



ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 34 Issue 2 February 2011

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Addington** *Page 11*



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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.

Download the colour version from the website
<http://www.londonhash.org/hashtrash.php>

Notes from Abroad

Well, as some of you may be aware, I am currently living on a farm in France. Recently **Chi-Su** asked me, via fb, to write something for his 'Notes from Abroad' section. I happily agreed until he then asked me to make it brief. I am inclined to waffle and my idea of not writing much is to use a smaller font. Well here goes.

Sadly there is no H3 near me in France, therefore, I find myself crossing the border and running with the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg's H3. On new year's eve, I joined a number of hashers at chez **Fuck Me Boots** and there, having eaten some amazing food and consumed a ridiculous amount of champagne, red and white wine and Irish coffee, we welcomed in 2011. To see in new year we all drunkenly sang our national anthems and rounded up the proceeding with a rendition of our much loved Hash Hymn, Sweet Chariot. A video of this can be found floating around the internet.

The first hash of the year was held on Sunday 2nd January. Now, I am aware that many a London hasher is a little bit wary about travelling much past Zone 3 and practically breaks in to a cold sweat at the idea of leaving the zones (or going south of the river). However, GDH3 won't let boarders stop them and invaded neighbouring Germany for the hash. The 'Hash-Rider' (AKA - **Slim Boy Fat's** car) packed full of hashers arrived late and so the r*n started later than its customary half hour late. The trail, laid in flour on snow, was hard to follow in places but took us through some beautiful woods and past numerous scenic spots. Eventually we all made it back. By the time I arrived the mulled wine was already being served with **Hash Granny's** homemade mince pies. In the circle many a crime was punished with the customary down-downs, the NYE Sweet Chariot singers were brought up to perform once again, and then the RA declared that there would be a christening. Jay, an American hasher, knelt in the circle, was re-named **Water Closet**, baptised with the traditional beer and, as the hares had run out of flour, pelted with snow balls by the congregation.

Following the circle, we headed back to the On-Inn, in **Mushy Prick & On On Blarney's** home. We were served some yummy soup and yet more champagne. After what had been a great (and boozy) weekend, I was certainly in no rush to return back to my provincial life.

Apologies if you've had to fish your glasses out of your bags to read some ridiculously small print but I assure you this is me being as brief. I look forward to seeing you all when I'm next back in London and until then On-On.

Hot Down South



In a Bucharest hotel lobby:

The lift is being fixed for the next day.
During that time we regret that you will be unbearable

In a Tokyo Hotel:

Is forbidden to steal hotel towels please.
If you are not a person to do such thing
is please not to read notis.



Hare



Funky Gibbon

Mother Hash:
Friends of the Mole
Year started:
1995

Run Number: 1984

Date: SATURDAY 27
November 2010

Weather: Blue sky and
sunny Temperature 0°C

Distance: about 8km

Visitors from Stuttgart,
Tippy Toes, **Puking
Cougar** from Brussels
Mangina

Returnees/visitors: **Snow
White**, **Wooden Eye**

It was one of those cold
and chilly days when we
all just wanted to stay at
home. Still there were
a total of 28 commit-

ted hashers that
turned up despite
the freezing cold
weather. At the
circle, visitors and
returnees were
introduced and
the hare advised
us that the run
was going to
be on the long
side, but the
good news was
the run was off
road. The pack
took off, just
about half fro-
zen, sometime

after 12:30pm.

The run headed towards
the beautiful Fryent Coun-
try Park; which is part of
the Capital Ring. After
many curves and up hills;
we were all warmed up.
Once reaching the highest
point in the park the Hare
thought we all deserve a
bit of treat and pulled out
a whiskey bottle from his
backpack. The whiskey
was almost finished to
the last drop, when the
Funky Gibbon, suggested
we should save the last bit
of whiskey for any hashers
who might have got lost

and were half frozen.

All refreshed, the pack
took off downhill at light-
ing speed and ran into
Yorky Porky who looked
a bit puzzled and a bit
frustrated. Luckily the
Hare saved the day by of-
fering him the last shot of
whiskey he had set aside
for a reason.

Not intentionally but
many of us eager hashers
climbed some hills twice
until our visitor **Puking
Cougar** and **Skylark**
realized that we had been
here before; luckily for
late comers **Snow White**
and **Wooden Eye**; they
were happy to see us
when we ran into them
on the top of the hill. Our
clever Hare kept the pack
together in tight order
as we all finished the run
about the same time. The
run turned out to be fan-
tastic and as **Funky Gib-
bon** promised it was green
all the way, which was a
real treat for all of us.
The pub was very generous
with the beer and served
very good food.

Down downs

Circle by RA: **Sparerib**
Visitors and returnees and
Puking Cougar, **Man-
gina**, **Snow White**, and
Wooden Eye

Some of the late comers:
Pussyfoot, **Screwloose**,
Yorky porky, **Twin
Peaks** and **Dozy locks**

Lost property: **Funky
Gibbon** left his torch be-
hind and who knows were.
Visitor **Puking Cougar**
and **Tablewhine** (long
story about **Puking Cou-
gar** requesting **Table-
whine** to be his friend on
Hashspace....and then had
a pressure of staying in
Tablewhine's place for a
weekend)

Some fishy tale about
Mangina's name and
Ryde; sadly we never
really figured out what re-
ally happened.

Pete the Pilot and
Table Whine received
"Water Down- Downs" that
landed in RA's back.

on on, Budapest



Scribe



Budapest

Quite Interesting Fact:
I went to China Nash Hash
in 2007 in HaiKou at Hainan
Island; my first time sitting on
ice :))



Hash Humour 1



"Ya know, when I was 30 and got a hard-on,
I couldn't bend it with both hands.
By the time I was 50, I could bend it
about 10 degrees if I tried really hard.
By the time I was 60, I could bend it
about 20 degrees, no problem.
I'm gonna be 80 next week, and now I can
almost bend it in half with just one hand."

"So, what's your point?"

"Well, I'm just wondering
how much stronger I'm gonna get!"

A sexually active woman tells her plastic surgeon that she wanted her vaginal lips reduced in size because they were too loose and floppy. Out of embarrassment she insisted that the surgery be kept a secret and the surgeon agreed. Awakening from the anaesthesia after the surgery she found 3 roses carefully placed beside her on the bed.

Outraged, she immediately calls in the doctor. 'I thought I asked you not to tell anyone about my operation!'

The surgeon told her he had carried out her wish for confidentiality and that the first rose was from him:

'I felt sad because you went through this all by yourself.'

'The second rose is from my nurse. She assisted me in the surgery and understood because she had the same procedure done sometime ago.'

'And what about the third rose?' she asked.

'That's from a man upstairs in the burn unit. He wanted to thank you for his new ears.'

A man watching a hockey game on TV kept switching channels to a dirty movie featuring a couple having sex. "I don't know whether to watch them or the game," he said to his wife. "For heaven's sake, watch them," his wife said. "You already know how to play Hockey!"



In a pub quiz the other day I lost by one point. The question was where do women mostly have curly hair? Apparently, the correct answer is Africa .

Spare a thought for Michael O'Leary, Chief Executive of the economy airline 'Ryanair' .. Arriving in a hotel in Dublin , he went to the bar and asked for a pint of draught Guinness. The barman nodded and said, "That'll be two Euro's please, Mr. O'Leary." Somewhat taken aback, O'Leary replied, "That's a very competitive price," and handed over his money. "Now, will you be wanting a glass with that?" enquired the barman..... !

Being a modest man, when I checked into my hotel on a recent trip.

I said to the lady at the registration desk ...

"I hope the porn channel in my room is disabled."

To which she replied, "No, it's regular porn, you sick bastard."



Hare



Mouthwash

Mother Hash:
City millennium party run
Year started:
2000, of course!

were also visibly confused - a few wanted to come along, what we were doing looked like so much more fun to them than a boring walk!

Some unsuspecting boggy areas disguised under grassy fields which slowed down a few keen Hashers just a tad. A few false trails, some that were deceptively tempting only to bring disappointment at the end.

There was what was falsely advertised as a Christmas market by the Hare - what Christmas? Mulled wine was seriously missing, but some tasty sausage samples were available to try, the ones with chilli in were especially good and ciders with lovely interesting flavours and no hashers to share it with. Those FRBs had gone right up the hill missing the wonderful shopping opportunities! Maybe they were tipped off about the lack of Mulled wine?...or Christmas...

There were 3 visiting Hashers from Madrid who took things all a bit seriously and were with the FRBs seen heading up to Alexandra palace the more sensible Hashers missed out that hilly part. We ran through Alexandra Park, then Hashers continued huffing and puffing along a special



park trail on converted old railway lines with spectacular views over to London and Canary Wharf.

Back again through Highgate park to the on inn, somewhere was rumoured to be a cider stop I think quite a few Hashers were sad to miss that refreshment...

Back at the Woodman the posh Sunday lunch diners were frustratingly screened from the down downs by a thick velvet curtain which I am sure probably only added to their annoyance since they could only hear the raucous activities but not witness them.

There were some down downs and in the wings other goings on...some sort of strange striptease (or maybe it was just show-off hashers changing?) and a little sausage dog getting in to a hasher's bag unsuspectingly and chowing down on a chocolate surprise of sorts. Even the hash dog was having too much fun!

Hash Crimes included **Marxist** and **Beer Banger** getting down downs for being first back, super enthusiasts that they were. **Marxist** constantly smugly mentioning that he lives a 'certain number of minutes away'

from the pub was just repeatedly annoying, it was good he was punished appropriately.

Other Hash Crimes included using a phone on the trail and showing up at Alexandra palace saying they were lost when that wasn't even a part of the trail... it just looked attractive and the little hashers were drawn to it like insects to a light...

Scrumpy was pulled up for complaining about lots of things especially the trail her co-hare husband had set so she got a free special cider for that. **Tango** deserved a down down for turning up looking so very fresh and made up, claiming ingrown toenail surgery, likely excuse!

A good run was had by all
Thank you **Mouthwash**!!

Scribe



Stiff Upper Clit

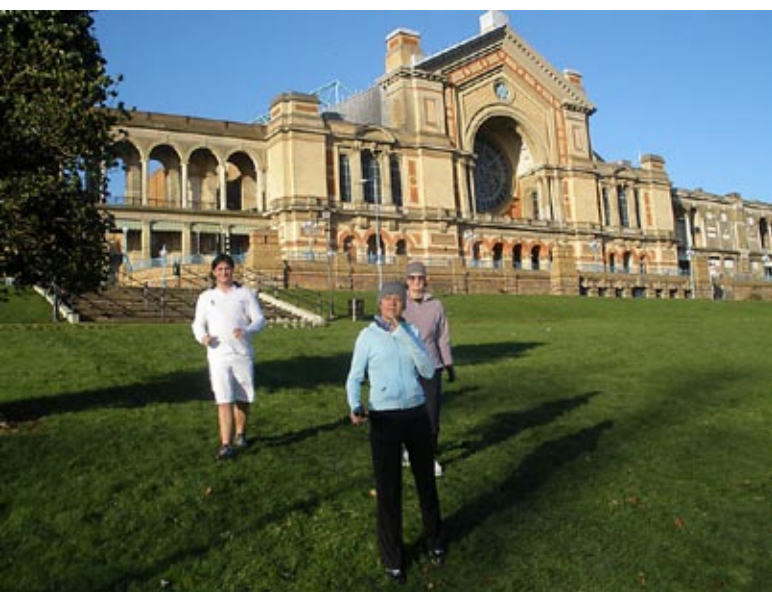
Mother Hash:
Long Beach
Year started:
1995

ALL merry hashers met at the Woodman pub, a pub the likes of which never cease to amaze me that they let us in, sometimes maybe only once.

The weather was crisp and cold but the signs of snow had gone, the sun was out giving way to new beginnings and this bunch was raring to go.. yes Christmas is coming.. Hare **Mouthwash** even told us to bring money for Christmas shopping, our interest was piqued!

Off into the park like a bunch of excited frolicking deer. Hashers dashing in all directions, through Highgate wood in search of the trail all sorts of uphill downhills lots of slippery leaves, some thick shiggy.

Not only were park patrons confused and bewildered by the onslaught of jolly shouting runners in all directions but some dogs



If Laura, Kate and Sarah go out for lunch, they will call each other Laura, Kate and Sarah.
If Mike, Dave and John go out, they will affectionately refer to each other as Fat Boy, Dickhead and Shit for Brains.

Around
the
world



CLaWs Xmas Party



in 80 days

Left: Is that pint bigger than Eric's head?



Hare



The Erector

Mother Hash:
Fethiye
Year started:
2006

The Claws, Christmas Party Recovery Run was from the Grosvenor Hash Pub at Pimlico. The night before the Hare, the *Erector* had attended at the Paddington Sports Club in Maida Vale, in the serious hash effort to drink the bar dry. The Sports Club had stocked up with nine barrels of Real Ale, but even so the *Erector* distinguished himself by draining all nine barrels and consequently had great difficulty setting the run—"In a straight line". Indeed when the *Erector* left the Sporting Establishment a little after midnight to set the trail for the recovery run there was not a drop of real ale to be had.

Other participants from Saturday evening who crawled around the Recovery run were: *Table Whine* (who was judged best Dressed Phileas Fogg) *Ryde* (Mrs Fogg)(who ran up in the dance off) *Knickers*-who dressed in a bathing costume (in minus 3 degrees) *Eric the retard* (who went as himself) *Testi* (another Fogg) *Action Man* (another Fogg) *Rebehind* (who pre-

dictably was adorned in bears) and left early when the beer ran out and went for a tippie at Weatherpoons which was the only place selling real ale after midnight.

Anyway on to the run, it went around and around Pimlico, circumnavigating the pub 3 times. Two guests were greeted in the circle-by the Religious Adviser (*Boggers*)

the visitor, from the Isle of White, had came directly from the Paddington Sports Club to the run with hubby and the Indonesian hashers had not been seen the night before. *Eric the Retard* received a down down for claiming he could read the "hash version of the Daily Mail" when it had been



printed in gobbledegook. The scribe got a pint for having nothing else better to do for 150 consecutive weekends or Monday evenings!



Scribe



Action Man

Mother Hash:
Mother Hash, KL
Year started:
1998

Hares



Ryde

Quite Interesting Fact
Ryde has been GM of
the London Hash four
times!

Hares



**Billy the
Fish**

Mother Hash:
West London
Year started:
1986



This was the Memorial Trail - We were remembering two London Hashers, plus all other absent friends who now hash with Heaven Hash House Harriers (H4). The two London hashers were *Hairy Fairy* and *Tripledick*. *Hairy Fairy* was a GM of London H3, in fact joint with me during one of my stints. He died on Christmas day 2000 in an accident on Ben Nevis. *Tripledick* was an On Sec of London hash (died in January 2006).



Hare

Teapot

Mother Hash:
Ankara
Year started:
2003

& so the LH3 Roadshow headed east this week. We knew it was not going to go well when **Unacceptable** derogated responsibility for the hash by passing it to **Tpot**. Things got worse when **Tpot** sought solace by starting off the hash swearing allegiance to something or other. Anyway, off we eventually went.

Things didn't go well for our Septic friend when much confusion reigned down on us with everyone getting lost in the

graveyard. Mind you, things were about to get a whole lot worse; we'd been promised a re-group & Mr Pot emphasised the need to wait at this point. This we duly all did & were led in a loud chorus of Father Abraham!! This in itself wouldn't have been too bad had: A. Tpot remembered the words (verses 3 & 4 contain the French for left & right), but given

that his countrymen tried to rename French fries freedom fries, it was no surprise that he forgot this part of the chorus; and B. People knew their left from their right in any language (see photo for details)



That was that & then we headed off along the towpath. A nice 45 to 50 minute trail I thought. Oops silly me. Another hour or so, & we were wander round Vikki Park - yeah bu' no bu' yeah bu' Vikki Park!!! where the trail got far too confusing for everyone. So the more sensible of us headed along Roman Road & eventually got back to the pub, only to have to wait an age for the rest of the pack to turn up... or almost the rest of the pack. Our illustrious RA, **Lost Tango**, however, was still checking out the grave yard or somewhere. This all meant that the circle probably took place in the doom & gloom with darkness falling. Allegedly, I am told that she likes it in the dark. But I'm not sure what it is she likes in the dark!! Anyway, as I had to Foxtrot Oscar prior to the circle starting, I give you comments from my co-scribe **Ryde**. ON! ON! **Boggers**

Lumbered with having to RA, I can only say it was a great circle (not!) **Teapot** was thanked for

the trail and told to F*ck off to Yemen. **Funky Gibbon** was awarded a 50 run mug. German hashier, Andreas was named - the first suggestion was a clever Teutonic Plate but the simple hash minds preferred '**Crack**'. There was also a bit of a bike theme, with **Budapest** knocking someone off his bike on the towpath, **The Erector** scaring a motorbike rider by standing in the middle of the road and asking the way to the pub (and asking for a lift for us all), and **Crack** was awarded a hero's pint for helping a mother and child in the park. ON! ON! **Ryde**



Above: The naming of Crack
Below: Funky Gibbon's 50th run mug



Scribe

Boggers

Mother Hash:
Khartoum
Year started:
1986



Hash Humour 2

BEST PICK UP LINE EVER: A man walks into a pub and takes a seat next to a very attractive woman. He gives her a quick glance then casually looks at his watch for a moment. The woman notices this and asks, 'Is your date running late?' 'No,' he replies, 'I just got this state-of-the-art watch, and I was just testing it.' The intrigued woman says, 'a state-of-the-art watch?' 'What's so special about it?' The man explains, 'It uses alpha waves to talk to me telepathically.' The lady says, 'What's it telling you now?' Well, it says you're not wearing any panties.' The woman giggles and replies 'Well it must be broken because I am wearing panties!' The man smiles, taps his watch and says, 'Bloody thing's an hour fast!'



In an advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist:

Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.

Baby bear goes downstairs, sits in his small chair at the table. He looks into his small bowl. It is empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?' he squeaks. Daddy Bear arrives at the big table and sits in his big chair. He looks into his big bowl and it is also empty. 'Who's been eating my porridge?!?' he roars. Mummy Bear puts her head through the serving hatch from the kitchen and yells, 'For God's sake, how many times do I have to go through this with you idiots? It was Mummy Bear who got up first. It was Mummy Bear who woke everyone in the house. It was Mummy Bear who made the coffee. It was Mummy Bear who unloaded the dishwasher from last night and put everything away. It was Mummy Bear who swept the floor in the kitchen. It was Mummy Bear who went out in the cold early morning air to fetch The newspaper and croissants. It was Mummy Bear who set the damn table. 'It was Mummy Bear who walked the bloody dog, cleaned the cat's litter tray, gave them their food, and refilled their water. 'And now that you've decided to drag your sorry bear-arses downstairs and grace Mummy Bear with your grumpy presence, listen carefully, because I'm only going to say this once....

'I HAVEN'T MADE THE F*ING PORRIDGE YET**



An older gentleman was in the Hypermarket the other day, pushing his shopping trolley around, when he collided with a young guy also pushing a trolley.

He said to the young guy, "Sorry about that. I'm looking for my wife and I guess I wasn't paying attention to where I was going.."

The young guy says, "That's OK. It's just a coincidence. I'm looking for my wife, too. I can't find her and I'm getting a little desperate.

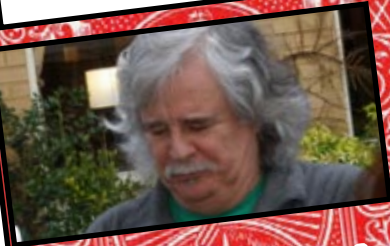
The old guy said, "Well, maybe we can help each other. What does your wife look like?"

The young guy says, "Well, she is 24 years old, tall, with long blond hair, green eyes, long legs, big boobs and she's wearing tight white shorts, a halter top and no bra. What does your wife look like?"

The old guy said, "Doesn't matter. Let's look for yours."

A married man should forget his mistakes. There's no use in two people remembering the same thing!

Hare



Trigamist

Mother Hash:
Almancil, Portugal
Year started:
1985

This

particular run will possibly go down as being one of the very best or more likely one the most dreadful in the communal foggy memory of the London Hash. Our dear **Trigamist** set us off on one merrily bizarre adventure, culminating in many near and well-founded mishaps, but more about that later.

The Saturday morning began with the arduous effort of navigating through the Croydon Tramlink - a novel first for many of the born and bred Londoners. **Thunderthighs**, however, deprived herself of this opportunity to experience the Tramlink and choose to drive instead, but more about that later.

The Hashers arrived at the Harvest and discovered it was not in fact a pub at all as rumours and titillating whispers had led many to believe. The restaurant did, however, make an insidiously delicious Hot Chocolate (it was chilly

out and my toes were cold), and even more despicable than that, there were no real ales, but more about that later.

As the pack shuffled out, bitching and whining about the cold (oh wait, that was me), a visitor by the fine name of **Kingdomcum** had remarked about how she hoped it wouldn't be a muddy trail because she was wearing her new shoes.

The pack set off running through the neighbourhood, waking up the neighbours (and the dead - in equal measure). A few dear FRBs found it too difficult to follow the trail and run at the same time and ran through the first false trail and just kept on going and going and going, but more about that later.

The trail took the pack through a beautiful forest and along some modestly moist paths. One particular Hasher (can't quite remember which one) had the misfortune of firmly planting his foot down on a particularly slippery slope and succeeded in soiling his ass, or at least getting soil all over the most of his attire. Dear Hashers, being the sort of warm hearted people who look after their own we offered the dear chap a hand, with great clapping and laughing galore. In fact the Hash Flash was laughing so hard she couldn't hold the camera still enough to take a shot of the sopping soul.

The trail dipped and twisted out of the forest, across a treacherous motorway where many a fine woodland creature have met their maker, into another forest - this one rather mystical with the power to make flour and markings disappear. Eventually the pack broke

free of the enchantment only to violate some recently ploughed fields. It was at about this point that the FRBs had reappeared in the distance along with a newly arrived **Thunderthighs** who had had set out at the crack of dawn to survey the better part of London behind the wheel of her car in an epic attempt, albeit in vain, to arrive early to the run.

The marks continued in a roundabout manner for many more miles, and eventually, hobbling and dragging, the Hashers finally arrived once again at the Harvest. It was bittersweet as the Hashers struggled without the ales to warm themselves. The Harvest didn't even have proper bottled beer. The Hashers were reduced to imbibing some fizzy Speckled Hen and bizarre tasting Guinness with survival in doubt.

In the circle, masterfully RA'd by **Last Tango** and **Tablewhine**, the sinner got their just desserts. Some dear Harriets displayed their keen equestrian talents, or perhaps it was the Harriers who were mounting them. **Kingdomcum** was of course invited to have a drink out of the right shoe. Dear **Boggers** was faced with a sorrowful loss of new acquaintance. She was a fine model of perfection, a new arrival into his life and he inadvertently abandoned her on trail (Many to this day still wonder if it is in the stars for them to be reunited). One Hasher (it's a bit fuzzy now which one) had announced that this would be his last Hash as he would once again be off to bugger camels, to which there was great cheer, but also some scepticism as he had been saying this for sometime but kept

coming back like one of those rashes that you have to continually apply cream to the groinal region to get rid of.

As a final bit of important revelation, after the pack had abandoned the Harvest and fearing another bout with Tramlink made their escape in a bus, retired to a pub in Croydon so **Crack**, who had been one of the FRBs who had kept going and ultimately covered more than twice the distance of the trail in order to locate the trail and had worked up such an appetite, could satisfy his hunger with a Full English Breakfast along with a hearty Full English Breakfast on the side. On On, **Teapot**

Below: Last Tango was one of the RAs - 'nuf said.



Scribe



Teapot

Quite Interesting Fact:
Teapot aka Feral Pussy aka Scarface aka Squeaky Toy aka Disillusions of Grandeur (DOG) aka Pussy Whisper (and I've sometimes been addressed as Shut the F*ck Up)

2 women called at my door and asked what bread I ate; when I said white they gave me a lecture on the benefits of brown bread for 30 minutes.... I think they were Hovis Winesses.



Hare



Shakesbeer

Quite Interesting Fact:
I have run, or had drinks with, or run AND had drinks with 35 different hashes, on 4 continents.



Well, my old hashing mate **Meal Ticket** from Basle (staunch ex LH3 hasher from the 80s) was over for a rugby lunch and wanted LH3 to change from Sat to Sun so he could join us - sadly we had to disappoint him.

So, I set off alone with Finsbury Park imprinted on my mind but as its my changing place from Piccadilly line to the

Victoria line my mind was on auto-pilot and instead of getting off at Finsbury Park I changed to the Victoria line only realising what I'd done as the doors closed. God, I'm so bloody blonde sometimes! So, I got off at the next stop and caught the train back only to find **The Erector** on it. We followed a good P trail to the pub but on arrival he complained about the lack of Ps to teh hare. As a joke I said "rubbish, but never let a good story get in the way of the truth." Of course, I was told that I'd got that the wrong way round but I hadn't. It was an intentional 'double-double-entendre'! So, we set off on a fine day with a reasonable pack on a rather long run. I recall we ran through an ecology garden area, a

surprise for Finsbury Park. I also recall that after a long trail when we arrived at Clissold Park I knew where I was and decided to take a slight detour diagonally back to the pub. However, as I ran on my private trail, hashers on trail kept joining it then leaving it, so even when I was off trail I was still on trail!



We arrived back in dribs and drabs. **Tango** was soon drinking coffee and then orange juice! We were joined by **Marxist** and **Mouthwash**, the latter of whom had invited the former to watch the Arsenal match only after arriving at the ground they discovered the match was a Sunday one. So they had down downs along with **Mic Mac**, **Halfway** and her dog, **The Erector**, **Testi**, **Friggin in the**



Above: **Mic Mac** sprinting past a certain football ground

Riggin, Lesley (not Airhead), a mother and son, a couple of others and the hare.

Many thanks for a run 'up north'!

Thunderthighs

Sadly **Mic Mac**, below, hared two runs during the period of this magazine but neither were recorded - He did, however, pass his 500th run.



Below: Is that the sun shining out of **Testi's** arse?



Scribe



Thunder-thighs

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year started:
1978