the Monument area. Those who just did the run and not the 7 pub stops found it a very short run, which pleased three virgins who joined us.

More importantly, this run was a chance to hand out the awards below.

Trigamist receiving his 300 Runs award



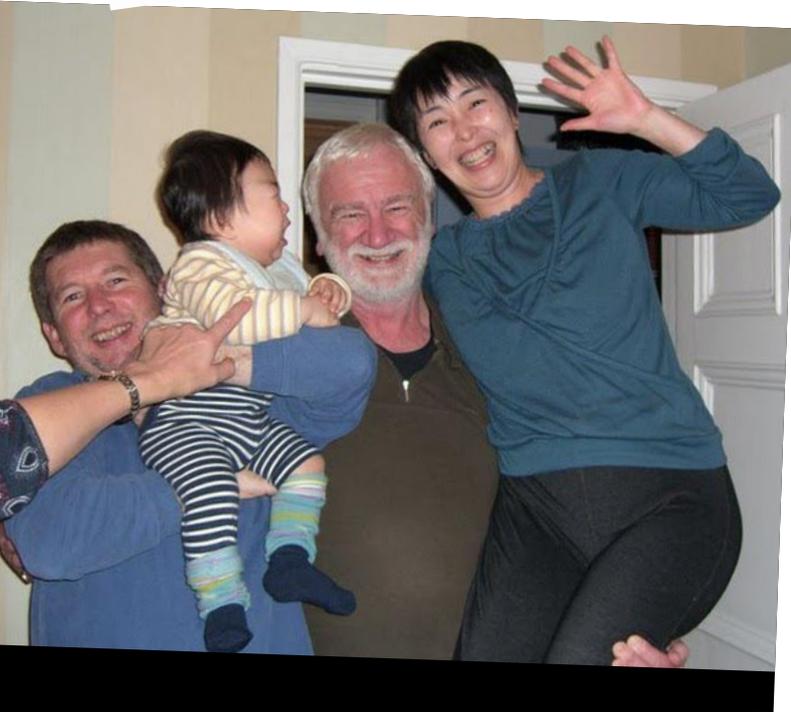
Crystal Balls finally gets his 100 Runs tankard



Hash Goss



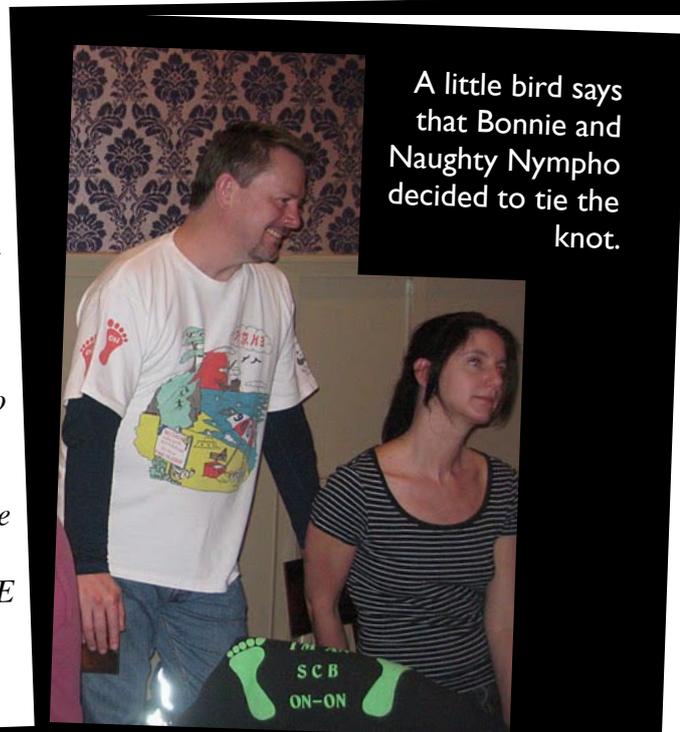
Eric enjoys his birthday party with his close friends.



Right: Takobelle visits London with her 'little miracle', Godzilla (ゴジラ, Gozira), aka Hiroshi. Having thought for 14 years of marriage that she and Country Bumpkin couldn't have children, she was more than surprised to discover, on a routine check-up visit to her GP in Japan, that she was 5 and a half months pregnant. On hearing the good news Takobelle went 'Aaaaaaaah.....'
Left: Tablewhine and Moreon – left holding the babies!



Not Out tries to explain to Akiko the rules of cricket: "You have two sides one out in the field and one in . Each man that's in the side that's in goes out and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out . When they are all out the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in out . Sometimes you get men still in and not out. When both sides have been in and out including the not outs , THAT'S THE END OF THE GAME ! HOWZAT !!!!!"



A little bird says that Bonnie and Naughty Nympho decided to tie the knot.

