



ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 34 Issue 3 April 2011

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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>

Hash Stats for 2010

Pete the Pilot 42	Love Wizard 15	Curly 7
Last Tango 40	Souflait 15	Eagermount 7
Ryde 37	Unacceptable 15	Hijacker 7
Eric Sutherland 35	Mad Cow 13	Little Bear 7
Thunder thighs 31	Hot Down South 12	Trigamist 7
Chi Su 30	Rent Boy 12	Vomit 7
Tablewine 28	Yorky Porky 12	Baldrick 6
Rambo 26	Dozylocks 11	Born again 6
Skylark 25	Black Hole 11	Cyst Pit 6
Testiculator 25	Fat Bastard 11	Hard Core Bomber 6
Bhopal 24	Lily Von Stoop 11	Hot and Delicious 6
Double Entry 23	Mick Mac 11	Jaywax 6
Boggers 22	Strap On 11	Jilted Jugs 6
Butt Plug 22	Action Man 10	Linford 6
Hands On 22	Daffy Dildo 10	Man Pig 6
More on 22	Ging Gang Goolie 10	Nice Butt 6
Knickers 21	KC 10	Please Sir 6
Screwloose 21	Shakesbeer 10	Sucker the Fucker 6
2AM 20	Beach Bum 9	Xiaojuan 6
Funky Gibbon 20	Budapest BF 9	Beer Banger 5
Cheap Shit 19	Janni the Nanny/Dunny 9	Caboose 5
Martian Matron 19	Pen 9	David 5
Not Out 19	Last Night 9	Looberty 5
The Erector 19	Bangers 8	Boy Blunder 4
Lofty 17	Bulldozer 8	Dan Yamyuring 4
Sparerib 17	Horrible 8	Domesticator 4
Marxist 16	Lily Bum 8	Doner Kebab/Taxidermist 4
Pickled Fart 16	Pussyfoot 8	Gaylick 4
Sleek Cheeks 16	Airhead 7	Nate Bucholz 4
Titanic Dickhead 16	Bonnie 7	

Nice and Delicious 4	Charlatan 1	Second Hand Dish-washer 1
Psychodelic 4	Chocolate Starfish 1	Sergio Gonzales 1
Sthweethart 4	Chogm 1	She comes through windows 1
Stretchmarks 4	Christine Bradford 1	Ship of the Desert 1
Twin Peaks 4	Cold up North 1	Simon Steele 1
Wacker 4	Condom 1	Skip 1
Irene Machanal 4	Crap Nav 1	Sludge 1
Lavoga Nurse 4	Dark Alley 1	Smack the Oyster 1
Anthony Hogan 3	Deadlimb 1	Soumen Banenees 1
Chummy Walker 3	Dieter Von Stoop 1	Squashed Balls 1
Cockney 3	Doggy Style 1	Standing Ovation 1
Freeloader 3	Doormat 1	Stiff Upper Clit 1
Half Pint 3	Emu 1	Stonker 1
Hard On 3	Faye Dewitt 1	STTI 1
Kaffir 3	Femdom 1	Suntory Road 1
Lips on Tits 3	Flat Pussy 1	TBA 1
Mouthwash 3	Flybnynt 1	Teapot 1
Ratshit 3	Flying Dutchman 1	The Saint 1
Road Kill 3	Gay Ho 1	Thirsty Thursday 1
Scrumpi 3	Generator 1	Tony Appleby 1
Ian Taylor 3	Gobbledick 1	U-Hoo 1
Lady C 3	Going Down 1	Umlout 1
Raul Castro 3	Hamilton Ida 1	Valeria 1
Lily Teo 3	Hannibal Dau 1	Wak-On Wak-Off 1
Anya Bucholz 2	Higgins 1	WD40 1
Armpit 2	Ingrid Von Stoop 1	Wet 1
Artsy Fartsy 2	Isabelle Germa 1	Wild Bush 1
Bang-Up 2	Jack Soft 1	Simon (the scientist) 1
Bear Behind 2	Jacqueline 1	Jolly Juggler 1
Bowballs 2	Janet Turnes 1	Darren Blackburn 1
Call Girl 2	Jenny Zeman 1	Mr Universe 1
Crystal Balls 2	Jo Sinton-Hewitt 1	Puddle (Sg) 1
Des Res 2	John Duke 1	Bambi 1
Dr. Dolittle 2	Julian Fitzell 1	Bums 1
Drainoil 2	Just Dave 1	Chris Turner 1
Efes 2	Kat Kat 1	Darren Scutling 1
Geriatric/Lord Lucan 2	Keeps it up/Sheeps it up 1	Fairy Snow 1
Half Cock 2	Kevin Shen 1	Max Taylor 1
Lonely 2	Khalid 1	Pervert 1
Mega Sau Arse 2	King 1	Sophie Tholstrup 1
Naughty Nympho 2	Last Card Louis 1	Yoron Weed 1
Out of Africa 2	Laura Richards 1	Rolf Harris 1
Periodical 2	Man Magnet 1	Wild Rover 1
Pogg 2	McCavity 1	EZ Over 1
Prince 2	Mike Stevens 1	Christian Myekure 1
Puttain de Ritz 2	Mira 1	Hanging Dick 1
Scarface 2	Joshi 1	Spam 1
TBT 2	Monsieur Le Merde 1	Whispering Thong 1
Jessie Scart 2	Mudplug 1	Milena Kaltcharva 1
Kan Gill 2	Narve Nordanger 1	Hannibal Leopard 1
Katya Vasileva(bg) 2	Natasha Batson 1	Spicy Dick 1
Nutsucker 2	Nicola Baldwin 1	Thumalina 1
Anuconda 2	No Nix 1	Family Member 1
Simon De Gugilmoy 2	No One 1	Dont Ask Dont Tell 1
A. Quickie 1	Oktoberfest Hooker 1	Emma Sutherland 1
Aahlouetta 1	Oliver Kirton 1	Penny Williams 1
Abby Green 1	Ollie's Twister 1	Puking Cougar 1
Aetron Man 1	Pecker 1	Mangina 1
Aircscrew 1	Peter Dolan 1	Snow White 1
Aly Costa 1	Peter Hainan 1	Wooden Eye 1
Annabel Wilkin 1	Plastered 1	Tippy Toes 1
Anthony Bangers 1	Pogg Jnr 1	Two Jugs 1
Arty Farty 1	Popeye 1	Sperm Fart 1
Asshole Chord 1	Precious 1	Goes Quietly 1
Baarbie 1	Rare Cummer 1	Munching the Night Away 1
Ball Handler 1	Rear Admiral 1	Jackie Peterson 1
Bethany Bangers 1	Rear End Wrangler 1	Silly Cow 1
Big Stiffy 1	Richard Anderson 1	Karin De Gugilmoy 1
Billy the Fish 1	Rim Job 1	Neta De Gugilmoy 1
Bionic 1	Roo Ted 1	
Blodsa 1	Rowdy 1	
Blue Suit 1	Rubbed Raw 1	
Bootsy 1	Sandeep Sandu 1	
Called Away 1	Sandy Crivissel 1	
Captain Titanic 1	Sean Dunnel 1	
Ceren Eryilmaz 1		



Hare



Last Tango

Mother Hash:
City HHH
Year started:
2001

Tan-
go, displaying a degree of innovation and invention undreamed of by most hashers, set a treasure hunt run around Westminster and the South bank. There were questions, there were answers, some teams did well, some teams did badly, some teams failed to realise they were teams. Some people knew they were in teams but didn't know which team. Some teams knew they had other people in them but didn't know which ones; some teams had dogs in them. Some dogs

bulged with answers to questions others with the self knowledge that they were too lazy, or too drunk to compete with the hash smart arses. Those who had lied and cheated and asked passers by the answers waived their completed question papers, the rest showed their respect for the dedication and brilliance of these luminaries by admiring their own pints and talking of other things.

Sheets were gathered, marks were counted, results announced, and prizes given. The winning

knew they were in teams, some

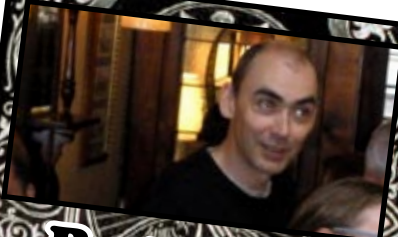
We set off from the Buckingham Arms on **Tango** time armed with pens, clip boards, coloured pieces of paper, high hopes, legs and questions. We returned an hour and a half later bulging with additional knowledge. Some teams

team were smug; the losing teams were also smug for they were back in the pub where they belonged. The hunt achieved a fine turnout and was declared a raging success - all agreed it should be repeated one day except those who thought it shouldn't. Hoorah!

on on
BP



Scribe



Buttplug

Quite Interesting Fact:
Butt Plug always eats 3 boiled eggs wearing yellow wellingtons and a Fez if he does more than 3 hashes in a week; no one knows why.

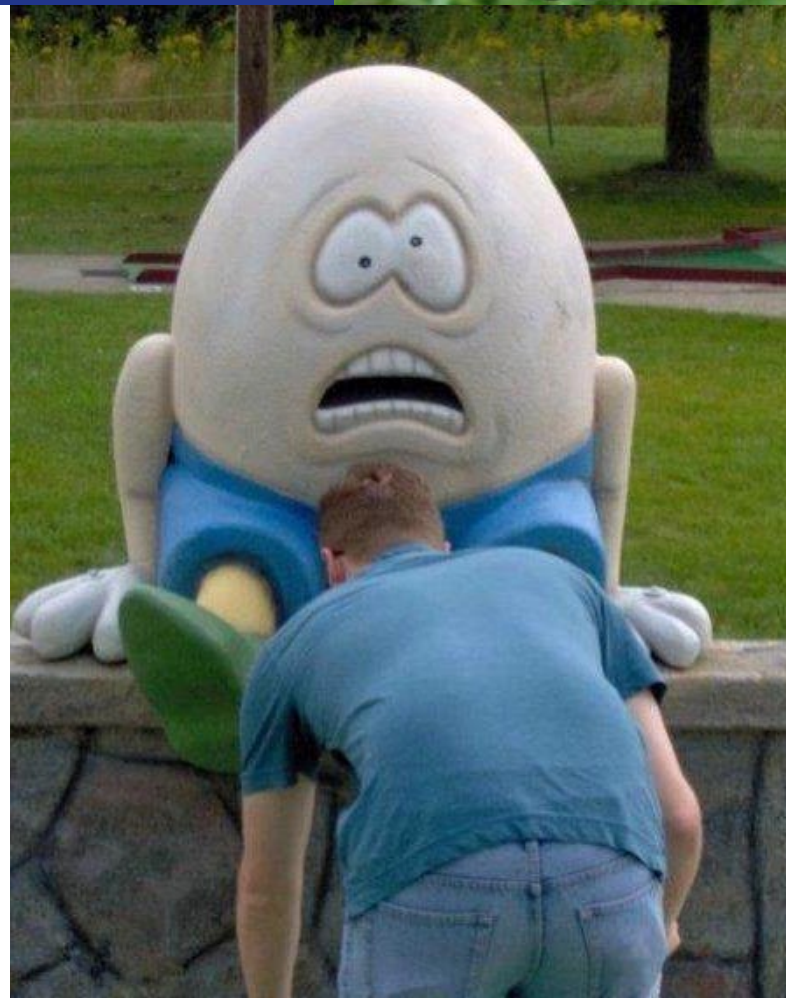
Hash Humour 1



All of these are legitimate companies that didn't spend quite enough time to consider how their online name might appear!

These are not made up. Check them out yourself.

1. 'Who Represents' is where you can find the name of the agent that represents any celebrity. Their Web site is: www.whorepresents.com
2. 'Experts Exchange' is a knowledge base where programmers can exchange advice and views at: www.expertsexchange.com
3. Looking for a great pen? Look no further than 'Pen Island'. It can be found at: www.penisland.net
4. Then there's the 'Italian Power Generator' company. Check it out at: www.powergenitalia.com
5. And the designers at 'Speed of Art' await you at their wacky Web site: www.speedofart.com



It was a hot day in Iowa. Helga hung the wash out to dry, put a roast in the oven, then went down the street to pick up some dry cleaning. "Gootness, it's hot," she mused to herself as she walked down Main Street. She passed by a tavern and thought, "Vy nodd?" so she walked in and took a seat at the bar.

The bartender came up and asked her what she would like to drink. "Ya know," Helga said, "it is so hot I tink I'll have myself zee cold beer."

The bartender asked, "Anheuser Busch?"

Helga blushed and replied, "Vell fine, tanks, und how's yer pecker?"



Hare



Kaffir

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year started:
1988

Run 1995 at Kew, I think, a joint Slash run hared by **Kaffir**. The vague memories of it are as follows. The trail took us around Kew Gardens area, through Kew Village flats and back along the riverside. There was a big sports game on at the pub, rugby or similar. Goodness knows who was playing. **Looberty** was happy or sad about something, **Crack** and his brother got pulled up for down downs for something else. **Eagermount** was present and concentrating on the game and **KC** was very very drunk. The dog got sore paws and the pack was large. That's about all the grey cells can remember this far along. It was a good afternoon for sure!

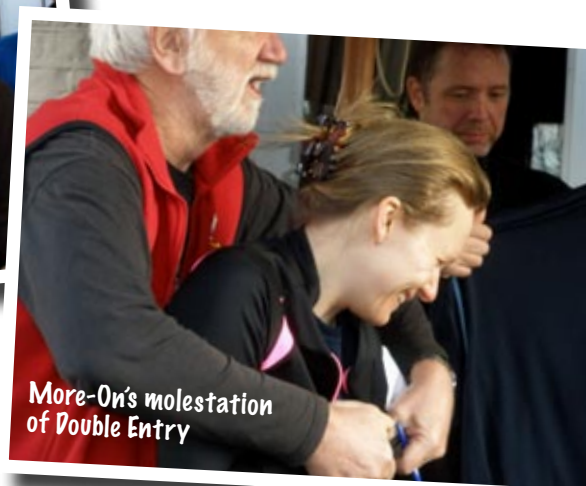
on on,

Double Entry

Run 1995 • Kew Gardens • 12/2/11



Rear Admiral from Slash



More-On's molestation of Double Entry



Hare



Trigamist

Quite interesting fact:
While watching the Interhash Opening ceremony in Chang Mai an elephant snatched a pint of beer out of my hand and drank it straight down

Hashers arrived at St. Christopher's Inn, joyful to escape the cold, wet, grey London weather.

Due to Love Wizard's disappearing act the trail was laid by *Trigamist* who informed the pack that, in spite of fears of reprisals from the Anti-Terrorism squad, the trail had been laid in flour as well as chalk.

Surprises awaited the illustrious GM who'd yet to 'volunteer' a scribe. He was notably stunned when a hand shot up in the air, in what can only be described as a 'Pick Me, Pick Me!' fashion & so I became your scribe for this review.

Initially we headed towards Borough market but thankfully veered left & the pack was treated to a sightseeing tour of the Southbank. So, on we charged along past The Globe Theatre, towards The Tate Modern, crossed the Millennium Bridge & on to St. Paul's Cathedral. A good pace was maintained as the drizzly weather had kept the majority of would be tourists away.

Run 1996 • St. Christopher's Inn • Borough • 19/2/11

In front of Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece, 2am was heard telling a visiting hashers that St. Paul's was, in fact, Westminster Abbey. However, it is, after all, a well known fact that if an RA's mouth is moving he's probably lying.

Next, our pedagogically-minded hare who was keen to educate passing hashers instructed them to read a

monument dedicated to two actors, J. Hemige & H. Condell, accredited for having preserved the works of Shakespeare. One can only presume this educational element was to build up a few extra brain cells before the culling of them commenced back at On-Inn.

Looping back down, we headed once again towards the river. The pack was quite split despite many hashers falling afoul of a false trail between Cannon Street & Blackfriars.

Our hare, in a touching tribute to himself, ran the pack down possibly one of the smallest streets in London; Trig Street. Here *Trigamist* stopped me & requested a photo shoot with the street sign so it could appear in the magazine alongside the write up. (Mr. Edit-hare - Take Note)

Next, we crossed Blackfriars bridge & soon ended up back at the On-Inn. The pack arrived in dribs & drabs so there was no queue at the bar; ideal!

Dutiful RAs, 2am, Sweetheart & Last Tango, sat down for a pow-wow while the rest of us enjoyed a few beers in the

warmth. After a few beers, the RAs began the onerous process of herding unwilling hashers back out into the cold.

Some call this checking



Trig has a bad feeling about this

Once the shivering congregation were formed in what could be loosely described as a circle, the proceedings began. Awards were given out: Ryde'd completed a whopping 750 r*ns was given a pat on the back, *Unacceptable'd*, about 6 months previously, completed 400 runs & was awarded a bottle opener but the clear winner of the day was *Bhopal* who received an engraved tankard for his 100th run. All joined together for a down-down.

Next visitors were called forward. A visiting hash family from the Macclesfield Hash were called up along with American hasher, Abby, or something similar or then again it could have been completely different but for arguments sake let's call her Abby. Abby had an extra down-down for wearing sunglasses. Have I mentioned, it was cold, grey & raining? Yet she wasn't the only fashion victim. *Knickers'd* arrived late due to a rather pressing schedule on the catwalks at London's Fashion Week, had no time

to change & sported an elegant, yet practical, three quarter length layered black coat. Also punished for misdemeanours were *Crack* for subletting his bed to bugs, *DozyLocks* for weather-shy hash skiving, the RAs for the awful weather & myself for returning temporarily from France.

In short, it was a great trail, it was great being back & seeing everyone. I'm looking forward to hashing with you again at the London 2000.

À bientôt et On-On.
Hot Down

Scribe



Hot Down South

Mother Hash:
Milan
Year started:
2007



What is the biggest problem for an atheist?
No one to talk to during orgasm.

Hare



Twin Peaks

Mother Hash:
Sheffield
Year started:
1999

The run started off on tarmac much to the dismay of some hashers who were whinging about the hard surface. Well I am not sure what they expected as we did run towards and up Horsenden Hill for a regroup. Once off road we slide and slip about in the mud especially trying to run downhill.

The pack did manage to get back

Run 1997 • Greenford • 26/2/11

The Erector's 50th walk!



out down downs to the hare **Twin Peaks**, the late comers, **Eric**, **Last Tango**, **Hands On**, **Butt Plug**, **Huggie** from Glasgow. **Lisa the Virgin** ended up getting three downs downs, but had already rejected her whiskey mac earlier as the drink had two ants in it. The committee members present got a down down each because none of them had arrived with **The Erectors** 50th Mug - no doubt he has now received his mug.

After the downs down several of the hash settled down to watch the six nations rugby.

Despite the photographer's patience nobody fell over on this shiggy slope



Life can be strange sometimes as when I was driving to the run I thought that I might be selected to be the scribe for this run. On arrival at the pub I found a distraught **Twin Peaks** outside the pub as she had to lay the trail three times during the morning due to the rain. It rained off and on whilst we were out.

Titanic was in charge as he has returned from his winter holiday in the Phillipines and he welcomed the one virgin **Lisa**, who is a neighbour of **Bhopal**. It was also noticed that she had very clean trainers on and these trainers were still clean after the run as **Titanic** gave her a piggyback over the shiggy.

to the pub where near one of the doors was a large pile of muddy shoes. The walkers had struggled to The Ballot Box, which was on the trail, but were disappointed as the one pump for real ale was not working, so I assume they came straight back.

Once the pack had settled down to drink and nosh **Yorky Porky** took charge of the down downs. **Last Tango**, as an RA did make an appearance and it would appear the reason why she was late as she doesn't check TFL website for underground closures over the weekend, several other hashers had the same problem or got on the wrong train.

Yorky Porky dished



Best to eat before drinking



Picking on Lisa the Virgin



Scribe



Lofty

Mother Hash:
London
Year started:
1979



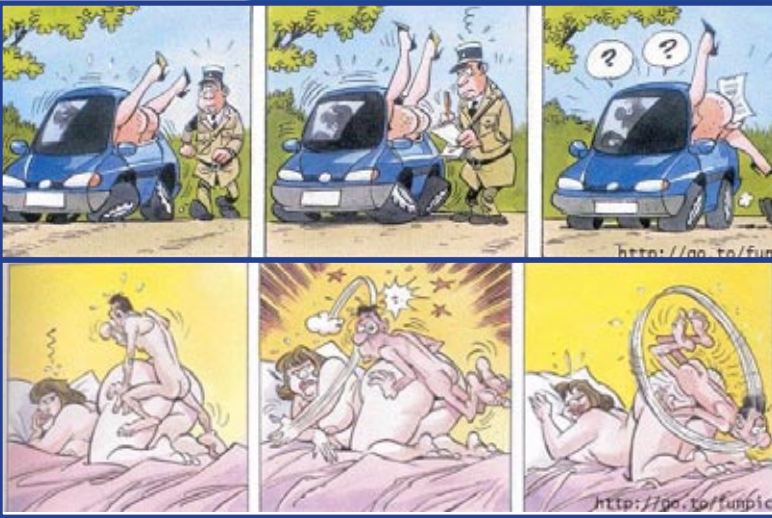
Hash Humour 2

Apple

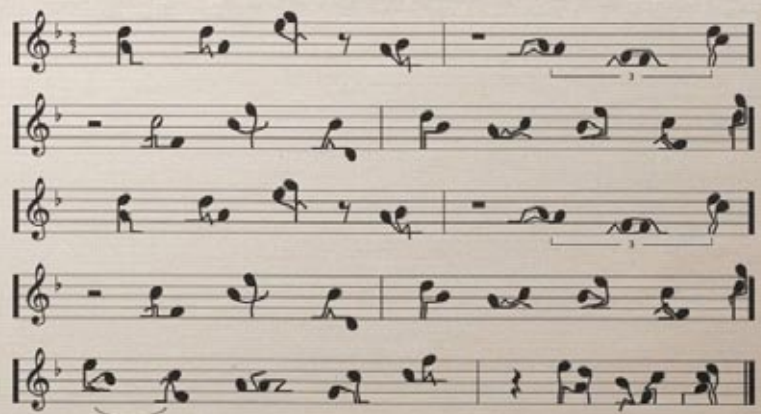
Computer announced today that it has developed a computer chip that can store and play music in women's breast implants.

The iBreast will cost £499 to £599.

This is considered to be a major breakthrough because women are always complaining about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.



Prelude du Fornication
(in the key of Db)



*A middle-aged man asking the Trainer in the gym:
“I want to impress that beautiful girl, which machine
should I use?”*

Trainer:

“Use the ATM machine outside the gym...”

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!"

A couple was invited to a swanky costume party. The Mrs. got a terrible headache and told her husband to go to the party alone.

He being a devoted husband protested, but she argued and said she was going to take some aspirin and go to bed and there was no need for his good time being spoiled by not going.

So he took his costume and away he went. The wife, after sleeping soundly for about an hour, awakened without pain and, as it was still early enough, decided to go the party.

Since her husband did not know what her costume was, she thought she would have some fun by watching her husband to see how he acted when she was not with him.

She joined the party and soon spotted her husband cavorting around on the dance floor, dancing with every nice woman he could, and copping a little feel here and a little kiss there.

His wife sidled up to him and being a rather seductive babe herself, he left his current partner high and dry and devoted his time to the new babe that had just arrived. She let him go as far as he wished... Naturally, (since he was her husband.)

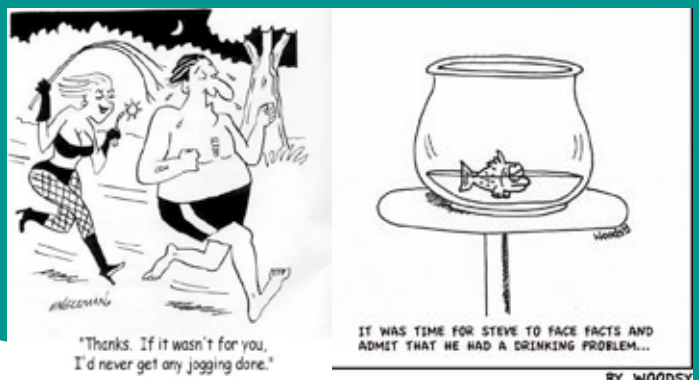
Finally, he whispered a little proposition in her ear and she agreed. So off they went to one of the cars and had a quickie.

Just before unmasking at midnight, she slipped away, went home, put the costume away and got into bed, wondering what kind of explanation he would make for his behavior.

She was sitting up reading when he came in, and she asked what kind of a time he had. He said: "Oh, the same old thing. You know I never have a good time when you're not there."

"Did you dance much?"

"You know, I never even danced one dance. When I got there, I met Pete, Bill Browning and some other guys, so we went into the den and played poker all evening. But you're not going to believe what happened to the guy I loaned my costume to...."



Hare



Boggers

Quite Interesting Fact:
Celebrating 25 yrs of hash-
ing, 2000 runs the world
over, & 500 runs with LH3 all
in the space of a few weeks

For many a trip out to Bromley South might be to venture to the unfashionable arm of the galaxy, but for me this is local territory. In fact, my greatest fear on this, **Boggers'** 50th birthday run, was that some youngster of school age

would wonder aloud if that podgy bloke in the weird clothing running down the street wasn't their teacher Mr A-J? Yes, my school workplace was very close. Luckily, **Boggers** had the foresight to plan for this danger and laid his trail very much off road.

Our start point was the Bricklayer's Arms, but the run was to end chez Boggers so our bags went into a waiting car organized by Mrs Boggers or **Nookie**. Being a retired hasher I'm assuming that all comments like **Nookie**-in-the-car-park and **Nookie**-in-the-back-garden have all been done before and will therefore clearly avoid a bit of **Nookie** teasing. This was a joint run with

the Old Coulsdon hash, and **Lofty's Henry** added to the general canine ambience.

We headed off past the back of a rival school, Ravensbourne, before plodding across Norman Park, where my school holds it's Sports Day, and into surprisingly rural terrain full of shiggy and little brooks to cross. Solutions to checks were no further than you could toss a poodle, (though I say that without scientific experimental confirmation), which was just as well as I never saw our hare once on trail. Meanwhile, the landlady of the Bird in the Hand was having her usual leisurely start to a Sunday lunchtime with only the sound of a staggeringly drunk gnat walking across the bar to keep her company when suddenly 30 hashers come crashing through the door

demanding jars of her finest ale - poor dear. Following this pleasant drink stop there was supposed to have been just a short way to go, but **Boggers**, whose name had been curiously apt for this run, sent us through dense thickets of brambles before we flopped exhausted into the back of his garden.

Boggers had laid on drinks and grub for us, which was most welcome on a chilly day.

It turned out that **Boggers** was not the only one celebrating a birthday so **Titanic** received a celebratory down down.

The Erector finally got his 50th tankard. ?, the GM of Old Coulsdon entertained us and dealt out down downs to both chapters.

on on,
Chi-Su

The Erector's big happy mug



Titanic - birthday boy



Boggers and Yorky clink to another 50



What is Bhopal doing?!



RA's from both Chapters



Old Coulsdon hashers negotiating the shiggy



Scribe



Chi-Su

Mother Hash:
Batavia, Jakarta
Year started:
2000

Hare



Looberty

Mother Hash:
Cape Town
Year started:
1992

Run 2002 • Red Lion • Isleworth • 19/3/11

country run as the train pulled out of Waterloo. Also on the train were **Little Bear**, **Daffy**, and **Testiculator**, who mentioned that he had never been to the Red Lion Pub in the daylight (read "while sober"). At the Isleworth train station, we noticed that the pub trail had initially been set as 'WLH3'. Was

Good to see Rod Stewart making an appearance



West Middlesex Drainage Works scenic. Or the sight of **Tango** changing out of her long sleeved shirt. At one point the trail got tantalizingly close to the river at Richmond Bridge, but it quickly veered off into a back alley again. So back to the pub, where the landlord laid on an excellent spread of sausages, pizza, and chips. In spite of the pleasant back garden, the hashers clustered in the front of the pub in order to catch the best of the sun. **Thunderthighs** disguised herself in a gold wig that she said she found in a drain pipe behind the pub (and she put this thing on her head?) Just as the sun and the beer was starting to mellow everyone out, the down downs were called. Recognition was given to the visitors, newlyweds **JWax** and **Baldrick**, those crazy kids who were married on Valentine's day, and **Little Bear** and **Daffy**, who apparently had some 'afternoon delight' at a pub along the way. **Looberty** got a down down for being the hare, and then another for the announcement of his impending fatherhood. **Bulldozer**, the future mother, was also called up. There was some talk of naming the future hashier "Little Trucker" but this

was wisely deferred to the future. Yours truly was given a mug for 50 runs. **Strap On** was called up for complaining about the food and the beer. She defended herself by explaining that she had high standards. So how does she explain being a hashier if she has such high standards? This will have to remain a mystery, as the hash adjourned to the pub to watch rugby. That sad story will not be recounted here, but suffice it to say **Erik** and **KC** were happy with the outcome. At some point **Eagermount** and **Periodical** showed up to watch the slaughter, er, match, but things start getting foggy about here, so best to sign off.

On out,

Sleek Cheeks

Scribe



Sleek Cheeks

Mother Hash:
City H3
Year started:
1993

The day dawned uncharacteristically bright and sunny. I say "uncharacteristically" because it was, well, uncharacteristic in this year of cold, snow, sleet, blah blah blah. But, each days a new one, and this one promised to be memorable. I had looked up Isleworth on Googlemaps. It looked to be surrounded by great gobs of green spaces, perfect for scenic hashing. Beautiful weather, abundant parks, a quaint country pub...what more could one wish for? Oh, right, perhaps a hare who wasn't fixated on housing estates, sewage dumps, and car parks. Unfortunately, that's exactly the trail that **Looberty** presented, along with an abnormal number of false trails, loops, and back-checks. Apparently **Looberty's** trail-setting habits were well known, and **Pete the Pilot** looked at me with pity as I rhapsodized about anticipating a lovely

this some kind of warning? The pack gathered in front of the pub, and visitors **Moral Malpractice**, **Just Julie**, (Charleston Happy Heretic Hash) and **Sticky Sex Toy** (Hong Kong) were introduced. The hare pointed to the left, and the pack duly headed off. Two blocks into the trail, however, everyone was back, as the first false trail was discovered. The first falsie of many, as it turned out. Front runners **Bhopal**, **Man Magnet**, **Ryde**, and the other speedsters were constantly returning to the main pack as the trail looped around on itself or ended entirely. **Erik** enjoyed shouting 'on on' at all times, whether he was or not. As frustrating as all the false trails were, they did serve to keep the pack together most of the time. So good marks to the hare there. But where were the scenic park trails? Nowhere, as it turned out, unless you call the car park of the

Dear God,
Please send clothes for all those poor ladies on Dads computer.
Amen.

Hare



Pickled Fart

Mother Hash:
West London
Year started:
1996

Hare



Stretch-mark

Quite Interesting Fact
She got her name after giving birth on a run (well, her fact was too boring!)

Hare



Nut Sucker

Mother Hash:
Madrid
Year started:
2008

After a week in the office staring outside to see the sunshine in Britain, finally it was Saturday. But as the trail this week started up the back-passages of Barnes, it might explain why on my day off the sun did not shine anymore and it just started to become dark and wet. Yes, the 1993+10 run of the London H3 was special in many ways. Apparently the hash covered great sites, such as Barnes, hashing over Putney Bridge and through Putney Common. The hares **Stretch Marks**, **Nut Sucker**, **PF** tried their best, but what could one expect from two hares who will to run the London Marathon in less than a month? Cold sweat was on the hashers' foreheads when it was announced that we have a long trail today.

Hard Core Bummer returned after 9 months to the Hash. Some women produce something in this time, did he also or what was his excuse?

And on top of all this there was meant to be some boat race on that day; CAMfort vs. Oxbridge? No idea who actually made the race in the end, but **Tablewhine** took it very serious today with numerous sprints along the trail and when pointed out he just said: "I have a new foot..."

Trigamist (name has it already that he must be very convincing ;-)) lead the pack consisting of **Jason**, **Martian Matron**, **Jerking Chimp** and **Crack** into a false trail. But one X did not stop him... XXX

was required to weaken the confidence in him as his argument ("it always goes this way") to make the pack lose faith and return to the trail.

And there was the arrow announcing DS - Drink stop. Delight and happiness fulfilled the hashers as they would do what they do best. But the hares had another idea; the first 14 DS- marks meant "don't stop" and only the last one lead to the refreshing bubbly.

Dave-ja vu wouldn't know any of this. He ran the trail listening to SClub7 on his MP3player. But that is not as bad as **Twinpeaks** who came late and then disguised as a Runner and jogged along the river.

The Nitting circle - as everyone sat down - gave the big honors to **Chi Su** who had his 50 hash today. Congratulations! (and now get a life)

Highlights of the down downs included **Titanic** for looking like a traffic warden, **Sogu Sonata in A-Minor** and **Jerking Chimp** Visitor down downs, Mother (with Kid) **Last Tango** with all the other redheads, **Jason** and **Caboose** for not supporting the boats to sink, and **Erik** for oversleeping on the train. Damn...sleeping pays off? Need to try that. On that note, On On **Crack**.



The three redheads



Tablewhine posing



How the boat race could be decided



Scribe



Crack

Mother Hash:
London
Year started:
2010

Hare

Rambo

Mother Hash:
South Herts
Year started:
1983

For once it was nice to turn up at Terminal 5 not having to get there 2 hours early to run the usual gauntlet of security morons, check in queues, 2 mile walks to the terminal gate etc. Just as well as the Piccadilly line was living up to its usual crap standards. Having used this pub before the decided absence of a P trail was not too much of a hindrance. The first sight to greet me at the pub was an ashen faced **Sky Lark** who had just parted with £3.90 for a pint (Longford is part of West Drayton for gods sake, not Kensington!!!), perhaps they think they are an extension of the airport and charge accordingly. Maybe for this reason, the hare, **Rambo**, decided to do an A to B trail. A combination of his normally long trail plus extortionate beer prices could well have led to a lynch mentality from a justifiably aggrieved pack.

One of our American visitors had just turned up

with all his luggage, where else can you book a run and a flight together? To his credit the hare managed to find

plenty of off road trail. As usual the checks and false trails reflected his warped sense of humour. We did run past one caravan site, but it being a Saturday lunchtime, the inhabitants were most likely either too hung over or were still in police custody after their normal Friday night revelry to



Celebrating Screwloose's b'day



Mind that hasher



Armchair checking



Ryde and Yorky Porky cracking up

bother to attempt to rob any of the pack. It being yet another warm sunny day this spring (the RAs have been getting

being West Ham v Man United on the box (with Wayne Rooney having some eloquent things to say to the camera), the pack left the locals in peace and decamped to the pub garden.

After slaking our thirst, the stand in RA, **Yorky Porky** on a rare occasion he wasn't earning yet more air miles had gallantly left his sick other half back in Northolt to officiate. After duly punishing the hare, the following criminals were dragged into the circle for their down downs.

Funky Gibbon, Psychedelic, Bulldozer and **Eric the Retard** for frightening the children away and porking out on ice cream.

The scribe for having a 10 year old Arran (I should mention that this was a whisky!)

Sleek Cheeks for delighting in smelling something rather unpleasant.

Ryde for technophobia with a camera.

Lifer, visiting nerd who knew exactly how many hashes he had run (2001 apparently)

Thunder Thighs, Tango punctuality award (an hour late).

Gnome Nuts, visitor
Lego Lass, returnee
On On

Mad Cow

unsuspecting passers by. The local children were suddenly frightened away by the arrival of what they thought were a bunch of sweaty nonces which were in fact the pack, several of whom choose to enhance their already athletic figures by stuffing themselves with ice cream. After the usual approx 7 mile trail, the thirsty pack finally arrived at B whence a collective executive decision was made not to bus or drive back to A to sample the £3.90 pints. There

Scribe



Mad Cow

Mother Hash:
Mannekin Pis, Belgium
Year started:
1997



Hare

Titanic Dickhead

Mother Hash:
Subic Bay, Philippines
Year started:
1998

Although it was a fine sunny day, no one was willing to take responsibility for the weather or for starting the run. Only when we threatened to elope with the hash cash and sabotage the 2000th run celebrations did **Table Whine**, the most "senior" member of the Mismanagement present,

park at Ally Pally, full of people taking the spring air. He sent us up and down, in and out, round and round. There was a regroup at the top by the Palace, a couple of back-checks outside the park, returning us whence we had come, and a bit of shiggy down by the lake, thrown in for good measure. In fact, it was the mother of all cunning plans.

Back at the pub, we monopolised the shelter outside, necessary to protect us from the sun, and other customers from our singing. All I can decipher from my contemporaneous notes is that down-downs were awarded to returnees **Rowdy**, a wasp-wit from Hammersmith & Leicester (not a building society), and **Anaconda** and her



Italian partner, to **Sleek Cheeks** from New York for refusing to run errands for a disabled person in the park, and to virgin **Steve Craddock** from Brentford, who had been made to come by **Hands On**.

Many of the pack then adjourned to **Thunder Thighs'** house in Wood Green to help celebrate her birthday.

On On, **Bhopal**

step forward to take charge. He proceeded, in a fit of sheer vindictiveness, to nominate me as scribe.

There were a virgin and several returnees and visitors who were briefly introduced to the pack. Then **TDH** quickly explained about the run, and we were off.

Proclaimed as a Classic, so the run turned out to be. Quickly through the streets, a tricky false trail, and we were in the



Scribe

Bhopal

Mother Hash:
West London H3
Year started:
2005

Hare



Skylark

Mother Hash:
Rickmansworth, LH3
Year started:
2008

So, after a bit of a hike out & yet another late start, off we went..... along some dam road. Why, there's more greenery than you could shake a stick at. **Tango** even turned up on time! Anyway after an inordinately long wait, we eventually hit

the greenery.... Only to then find a back check from the first check point that took us away from the greenery!!!

Eventually, our illustrious hare finally took us into the greenery & stayed there for ages. Not too bad an idea, but why wait so long? Heyho, I did come across the remaking of the Texas chainsaw massacre. This was the budget version called The Oxshott blunt Saw nutter.

Anyway, so having survived an attack by some Sceptic trying to look hard with her Saw, we finally stumbled on our first drink stop. Pity it wasn't beer, but we can't have everything. A



nice setting right by a lake & off we set. Anyway, having survived the nutter (see paragraph above), the writer of these fine prose then gets attacked by a vicious matchstick..... 3 times!!! causing the said writer to fall flat on his face in the mud. Nothing more than I deserve I hear you say.

So on we went, and on, and on until we arrived at the 2nd drink stop. This time we had beer. So the hare did at least get something right. So back to the pub, at which point my bank manager had a heart attack given the price of the beer. With that & the need to get ready for another event in the evening, I had to foxtrot Oscar. Not sure who got down downs, but at a guess I would say the hare, the two virgins, two visitors, & anyone else if the RA was trying in some vain attempt to entertain everyone.

ON ON

Boggers



Scribe



Boggers

Quite Interesting Fact:
Celebrating 25 yrs of hash-
ing, 2000 runs the world
over, & 500 runs with LH3 all
in the space of a few weeks