



ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 35 Issue 1 February 2012



The Flying Skylark Issue



Hugs & Kissing Run

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CLaWs Party

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PLUS
Forthcoming events
Hash Humour



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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>

Notes from Abroad

Some London Hashers saw the old year out in Folleville, France, at Ryde and Tablewhine's lovely country retreat.



Tablewhine organised a hangover run for New Year's Day, which marked the 12th outing of the Folleville Flat Frog Hash House Harriers!



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
22 - 24 June 2012	Nash Bash 2012	Berkshire Bash	www.nashbash2012.co.uk/	Foggy
20 - 22 July 2012	Alelimpics	Herongate, Essex H3	www.essexh3.co.uk	Windsock - RA windsock@btinternet.com
3 - 5 Aug 2012	German Nash Hash	Hosted by the Stuttgart H3	www.stuttgarthash.de/gnh2012.html	

Hare



Buttplug

I'm single - anyone interested? - not Tango



An imaginative and interesting trail of backwards 'P's and the occasional 'Q' lead us to the Crooked Billet on Wimbledon Common. With the traditional Fifth of November rain staying away and the common filled with striking autumn colours, this was shaping up to be a really good day's hashing. Then **Boggers** was picked as scribe. **Boggers!** who would not know a good trail if it jumped up beside him and blew a vuvuzela in his ear. To prevent a good trail from being marred by **Boggers'**



caustic scribbblings, **Skylark** gallantly volunteered to take the mantle and pen these words himself.

What a trail it was! We set off into the crisp cold morning and were soon immersed in the vibrant red and golds of the common's autumnal tapestry. The trail of gleaming white piles of wood shavings

lead us deeper into nature's wondrous bosom, and **Skylark** for one started to get all gooey and poetic.

Ode to the trail that glides and twists and creeps.

Through brush and bush where squirrels peeps.

Up hill and down dale, through stream and mire.

No dusty roads, concrete or wire.

Past puddles and ponds and windmill yonder

Where skylarks sing and lonely folk ponder.

On back past golfers and Cannizaro flowers.

On Linn to the pub and it didn't take hours.

Back at the Crooked Billet we found that **Skylark** was not the only one who had been immersing himself in nature. **Reach Around** from Lancashire was positively embracing it when he fell flat on his

face on trail. **Horrible**, never one to miss an opportunity when seeing a many lying prone, jumped straight on top of him in an attempt to 'help him to his feet'. Both were dutifully handed beers by **Sparerib** in his capacity as RA. **Sparerib** also welcomed our other visitor - **Lick Hole Ah** from Atlanta, then gave her a beer for not getting immersed in nature by tip toeing around every puddle that presented itself to her. Also not being immersed in nature, but rather immersed in each other was **Slip Shod** and **Blown Out**. For their lack of mingling they were handed beers to down while suitably embraced.

Pilot and **Rambo** it was suggested had also been immersed in each other when they returned noticeably late from trail and noticeably together. It was also noticed that **Rambo** had mud on both knees. Getting down to nature maybe? **Chi-Su**, **Rent Boy** and **Eric** were called into the circle. **Chi-Su's** down down was for taking misleading pictures of **Sparerib** - running, **Rent Boy** for having a misleading reputation for running, and **Eric** for being useless. This just leaves our hare. **Butt Plug** was handed a well deserved pint for setting a trail which was duly scored at minus two out of ten. Well Done! on on, **Skylark**



Scribe



Skylark

Hare



Pickled Fart

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year started:
1986

It was an unseasonable sunny day in mid-November and the conditions were perfect for a LH3/Slash jaunt around Richmond Park. Hashers arrived at The Wych Elm in their summer wear and there were knobbly knees a plenty on display. The pack was dispatched on a trail which went around suburbia until it arrived, somewhat predictably- but who cares, in Richmond Park and it was wonderful. There was lots of running across fields, through woods and plenty of wildlife to be appreciated. However, baring his knees wasn't enough for **Skylark** who was spotted streaking unabashedly through the park.

As it was a coordinated affair with the Slash there were a few pubs en route which were visited to varying degrees by hashers as they passed. This did mean that the return of the pack to The Wych Elm did occur in dribs and drabs and after a significant amount of drinking time the circle was called to order.

The R.A., **Sparerib**, awarded half-naked down-downs to **Skylark** for stripping en route and **Oral Warning** for too many wardrobe changes. Other down-downs, of a more standard nature,

were awarded to **Bulldozer**, **Looberty** and baby **Simples**, **Eric the...**, **Horrible**, **Thunder Thighs**, **Lady C**, **Pete the Pilot** and **Ryde** for various sins. **Last Tango** and **Zam** were made to pay penance for their lateness after it was decided that the bus stopping at other stops was a pitifully poor excuse for their tardy arrival.

MadCow, true to his name, was shamed in the circle for suggesting that the venison stores in the park could be accessed by head butting the stags to death and **Door-mat** was spotted photographing lampposts.

Once the sins had been addressed, events were next on the agenda. **Man Magnet** was honoured for completing 50 runs and **Rambo** for a whopping 500 runs. Next cake (hurrah!) adorned with magic candles appeared and a rendition of Hashy Birthday was inharmoniously sung to **Sparerib** and **Yorky Porky**. The circle was then brought to its conclusion and we were bid to go and drink more at the bar.

On the whole, some fabulous weather and a great trail.

Until next time On-On

HDS x



Scribe



HDS

Hares



Blown Out & SlipShod

Mother Hash:
WL3 and Amsterdam H3
Year started:
1997 & 2009

Hash:

2039

Hares: Yes there were two of them

Scribe: Some prat who failed to hide properly

Court in the Wood (Colliers Wood to be precise)

The first half of the hash was the walk from the station to the pub, the Sultan. Pity we didn't use that a week earlier for the hash on 11.11.11 (ON Beer, ON Beer, ON Beer in Turkish). Heyho!! After the usual waffle from our illustrious GM (PBUH), off we set.

"It has to go this way. Trust me, I know the area & there are lots of trails this way...". Not quite **Trig**, as we headed off diametrically in the opposite direction!!!

Things only got worse for some other hashers as well. **Hijacker** got caught the wrong side of the Wandle & didn't want to risk getting her dainty little tootsies wet by trying to jump the 6 inches across the raging river!!!

Heads up hashing are three words you could never associate with **Last Tango**. She started off by arriving early, so early in fact that I swear she still had her bed socks on. Didn't do her any good though, as she tangofully

(like manfully, only not quite as observant) ploughed round the trail failing miserably to spot where the front runners had gone thereby missing the fact that there were a load of loops on the trail. All of this resulted in our **Tango** arriving back at the pub nearly an hour after everyone else & nearly missing the circle.

Anyway, eventually we got back to the pub & waited to be entertained by our plethora of RAs. I'm actually still waiting to be entertained some days later. But nevertheless there was a circle, & awards were handed out to:

The hares (who were they by the way?)

Visitors - one of who was **Tablewhine's** love child... or something similar, **Pog** from Aussie (who managed to get away without being reminded of who he was, what he was, & the fact that the Aussies not only "lost the world cup on home soil", but they also "lost the ashes too"!!!

Virgins - Katherine with her dormouse.

Charity contributions - November beard awards supporting prostate cancer went to **Unacceptable**, **Trig.**, **Bonnie**, **Rambo**, & **FB**

Sinners

Crack - Managed to screw up a plane journey despite running from the marathon to his awaiting plane

Ryde - Helpful as hashers always are. Wheelchair in the car heading towards London, or Bristol, or anywhere except the East of England whilst Mother was in Cambridge. Just how did she get about without her wheelchair Ryde?

Skylark - Showing **Hijacker** how it shouldn't be done by leaping the Wandle & falling in!!!

RA - Seeking advice from his boss (the senior RA) by texting for advice whilst on the run

Survivors - Not quite sure from what, but **Pete the Pilot**

Celebrations
Eric & FB - Both 60 this week

ON ON



Scribe



Boggers

50 years starting early
500 runs
25 years hashing

Hares



Mic Mac

Mother Hash:
LH3
Year started:
1983 (1st Jan)

My first 'trash' (my home hash speak for being scribe) for LH3 so here goes. Was told beforehand that **Mic Mac** set ball breaker hashes, expect 2 hours min etc etc. So, being

mostly a walker you can understand my concern, but it wasn't raining or snowing so off we went. Lovely undulating woods, lots of leaves underfoot to cushion the mud, not too many horses or checks adn to top it all - only about 75 minutes. So much for **Mic Mac's** ball breaking skills.

There was a lot of gossip on the trail about the 'vibrating phone' worn above the pert bottom of **Apple Bobbing** and her pal **All Fours**, both visiting 'trollops' from City Hash. Talking about not so pert bottoms, we were

treated to a very deep 'jarris' by a gentleman outside the pub and were relieved to find he was not a fellow hasher. Our time at the Oakwood pub was short lived as **Mic Mac** had omitted to check they were still serving Courage Best (page 1/item1). So, after only consuming one drink we decamped down the hill to a more favourable pub. (this added another 25 mins to the hash's 75 mins. With 25 mins return journey back up the hill to the tube maybe this does constitute a ball breaker.) Down Down's ensued with **ZAM** as RA: Sparerib and hare for party confusion Lily - car didn't work - down down for not being late and consequently

named **Car Says No Pete the Pilot** for 750 runs **Highlander** for wearing **Lady C's** jim jam bottoms and hashing from the same pub twice (the Adam and Eve) **Sparerib** - having to drink from Big Jake's mini Spare Ribs out of the packet **Sparerib** AGAIN! - having to drink warm bottle of cider he left at party.

Yet more drins were consumed and the scribe got involved in a very fruity conversation indeed involving a group of naked singing men and their attributes. All in all it turned into quite a ribald hash!

onon
Lady C



Scribe



Lady C

Mother Hash:
Barbados H3
Year started:
2002

Hash Humour 1

A man fell asleep on the beach under the midday sun and suffered a severe sunburn to his legs. He was taken to the hospital. His skin had turned a bright red and was very painful and had started to blister. Anything that touched his legs caused agony. The doctor prescribed continued intravenous feedings of water and electrolytes, a mild sedative and Viagra. Rather astounded, the nurse inquired, "What good will Viagra do him in that condition?" The doctor replied, "It will keep the sheet off of his legs."



Why men shouldn't write advice columns

Dear John,
I hope you can help me. The other day, I set off for work, leaving my husband in the house watching TV. My car stalled, and then it broke down about a mile down the road, and I had to walk back to get my husband's help. When I got home, I couldn't believe my eyes. He was in our bedroom with the neighbor's daughter!

I am 32, my husband is 34 and the neighbor's daughter is 19. We have been married for 10 years. When I confronted him, he broke down and admitted they had been having an affair for the past six months. He won't go to counseling, and I'm afraid I am a wreck and need advice urgently. Can you please help?
Sincerely, Sheila

Dear Sheila,
A car stalling after being driven a short distance can be caused by a variety of faults with the engine. Start by checking that there is no debris in the fuel line. If it is clear, check the vacuum pipes and hoses on the intake manifold and also check all grounding wires. If none of these approaches solves the problem, it could be that the fuel pump itself is faulty, causing low delivery pressure to the injectors.
I hope this helps,
John

— Forwarded by Steve Sanderson, Gilbert, S.C.

Coming back from another recent EC summit in Rome, various European leaders were forced to take the train due to a strike by Swiss ATC controllers; sitting together in the same compartment, travelling through the Swiss Alps, were Sarkozy, Cameron, Merkel and the young and very attractive female Irish foreign minister.

The train goes into a dark tunnel and a few seconds later there is the sound of a loud slap. When the train emerges from the tunnel, Sarkozy has a bright red, hand print on his cheek. No one speaks, everyone is extremely shocked and embarrassed.

Angela Merkel thinks: Sarkozy, not able to help himself, must have groped the Irish girl in the dark, and she slapped his cheek.

The Irish girl thinks: Sarkozy, not able to help himself, must have tried to grope me in the dark, but missed and fondled Merkel and she slapped his cheek.

Sarkozy thinks: Why me? That perfidious Cameron must have groped the Irish girl in the dark knowing that I'd get the blame for it and she slapped me... the English bastard.

And Cameron thinks: I can't wait for another tunnel, so I can smack that little French shit again.

No matter how old you are, no matter how badass you think you are, if a toddler hands you their ringing toy phone...

You answer it.

Why'd the man take Viagra eyedrops?
Because he wanted to look hard!



Hares



Hijacker & Eric

Did

you know that Noon Greenwich Mean Time is rarely the exact moment when the hash arrives at the pub for the trail? This week was no different. Did you also know that Noon Greenwich Mean Time is rarely the exact moment when the 'noon sun' crosses the Greenwich Meridian (and reaches its highest point in the sky at Greenwich)? This is because of the Earth's uneven speed in its elliptical orbit and its axial tilt. This event may be up to 16 minutes away from noon GMT. Therefore I wasn't really late for the hash..... was I?

Anyway, our natural concept of time is linked to the rotation of the earth and we define the length of the day as the 24 hours it takes (on average) the earth to spin once on its axis.....

1am - On my way back from a night out with the girls.

2am - No, he's not in London this weekend.

3am - Zzzzzzzz (Did you know that GMT is also known as Zulu Time?)

4am - Trip to the toilet.

5am - Zzzzzzzzzz

6am - Milk delivered on our doorstep

7am - Zzzzzzzzzz

8am - Zz

9am - Time to get up

10am - Log on to www.trainline.com

11am - Should have left by now.

12 noon - Receive call from *Sparerib*

- he's running late, as usual. Meet *Sthweetheart* at Waterloo East. Arrive at Maze Hill (much closer to the pub than Greenwich).
1pm - Lost on the football pitches on Blackheath.
2pm - Photos at The Greenwich Observatory.

3pm - Down downs, delivered by *Mad Cow*, for the hares, *Screwloose* (300 runs with LH3), The Virgin (Paul), *Sthweetheart* (running a marathon in 3 hours and 2 minutes), *Hot Down South* for her mince pies, Irene is named '*Where the F*ck Are We*' for getting lost on her home area (see bottom right).
4pm - *Yorky Porky* and *Blackhole* find their way back from some other pub.

5pm - Tea-time, no thanks I'm drinking beer!

6pm - Discuss the possibility of going to a Vietnamese restaurant, as recommended by *Chi-Su*.

7pm - Go to said restaurant, The Vietnam.

8pm - Discuss the similarity between Vietnamese and Chinese food.

9pm - Ask the waitress why everyone serving in the restaurant is Chinese.

10pm - Pay for our Chinese food

11pm - Rush to Greenwich station.

Midnight - Catch night bus having missed last train to Ealing.

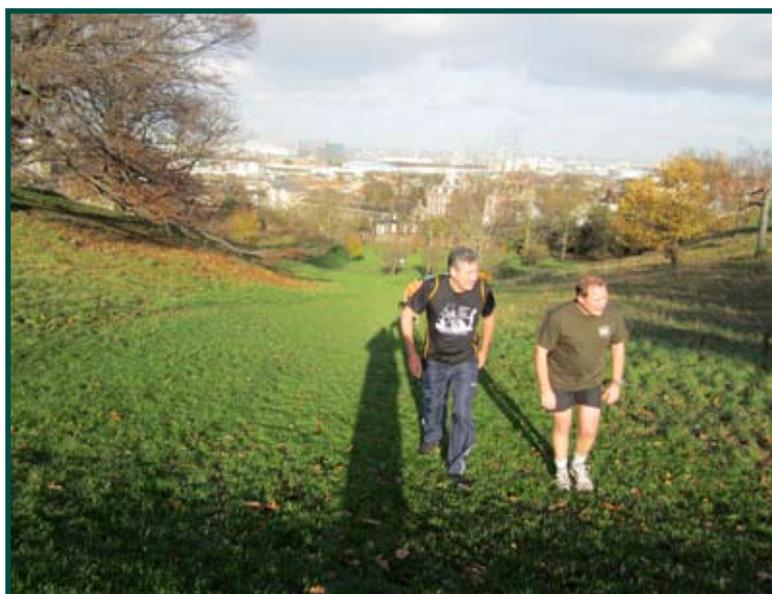
1am - On my way back from a day out with the hash.....

ON! ON!

Ryde



Above: Dyslexic time semaphore - should show 2am!



Scribe



Ryde

Quite Interesting Fact:

Ryde has hashed in 34 countries, ranking her joint 34th most travelled hasher on www.half-mind.com/where/where_rankings.php

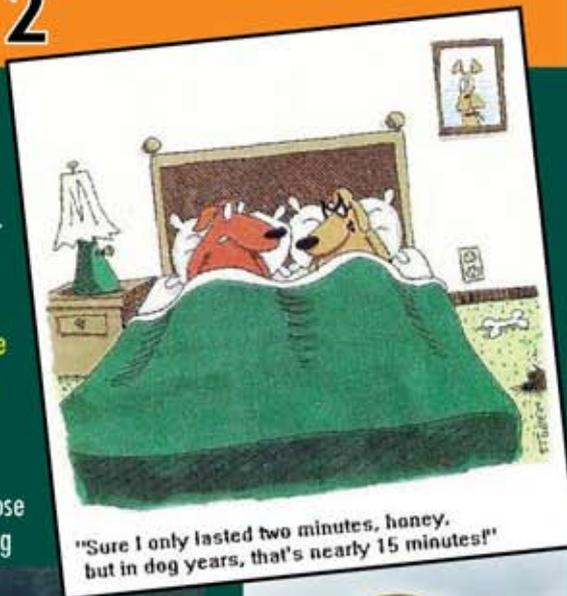
Hash Humour 2

A man is in a hotel lobby. He wants to ask the clerk a question. As he turns to go to the front desk, he accidentally bumps into a woman beside him and as he does, his elbow goes into her breast. They are both quite startled. The man turns to her and says, "Ma'am, if your heart is as soft as your breast, I know you'll forgive me." She replies, "if your penis is as hard as your elbow, I'm in room 1221."

With sufficient thrust, pigs fly just fine.

Boycott shampoo!
Demand the REAL poo!

Be nice to your kids. They'll choose your nursing home.



Copycat pie perv burnt

A TEENAGER who tried to copy a scene from the hit film *American Pie* by shagging an apple pie was rushed to hospital with serious burns to his penis.

Dwight Emburger, 17, couldn't wait for the tasty pastry to cool down and after he slid in his pecker he was badly scalded by the hot filling.

A hospital spokesman in Boise, Idaho, said: "This demonstrates that producers should consider the effects their films have on young and impressionable people."



The Black Bra - a woman's story

I had lunch with 2 of my unmarried friends. One is engaged, one is a mistress; and I have been married for 20+ years.

We were chatting about our relationships and decided to amaze our men by greeting them at the door wearing a black bra, stiletto heels, and a mask over our eyes. We agreed to meet in a few days to exchange notes... Here's how it all went.

My engaged friend:

The other night when my boyfriend came over, he found me in a black leather bodice, tall stilettoes and a mask.

When he saw me he said, 'You are the woman of my dreams. I love you.' Then we made passionate love all night long.

The mistress:

Me too! The other night I met my lover at his office and I was wearing a raincoat. Under it only the black bra, heels and the mask over my eyes. When I opened the raincoat he didn't say a word, but he started to tremble and we had wild sex all night.

Then I had to share my story:

When my husband came home I was wearing the black bra, black stockings, stilettoes, and a mask over my eyes.

When he came in the door and saw me he said,

"What's for dinner, Zorro?"

We never really grow up, we only learn how to act in public.



A good man can make you feel sexy, strong and able to take on the world ... oh sorry ... that's wine ... wine does that ...

A tough looking group of bikers were riding when they saw a girl about to jump off a bridge so they stopped.

The leader, a big burly man, gets off his bike and says, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to commit suicide," she says.

While he did not want to appear insensitive, he didn't want to miss an opportunity so he asked... "Well, before you jump, why don't you give me a kiss?"

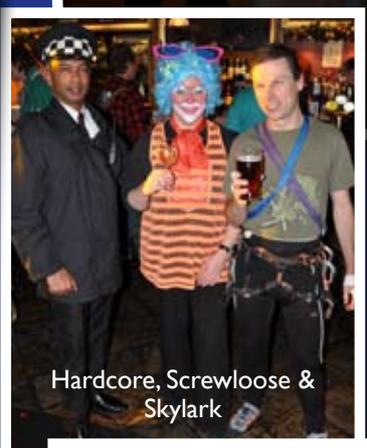
So she does... and it was a long, deep lingering kiss.

After she's finished, the biker says, "Wow! That was the best kiss I have ever had. That's a real talent you are wasting. You could be famous. Why are you committing suicide?"

"My parents don't like me dressing up like a girl....."

CLAWDS

The annual coming together of the London hash clubs for a Christmas knees up!



Chi-Su & Inslide Out

The Hash Diva herself - Thunderthighs

Hot Down South finds a fireman

Hardcore, Screwloose & Skylark

Tablewhine the school boy

Blown Out and Slip Shod

Budapest and Knickers

Naughty Nympho & Bonnie

Hare



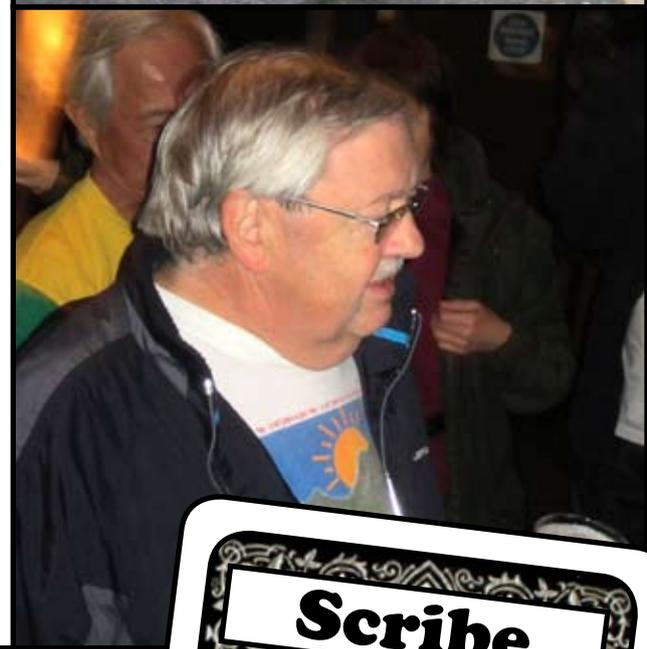
Bonnie

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



Now, this is the kind of run that really separates out the hardcore dedicated hashers from the less mentally de-ranged - the post ClaWs hangover run! As we nursed our sore heads (probably wishing that we had one of the sexy nurses from last night on hand, so to speak), we had to contend not only with a cold, wet Sunday (Sundays being quite rare these days for a hash), but also a fiendish plot between hare, web-master and hare-raiser to blur the possible start time.

No wonder only 17 sad souls made it, along with the ultimate hash tourist from Malaysia, **Rusty Nails** and a visitor from Moscow called **Bono Bitch**. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant jaunt around the river sites of London Bridge on a well laid trail with just the right amount of checks to keep us largely together. Down Downs **Bonnie** as today's hare. Our two visitors, with an extra down down for **Rusty Nails** for temporarily losing his jacket to colour blindness **Skylark** and **Pete the Pilot** for the starting time confusion **The Erector** for turning up dressed like a bouncer and being unable to run. on on, **Chi Su**



Scribe



Chi-Su

Hash Name:
Apparently what the Japanese say when taking a photo, based on our 'Say Cheese!'



Hare



Boggers

A naughty scribe never stepped up to the mark on this one but Boggers laid a fun trail around Herne Hill in South London on this cold Saturday before Christmas. The run largely featured the lovely Brockwell Park, venue of Lambeth County Shows and Legalise Cannabis festivals! We had a visiting RA from City Hash, Me So Horny, make the long trek outside his comfort zone. However, he looked more dressed for a business conference than a hash and just joined us for beers. We had one visitor this week, Vibhav (Pune H3 India).



Fundraiser for Tanzania Brentford • 31/12/11



Our OnSec Screwloose has been raising money tirelessly for a scheme to build water tanks for a rural community in Northern Tanzania. The fundraising culminated in a New Year's Eve party in Brentford for which Screwloose did all the catering. She has now joined the project in Tanzania and we wish her all the best from the London H3.



Hares



Martian Matron & More On



We start with a Christmas cracker joke.

Q: Why does the hare have to do her own run write-up?

A: Because *Spare Rib* fucked up.

Flattery does not get you anywhere, especially not with a Dutchwoman, but *Spare Rib* got his way after all. First, he had let slip that he was volunteering to be the RA for the Christmas Eve run only not to get a down-down (guess what?), and then he slipped up again and forgot to appoint a scribe. So he sidles up to me, saying "this run was so wonderful, it would be a shame if the write-up was crap, so therefore only you can do it"!! Okay, it is the season of goodwill and all that, so what can you do?

Anyway, the atmosphere was duly festive, with sunshine outside and fantastically OTT decorations inside the Bowls Club, lots of Santa hats and reindeers, and piano playing (accompanied by baby crying - sorry, *Bully!*). There was a good turn-out, hashers clearly keen to get their retaliation for gluttony in first. The pack set a fair space, encouraged by *More On's* assurances that the run would "not be long". Too long for *Spare Rib*, clearly, who absconded at South Ealing station to take the train back to his lodgings. He made it eventually to the drink stop by bus, with a vague story about having left all his mobile phones (how many do you need on a hash?) at home. Meanwhile, the pack galloped/ambled southwards, the galloping mainly done by some young visitors, 20-year old *Rose (More*

On's niece), eight-year old *Tamara* (his granddaughter), and 10(?) -year old *Finlay* (nephew to *Not Out* and *Akiko*). We reunited in Gunnersbury Park, for the ritual memorial stop at *Hairy Fairy's* bench - with or without white beards. Next stop was close to home, in the garden of our friends *Mike* and *Margaret*, for whisky macs and mince-pies. *William* (MO's grandson) and *Evelyn* (William's mother) were in charge. Of course the run was brilliant, and its length perfect, and everybody was happy!

Back at the Bowls Club waited special Rebellion Roasted Nuts and other festive drinks, and lots of hot soup and sausage rolls, and cold roast ham. We dragged ourselves outside for the cold reality of the down-downs, and got treated to fake snow. This is a dry powder which swells up when wetted - *2 am* swallowed some, I don't know what happened to him later. Apart from the visitors already mentioned we welcomed *Less On* (guess whose son?), and *Mad Cow's* sister *Yvonne* (I take it *Mick Mac* does not count as a visitor). Then there was more eating and drinking and plenty of fraternising and sororising between hashers and Club members. We tried to get the revelers to sing Christmas carols and other more jolly numbers around the piano, assisted by the violin (*Generator*) and cheer leader *Thunderthighs. Rose* treated us to some wonderful singing - she can come again! *Jed* (Club member) started offering rounds for everyone, we think he had his eye on *Last Tango...* We

ate and drank and made merry and then adjourned to our house next door for cheese, biscuits and wine. Merry Christmas!



Martian Matron



Hares



Bonnie & Naughty Nympho

New Years Day R*N 2012

Hares: **Bonnie & Naughty Nympho** (aka, Mr & Mrs Bonnie)

Venue: The Silver Cross, Whitehall

"Never volunteer" was very good advice drilled into me during boot camp. However, the flip side of modern "PC" leadership training dictates that you should lead by example. So, and for reasons that escape me, I decided to go down the PC route

and volunteered myself and **Naughty** to set the NY day trail.

Ordinarily, setting a trail is not a daunting prospect. But after a fantastic NY Eve bash hosted by **Screw-loose** which went on until the wee small hours and not getting to sleep until about 4.00am, it became one! Following a large breakfast and some meaningless TV, we realised that it wasn't going to stop raining anytime soon and we should get ourselves to Trafalgar Square to set a cunning trail. So off we went, in full waterproofs and half a plan in mind. Although we did wonder if anyone else would actually turn up given the awful weather. It was still raining when we got the Silver Cross and began setting the trail. Applying chalk to wet pavements is a challenge in itself.

Well it would appear that fortune favours the brave, as the rain began to let up and the arrows became clearer and more permanent as we wound our way around St James' Park, Leicester Square and the

Run 2045 • Silver Cross Charing Cross • 1/1/12

Southbank, before heading back to the pub. And it was not long until the first hasher turned up, followed by another and another, before the little area reserved was a throng of hashers (does any know the correct term for large gathering of hashers?) Finally, and after a couple of re-counts we realised that our efforts had not been in vain as grand total of 28 had turned out - result! I don't recall much of the run [*because he didn't do much of it - Naughty*] but it was dry and everyone made it back to the pub, so it must have been OK.

I do recall a circle being held, during which far too many down-downs were awarded, visitors welcomed, and general mayhem ensued. After which, the ale flowed and before you knew it was time to head off home. I bet everyone else was a relieved as me that the day after was a bank holiday. Until next time....

On-On
Bonnie



Scribe



Bonnie

Hare



Quite Interesting fact:
Skylark's 40th Birthday
hash

Skylark

Run2046
Hackbridge Jan 7th.
The run was from
Hackbridge, somewhere I
had never heard of before,
but wasn't it the town the
railroad was heading to in
Blazing Saddles? However,
its main claim to fame
surely is that it was the
first time in living history
that **Last Tango** set off
with the pack and not
30 minutes later as is
normal. Mind you, she
only had to come one stop
on the train! I declined
the offer of mulled wine in
a cold carpark for a hot KFC
breakfast at Victoria
before getting the 11.47.
After putting our bags
into cars we 20 plus set

LH3

off on the run into
Beddington Park,
alongside a stream
(or beck where I
come from), over
it and back along
the other side.
The trail stayed
in the park ,but it
could have been
several parks for
all I know and
I did think the
A-B tag was put
there to fool us
especially as
we were still a
stones throw
from the station
30 minutes after
the start. However, we
then set off on the long
winding road, well a path,
alongside a large gull laden
pond. I did my good deed
for the day by warning a
young couple pushing a
pram of the narrow opening
on the railway bridge
.Aaah! I then came
across something I dont
see very often- a false trail
mark. The pack could be
seen across waste land to
the right, but behind tall
railings so I did the sensible
thing and went back to
find a large arrow pointing
the way which I couldn't
understand missing,
especially at the speed I
crawl along at. I joined
other back markers across
the wasteland, woods and

very busy main roads. Just
as I was expecting a pub,
the arrows suddenly
pointed into a terraced
house. This was confusing
as the person who let us in
was a stranger to me. So,
from starting from a
station I had never heard
of, we ended in a place
I didn't know - and even
studying the map on the
flyer I still can't work out
which street we were on,
especially as my bus ride
to Mitcham Junction took
longer than it should have
from the map. Anyway, I
digress, the ON-ON was a
pleasant affair with plenty
of food and booze, the
TEA being a particularly
good choice of beer. I was
somewhat jealous of the
younger members who
were allowed to watch
tv while we were herded
into the back garden with
no shoes on to partake of
the many snacks on offer.
Eventually all the pack
returned and down downs
were eventually organised.
After the hare ,**Skylark**,
and a noisy harriet, we
were introduced to the
sole remaining virgin,
an American from Jack
Daniels county called
Sam (really?). Nickname
suggestions? Well, does
he have any nieces or
nephews?(think about
it). A kind spouse took

one for his absent wife,
how touching . While
ignoring those who need
socks with L and R on
the toe end, **Tango** was
given one - down down,
that is, for having S and M
on hers. Surely, as an ex
employee am I the only
one to realise that she
had them on the wrong
feet (I know she only has
one pair of feet) and they
actually should be read
M and S! **Daffy** was then
pulled forward for being
a "vision in pink", but
mainly for having sat nav
printouts secreted about
his person. I apologise for
not knowing all down down
recipients names but at my
age I am not as regular as
I used to be, on the hash
that is so it isnt easy for
parttimers like me to get
to know evryones name.
Pathetic excuse I know but
there you go. Right from
the house led onto open
land so thankfully I saw a
bus so turned left instead
and just hoped the station
it took me to was inside
my Freedom Pass area.
We North Londoners get
nose bleeds this far south,
especially without the
familiar tube network we
are used to.

Please Sir Productions
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Scribe



Please Sir

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year Started:
6th Jan 1972

Hares



Sthweet-heart

HUGS & KISSES Run

Number: 2047

Weather: Blue sky, sunny on the chilly side

Distance: about 7-8km

Virgin: Chris Warmoll

Returnees/visitors: 0

Sthweetheart put out the word that we need to dress in pink and hearts for his run. He must be a very good leader because about 39 committed hashers showed up at the pub dressed in Pink and hearts. We always manage to stand out in the crowd with our creative running gear but we manage to outdo ourselves on **Sthweetheart's** run. Our pink running gear was just a beginning to what **Sthweetheart** had in mind for us for the run. We had one virgin runner **Chris Warmoll** who probably wondered did I come to the right place when he saw all of us dressed in pink.

The hare informed us that all the checks are shaped as a heart - to add to that he said some checks will be Hug-Checks and some checks will be marked as Kiss-Checks. That meant we all had to be HUGGING and KISSING each other throughout the run. Very clever way to keep the crowd nice and cosy!!

It was around 12.40pm by the time we manage to take off from the pub and headed it straight to Hampstead Heath!

No one would of thought how much fun we were going to have at the HC



& KC checks (Hug - Kiss). We certainly raised some eyebrows in the park. Funny looking runners dressed in pink, kissing and hugging each other; not the scene people expect to see on the Heath. Our hare not just set a fun run he manage to organize a drink stop at the top of the Parliament Hill. Thanks to **Double Entry** and (X????) we had a very well organized drink stop with plenty of beer and sweets.

The Hare kept the pack together with all the hugs and kisses checks except for **Sparerib** who ran so fast that he missed the drink stop and **Last Tango** who went to the wrong pub and wondered where all the hashers were.

We had 4 RA to run the circle and all of them happily volunteered for the role. However, **Sparerib** had a plan and took centre stage. He gave a special instruction for the Hare to have champagne downdown with his mouth crammed full of marshmallows. (the amount of marshmallows corresponded to the amount of down down forfeits.)

Down downs

For the Hare (champagne down downs and marshmallows)

Last Tango and **Skylark** went to the wrong pub even though **Skylark** puts the run list on the website?

Yorky Porky and **Mad Cow** for not being able to drink and walk at the same time

Visitor **Chris Warmoll** who read about the hash in an intellectual source

Ryde and **Tablewhine** for some fishy tale about Christmas Turkey

and some broken turkey dish. **Hands On**, drank way too much at the X-mas run and left her slipper at a party.

Chi Su had trouble getting back to the pub after the beer stop at Parliament Hill; his only way back was via Google map and he arrived safely eventually.

Doormat wore new shoes, demonstrated he does not know his left from his right; therefore, had to drink from both shoes.

Ryde and **Thunderthighs** won the Best Pink Dress competition. Well done!!!

The Hare had a down down with the manager of the pub and thanked her for being so generous with the beer? RA closed the circle with the Birthday cake for the Hare. He was allowed to swallow the marshmallows this time and still struggled to blow out the candles. ON ON **Budapest**



Scribe



Budapest



Continued overleaf



a Huggin' and a
Kissin' checks



best dressed...of course



Tablewhine



Ryde and Budapest



finally...a good picture of
Martian Matron and More On



Sthweetheart pleads with the RA



Bonnie



Double Entry dispensing drinks at the DS



Doormat's new shoes

♪♪♪♪ Sparerib's
Lyric corner



Tune: Lumberjack Song
Here's to the women who wear
the hash shoes,
They spend all your money and
drink all your booze.
They don't have a cherry, but
that's not a sin,
They still got the box that the
cherry came in.

My One Skin Hangs Down to My Two Skin
Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
My one skin hangs down to my two skin,
My two skin hangs down to my three,
My three skin hangs down to my foreskin
My foreskin hangs down to my knee.
CHORUS:
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me, for me.
Roll back, roll back,
Please roll back my foreskin for me.
My body lies over the ocean,
My body lies over the sea.
My father lies over my mother,
And that's how they created me.

Hares



Ryde & Tablewhine

Run Number 2048, The Red Lion, Southall - 21 January 2012

Hares: **Ryde** and **Tablewhine**

For a change, most of the pack seemed to arrive on time (**Last Tango** was away) and so On On was called at 12:25. But before then, our wimpish RAs had debated who was to take charge of the subsequent proceedings, since there was a hint of drizzle in the air. We can only take a leaf out of the book of the TV presenters who describe the day's meteorological situation. There is often a hint of drizzle, as indeed there is about the age of the day, as in "It will be a breezy old day". Well it was a breezy old day, even at noon, and there was a hint of drizzle. But it was just a little ribbon of drizzle flirting with the Southall area. Indeed, after a very short time, we had a completely different kettle of fish, the sun came out, and Incy Wincy Spider went up

the spout again.

And so did the run. We set off into Southall Park, but this was just the calm before the storm. The hares however, had rained on the hash parade, and instead of heading south to the Grand Union canal or Osterley Park, they doubled back and went north, chasing rainbows. Among others, **Janni** was deliberately kept in the dark by **Tablewhine**, and was sent off checking the weather in the wrong direction. Meanwhile, after running through some of Southall's finest roads, we arrived at Jubilee Park, followed by some more of the finest roads. At this point, **Boggers** - one of those people who has been heard to complain when the sun shines because he no longer has an excuse to stay in - was moaning about travelling all the way to Southall just for a curry.

But then! We stormed into King George's playing field, threw caution to the wind, and found flour leading to the canal. Rambo, with his head in the clouds, was seen on the west side of the canal, running in a northerly direction. The pack, which had been kept in the dark, seemed to be having a bit of a dry spell, and scattered to the four winds. The short cutters finished up in a marina (almost), and the FRBs, who seemed to be in a bit of a fog, finally found trail again along the canal. But not before the SCBs had stolen their thunder, and taken the shine off the more athletic hashers (note the word "more" - it's all relative). In broad daylight one of the SCBs had vaulted a fence (as much to his own

Run 2048 • The Red Lion Southall • 21/1/12

surprise as anyone else's) and was then up there in the front. It was a bit of an occluded front, as people were arriving from all directions, but eventually, and after passing somewhere under a rainbow, we all got back to the pub in about an hour and a bit. Except for **Rent Boy**, who was a bit under a cloud and was seen scaring the living daylights out of people as he demanded money for his parking fees. Not bad for a day that began with a little bit of weather.

Inside the pub we were treated to chips and sausages. As **Zam** was the only RA who was prepared to put himself in the eye of the storm, he took over. Awards were made to the ship's captain, **Urine**, for his navigational errors, and then to **Boggers** for making 500 errors - sorry, runs. He got a bog brush and a paper plate and was looking distinctly under the weather until he was given his inscribed mug. The hares were rewarded, as were some of our European representatives (**Budapest**, **E Z Over**, and **Martian Matron**) for their poor forecasting skills, and a visitor from Folleville. **Rent Boy** and **Rambo** were punished for using a GPS instead of a sextant, and **Hot Down South** for calling Michael Fish on the run.

About twenty of us then adjourned for a curry before we'd put seven sheets to the wind. And very good it was. The wind had abated by then but I believe it blew up again later.

More On



Scribe



More On

Hares



**Cumming
Dear &
Inslide Out**

Run:

2049

Hares: *Cumming Dear* and *Inslide Out*

Pub: The Monkey Puzzle

Scribe: *Hot Down South*

It was a sunny but bloody freezing Saturday morning when LH3 descended upon The Monkey Puzzle. After huddling together in the warmth, nursing a few beers, the pack was called to order and forced outside by *Chi-Su* who welcomed the visitors and then sent us on our merry way. In spite of the cold weather, it took the pack a little encouragement by our hare, *Cumming Dear*, to break in to a 'run'. Although, it was a central run and tarmac was found a plenty, we did make it on to some of the green stuff as the trail moseyed along Serpentine and past the Gallery. Long straights through the park did ensure that the regroup in front of the Albert Memorial was an absolute necessity. At this point, late comer *Rambo* was spotted briefly before he dashed off again at speed. The pack headed back to the pub via Bathurst Mews and we returned from whence we started in a little under an

hour which was ideal considering the trail did follow *Last Tango's* wine tasting evening and a many a hasher was nursing a hangover.

The circle was called to order and presided over by *Zam*. A visitor, a virgin-*Jenny*, and returnees: *Jilted Jugs* and *Strap-On* were all presented with down-downs. *Rambo* was called forward and charged with over-achieving as the last out had managed to be the first in. Both *Micky* and the visitor were charged with New Shoes and faced the customary punishment. *Last Tango*, in recognition of her spiffing job organising the wine tasting (see back page), was presented with a glass of vin rouge in a blind tasting challenge. Unfortunately the calibre of wine did not meet *Tango's* exacting standards and *Eric the..* and *Doormat* polished off the rest. Finally *Hard-Core Bomber* was advised by the pack to 'get a life, life life' in recognition of his 150th run. And so the circle ended and back to the pub we went where drinking and making merry was continued.

on on,
Hot Down South



Scribe



**Hot Down
South**



Wine and Chocolate Tasting
27/1/12



Our new Social Sex committee members have been busy planning new events and activities for the London Hash. Last Tango arranged a cultural evening of wine tasting and chocolate evening. Marxist kindly agreed to host the event at his magnificent pad in Highgate. Naturally, we all got very pissed and the shaky ability of some to discern between a variety of wines and chocolates was completely lacking by the end of an excellent evening.