



# ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 34 Issue 4 August 2011

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**PLUS**  
Forthcoming  
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Hash Humour





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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>



*Thunderthighs lays on a warm welcome for our intrepid London hashers, Ryde and Tablewhine sailing the Aegean seas around Paros. Sadly, the bilge-sucking landlubbers never quite made it..... arrrr.....*

## Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
16 -18 Sep 2011	Really over the Top 2011	North Yorkshire	toedsh3-admin.com/ROTT	Smutley / Toed
23 - 25 Sep 2011	Oktoberfest Hash Weekend 2011	Munich	munich-h3.com	Bottom Blower
07 - 09 Oct 2011	Jersey's 25th Anniversary	um...Jersey	www.crapaud.org	Tinky Winky 07797 740420
14 - 16 Oct 2011	Scarborough H4 war weekend	Sandown, Isle of Wight		Boghopper 01723864545 / 07974732251
30 Mar - 01 Apr 2012	April Fools Hash			Hooker or Geri 01983 401204
18 - 20 May 2012	Kenya Hash Weekend	Mombasa	www.hashmigration2012kenya.com	info@hashmigration2012kenya.com
25 - 27 May 2012	Borobudur Inter-hash 2012	Jogjakarta City, Central Java	www.inter-hash2012.com	Disco Wanker +6281337336838





One Liners  
A computer once beat me at chess, but it was no match for me at kick boxing.

Run 2007 • The Oakhill  
Beckenham Junction • 23/4/11

After much concern at the start as to why people were not dressed in red & white to celebrate St. Georges Day, we eventually got going. The weather was glorious & the RA had done the right thing by arranging such. She'd even managed not to turn up by the time we left. Result all round really. Anyway off we trotted along the road in the general direction of the greenery, of which there was plenty.

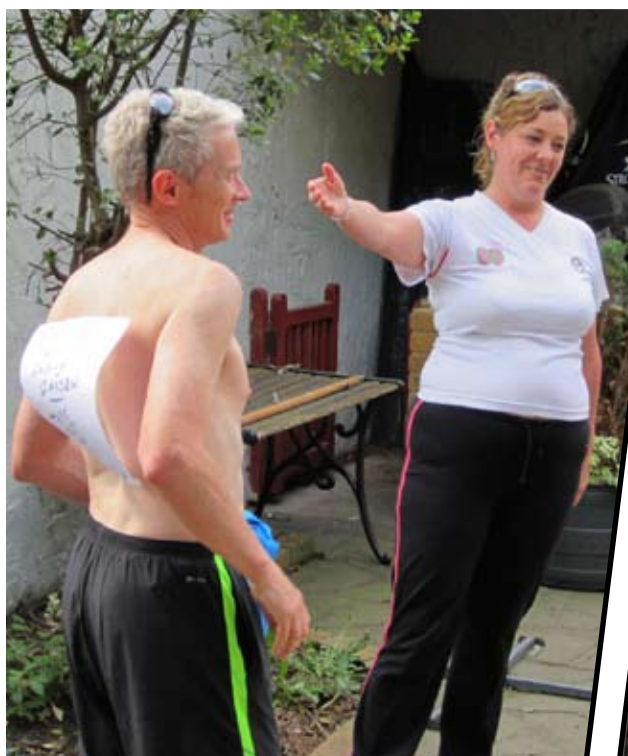
As if by magic having arranged the weather, the RA turned up & spent the first 10 minutes whining about the hash starting on time. Nothing new there,

but a bit more whining than usual. Anyway, much to the appreciation of other latecomers, there were plenty of falsies & back checks, so by the time we hit the greenery, the pack was all together. We then proceeded parallel to the golf course just as there were large shouts of fore & duck. Can't say I saw a duck, or indeed a Fore on the trail. But heyho, we trotted round the park, the golf course and various other green bits of Shortlands, Ravensbourne & Beckenham. We even managed to bump into a local who'd forgotten to read the website & didn't realise we were running right past his house, did you *Vulcan??*

Can't remember who now, but some enjoyed the trail so much that they started to go round again until someone with far more intelligence realised that the pub was open. Anyhow, back to the pub & a load of food. Our numbers rose somewhat to the point where we had two RAs. Couldn't understand what they were on about. Also failed to see after 25yrs why I only got a small half as a DD. Cheers for that.... Not!! Either way, the pub were much more generous, as they gave us a jug free & gratis. So worth going back next winter.

ON ON  
*Boggers*

Run:  
2007  
From: The Oakhill Tavern,  
Beckenham  
Hare: Boggers  
Why: Because the Hare  
raiser said so & because  
we were there to cel-  
ebrate 25yrs of hashing.





# Hash Humour 1

A successful rancher died and left everything to his devoted wife. She was a very good-looking woman and determined to keep the ranch, but knew very little about ranching, so she decided to place an ad in the newspaper for a ranch hand.

Two cowboys applied for the job. One was gay and the other a drunk.

She thought long and hard about it, and when no one else applied she decided to hire the gay guy, figuring it would be safer to have him around the house than the drunk.

He proved to be a hard worker who put in long hours every day and knew a lot about ranching. For weeks, the two of them worked, and the ranch was doing very well. Then one day, the rancher's widow said to the hired hand, "You have done a really good job, and the ranch looks great. You should go into town and kick up your heels." The hired hand readily agreed and went into town one Saturday night.

One o'clock came, however, and he didn't return.

Two o'clock and no hired hand.

Finally he returned a round two-thirty, and upon entering the room, he found the rancher's widow sitting by the fireplace with a glass of wine, waiting for him.

She quietly called him over to her.

"Unbutton my blouse and take it off," she said.

Trembling, he did as she directed. "Now take off my boots."

He did as she asked, ever so slowly.. "Now take off my socks."

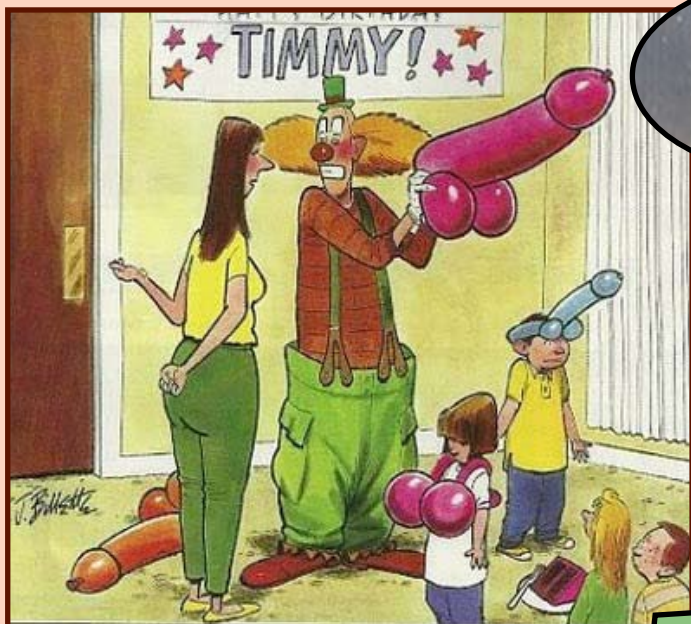
He removed each gently and placed them neatly by her boots.

"Now take off my skirt."

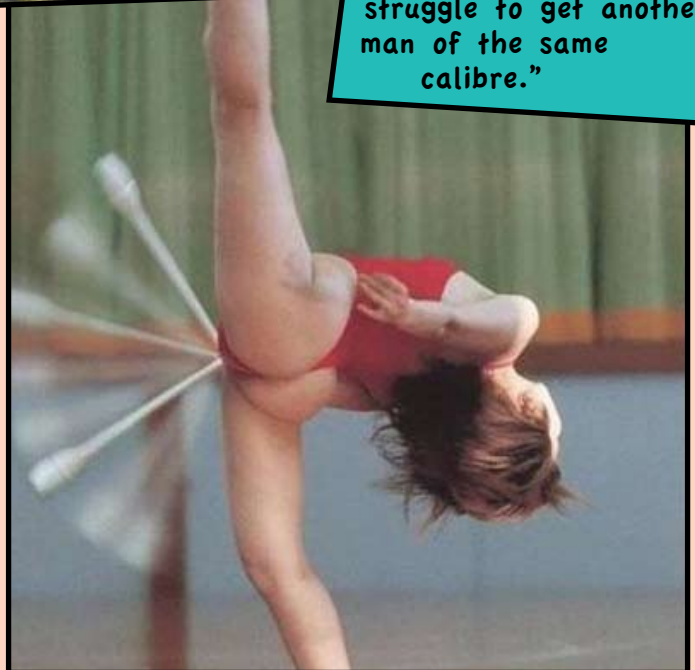
He slowly unbuttoned it, constantly watching her eyes in the fire light.

"Now take off my bra.." Again, with trembling hands, he did as he was told and dropped it to the floor.

Then she looked at him and said, "If you ever wear my clothes into town again, you're fired."



Following the tragic death of the Human Cannonball at the Kent Show, a spokesman said "We'll struggle to get another man of the same calibre."



*Impressive, these Olympic Gymnasts*

A guy walked into the local welfare office to pick up his check.

He marched straight up to the counter and said, "Hi. You know....., I just HATE drawing welfare. I'd really rather have a job."

The social worker behind the counter said, "Your timing is excellent. We just got a job opening from a very wealthy old man who wants a Chauffeur and body guard for his beautiful daughter. You'll have to drive around in his 2010 Mercedes-Benz CL, and he will supply all of your clothes. Because of the long hours, meals will be provided. You'll also be expected to escort the daughter on her overseas holiday trips. This is rather awkward to say but you will also have as part of your job assignment to satisfy her sexual urges as the daughter is in her mid-20's and has a rather strong sex drive."

The guy, just plain wide-eyed, said, "You're bullshittin' me!"

The social worker said, "Yeah, well ...You started it."



A mate of mine recently admitted to being addicted to brake fluid. When I quizzed him on it he reckoned he could stop any time....



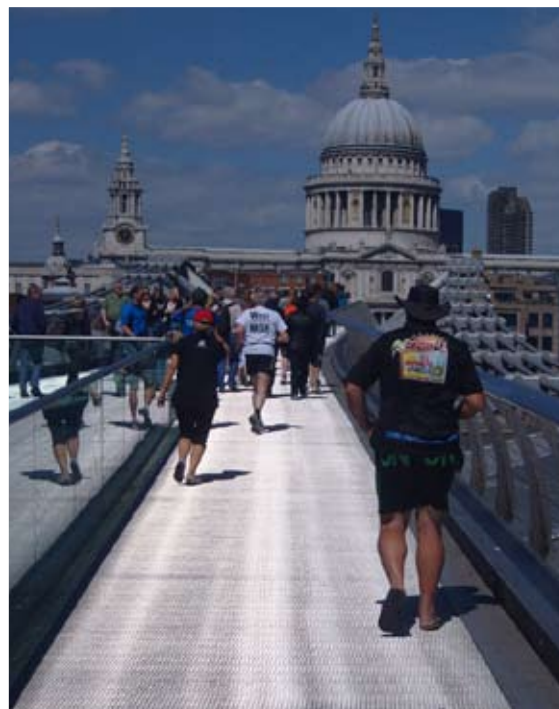
# Hare



## Trigamist

My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-bitch.

Run 2008 • St. Christopher's Inn  
London Bridge • 2/5/11



### London 2000 post lube Monday 2 May

I wasn't able to make the London 2000 so thought the post lube would be the ideal opportunity to catch up on old friends. Unfortunately when I arrived at the pub it looked like most of them were still chained to their beds with a well deserved hangover. But as the advertised time for the run came and went a goodish crowd were eager to listen to Hare **Trigamist** instructions. They were clearly delivered but made little sense - checks, special checks, perhaps back checks - any trail?

We wobbled about sarf of the river - obviously not much to report there - before predictably crossing the Millennium bridge to the safety of the North. I was disappointed that dozens of heaving hashers were unable to generate any resonant movement; 'never trust a stiff bridge' as my (very) old engineering lecturer used to say.

We chuntered past many of the best, and other less well known, sites of London. Some of the 'special' checks identified tourist spots. The statue of two old boys had me fooled, but apparently it was the two poets who found the manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays lying discarded on some tavern floor, and if they hadn't picked them up A level Eng Lit would be a lot easier.

Some time later there was a welcome drinks stop which provided an opportunity to dispose of surplus beer from the weekend. Apparently partying

### The naming of Cracked Lips



hashers had drunk too much wine and not enough beer - fingers wot, etc. Someone shouted 'there's a monument!' 'where?' 'that tall stony thing behind you!' so we had a good photo shoot. The sun shone, songs were sung, beer flowed and I remember little else. A good day.

on on,  
**Monsieur Merde**

## Scribe



## Monsieur Merde

Mother Hash:  
London H3  
Year started:  
1989





## Hare



## Lofty & Henry

Have I got everything?

Passport?..... check  
Tickets?.....check  
Malaria jab?.... check  
GPS?..... check  
Collins English/  
North London dialect  
dictionary?.....check

This was a major expedition into the unknown, through the bandit country known as Wood Green, past strange sounding places like Arnos Grove, past the Manor House to the end of the line at Cockfosters. A lack of P-trail dictated a GPS directed trek up Cockfosters Road, past the cemetery and past Trent Park where we discovered the out-trail from the pub. Seventeen hashers had made the extraordinary journey into the North London wilderness including a visitor and a virgin. **Lofty** delayed the start for a while we waited for the two late arrivals in the form of **Ryde** & hash-cash. **Souflée** (I think that's his name?) volunteered to look after the bags but this wasn't necessary as the very hash friendly pub happily kept them behind the bar. This did not deter **Souflée** from remaining in the pub nevertheless, as his ulterior motive was to watch the Fulham - Liverpool match.

Upon arrival of the latecomers it was off down Games Road following the trail into the 413 acres of Trent Country Park.

Once in the park it was left, through some undergrowth, sending young rabbits scurrying as we reached the first check with about 5 different options. The visitor (**Chris**) & the virgin (**James**) enthusiastically joined seasoned hashers in investigating possible avenues until the hare summoned us all back. Back with **Lofty** & **Henry** we came

across new flour where previously there had been none.....looks like a live trail methinks. Then north to the water tower and a check. **FRB's**, comprising **Funky Gibbon**, **Man-Pig**, the visitor & the virgin, continued north following a clearly marked trail of flour. We ran down a woodland path for about 200 yards (that's 200 metres in New Money) and onto open fields where we lost the trail. Several minutes were lost whilst the **FRB's** checked out a number of unmarked paths. Eventually we returned to the water tower to find the check kicked out heading east. By this time we were quite far behind & had some catching up to do.

We ran downhill along the north boundary of an open landscape, entering woodland at its NE corner. We caught up with backmarkers and, after a couple of minutes, exited onto a common where **Lofty** was making a shortcut for the **SCB's**. The **FRB** trail peeled off to the west and into a lovely patch of broadleaf woodland. This is where we caught up with **Marxist**. He was taking it easy in advance of setting the following night's Cityhash trail in Hampstead. We ran along the sweeping arc of a well marked trail and were caught up by **Ryde** just before coming to a check at the bottom of an

obelisk at the edge of the wood. **Ryde's** excuse for being late was that she'd had to come from West London.....how lame an excuse can you get? Apparently the obelisk is not in its original location which was Wrest Park. The obelisk was relocated to its current position by Sir Philip Sassoon in 1934 and was originally built to commemorate the birth of George Grey Earl of Harold in 1702, the son of the Duke & Duchess of Kent - does this have anything to do with Earl Grey tea? Answers on a postcard please & marked for the attention of the Mismanagement. Looking back from the obelisk, an open vista had been carved through the woods leading a very large Queen Anne style stately home - no doubt the residence of former Dukes & Duchess's of Kent but now part of Middlesex University. Unfortunately the trail did not lead us back to the house, but SE through more broadleaf woodland. We ran across several timber plank bridges over what would normally have been small streams now dried up due to the unseasonably hot weather. We emerged from the woods to find another check overlooking a lake. By this time the **FRB's** had caught with the hare & most of the **SCB's**. The pack scattered, looking for the trail. **Man-Pig** eventually found the trail at the west end of the lake. A gentle climb uphill to emerge at a check near another, smaller, stone monument; again commemorating the birth of a child to the Duke & Duchess of Kent. There was an obvious short cut back to Cockfosters Road which was not the trail. The **FRB's** checked the wrong trail & found themselves at the back of the pack....again! Meanwhile the

trail led across open ground and into woodland adjacent the cemetery. The trail followed a major path/cycle track, one more check and then onto a path exiting behind Cockfosters tube station from whence a P-trail had mystery appeared.

Back at the pub several hashers partook of the Monday night curry offer @ £7.95 including a pint of Carlsberg. The landlord also kindly offered to substitute the Carlsberg with bitter. As one of my local westcountry favourites was on offer, Otter Bright from Ottery St Mary in Devon, I was grateful for the substitution. The pub provided the drinks for the down-downs who went to:-

- **Lofty** for being the hare
- **James** for being a virgin
- **Chris** for being a visitor - previously having run with Cambridge Hash
- **Man-Pig** for no particular reason apart from turning up now that the runs are on a Monday as opposed to weekends

• **Funky Gibbon** for sneaking to the RA (**Testiculator**) that **Man-Pig** was the first back to the pub

A very enjoyable run, through some lovely woodland, and worth the journey north.

On-On to next week's run at Chiswick (tube strikes permitting),

*Man-Pig*

## Scribe



## Man Pig



# Hare



## Bonnie

**Mother Hash:**  
Islamabad H3 (the Curry  
& Murray Hash)  
**Year started:**  
1977

**Pack:** *Lofty, GGG, Marxist, Shakes Beer, Last Night, Lily Teo, Boggers, Thunderthighs, Murray, Spare Rib, Crack, Mad Cow, Lady C, Martian Matron, More On, Highlander, Batt Sniffer, Chi Su, Pete the Pilot, Tripple Nipple, Pecker, Eric the..., & Ging Gang Goolie.*

Fees taken: £12.00  
Down Down's: £13.40  
Balance due: £1.40 (to me!)

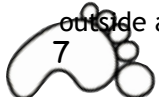
All was looking good for the evening's hash as I had checked the BBC weather which assured me that the rain gods would smile down on us, as the rain would hold off until late evening. That'll teach me to trust the BBC! As I was about two thirds of the way round setting the trail, the first drops of rain began, and they did not let up for the next few hours.

Not only had my pub trail been washed away (which I re-laid twice), but it was safe to

assume that the whole trail had been too. Anyway, not to be deterred, I got the assembled mass

outside and into the

One of Bonnie marks....



The Dark Ages was caused by the Y1K problem.

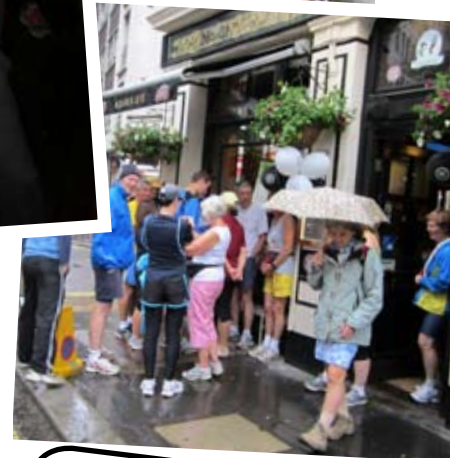
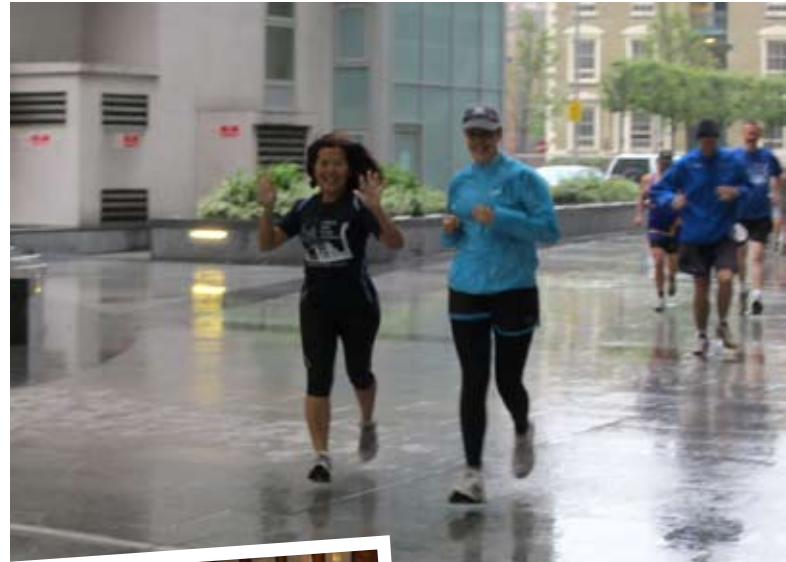
Run 2015 • Adam & Eve  
St. James's Park • 20/6/11

rain to set them on their way. But with the trail washed away, it was time for some improvisation. So I did what anyone would do in the same situation, I just told them the route: pub - Victoria - Westminster - Southbank (Eye) - Charing X - Trafalgar Sq - Admiralty Arch - St James Park - pub. And before I could remember to introduce the visitors, the pack was off....

Eventually, and rather staggered, a very wet pack (potential for a joke!) made it back to the pub where dry t-shirts and beer awaited them. Down Down's were giving to the visitors; **Murray** (rain and Wimbledon tennis) and **Highlander**; and various others for their transgressions. And we forgot to punish the RA for not getting the weather right on the night.

Oh, and we were honoured by a rare appearance of our beloved GM, and the committee are still waiting for that round of drinks....

On-On **Bonnie**



# Scribe



## Bonnie

**Quite Interesting fact:**  
I once hashed in the Falkland Islands with a sheep! (it's a long story, best told over a pint or three....)



# Hash Humour 2

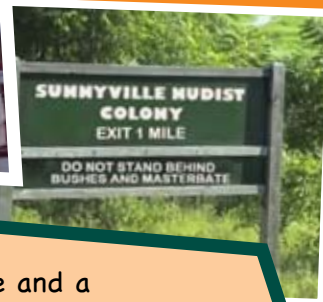


Did you know that dolphins are so smart that within a few weeks of captivity, they can train people to stand on the very edge of the pool and throw them fish?

It was Postman Pat's last day on the job after 35 years of carrying the mail through all kinds of weather to the same villages and towns. When he arrived at the first house on his route, he was greeted by the whole family there, who all hugged and congratulated him and sent him on his way with a cheque for £50. At the second house they presented him an 18-carat gold watch. The folks at the third house handed him a bottle of 15-year old Scotch whisky. At the fourth house he was met at the door by a dumb blonde in her lingerie. She took him by the arm and led him up the stairs to the bedroom where she blew his mind with the most passionate love he had ever experienced. When they went downstairs, the blonde fixed him a full English breakfast: Bacon, Eggs, Sausage & Tomato with freshly squeezed orange juice. As she was pouring him a cup of steaming coffee, he noticed a £5 note sticking out from under the cup. 'All this was just too wonderful for words,' he said, 'but what's the five quid for?' 'Well,' said the dumb blonde, 'Last night, I told my husband that today would be your last day and that we should do something special for you. I asked him what I should give you'. He said, 'F\*\*k him. Give him a fiver.' She smiled shyly and said, 'The breakfast was my idea.'



Left: Topless Bar Check



One day a cucumber, pickle and a penis were having a conversation. The Pickle says, "You know, my life really sucks. Whenever I get big fat and juicy they sprinkle seasonings on me and stick me in a jar. The Cucumber says, "Yeah, you think that's bad? Whenever I get big, fat and juicy, they slice me up and put me in a salad. The Penis says, "You think that your lives are tough? Whenever I get big, fat and juicy they throw a plastic bag over my head, shove me in a wet, dark, smelly room, and force me to do push-ups until I puke and pass out!"

There is no "I" in "Team", but there are four in "Platitude-Quoting Idiot".

*They call it PMS because "Mad Cow Disease" was already taken.*

If you think nobody cares if you're alive, try missing a couple of payments.

The sole purpose of a child's middle name, is so he can tell when he's really in trouble.





# Hare



## Postie

Mother Hash:  
Suva, Fiji  
Year started:  
1983

By some strange quirk of nature, London had been transposed to the tropics with 30°C temperatures and 90% humidity. Needless to say, the LWC had failed to provide AC and the pack were sweating profusely even before they left the venue to stumble around the streets of London. The run had an auspicious start for any FRBs with an immediate back check straight back to the venue before any ground was gained, thus encouraging late comers to continue their tardy ways. The hare had promised us a tight trail and so it turned out to be a real duck's arse of a run which somehow lasted an hour without the trail ever getting more than a mile from

the venue. Within such a constricted area, needless to say shiggy and green top were in short supply and the

with as she trotted along (possibly the next stage is he mans a sedan chair or a rickshaw). There were no



fallers or altercations with white van man, aggressive taxi drivers etc and the very sweaty pack gratefully staggered back to the bar to rehydrate and

assail the bar regulars with their body odours. We were treated to the wonderful sight of **Fat Bastard** topless, I couldn't help but thinking of more suitable candidates for flashing their chests.

After a slaking of thirsts and wringing out of t-shirts, the RA (**Spare Rib**) made some sort of attempt to get the circle organised. The following visitors, virgins and criminals were duly punished.

**Postie**, for dragging us around in sweltering temperatures  
Virgins: **Andrea** and **Clare** (who found us on the website and liked the sound of the drinking bit of hashing, she should fit in OK).

Visitor: **Taste The Rainblow** had been partying so hard last night and the following morning he overslept the start of an evening run!!!

Returner: **Digit Digester** back from Australia to check her mother was still breathing.

Sinners: **Ryde**, spent about half an hour pissing off fellow commuters as she printed off nearly 300 travel cards (if you do this always be sure to pick a busy station at 8 a.m. on a Monday morning)

**Andrea**, first lesson in mobile phone misuse

**Shakesbeer**, lost property

**Bonnie**, returning lost property, but sleeping with it under his pillow for a week, **Martian Matron**, being stupidly caught on camera gazing lovingly at **More On** (why the f\*\*\* would you want to do that?), **Crack**, squealing on **Andrea**, **Titanic**, somehow getting confused over run numbers (I thought this was the one bit of his brain that functions normally)

**Friend of Andrea**, using fan (sets a bad precedent, next thing she will be wanting doors held open and loo seats down!!)

**Fat Bastard**, allegedly used stairs on the tube (maybe a problem with escalator weight capacity). On On

**Mad Cow**

Sleek Cheeks finds a Banksy



Trying on Fat Bastard's shirt



# Scribe



## Mad Cow

Quite Interesting Fact:  
Had a punch up with a warden in Syon Park on a hash!



I've been on so many blind dates, I should get a free dog.



# Hare

Having sex is like playing bridge. If u dont have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand.

## Sthweetheart

235th anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Everyone was decked out in their best Red White and Blue or American themed wear. There were flags, hats, jerseys and past July 4th run tee-shirts to be seen.

After being assured by the hare there were no false trails before the start of the run, **Sthweetheart** let us out saying on-on was down the hill and left at the church, which of course was a false trail. The trail went down Haverstock Hill past the crowd at the Roundhouse who were there to see Linkin Park perform as part of the iTunes festival. Into Camden Market and through the stalls, past the food, then down into the canals. After a regroup just

past Feng Shang Princess the restart was up the hill out of the canals and into Regents Park. We went around Gloucester Green and back to the Readymoney Drinking Fountain, down the Broad Walk and into the Avenue Gardens, along the southern path and past Clarence bridge, around the boating lake and across Hanover bridges, across the sports pitches and out across the Primrose Hill bridge then up to the top of Primrose Hill by one of two

continued next page

Left: The naming of Cumming Dear and Inside Out



Run 2019 • The Sir Richard Steele  
Belsize Park • 4/7/11

Running through  
Camden Market



um...just a well taken photo I thought should go in.....  
Sweet Potatoes from the City Hash



# Scribe



## Cumming Dear

Mother Hash:  
London H3  
Year started:  
2011





## Run 2019 • The Sir Richard Steele Belsize Park • 4/7/11

continued from page 10

routes, Private or NHS. At the top of the hill there was a Beer Stop with some true American Beer. Then down the hill and into Primrose Hill along Regents Park road, across the tracks, up Eaton College road and back up Haverstock Hill to the Pub. This was a run for the dogs as no less than 3 different dogs ran the trail.

Run was 7.4km long.

### Down Downs

Hare: **Sthweetheart**: All the Gear, but no idea, when **Shakesbeer** was asked what she thought of the run, response was needs more Maple Trees & Mountains. Visitors: **Sweet Pair**, American-

(mother hash Lagos) & **Burning Rubber** mother hash Cairo, both now live in London. **Yam Gurning** for going out for a flag celebration of Canada day on Saturday 2nd July, thinking that Canadians dressed up very colorfully he finally realized it was not Canada Day (July 1st) it was instead Pride weekend. He drank with **Shakesbeer** because if one Canadian drinks, all Canadians drink. **Shuffle Cock** for lost ribbons. **Sweet Cheeks** to ease the pain from running without the socks she forgot. **Tripple Nipple** for something the scribe forgot to write down. **Tablewhine**, **Sweet Potato** and **Flasher** for not wearing Red White and Blue. **Testi** for wearing

green, but was partially forgiven due to red/green color blindness. **Skylark** for not following the trail, when he was presented with a choice of going left for Private or right for NHS he decided to make his own plan and ran straight up the middle instead. **KC** for his 501st hash with London and for running out early last time on what was his 500th.

After their first run on Jan 9th from The Green Man in Putney, Jason & Catharina were named. After the suggestion of naming Jason on a previous run came up he had asked to wait for Catharina to be present during the naming, this lead to the suggestion that his name somehow alludes

to the fact he was a bit under the thumb. In the end the name

**Cumming Dear** was decided with freedom of spelling going to the scribe as long as there was a "u" present in the proper place. Catharina who had an early morning gym session on the day of the run arrived a touch late to find the hash had already departed, she then realized she managed to not bring a spare kit for the run and was going to wear her sweaty shirt from the morning run, but turned inside out, because of course that makes it all better. **Tablewhine** who had also arrived late convinced her it was better to instead enjoy a few pints in the back garden while waiting for hash to reutrn. After some discussion she was named **Inslide Out**.



## Run 2020 • The Priory Arms Stockwell • 11/7/11

Run No: 2020  
Hare: **Boy Blunder**  
RA: **More on**  
Scribe: **KC**

Run Log: Including the lone virgin and seven visitors (from out of Borneo, Singapore, Bodrum, Taunton, and the Yorkshire Dales), the pack which finished back at the pub pipped 20-20ish (no pun intended for the double vision; the beer was good - see below). Not bad for a

**BB** trail set on a pushbike. Good checks and the push bike kept the pack together for much of the first half, until decoy SCB options and some clever arrows did the trick and separated the wimps from the chaff. A few found the green spaces (Battersea/Larkhall Parks) challenging, and straggled back an hour behind the main pack. London weather was kind throughout though blustery at times,

helping the RA hold sway over the flock. Down downs were dispensed with aplomb to the usual suspects, including a pair of trainers. But new moccasins belonging to **E-Rector** avoided the drink on religious grounds. The pub was up to its usual standard for quality of the beer, but less so for the quantity of the food, aptly reflected in the watered-down down-downs meted the hare.

## Run 2011 • The Porter & Sorter East Croydon • 23/5/11

Having worked in Croydon for some years now I was cautious about a run starting from the Porter & Sorter - how many colleagues/former colleagues will I see? (as it turns out only 1 and she didn't spot me) and Croydon isn't a very pretty place..or so I thought. Eric surprised with a very green trail. Setting off following the tram lines away from the town centre cutting through a housing estate, several of us agreed this was prime for short cutting...wrong... the

hare made sure we stayed on track! The pack spread out through Lloyd Park and the Shirley Hills to a tricky check (at the Pilgrims Way - I am assured by the Hare) with 2 false trails, which brought the pack back together. We went through Coombe Wood to South Croydon back towards the pub, past the work places of 2 Harriettes. My notes turn somewhat harder to read at the record of down downs... **Bow Balls** for complaining, **Eric** (Hare), **Scooter Chick** -

new shoes, **Shakes Beer** - for circumventing the queue at the bar, **Bow Balls** and **Soufflé** - 250 runs. **Heavy Pants** (City GM) for her first London H3 run, visitor **Catch of the Day** from Hong Kong...**Beer Banger** for being chivalrous and **Chris** who was adamant that he was not a visitor/virgin but got a down down anyway as no one seemed to recall having seen him before. And not forgetting the water for the RA (**Tango**) for the rain on trail!





# Hare

Does  
this rag smell  
like chloroform  
to you?

Run 2021 • The Green Man  
Putney • 18/7/11



Pickled  
Fart



J\_Wax reaches  
her 50th run



The RA, Last Tango,  
(or First Tango - see  
below) puts Agatha  
in a dress

How convenient having the run from the Green Man..so an easy bus ride along from Wimbledon.On arrival, in the customary rain, I met **Pete the Pilot** at the door of the Inn commenting on late running trains ; he had hurried to lay the P-trail but the hare had got there before him. This gave me a chance to buy him a Pint (usually he always has a full one to hand). Then **Eric the R** remarks that there is also a P-trail from Putney East ?..and is amused by a on a couple hobknobbing outside; - **PF** in a fine rainproof yellow condom and Bulgaria; some story of a mislaid bag, the cancelation of cards and the bags retrieval from the pub, a week later. Next on the scene were **Kimosabe** and **Agatha**, **K** living just down the road and **Agatha** over here from the resurrected Suzhou Hash. Putney seems to be a favourite nursery for City hashers as there were others there too..even **Pecker** from further afield. The Star was **Last Tango** who swept in with a wheely-bag which she then partially unpacked in front of the bar, standing barefooted and bemused.; seemingly she was looking for socks -later she kept complaining that they were wet. **Bonny** stood at the bar, in smart office clothes, as he had mislaid his house keys and could not get home to get his kit. The run was duly called on by **Bonny** and surprisingly **Ryde** persuaded me to scribe...thus encouraging me to do the whole run though I only got to checks as On On was called. She was concerned at not taking pictures but

later in the bar I met **Chi Su**, Hash Flash who snapped me. He is brother to the Top-dog hasher, the OnSec of Mother Hash. It proved to be the enjoyable sort of woodland run that **PF** sets..he certainly kept the pack together and fooled **Kimosabe** by not entering Wimbledon Common by the first underpass. Much later, evidently taking a short-cut, I met **Not Out** running in the opposite direction and a number of hashers standing around, confused....another of **PF**'s checks had really baffled them. Thank you for avoiding black top but can someone let me know if the A3 Kingston Bypass was the widening of an existing road or was there previously no road between the Common and Putney Heath? Service at the Green Man was excellent though I forgot to ask **Gaylick** how his good meal was. The downdowns came quite quickly, before 9pm and we had them on the Lower deck of the garden as the Upper deck was licensed for only 20...there was a good turnout of 34, considering B. Rail and the rain. The RA was **First Tango (FT)** (a name change as she was early) who had come hot foot from the "Riding the Full Moon" UK Full Moon Nash Hash in Cross Hills, North Riding. She said that the food and accommodation were excellent the whole event wonderful and she wore a Flat Cap from the Weekend which suited her so well.The usual downdown for the hare and then for the visitor, **Agatha**, an American who was lent a fine black skirt by **FT**. It suited

him beautifully but **Drainoil** got a downdown as when one skirt drinks, all skirts drink. **FT** and **MoreOn** had fun she playing at ferrets (of the trouser variety) and he responding with some tale of whippets (as in Yorkshire); **Table Whine** failed to attract the ferret.. **Bonny** then took over and awarded **J\_Wax** her 50 run trophy. Someone gave a run-rating of 8.5.....I had not realized that LH3 had run-ratings and wonder if there is a formula. **Titanic** (who later wondered if **Dick Head** was one word or two - as in **Not Out**) earned mention for enjoying the biscuits that the Pub were handing out (no chips?), only to learn that they were for hash dogs and might have deworming properties.

Onion! **Drainoil**

# Scribe



Drainoil

Mother Hash:  
Penang H3  
Year started:  
1966