



ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 34 Issue 5 November 2011



The Agpu
Pages
16 & 17

Halloween Run
Page 20



PLUS
Forthcoming
events
Hash Humour



LH3 Hash Contacts

Grand Master

Paul (Bonnie) Tylor
lh3gm@londonhash.org

Hon Sec

Heather (Screw Loose) Johnstone
lh3onsec@londonhash.org

Edit Hare

Clifton (Chi-Su) Alden-Jones
chi-su@hotmail.co.uk

Hare Raiser

Pete the Pilot
lh3hare@londonhash.org

For full mis-management see page 17

Send items for this mag to the edit hare 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/hashtash.php>

Notes from Abroad

Here's a few pics from the 'Catch the Hare' trip to Japan organised by Yorky Porky during October. Several London Hashers joined the trip to the Japanese Nash Hash, who were celebrating their 101st run.



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
30 Mar - 01 Apr 2012	April Fools Hash	Sandown, Isle of Wight		Hooker or Geri 01983 401204
25 - 29 Apr 2012	Caribbean Nash Hash	Grenada		
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
25 - 27 May 2012	C2H3 2012	Cheltenham	www.c2h3.co.uk/	Human Sponge - Robo
22 - 24 June 2012	Nash Bash 2012	Berkshire Bash	www.nashbash2012.co.uk/	Foggy
3 - 5 Aug 2012	German Nash Hash	Hosted by the Stuttgart H3	www.stuttgarthash.de/gnh2012.html	

“**Unacceptable**, are you going to the catch tomorrow?”

“If I’m not then your all buggered. I’m bringing the beer and the flour.”

And buggered we were. By 15:15 **Unacceptable** had still not arrived at The Angel, and his mobile was maintaining a strict code of silence as if mocking us. So, with **Daffy** trawled up as hare numero uno, CH4 hash numero noventa nueve made catch hash history as being the first set in plasterboard. **Daffy** set off as we piled bags into **Malcolm’s** mobile dog kennel, and **Yorky** gallantly volunteered to procure alcohol based provisions from the local Tesco.

Daffy’s first check went down just after The Angel. His second went down outside The Mayflower. The pack employed the usual headless chicken’s strategy of scattering in all directions, but **Skylark** managed to combine a couple of braincells, and knowing **Daffy’s** previous modus operandi headed inside the pub.

A jubilant **Skylark** emerged from The Mayflower with the plasterboard, and set off down the alleyways and backstreets to try to shake off the pack. It was not long before he ran straight into a very lost and confused **Unacceptable** who had gone to the wrong station. The unlucky **Unacceptable** did not even have the pleasure of becoming hare as **Mouthwash** had already made the snare.

Heading further East, **Mouthwash** was in a bottleneck with the canny pack running parallel trying to cut him off. Hiding behind a wall fooled **Testi** and **Skylark**, but not **Cheap Shit** who was following close behind.

Cheap Shit headed off along Surrey Water, taking the trail away from the river and eventually into the hands of **Funky Gib-**

bon. **Funky** completely bamboozled the pack by taking the trail nowhere near anything of any interest until he finally got bored and waited by a check on the edge of Tesco’s car park. His strategic master-plan was brilliant in it’s simplicity. Get caught and go off for a coffee.

Meanwhile inside the car park, **Yorky** and an accomplice were loading beers into the back of a car. Imagine their surprise when the pack hurtled past and did not even stop for a drink! But the chase was on with **Sheeps-it-up** taking the plasterboard off of **Cliffbanger** on a pedestrian crossing while both nearly being taken out by a car.

Sheeps-it-up made a beeline (or should that be a hareline) straight for Southwark Park with the pack in hot pursuit. The pace quickened and it soon became a two horse race (or should that have been one hare and one hound - really must sort out these animal metaphors), with **Skylark** in bearing down and the rest of the pack left in the dust. Finally on re-entry to the park, **Skylark** made the final snare and took the trail home (as in back to The Angel, not back to his nest in Surbiton, obviously).

Down down’s were numerous as usual, and for making this the first catch to be set in plasterboard, **Yorky** wanted to get **Unacceptable** completely plastered. Of course this was not possible as **Unacceptable** was driving, and suggesting that he leave the car and take the tube home were pointless as **Unacceptable** still did not know where the station was.

Other down downs included **Mouthwash** for visiting Moscow, **Tango** for getting on a train that got lost then twice

fare dodging on national rail, and **Skylark** for the only practical solution as to how to shut **Tango’s** phone up - take the bloody battery out.

Next month Catch The Hare reaches 100. A telegram from Lizzy is unlikely, but down downs will probably include **Skylark** for missing major details from this write up. Actually down-downs went to **Blunder** who should have done the write up for run number 99 but ‘did not know when it was supposed to be in by’ - clearly intending to leave it until last minute anyway, **Skylark** for actually making the effort to produce a run write up, and **Sunto-ry** for not actually bothering to distribute said write up. One month on and still **Skylark’s** efforts still have not seen the light of day - hmmm! So instead it comes to you via London H3’s glorious On Paper - a publication that will print just about anything.



Hare



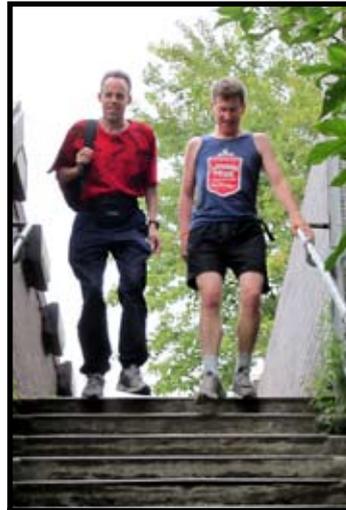
Souflée

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year started:
1986

I was careless enough to glance at **Ryde** when she was looking for a scribe victim. She ruthlessly took advantage and pointed her finger in my direction. I am not a good material for a scribe as I walk, usually alone, and inevitably miss the misdemeanours of runners (walkers ALWAYS behave properly). True, the down-downs reveal all Sinners and reward Virgins

for coming of age, Visitors for their choice of sightseeing, and Returnees for their loyalty. All I needed was to make notes, but I didn't because I completely forgot that I was a scribe! There were several reasons why I forgot. Firstly, I suspect that I'm beginning to show sign of dementia. Secondly, I ended up walking the whole 8-or-so-mile trail and almost missed the down-downs anyway. And thirdly, I might have had a drink or two too much and my ability to remember the down-downs was seriously impaired. Having said all this, the trail was quite good, lots of it along the river Brent that was as smelly and littered with rubbish as in Hanwell where I live. So I really felt at home. Thank you **Souffle**.

On On, **JWax**



Scribe



JWax

Mother Hash:
Berkshire H3
Year started:
2003

If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you!

Never get into fights with ugly people, they have nothing to lose.



Hare

Not Out

Mother Hash:
LH3
Year started:
2008

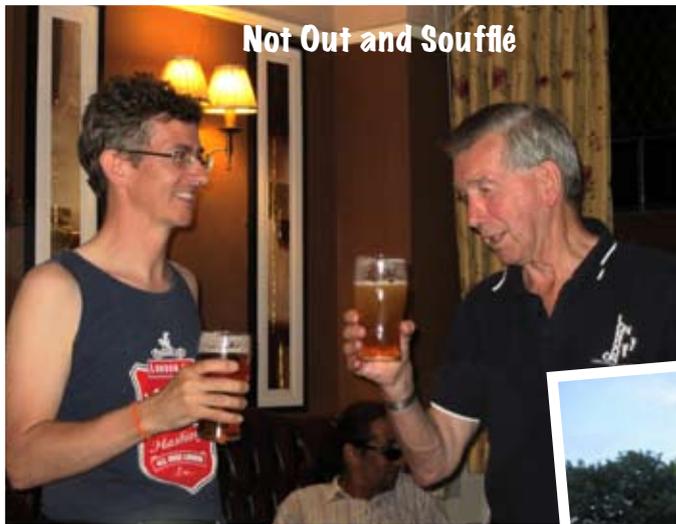
Sadly there's no run write-up for this run, so a few pics will have to do. However, it was a very pleasant jaunt around Regent's Park and the environs and Akiko and Not Out yet again supplied some lovely indian nosh afterwards before the circle. on on, *EdithHare*



Swedy tits visiting from the City H3



um...cheating?



Not Out and Soufflé



Passing food through the bars



"I'm setting up a support group for those who can't achieve orgasm. Let me know if you can't come"



Hare



Pecker

Venue: Farringdon
Pub: Apple tree,
Mount Pleasant
B Pecker

London's burning

As London's head honcho **BoJo** became for a while Nero until cutting short his holiday, a pack of about 30 brave souls set off into the dangerous central London area. The trail included several regroupings with one in the 1st 5 minutes. **Eric** decided that he had done enough of the trail at the 2nd regroup and stopped for a pint. One of the virgins did the trail barefoot while carrying her shoes. Suitable names for her might be **Zola Budd**, **Mary Decker** or best of all **Mary decked her** in homage to the famous incident in the Olympics back in the 1980s. A visiting hashers from City did the trail in the company of his computer which was inside a rucksack on his back.

The trail lasted 48 minutes and took us round the area where many newspapers were based in a bygone era. The rain held off until the last regroup and the hare deserves praise for keeping the pack together.

We encountered no riots or rioters on the trail but the picture changed dramatically on our return to the pub as the 24 hour news channel showed the mayhem in all places Croydon. **Eric** remained unperturbed. Eventually the TV was turned off as it

was spoiling the atmosphere.

As one real ale tap after another had to be changed we were briefly in a no beer situation so had to resort to Guinness or in some cases, such as **Testi**, a bottle of sweet Swedish cider.

Teapot's arrival from that tranquil, trouble-free part of the world known as Yemen coincided with the start of the riots which clearly

demonstrated that he must have had a role in instigating them. He was duly rewarded.

Teapot's better half, **Domesticator**, celebrated her birthday with a cake shared with everyone and a down down. In the pub one drinker refused to accept we were not rioters and invited us to target a nearby building which turned out to be ITN where he worked.

It was nice to see some familiar faces such as **Postie**, **Ryde**, **Martian Matron** and **More on**. **Pete the Pilot** snared yours truly to be hare in distant November in Oakwood, a dead cert to be an almost 100% off road trail.

On on to Notting Hill.
Mick Mac



Run 2024 • The Apple Tree
Chancery Lane • 8/8/11



Teapot's foot fetish



Scribe



Mic Mac

Hare



Horrible

Run:

2025
Date: August 15th 2011
Hare: 'Orrible
Location: Notting Hill, London W11
Pub: Uxbridge Arms
Pack Size: 32
Weather: Light Showers
Scribe: Titanic

A sense of deja vu overcame me on this particular evening! A bit of role reversal between me and 'Orrible going on here! Bless! (to use one of 'Orrible's expressions when she scribed my washed out trail 2 years ago)

I volunteered to be the scribe as I set a trail for Run 1900 from the same venue (June 15th 2009) which 'Orrible was the scribe. The pub I set the run (the Hillgate) from was just around the corner from Uxbridge Arms (about 50 metres apart). The previous week I was unable to make LH3 as I was the hare for Milton Keynes hash which I could not swap with one of the MK hashers despite me housesitting for **Thunderthighs** while she was in Greece.

I arrived early at 6.30pm to find just the hare there. Eventually the pack of about 30 assembled at the pub to start the run. The trail was not dissimilar to the one I set 2 years earlier...the lovely trail wound its way around Holland Park and Hyde Park. Unlike my washed out trail the

rain fell gently but not heavily to spoil the trail. Although the trail wasn't so long returnee **Dozylocks** who was on her first hash trail in 2011 was struggling to keep up saying the trail was too long. The pack were checking left right and centre for the

trail while I and a few of us shortcutted the side streets leading from Holland Park to Hyde Park where we ran around the serpentine lake. Plenty of swans, dogs and apparently rats were spotted on trail.

After about an hour we ended back at Uxbridge Arms and Down Downs were awarded to the hare after **Double Entry** described the run as a 'Horrible Run'

Down Downs were awarded to the following:

Returnees: **Charlatan, Dozylocks, Chocolate Starfish, Lisa Gordon** and **Hands On** (who was hash cash for the evening).

The visitors were from Philadelphia, Stuttgart and virgin from Manchester whose names escaped my attention.

Cumming Dear was awarded for spitting beer apparently **Cheap Shit** was awarded for telling **Last Tango** that her luck was in!

Hands On, Jaywax and Knickers were awarded for being cultural singers.

KC for thinking **Tango's** sports bra was **Ryde's** as its a cup D size.

Screwloose for flooding toilets at next

door Hillgate pub **Mick Mac** for returning to London in time for the riots like he did when IRA bombed London in early 1990s. A real Deja vu for **Mick Mac** then too!

Yes a real sense of Deja Vu. Thanks 'Orrible for a great trail.

Cheers and on on **Titanic**



KC keeps abreast



Swans and a lake



Scribe



Titanic Dickhead

Quite Interesting Fact:
1276 hash runs
worldwide in 11
countries



Venue:
Stepney Green
Pub: Half Moon
Hares: Eric & Doormat
Scribe: Souffle

There were about 16 or 17 hashers present, amongst whom was **Tango** who again disgraced herself by being early, when the run started promptly at 7.30! The route was basically a square with the pub in the bottom left corner so

we went east along Mile End Road, north through Mile End Park and along Regents Canal towpath, west parallel to Roman Road and finally south down Globe Road. In the early part of the course **Unacceptable** thought he had found a short cut through St Dunstan's Churchyard. He had but only if you could climb a six-foot high railing at the exit. He couldn't. Also on the outward half we passed the Palm Tree where **Tablewhine** observed it was one of his favourite pubs. Memo to **Ryde**; Is there a pub anywhere that isn't? The run contained numerous loops, false trails and

backtracks and lasted just over an hour and was extremely enjoyable. Back at the pub after a few very competitively priced beers (it was after all a Wetherspoon's outlet) we assembled for the down downs. These went to among others both hares but **Doormat** craftily poured about a third of his into another jug then stood with both hands cupped around the top of his glass hoping that we wouldn't notice but we did. **Speedballs** received two but I cannot remember why as a rather unkempt female of indeterminate age interrupted the proceedings by apparently

trying to steal hashers' bags. **Knickers** told us that this woman was a crack cocaine addict. I don't know how **Knickers** knew this but she probably recognised her from some rave-up that they had both attended. All in all a most entertaining evening. on on, **Souffle**



Run
2033: Kingsbury

This could have been a quiet one; a large chunk of the pack running around Tokyo, more still in France and the thermometer taking a dive, but on the day 16 hashers turned up for a bright but cloudy day and to witness a rare, fully functioning, weekend Jubilee line!

We were outside and ready to go not long after the noon day gun. Up the high street then a left turn into Roe Green Park. Jogging (very) gently along with my better half I realised it was going to be a challenge to record the antics of the pack and so I've stuck to scenery and the few unfortunates at the back with injuries or no sense of direction.

I had noticed earlier that the Hare was wearing a T Shirt proudly sporting the White Horse of Uffington which I took as a

great omen of legendary chalk marks to come. So I was surprised to hear **KC** observing that the hare "could have been more generous with the flour". Especially as the biggest chalk arrow I've ever seen was about 20 feet from where he was standing. Perhaps like the Uffington horse it was designed to be better seen from the sky!

The next landmark I recall was the stretch of water known as 'Welsh Harp'. Lovely jogging along it's bank watching the countless ducks and swans about their business. My only previous connection with this hidden treasure was it's location signalling my turning off the North Circular. Not sure how it got it's name though. Close inspection of the A to Z later revealed its shape more closely resembles the large intestine, but together with Brent reservoir it's a haven for wildfowl and a pleasant Sunday jog. Though I expect by now most of the wildfowl will have flown off to North Africa what with **Boggers** sounding off his Vuvuzela at every turn of the trail.

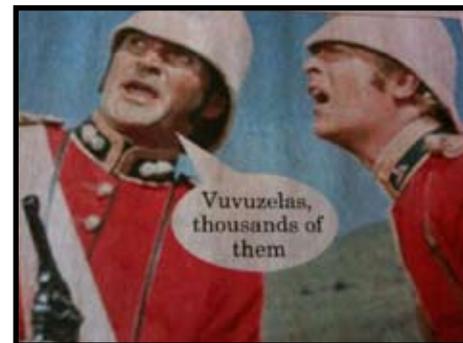
The vuvuzela: first encountered by the British in South Africa.

We regrouped at the drink stop **Chez Funkies**, where we met the charming Mrs Gibbon, who served cold beers and nibbles while proudly demonstrating how the family dog had been trained to seek out and savage the neighbour's balls. Clearly an ex-harriet of some standing.

After recharging we finally set out for Fryent Park. A large expanse of grassy parkland split by hedgerows into smaller grassy fields and with wonderful views over north London. Nice to run around and easy to shot to-cut. Perfect. So we may have come in last but not that far behind the pack.

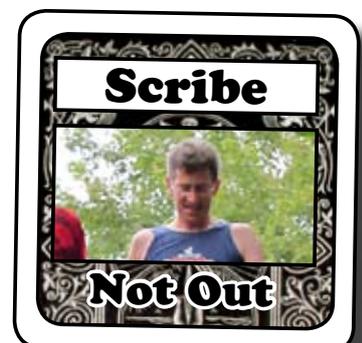
Back at the Wetherspoons and with ham, egg and chips at £2.25 it seemed everyone stayed for lunch. We managed to squeezed in a circle before the orders arrived, welcoming our visitor **Oral Harmony** (who will be around for a few months polishing the bugs at the US Embassy), **Akiko** and **Lilly** for keeping too lower profiles on

the run and **Budapest** for returning to the fold. **Boggers** did a fine job as



stand in RA but his comic humour was definitely embellished by the good cellaring at the pub as all the downtime recipients walked away with fine heady moustaches.

Thanks **Funky**, a great run and if you missed out, next time make sure you do do do the **Funky Gibbon**.



Hare



Spare Rib

Hi,
On one of the wettest Monday nights we arrived at the Old Mitre pub wet and then had a late start. The run went out and turned left down the hill through the Housing Estate and onto a common then at the Hares direction went up the road and crossed into another common with Woods and going through that slowed the pack up. All got through and then down and up through another housing estate. Into another common and down the muddy slope, with Soufflé going down on his bum. After this through some streets and back to the pub. About an 1 and a half run, since most of it was slow going.

Downs Downs the hare
Spare Rib and can't remember any others.
On On

Eric Sutherland

Into the wet and dark unknown



Speedballs



Scribe



Eric



Hash Humour 2



A new Middle East crisis erupted last night as Dubai Television was refused permission to broadcast 'The Flintstones'. A spokesman for the channel said, "A claim was made that people in Dubai would not understand the humour, but we know for a fact that people in Abu Dhabi Do."

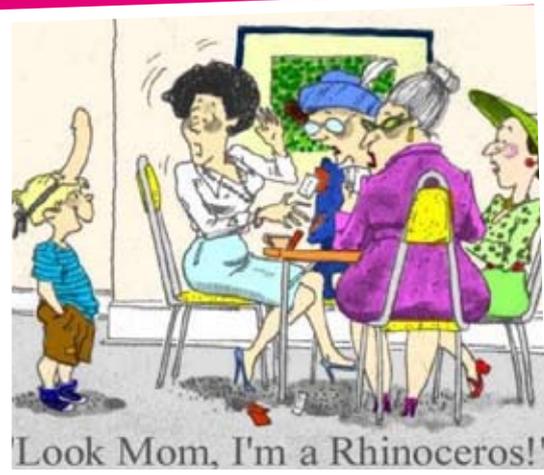
A WOMAN'S POEM: Before I lay me down to sleep, I pray for a man who's not a creep, One who's handsome, smart and strong. One who loves to listen long, One who thinks before he speaks, One who'll call, not wait for weeks. I pray he's rich and self-employed, And when I spend, won't be annoyed. Pull out my chair and hold my hand. Massage my feet and help me stand. Oh send a king to make me queen. A man who loves to cook and clean. I pray this man will love no other. And relish visits with my mother.

A MAN'S POEM: I pray for a deaf-mute gymnast nymphomaniac with big tits who owns a bar on a golf course and loves to send me fishing and drinking. This doesn't rhyme and I don't give a shit.

Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?

Kate Middleton says to the Queen, "What's the secret to a successful marriage?" Queen replies "Wear a seatbelt and don't piss me off."

I went to the cemetery yesterday to lay some flowers on a grave. As I was standing there I noticed 4 pall bearers walking about with a coffin, 3 hours later and they're still walking about with it. I thought to myself, they've lost the plot!



Remember the 7 qualities for the perfect girlfriend - Beautiful, Intelligent, Gentle, Thoughtful, Innocent, Trustworthy, Sensible. Or in other words B.I.G.T.I.T.S.

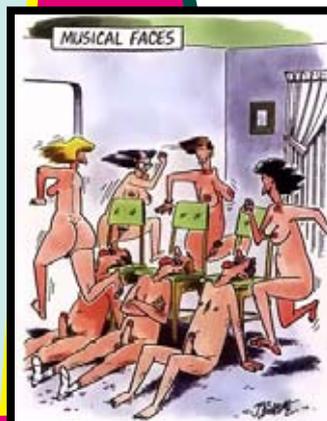


"Because he's the only one who listened to my emergency instructions!"

A man and a woman were sitting beside each other in the first class section of an airplane. The woman sneezed, took out a tissue, gently wiped her nose, then visibly shuddered for ten to fifteen seconds. The man went back to his reading. A few minutes later, the woman sneezed again, took a tissue, wiped her nose, then shuddered violently once more. Assuming that the woman might have a cold, the man was still curious about the shuddering. A few more minutes passed when the woman sneezed yet again. As before, she took a tissue, wiped her nose, her body shaking even more than before. Unable to restrain his curiosity, the man turned to the woman and said, "I couldn't help but notice that you've sneezed three times, wiped your nose and then shuddered violently. Are you OK?" "I am sorry if I disturbed you, I have a very rare medical condition; whenever I sneeze I have an orgasm." The man, more than a bit embarrassed, was still curious. "I have never heard of that condition before" he said. "Are you taking anything for it?" The woman nodded, "Pepper."

Now Eddie Stobart's dead they've found out that he was HGV positive.

an actual drawing, handed to a flight attendant on a Qantas flight by an 8 yr old girl



dear Captain
My name is Nicola im 8 years old, this is my first flight but im not scared. I like to watch the clouds go by. My mum says the crew is nice. I think your plane is good, thanks for a nice flight dont fuck up the landing
LUV Nicola
xxxx

Hare



Knickers

Quite Interesting fact:
First London female GM
(along with a man to look
after the sweet thing)

Well, luckily for me, I was accosted near Sloane Square station by **Not Out**, who recognized my field vest (from the back) while I was checking whether I was on the correct road to the pub. As a good logistician, I had plotted the route to the Duke of Wellington on my iPhone map - so as we were walking, I noticed that the P trail seemed to be taking us a very long way round. No, says **Not Out**, here it is, the Fox & Hounds! Hnnnnh? When was the venue changed, and how come I didn't know about it? Oh, an email this afternoon. Unbelievable - the one time I didn't check the stupid phone. Apparently I was not the only one (hence my use of the word 'luckily'). I was later informed that the eighth-hour change was due to our having been declared *persona non grata* at the D of W, through the rowdy antics of some *other* London Hash. Personally, I was mystified at the sheer lateness of the decision: nevertheless, did not see anyone reprimanded with a Down-Down for the inconvenience ...

The detour would not have been a problem however, as the circle started late, **Last Tango** welcoming the visitors - the lovelies **Victoria** from Russia and **Setter** from London, and the only-slightly-less-lovelies **Crusty Nuts** from KL (**Chi-Su's** famous

brother), and **visitor/returnee Hedgehog**, hailing lately from NY. **Knickers** told of a 'very short trail' that included a 'lovely place', and all marked with flour, and we departed - the weather clement, with a cool breeze.

As usual, being a walker I soon found myself near the back of the pack, and since there had been no sign of **Linford** (my

walking partner of last week), and as both **Last Tango** and **Soufflé** were likely to run some, it was a good bet that I would have to run too, so I would 'ne-ver walk a-lone'. So far, so good.

Being both directionally challenged and a woman of a certain age, the first part of the trail is a blank, but I do recall going through the Grosvenor Waterside housing development - an interesting area with the old Grosvenor Canal lock, then coming up the stairs to ... no flour. Strong men went off in different directions searching for clues, while others of us posed for a photo opportunity on Mayor Boris's London bikes while we waited for news.

Finally, we reassembled and crossed Chelsea Bridge - well, what a visual delight greeted our eyes - the sun had set, and a full moon presided over the London skyline - I tell you readers, it was not to be missed.

Once on the other side of the bridge, we went down the stairs and back under it, onto the footpath. There was **Lofty and Henry, Ging Gang Goolie, Chi-Su, Last Tango, Soufflé, Prancer, Dancer**, and the rest. The next thing I remember, I was running - yes, running - up hills and down dales (or perhaps just slightly raised ground), through narrow

and ever-darkening paths, liberally strewn with gnarly, ready-to-trip-you growths under-foot. But I had no choice - it was run or be left behind like a broken flip-flop ...

Then we were in Battersea Park proper, beautifully laid out, with an array of flowers around us, and absolutely no idea which way was up. Once again the hunters went out to search for flour - only **Henry** seemed ambivalent about which way we went. (Isn't it time he had a Hash name?)

Finally, some unseen heroes found the trail (respect!) and we carried on, like the intrepid explorers we were. We ran, we walked, we ran again, ever mindful that, no matter what, we *would* find a way out of that park.

And then there were four: **Ging Gang Goolie, Soufflé, Chi-Su** and yours truly (the latter just concentrating on keeping up). We were so close - we could see the bridge - but we had come too far down - oh no! And then we saw it - the gate to the outside world - hurrah! We bounded through it and down the path to the bridge, not caring that it was a different bridge - a 'weak bridge' ... we crossed it without incident, and then began the looong trek back, down/up the Kings Road - no-one else in sight (no Hashers, that is). We reached the pub, strolled in - were we last? Who knows? Now, far be it from me to doubt **Knickers'** veracity, but for a 5-mile trail, it did seem rather long, as confirmed by my personal tripmeter, which recorded a good 10-11 km. Also, it was reported to me that the hare returned with only two runners ... judge for yourselves.

It was certainly all too much for **Mr. Logic**, who reverted to nap status in the corner and had to be woken for the Down-Downs outside, presided over jointly (and ever so quietly) by **Wacker** and **Last Tango**, at which **Hands On** and **Funky Gibbon** demonstrated a Pas de Deux wannabe to show the lovely **Victoria** that we in London truly are 'fit' ...

Down-Downs were duly awarded to:

Hare: (Pink) **Knickers**, so named for her (barely visible) pink chalk marks; **Victoria: Setter** and **Victoria** - for being lovely; **Hedgehog** - for being an ex-Londoner; **Crusty Nuts** - for being from KL / **Chi-Su's** brother / having a big birthday; **Horrible** - for mourning the passing of youth while watching the moonset; **Not Out** - for screaming in the bushes at the sound of dogs (not a fan of dogging?); **Action Man** - for scaring the doggers (shades of Hampstead Heath); **Pecker** - because he commented on the pink chalk? **John Major** - 2 pints - one for being a Tory, the other for being a Lib-Dem.

And On On to the Monkey Puzzle, Paddington next week (unless they change it at the last minute ...)

Scribe



Speedballs

Mother Hash:
Freetown, Sierra Leone
Year started:
2004



Which one's Boris?



Wacker RA's



Visiting Mother Hash OnSec
Crusty Nuts



Action Man



Does Knickers ever open her eyes?



Pecker



Not Out



Hares



Ryde & Eric

Run 2030 The Monkey Puzzle, Paddington 19/9/2011

Hare: Eric/Ryde

It was a miracle! There were visible arrows, checks and false trails. The checks were marked through (well, almost all...). And there were pretty sights, and posh residences to desire. The pack did not get lost and was back at the pub, almost en bloc, after 45 minutes. Well, the omens had been good from the beginning: a civilised reserved space for the hash, five jugs plus loads of glasses full of iced water, the hare back and ready to go well in time - so what had got into *Eric*? Well, it must have been *Ryde* (so to speak), who had whispered in his ear, or left written instructions (a map, perhaps?). So he can indeed do it, and his past misdemeanours are just pretence?

Anyway, that is enough praise for *Eric*, we don't want it to go to his head (who said?). Reassuringly, he did fuck up once, when it mattered. In the middle of the Paddington basin he put a back-check in an underpass, which he decided not to mark through, and this is where he lost four late-comers. You know who you are: *Rambo*, *Linford*, *KC*, *Hands On* - in no particular order. Never mind, they all made it to the Monkey Puzzle eventually, with a bit of whingeing. But after all: what is a hash without a whinge?

Two visitors from Boston turned up, *Yellow Dick Gnome* and *Goonass*, dressed to kill for a Tea Party. They had even bothered to schlepp their personalised wooden mugs along. Then there was virgin *Ruth*, made to come by *Just Julian*. *Sucker the F* nearly made it, but allegedly his bus broke down on the way - any excuse not to run!

The down downs took almost as long as the run, as the evening was balmy and the landlord had been generous. The most notorious reward was for *Tango* and *Eric*, who had come together 350 times - get a life, indeed! The two hare-raisers from West (*Pickled Fart*) and London (*Pete the Pilot*) were called in together, for cross-fertilisation, although I am not sure they came together. *S the F* got done for molesting a bus (see above), and *Baldrick* for something to do with dwarf-tossing (as the Tossee rather than the Tossier, I suppose). *Mad Cow* deserved his punishment for spending a fortune on wine with the in-laws (!) in Nappa valley (don't ask me). And then came a very complex story, starting off with the change in Parliamentary constituency borders, then continuing via the merger of all London hashes to the eventual disappearance of hashes like Marlow, because the likes of me (*Martian Matron*) are getting too old. If you get it: tell me! Don't know about *Wacker* (RA), but he has never been the same since that West London hash in the BDSM pub in Putney.

Thanks, *Ryde*, for initiating this hash, and *Eric* for standing in at short notice (rename: *Eric the compassionate*).

Martian Matron



American Visitors



Pete The Pilot



Scribe



Martian Matron

Mother Hash:
The Hague
Year started:
Inaugural run 1982



Hare



Testiculator

Quite Interesting fact:
Testi discovered the
hash at a beer festival

Run

Number : 2031

Place: Duke of Sussex. Waterloo
Hare: Testicula
Scribe: LipsOnTits

I tried to put forward **Tango** as scribe but it backfired and it ended up on my door step. Its my first scribe for London H3 so if there are any inaccuracies' please tell someone who cares. The evening started very wet, especially for **Testicula** just back from Birmingham. Having laid the trail he arrived at the **Duke of Sussex** looking very Red faced and wet. "There may be some flour left that hasn't been washed out" he gasped. He was 20 minutes longer than he'd stated on the phone to **Ging Gang Gooley**. The usual "words of wisdom"

and then off we trotted towards the big wheel thing. With the rain now in the distance 'The Eye' looked dazzling, vibrantly lit from its blue lights. "Oooooon - Oooooon" someone cried and spoilt my tranquil moment. Over the 'House of Commons bridge', past the big clock tower, parliament square & towards the green stuff. A devious left, a few checks later our trail led us South over 'House of Lords Bridge'. **Knickers & Action man** took the very appealing SCB trail

along Albert Embankment with some excellent evening views over the river towards the Minister with the big clock tower now at the far end.

With our missing Hare the depleted pack turned away from home. We left the superb architecture of Westminster and now into the nasty post codes towards the 'Elephant & Castle'. "It's a run of Two Halves" was stated. (Micheal Caine lived here; I bet you didn't know that). Poor **Ryde** disappeared into a black hole in the road. Fortunately still able to run ignoring her cuts & bruises. In the shadow of "The Strata" (or Razor as locals call it) our group of FRB's lost the trail. We made our own way back to 'The Duke of Sussex'

trying not to get mugged or run over along the way. It was reported **Tango** disappeared on the North side (on the pull I reckon) and **Tablewine** turned up just in civvies just in time for the beer, but still claiming a run.

Mad Cow was RA and he passed me the list of Down Downs he had just given out. He must have gone to the 'Dr School for hand writing'. Couldn't read a frigging word. So here is my account.

No Visitors No Virgins.

Tango - Loitering with intent (As I thought, on the pull).

Erick - Being a Scotsman (or for not laying a trail)

Skylark- for buying water proof socks. (Why on earth would anyone want water proof socks?)

Bonny & Pete the Pilot- don't know. (Looking too comfortable and smug)

Cold up North - no hash clothes. (or daughter being called **Hot down South**)

Inslide Out & Coming Dear- running on their Anniversary.

All in all, an excellent run. I asked a fellow hasher, "What would you give it out of ten?" The reply was "9 out of 10". No, I said, "that's how many hashers got lost on trail". Even **Testi** lost his own trail, so can we call this 10 out of 10?

On-on **Lips On Tits**



Politicians and diapers have one thing in common. They should both be changed regularly, and for the same reason.

Scribe



Lips on Tits

Mother Hash:
Isle of Wight
Year started:
2008



Hare & Scribe



Mismanagement

Run:

2032 (The AGPU)

Place: Farringdon (The Sekforde Arms)

Hare: The Mis-Management

Scribe: The Mis-Management

The outgoing mis-management had booked the pub, arranged the necessary catering, and had advertised the AGPU to all via the website and everything looked set. Wrong! TFL, those charged with creating as much mayhem around London as possible over weekends then announced that Farringdon Station would now be closed. Not to be deterred, the mis-management then consulted the great oracle and discovered that Barbican was the closet station open and that the H&C line would be running, so all were informed off this change - not that it pleased everyone, as some thought Chancery Lane would be a better option.

The appointed day arrived, the sun was shining, England narrowly beat Scotland (who probably deserved to win) in the Rugby World Cup and the masses began to assemble at the Sekforde Arms. By the time the mis-management got proceedings underway, the pack had grown to 42 - so much for the naysayers! After a quick ale to get the assembled mass in the mood, the mis-management explained the markings and set the pack on their way. The trail was a blinder and took in the sights around Smithfield meat market as well as various other local attractions. And to cap it all off, there was a drink stop where we were treated to a cocktail that had more in common with paint stripper than a **Rusty Nail!** It tasted as if **TW & Ryde** had emptied the dregs of the hash spirit cabinet into one big bucket and added some turps to taste. But hashers being hashers and therefore not particularly fussy, it was all drunk anyway. How everybody made back to the on-on remains a mystery, but the allure of a real ale to cleanse the taste of the afore mentioned

cocktail was probably a key driver.

And so to the key business at hand the AGPU. Unlike the traditional party conference, the AGPU is a chance for all present (and those who are not) to get rid of the old mis-management and elect a new one, which is normally just like the old one with a few new faces. **Bonnie**, representing the outgoing mis-management, duly thanked the outgoing mis-management for their efforts, or lack of, over the last 12 months and then dismissed the lot of them. In order to prevent a power vacuum, it was time to appoint the new mis-management. What followed was a true example of the democratic process in action. The first and key position to be filled is that of GM and **Bonnie** was duly nominated. However, it was not to be that clear cut and confusion and chaos reigned when **Eric the...** and a wine cooler were also nominated by party members. In the first round of voting that followed, **Eric the...** was knocked out. The second round of voting was a close run thing, but **Bonnie** just managed to edge out the wine cooler and was duly anointed as the new GM. Following his successful election as GM, **Bonnie** began nominating numerous party members for roles in his new cabinet and to act as his advisors on key matters such as beer funds, beer drinking, pub research, trail master, etc. And so the following party members (and not all were present) were duly stitched up, sorry, elected to the mis-management (see next page). On a more general note (especially for **Spare Rib**), if you really don't want to be on the committee then it is wise to attend the AGPU!

Although there has been no official word from **Bonnie's** office or campaign manager, we have learnt from our sources that as a good, reliable and much trusted civil servant, **Bonnie's** agenda will be one of austerity, cutting the fat (and not just his), and change - but as this is the Mis-Management and we are talking about hashing, there's not much chance of any of that bloody nonsense!

And whilst those Mis-Management stalwarts **TableWhine** and **Ryde** are not officially on the Mis-Management this year, they have agreed to be special advisors to the GM and his cronies, to ensure that the we don't blow all the funds and f*ck it all up!

And after this shining example of democracy had passed, party members made there way to the bar to

Run 2032 • Sekforde Arms
Barbican • 1/10/11

continue quaffing the ale, and as it became dark the numbers did reduce until a few die-hards were left propping up the bar, or should that be the bar was propping them up! And we will leave it there, mainly because it all got a bit fuzzy.... A bit like my head the next day!

On-On

LH3 Mis-Management





Hash

No: 2034

On-Inn: The Rose & Crown

Hare: Mad Cow

Scribe: Hot Down South

And what a day it was! The sun shone in an almost cloud free, October sky, the TFL was working, the pub opened early and eagerly accepted our money in exchange for some pre-hash bevs and hashers were arriving in high spirits. The route and the weather attracted an American visitor, **Burning Bush** from the Paris Hash, and drew back returnees **Hanging Dick**, **Whispering Thong** and their horror **Sperm**.

And the trail which was about 5.5 miles took us through fields and woods and this off-road trail was so successfully laid



that tarmac was kept to a surprising minimum. We scrambled through woods, across fields and along dirt tracks. The false trails and long checks kept the pack together well, though on occasion the check did require a few not-so-subtle hints from the hare.

And on our return we were treated to a photo finish by the Paparazzi who was snapping hashers as they made that final dash towards the pub. After beers were consumed by most and sandwiches by some, **Wacker** brought the circle to order. Sinners included **Titanic** for littering, **Pecker** and **Free Loader** for PDAs en route, Paparazzi for abusing the elderly, **Cumming Dear** for some creative accounting, **Rambo** for not following orders and **Funky Gibbon** for going MIA on the P trail. Down-Downs were also given to **Time Out** and **Le Voisin** in homage to the morning's rugby match. The French won once again.

And finally, **Boggers** was given a down-down to commemorate his 500th run. Sadly, no token of esteem was presented as our more organised and motivated committee members were still off on their jollies in Japan.

And to end, it was great day, a great trail and, from what I remember, a great on-inn and on-on-inn.

And so, until next time, on-on, **HDS**.



Hare



**Cumming
Dear**

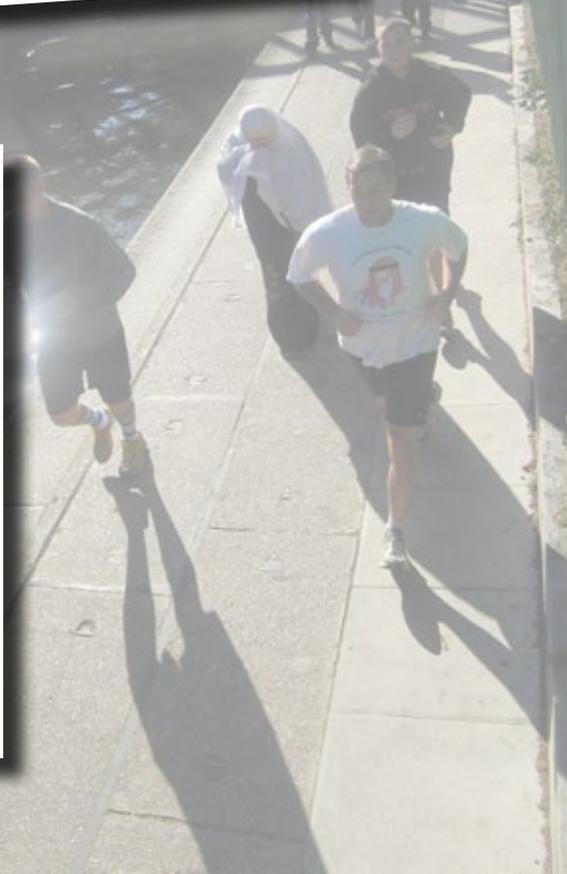
Hands On's 100th run
mug....no not Eric



Horrible's expression



Introducing
Deadwood!



Hares



Chi-Su & HDS

Halloween Run 2036
New Cross Gate
29 October 2011

Hares: Chi Su and Hot Down South
RA: Mad Cow

In the absence of the GM I started the r*n and dutifully asked for someone to volunteer to be scribe. Everyone stared at me blankly until I offered to do it myself. (Note to self - do not start any further r*ns until you learn to stare down the pack and pick a reluctant volunteer)

It was a glorious day and the large assembled ghoulish pack were in for a treat (or trick) as the enthusiastic hares led us through the leafy backstreets, parks and cemeteries of the Borough of Lewisham. Our visitor from Japan, **Muff Diver**(?), was impressed with the amount of 'off road' trail as he expected to be pounding the pavements in London!

The hares arranged an excellent and themed drink stop consisting of green snot (vodka, Curaçao and o-j) and blood (a superb bloody mary). There was also too much candy than is good for the hash and the pack descended on both the drink and the

sweets with great gusto.

Back at the pub we were subjected to the football (Chelsea v Arsenal) - sadly the hare's team were beaten by Le Arse.

Our illustrious RA, **Mad Cow**, kindly agreed to give me his notes detailing the sinners and their crimes for the r*n write-up, thus saving me the effort of having to make notes myself. Unfortunately, I can't read his scrawl, so from memory, the sinners were: the hares; the visitors: **Muff Diver** and **Klingon**; **Mick Mac**, for some trumped up reason; **Knickers** for new shoes which she resolutely refused to drink out of; **Lady C** for getting her Freedom Pass and **TT** for dobbing her in, **Unacceptable** and **Budapest** for stiffies in the cemetery, **Spare Rib** for being a skeleton look alike and **Cumming Deer** for his apparent camera trouble.

Well done, guys, a great trail! On On!!



Hares: Hot Down South and Chi-Su



Budapest

Scribe



Screwloose

Mother Hash:
Cape Town
Year started:
1989

Regroup and photo opportunity at Nunhead Cemetery

