

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 35 Issue 2 May 2012



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wood**
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Run**
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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/hashtash.php>

Notes from Abroad

Here's a taster of the Hash Migration to Kenya 2012, courtesy of Sparerib. The plan is to have a fuller report in the next issue.



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
22 - 24 June 2012	Nash Bash 2012	Berkshire Bash	www.nashbash2012.co.uk/	Foggy
6 - 8 July 2012	CH4	Munich	bryan.munday@gmail.com	Yorky Porky
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.stuttgartarhash.de/gnh2012.html	
24-26 Aug 2012	Lundy Island H3 25th birthday	Lundy Island	http://hfh.org.uk/docs/	someone called Tablewhine?
21 - 23 Sept 2012	BRAs & PANTS Trail Weekend	near Glencoe	hfh.org.uk/docs/BRAS2012_flyer.pdf	Oral Sex
10 - 12 May 2013	Herts 1500th run weekend	TBA	hertshash.co.uk	Mr X

Hares



Budapest & Pickled Fart



*Ode to the Nightingale
Singing on the wing
Oh to Porter ale
When the Skylark doth
sings*

Well would you believe it February jumped out at us, seems only last week we were in 2011 and a good New Year party under the directorship of **Screw Loose**. But we were called to the Hash bugle not really wanting to get up out of my bed to trudge into the town and out to Clapham South. Still, onward we went to the Nightingale pub and followed the excellent "P" trail marked by **Pickled Fart** and **Budapest** and no deviation bars in-between! Arrived a little early decided to check the Young's ale on offer to which provided the fuel to project me around the streets, parks and commons of south London. **Bonnie** the GM saw that we were enjoying ourselves too much and the possibility of being glued to the bar was a tempting affair. Still he decided to call the Khyber

on this malarkey - "throwing" us out of this aptly named establishment into the bright and frosty day light. Being a night bird, my photo chromic lens adjusted and the call to Circle Up echoed along the street and the "ring" was duly formed. The "virgins" in and "Tell us your name?", "Where are you from?", "Who made you cum?"

standard questions + **Amy** + **Alex** and visitors called in - **Ass Floss** on an European tour from Taiwan. The hares, **Pickled Fart** and **Budapest** gave a very short explanation of what this is all about! That pint inside of me started to kick in and off the pack went down a side street. The trail

went generally through the streets and eventually to Wandsworth Common, through Nappy Valley and onto Clapham Common. At one point some of the hashers tried to find out how thick the ice was on the ponds, the ducks and swans were having a merry old time learning how to ice skate! The hashers were too heavy for the thickness of the ice. Still onto a RG by the bandstand and who's missing and photo up! **Skylark** an extra bonus attempted to do a little more exercising by joining ladies keep fit Frisbee session, better luck next time. Now the trail linked into the "P" trail from Clapham South UG and safely "home" to a tasty pint.

Circle Up!

After two pints of beer the call to arms was taken and into the courtyard. Bloody cold, ahhh the wall heaters were switched by someone, what a good pub and the "down down" beer with a 50% discount,

could be beaten with a "no charge, sir", still better than a kick in the goolies!

After the initial welcome speech by **Bonnie** the GM handed over to the two RAs, **Mad Cow** and **ZAM** who pulled in the miscreants.

Virgins = **Amy** and **Alex** Visitor = **Ass Floss** from China H3, Taiwan and for flossing!

The hares and of course given the bums rush for a rubbish hash route - no hills, hardly any shiggy, no barb wire!

Ass Floss thrown into the circle who complimented London H3 that it is a better kennel than City H3 much to the disgust of visiting City hashers.

Skylark who tried to join the ladies keep fit Frisbee session on the common.

ZAM for a medical problem with his hamstring, a "down down" to help cure the irritating ache.

Lick Storm -looking for GPS satellite connection and getting lost!

Last Tango, second week in a row for the excellent Wine and Chocolate Challenge party at Highgate on 28th which was changed to the 27th but the attendance ticket labelled for 2010! Always known for being late but two years even outstripped **Doormat** who was a week late for Hampton Court while the hash was in Richmond! tablets and a pecker rise, **Martian Matron** just gave a wily smile and projected a warm glow and mentioned that it worked!

Me So Horny, RA of City - the reason - dam, missed it! I was distracted by someone with a glass of wine in her hand and also couldn't read **Mad Cow's** notes (is he a medical GP I wonder?) but something like ***** up arse!

Thunder Thighs for new shoes duly sanctified with beer in the right shoe. Wrong shoe was the comment from this lively congregation.

Budapest for trying to fly to Budapest but the flight carrier went bust and took up the challenge with Ryan Air (optional extra - £10 for the staircase to get off the plane or use the rope ladder!).

KC for his excellent Burn's night recital, he produced an encore and a big cheer from the circle.

Bonnie checked for any further info and what is to cum next and duly closed the circle.

ON ON

To the welcoming bar and Porter beer.

Doormat

Ex GM Istanbul H3

See the new GM of Istanbul H3/mis-man team = www.istanbulhash.org Purr Purr (At last a replacement)



Scribe



Doormat

Hare



Ging Gang Goolie

Sadly, the elected scribe didn't manage a run write up for this run so you'll have to put up with some vague memories from the editor.

It was a nice sunny crisp morning with snow on the ground when we arrived in Crystal Palace for **Ging Gang Goolie's** run, ably assisted by **Testi**. Besides the usual pack there were a few visitors. **Rusty Nails** brought a family related troupe with him. **Rose Cheung** has since become something of a regular. There were also visitors from the Berlin hash, **Silent P** and **Poledancer**.

This was a rare hilly run for London and **Silent P** managed to fall down most of them, display tigger-like enthusiasm that is largely frowned upon on the hash, being such an upstanding and sensible bunch.

Memories of the down downs are quite shaky, though I do remember **Ging Gang Goolie** being shown a newspaper article describing her as the Ging Gang Goolie Princess - perhaps it was about someone equally famous?.....

onon,
The Editor



Hare



Bhopal

Despite Bhopal controversy, Union Carbide Dow Chemicals is still an Olympic sponsor



I came out of my house and meet *Sparerib*. I can honestly say that I have never meet someone who can walk faster than they can run until that day!

We just managed to make the start of the run. At that point *Sparerib*'s speed reduced by 50%.

Now it is 8 weeks ago that I did the run so my recollection of the run has blurred a bit. The trail headed off around Ravenscourt Park, down by the Thames, in Chiswick House and back to *Bhopal*'s barge for the Hot Cross Buns. After the 5th bun of the day (no run) I headed to the pub.

I vaguely remember having two down downs, one with added mustard, ketchup and vinegar. *Bhopal* got one for the trail which was very enjoyable.

I also remember being in the Dove at some point.

After that, well.....

On On,

Pope



Scribe



Pope

Mother Hash:
London H3, Kingsbury
Year started:
1984

Hare



Crack

Another couple of runs where the scribes, in this case **Bonnie** and **Testi**, have let the hares down - come on guys!

This was a lovely dockland run on a bright sunny day. **Mrs Crack** provided the drink stop for the chosen few who made it and **Brother Crack** joined the LH3 for the first time, making it a cracking affair.

People got lost, people fell and got injured, in other words a typical hash. **The Editor**



Above: a bit Monty Python, don't you think? Right: Eric tries to nick a pint. Below: Bonnie just can't listen to another domestic between brothers.



Hare



Freeloader

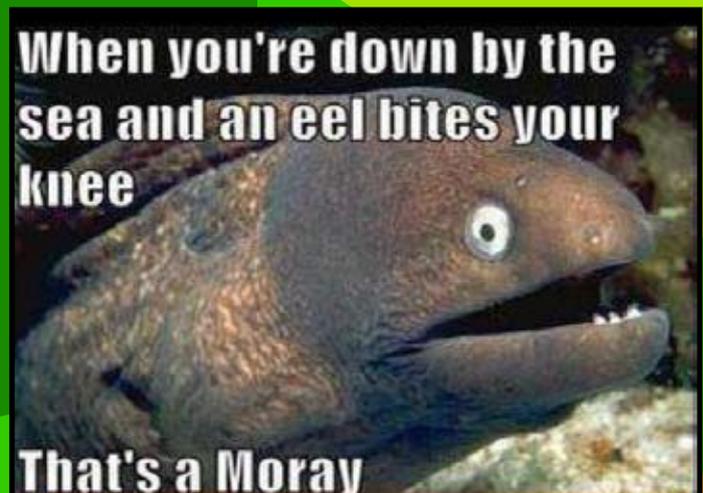
Mother Hash:
Kowloon H3
Year started:
1994

Freeloader's virgin hare duties took us into pleasant countryside on a bright, if bracing, day. **Tablewhine** got the full birthday treatment and decided to celebrate the occasion by stripping in a pub car park. **Sparerib**, as RA, had the decency to supply him with a hat. **Skylark** received his 100 runs mug. **The Editor**

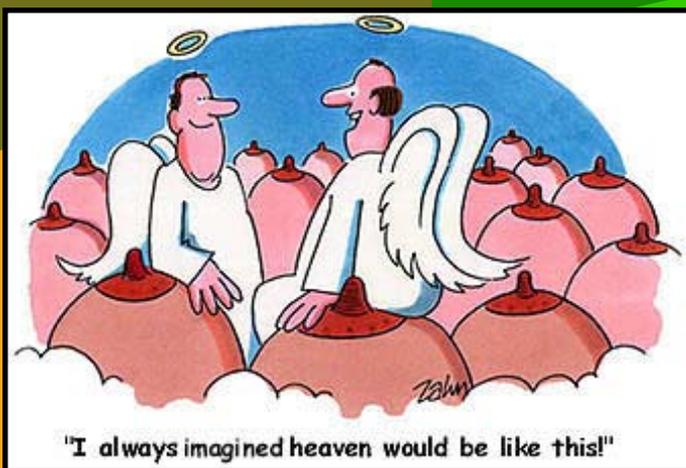


Hash Humour 1

A young woman buys a mirror at an antique shop, and hangs it on her bathroom door. One evening, while getting undressed, she playfully says "Mirror, mirror, on my door, make my bustline forty four". Instantly, there is a brilliant flash of light, and her breasts grow to enormous proportions. Excitedly, she runs to tell her husband what happened, and in minutes they both return. This time the husband crosses his fingers and says "Mirror mirror on the door, make my penis touch the floor!". Again, there's a bright flash... and then his legs fall off!



Q: How does a woman scare a gynecologist?
A: By becoming a ventriloquist!



A man was lying in bed with his new girlfriend. After having great sex ... She spent the next hour just rubbing his testicles ... Something she just loved to do. As he was enjoying it, he turned and asked her, "Why do you love doing that?" Because ... She Replied "I Really Miss Mine"

A little old lady, well into her eighties, slowly enters the front door of an erotic sex shop. Obviously very unstable on her feet, she shakily hobbles the few feet across the store to the counter. Finally arriving at the counter and grabbing it for support, she asks the sales clerk: "Ddddooo youuuu hhhave ddddildoss?" The clerk, politely trying not to burst out laughing, replies: "Yes we do have dildos. Actually we carry many models." The old woman then asks: "Ddddoooo yyyouuuu hhhave aaa pppinkk one, ttenn inchesss lllong aaandd aabboutt tttwoo inchesss thththiiiickkk?" The clerk responds, "Yes we do". "Cccccannnn yyyouuuu ttelll mmmmmeee howwww tttoooo tttrrrnnn ttthe ffuu.....inggg ttthingggg offfff?"

Run 2055 • The Carpenter's Arms
Loughton • 10th March 2012



I didn't make Trigamist's run, but looking at the great pictures taken, I believe I have a question....
The Editor



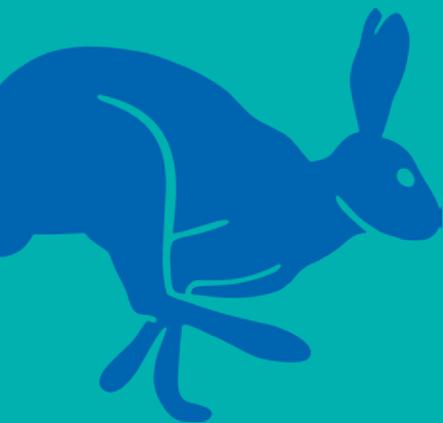
Run 2056 • The Viaduct
Hanwell • 17th March 2012



Tablewhine's the missing scribe for Pope's St. Patrick's Day run. I remember that Pope read out a wish list for a perfect run that included water, animals and assault courses and his run actually delivered on all of them! Still, weather could have been better...
The Editor



Leap year Hash



Hare



Yoriky Porky

Mother Hash:
Tokyo Ladies H3
Year started:
2000

Inside Out was due to write this one up, as there was a good family showing. Skylark, as RA, got typically lecherous of *Inside Out*'s twin sister and set up a three-way down down. He also made full use of the pub garden amenities.

The Editor



Hare



Eric?



Eric
the Inebriate's best run ever! Or how not to set a trail - literally. This was a vast improvement on **Eric's** usual trails - 'cos he didn't set one! Leave the crime capital before midday - Not so

thought **Eric** (or maybe thinking was an expectation too far for a hashers on a Sunday morning - well **Eric**, anyway).

Those who weren't caught up in cancelled train journeys arrived sometime around midday - to find the hare wasn't having his post exertion pint or two. Wetherspoons in the immediate vicinity were all checked out for said hare - by 12:30 still no hare.

So that you don't think your mismanagement is a total bunch of fuckwits - **Skylark** had the sense to phone up **Eric** - well he was probably the only one with **Eric's** phone number - the one unknown to his creditors.

Eric, where are you?

Och aye I'll be there in 10 minutes
Have you set a trail?

Er NO

Have you got any chalk?

Of course I have, what do you think I am? Stupid?

Eric eventually arrives - suffering truly from the night before. It was a piteous sight - worse than usual. Decision taken - Catch the Hare comes to LH3 - the hare that never gets caught setting off - **Skylark**. Arrangements had been made for a trail of two halves with the 2 hares meeting somewhere in the middle - unknown to all including it turned out, **Eric**.

At this stage **Last Tango** arrives 45 minutes late amazed to find she is

early - a first - a vast improvement - or so she thought. In time to explain the RULES of catch the hare - only, how do you mark the checks off with no chalk or flour? And the publican - bemused by this stage - did not have any either.

It's amazing what you can find littered in the streets of London, down alleyways etc. We ran passed where **Horrible** was working - Great Portland Street's Hospital for Women - and she helped us by chucking out what she was working on at the time out of the window. On to canals and parks we went.

Cumming Deer had managed to grasp what Catch the Hare was all about and he was seen running across the lake amongst the daffodils, beneath the trees, fluttering and dancing in the breeze - trying to second guess the hare. Top marks go to Hot **Down South** for her imaginative marking off of the trail.

Butt Plug who had obviously arrived really! late did not appear to recognise his name, or his fellow hashers, and completely ignored the fleet of foot hashers who were not just looking for the check, but trying to find something to mark it through with. So he missed the regroup by the Band stand in Regents Park - **Eric the Energised's** supposed rendez-vous with **Skylark** - by this stage we gather he was somewhere up Primrose Hill marking a trail for another day.

Skylark who had been waiting 15 minutes for hashers - anyone to arrive - decides on an impromptu drink stop. Off he goes - accompanied by **Chi Su** in search of the amber nectar - or any treasure for that matter - in the booze capital of the world.

Meanwhile **Tango** was running her favourite competition "what drink would you most like the hares to bring back" - warm lager, gin and tonic without ice and lemon, Pimms with no fruit, Bucks Fizz?

Only the trusted gofors return empty handed!

To the rescue came **Cumming Deer** who disappeared off to towards Mecca - Tescos, close to the Mosque. Returning to the longest drink stop ever without any booze he bought said bucks fizz and 2 bottles of rose wine. BUT NO CORKSCREW. Were there any screw top bottles, **Cumming Deer**? Well he did remember plastic glasses.

How many hashers does it take to open a bottle of wine?

After 10 interminable minutes of jamming twigs etc into said bottles, off goes **Not Out** to track down a corkscrew amongst the families picnicking. It would appear not many muslim families have

corkscrews

The pack by this stage has worked up a considerable thirst - wouldn't you? **Cumming Deer** manages to open one bottle after stabbing it and poking it - and the pack finishes it in 2 minutes flat. Now to start on the second bottle.

Another 10 minutes goes by and ... just 5 yards away the audience has grown and having watched the hash pantomime - a corkscrew is produced.

Having drunk all the wine 2 further minutes later, **Skylark** is now suffering from dehydration and **Crack** sets off with the chalk to take the trial back to the pub.

Confused tourists stopping by the check keep asking what **ON CRACK** means. Of course **Funky Gibbon** was able to explain away

Back at the pub we find the hare - still recovering from his exertions from the night before.

Down Downs were fairly obvious - **Bare Behind** for having a birthday. Two visitors from friends of the Mole and Winchester having arrived later still and just missing the pack(?). **Donkeyhote** from Pittsburgh who went home really impressed with London's organisation and **Pete the Pilot** having the common sense to arrive even later?! and not bothering with the trail at all.

And what day was it?

on on,
Last Tango



Scribe



Tango

Hares



Chi-Su & Hot Down South

The Boat Race Easter Weekend Double Birthday Hare Run in Barnes was brought to London Hash by Chi Su and Hot Down South. They happen to live together too.

Anyway, it all started terribly early. It was the middle of pretty much nowhere and with a claim that we had until 11am to reach the pub.

This proved to be some kind of mean teacher tactic to build numbers anyway

since the run didn't start until about 11.30. During this time, everyone was putting on some flimsy looking pirate based fancy dress. Fortunately, it was just hats and eye patches so everyone could put something on.

Along the P trail and trail itself, some extremely cheesy pirate related jokes were chalked into the ground. Average laughs

per joke registered a round zero and averaged nine out of ten for facepalms and groans.

There had been a small group of people from City Hash who showed up. Some of them were so new and unfamiliar to London Hash that they actually did some running on the trail. As I understand it, most of them haven't and don't intend to come back.

If it wasn't for the boring and long treasure hunt

stops along the trail, it would have all ended very quickly. The most awkward memory of the treasure hunting was seeing hordes of hashers poke around a graveyard looking for prizes. Mostly so they could get on with the trail. The treasures were rubbish. A couple chocolate coins were the very best part but at least the hares didn't have to feel guilty about leaving too much random rubbish lying around since they all, eventually, got found.

Towards the end, it seemed like half the hash abandoned the last treasure hunt in order to reach the drink stop where something blue and something yellow got served. Neither would have been acceptable to any pirate I can imagine. There was too much mixer and quite a lot of actual fluid per person.

Along the trail, a Somali styled Me So Horny pirate took a few shots from his AK47 water gun at anyone who was running near him. Clearly, they were running

too seriously.

Also memorable was an impromptu regroup when the rail crossing bunched the pack near a man doing some wild signalling to a dog and the kid who was wearing a full face mask for no good reason but thought he was 'real hard' for doing it.

At the very end, an estate agent was handing out balloons to anyone who cared to take them. He was randomly scolded by a mum with a pram for killing birds with his balloons. I took an extra few balloons just because of that.

Back at the pub, Chi Su got a birthday caking but Hot Down South didn't because she's boring and fusses over her hair too much.

One of the City Hashers made some child cry after beating the boy to the ground to retrieve a bit of pirate gear and two visitors from Suffolk Hash offended everyone around them by singing some of less family friendly hash songs while the boat race was paused.





Why did the pirates phone go beep, beep, beep?
A beep?
He'd left it off the hook.



Scribe



Me So Horny

Mother Hash:
City H3
Year Started:
2010

Hares



Rambo

Run

Number: 2060

Date: Sunday 15 April 2012
 Hillingdon to Ickenham A to B run
 Hare: Rambo
 Pub: The Coach and Horses, Ickenham

About 23 of us were gathered at the Hillingdon Station waiting for the run to start. It was an A to B run and the hare was nice enough to wait for all the late comers even **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** who arrived after 12.35pm. The run was all off road which was a real treat for all of us, but we all know that **Rambo's** runs are never going to be short or lacking in action. It was a nice scenic run with lots of creeks to look at and of course get across. **Rambo** teased us with many creek crossings and only few hashers got away with not getting their shoes wet. It was a great off road run but we had to put up with being a bit smelly at the end from all the

creek crossings.

Down downs

The circle was prompt and sharp by **Mad Cow**.

Skylark got the first down down for wearing two different shoes. We did not even want to ask what happened there.

Rambo for setting such a nice run, shortly followed by visitors and returnees **Deanna Brubaker - Virgin Melon, Wet Willy, Trips and Balls** - visitor

Next down down for an American visitor who almost got hit by a car because he was crossing a road and looking in the wrong direction.

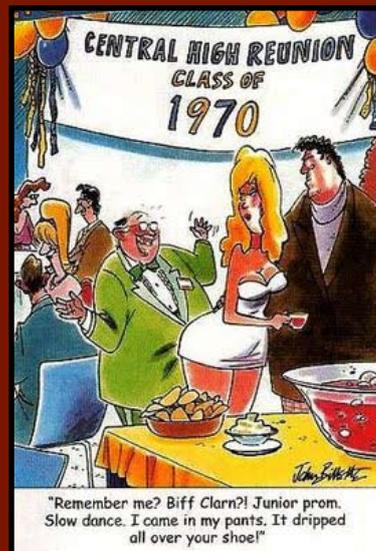
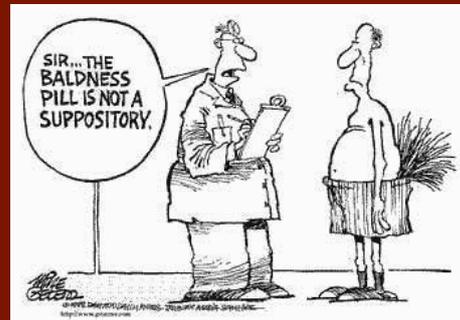
Bonnie received a special 100th run down down and **KC** for his ability to walk on water and **Pope** and **Budapest** got a down down about **Pope's** smelly socks or finger.

Scribe



Budapest

The child comes home from his first day at school. Mother asks, "What did you learn today?" The kid replies, "Not enough. I have to go back tomorrow."



Sparerib's Lyric corner



Tune: Twenty Toes

There is a game called twenty toes,
 That's played around the town,
 Women play with ten toes up,
 And men with ten toes ...

She's the Meanest

She's the meanest
 She sucks the horses penis
 She's the meanest, she's a horses *ss
 Every since she found it
 All she does is pound it
 She's the meanest, she's a horses *ss
 So, drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug....

Tune: Lumberjack Song

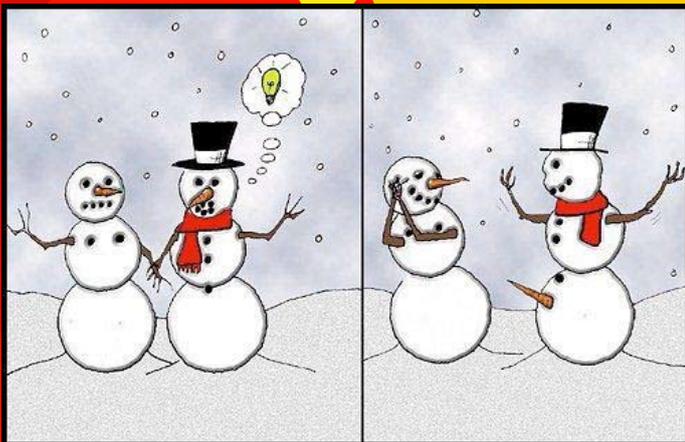
She's a harriette and she's okay
 She drinks all night and she f**ks all day
 She wears high heels and mini skirts
 No panties and no bra
 She gives an awesome blow-job
 Just like her dear papa

Tune: Love me Tender

Love me tender, love me sweet
 Wrap your lips around my meat
 Hold me close and watch me grin
 As my cum runs down, down,
 down...

Hash Humour 2

At 85 years, Morris marries a lovely 25 year old woman. Because her new husband is so old the woman decides that on their wedding night they should have separate bedrooms. She is concerned that the old fellow could overexert himself. After the wedding festivities she prepares herself for bed and for the knock on the door she is expecting. Sure enough the knock comes and there is her groom ready for action. They unite in conjugal union and all goes well whereupon he takes his leave of her and she prepares to go to sleep for the night. After a few minutes there's a knock on the door and there old Morris is again ready for more action. Somewhat surprised she consents to further coupling which is again successful after which the octogenarian bids her a fond good night and leaves. She is certainly ready for slumber at this point, and is close to sleep, for the second time when there is another knock at the door and there he is again fresh as a 25 year old and ready for more. Once again they do the horizontal boogie. As they're laying in afterglow the young bride says to him, "I am really impressed that a man your age has enough juice to go at it three times. I've been with guys less than half your age who were only good for one time. You're a great lover Morris." Morris looks confused, and turns to her and says, "I was here already?"



Wife by text to husband at work

"Windows at home frozen - what will I do?"

Husband - "spray some de-icer or pour hot water on them"

Wife a few minutes later - "Done that, now computer won't work at all".

What's the difference between erotic and kinky?
 Erotic = using a feather
 Kinky = using the whole chicken

An executive was in a quandary. He had to get rid of one of his staff. He had narrowed it down to one of two people, Debra or Jack. It would be a hard decision to make, as they were both equally qualified and both did excellent work. He finally decided that in the morning whichever one used the water cooler first would have to go. Debra came in the next morning, hugely hung-over after partying all night. She went to the cooler to get some water to take an aspirin and the executive approached her and said: "Debra, I've never done this before, but I have to lay you or Jack off." Debra replied, "Could you jack off, I have a terrible headache."

Hare



Mad Cow

Named because?
Chased by a stream
of mad cows as he
frantically tried to open
a gate.

Chorleywood 21st
April 2012
"Cross the road, turn
right, and follow the non-
existent trail".
So, from the Rose and
Crown we followed rain
washed smearings of flour
across the golf course
and over the A404. As we
entered the grounds of

Chorleywood House
some hashers started
to get feelings of
d  j   vu. "It normally
drops down the hill
to the river" one was
heard to say. And it
did. "Now we usually
climb the hill
on the other side
and regroup by the
church." And we
did. "We probably
cut through the
churtyard here and
drop back down to
the river". And we
did.

Still, this blatant trail re-
use did not stop local lad
LeVoisin from losing his
way. For his lack of local
knowledge he was handed
a customary pint to down.
Mad Cow received a half
pint for setting half of a
trail. The other half hav-
ing been washed away by
a completely unexpected

diluvian drenching the
evening before. **Nadia**,
our visitor from Basel
in Switzerland was wel-
comed. Did she like the
run? Well she said that
the bluebells were very
pretty. **Mad Cow** then
claimed to have planted
them personally. If only
he had told us at the on
out that the trail was set
in flower. **Roadkill** and
Skylark both had dif-
ficulty with gates on trail.
Unlike **Roadkill**, **Skylark**
had absolutely no prob-
lem opening it, but did
not think to remove his
bollocks from it's trajec-
tory. Other hashers had
problems with seemingly
simple actions, such as
running across a perfectly
flat fairway. **Bhopal** was
seen taking a swallow dive
that Manchester United's
Ashley Young would have
been proud of. Our late-

comer was acknowledged.
This was **KC** who missed
the on out by an hour and
a bit, and arrived at the
on inn from completely
the wrong direction - sus-
piciously from the direc-
tion of the Black Horse.
Attention turned to the
marathon beer table
debacle. **Tablewhine**
and **Ryde** it seems are
currently using the wall-
paper pasting table not
for the purpose of which
it was intended - sating
thirsty marathon runners,
but for actually pasting
wallpaper. If you do need
your bedroom redecorat-
ing then **Ryde** can highly
recommend a decorator
who can turn a weekend
job into a four week epic.
His name is Bronco and he
will need somewhere to
tie his horse.
on on,
Skylark

Run 2061 • The Rose and Crown
Chorleywood • 21st April 2012



Scribe

Skylark

Hare



Buttplug

SHIG-GY, RAIN, SHIGGY, SHIGGY, MORE SHIGGY, MORE RAIN, SHIGGY, RAIN, MUD, SHIGGY, SHIGGY, RAIN, COLD, SHIIGGY, RAIN, MUD, SHIGGY, SHIGGY. I don't feel that there is much else to say about this trail and I could stop this Write-Up here with a sense of satisfaction that I had done my job as a scribe and given a clear, accurate and concise review of the day's events.

However, I shall not stop there but carry on in order to fill the page and add text to separate the pictures of people running through the aforementioned rain and shiggy. So, off to Claygate we went. The village is found in the country of Surrey, outside the zones but

just inside the M25 and according to Wikipedia it lies at the start of the broad belt of clay deposits around London - it was, literally, the "GATE-way" to the "CLAY" so when I mentioned there was shiggy it may have been more accurate to call it cliggy or shiggly or something similar. Either way, by the time we got back to the pub having run through some beautiful forests and knee deep puddles, we were cold, wet and in need of a beer and dry socks. Thankfully, my Brownie-Guide training stood me in good stead and along with dry socks, I had a spare dry everything - hurrah!

So, the pack was about 20 with a few hash horrors to boot and after the customary unpunctual start we headed off, we got muddy, some turned back, we got wet, some arrived late, we got muddier and wetter, and then got back to The Griffin and drank beer. **Mad Cow** R.A.ed and down-downs were awarded for various spurious crimes. **Ryde**, who had only wanted a lovely shiggy run to celebrate her birthday, was also treated to a cacophony of Hashy Beerday and a down-down. Good times and fun had by all, The End. on on, **HDS**



Scribe



Hot Down South

As someone suffering injury at the moment, I thought I'd share with you FRBs the lonely life of the walker watching pairs of hashers fade into the distance - hang on, violin solo coming up..... The Editor



Hare



Bonnie

Tango's laugh
makes this
picture for me

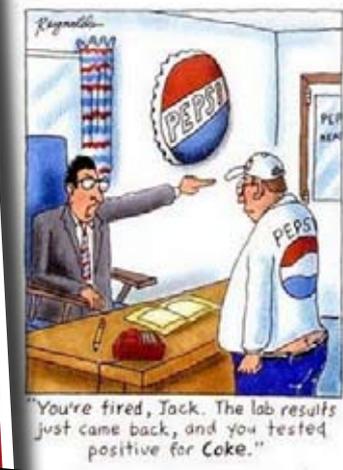


Where was LH3 running on Saturday 5th May? Ages ago I'd written 'Billericay joint with FUKFM and SLASH' on my calendar but wasn't Bank Holiday Monday in Billericay? How come the LH3 webpage now says Putney Heath?! So, I phoned **Banana Beard** of Essex and FUKFM and he reported that she was just off to run with FUKFM in Billericay. So, PutneyHeath it was. En route I ran into **Boggers** who said he'd had a terrible morning as he'd lost two pussies! Well, there was a good turn out, albeit a drizzly day. Just after we set off **K.C.** arrived from a very different direction running through the wood! The trail went a slightly different route with a good mix of greenery, pavement and just about the right length. Back at the pub the pack was able to keep together in our own reserved section of what is usually a very busy pub and the bar was well lit by the gleams and glitters from **Double Entry's** new engagement ring. The first two down downs went to the RA's **2AM** and **Sparerib** who had only just arrived and weren't even on the run. Down Downs also went to **Bonnie** for being hare, **Orgasm**, **Foreskin** and **No Bitch** for being

visitors. **Ryde** for dropping her mobile down the toilet, **Mr Logic**, **Table-whine** and **K.C.** for falling asleep in a restaurant. **Naughty Nympho**, **Bonnie** and **Eric the...** not sure why, **Last Tango**, **2AM** and **Sparerib** for being latecomers. **Swinglow** (**Double Entry's** dog) was presented with a hash security jacket and dog biscuit. **Double Entry** - I think for getting engaged. **Doormat** and **Chi-Su** for hash flashing. **Foreskin** for having mud on his knees and **Deanna** and **Sparerib** again. A good time was had by all. ON-ON to Mondays! **Thunderthighs** P.S. **Boggers** found his pussies hiding in his conservatory. **Chi-Su**, please leave carpet burns in as written (Editor - Wot?)



How we treat
visitors on the
London hash!



"You're fired, Jack. The lab results just came back, and you tested positive for Coke."



This time it's Mr Logie's expression



Hares



Rear Admiral & Gobbledick

Billericay!

Who was going to go? No one that I asked except for *Pilot*. It was in the wilds of Essex with major engineering works, but avid London hasher that I am I left home before 10am - in hindsight much too late. I arrived at Liverpool Street Station unable to find my BR over 60s trainpass, which allows me 30% reductions. So, had to pay the full wack and was then told that I had to go back to the Central line, which I'd just got off and go to Newbury Park. From

Newbury Park I took a train replacement bus to Shenfield which went along all the back roads and called at every station en route. Realising I was going to be late I phoned *Tablewhine*, who was decorating his new flat, to get *Pilot's* mobile number. Phoned him to learn that at that moment the pack was three - him and the two hares *Rear Admiral* and *Gobbledick*. 'Cos I took so long he phoned me back to ask where I was and as *Smartarse* had turned up the pack was now four. Quarter of an hour later *Smartarse* phoned to ask my whereabouts. Finally I arrived at the pub sometime after 1pm, by which time *Skylark* had turned up making it a six pack. I anticipated that they wouldn't be bothered to run with so few people, chaos and drizzle and me being so late and we'd

just go on a pub crawl but no, they said they'd waited for me so run we did and it was fantastic. 80% countryside, lots of wild flowers, about 10 stiles (I haven't had my leg over so much for ages) and lots of shiggy. It's a shame there were only six of us to enjoy it. There weren't any official down downs, but I bought everyone a drink as a thank you for waiting for me. I had a large white wine myself. Then *Pilot* bought me another and as *Smartarse* left I had yet another to quaff. At 4.15pm *Sparerib* suddenly arrived by which time I was extremely merry and proceeded to walk barefoot in the rain across the road to another

pub glass in hand to buy a cigarette. I left shortly after and truly can remember not a thing of any part of the journey all the way back to Wood Green. Should I be worried? Many thanks to the hare. A great run, my 1300th with LH3!

Thunderthighs

Scribe



Thunder thighs

and, finally.....

I didn't manage to make Blunder's Cops n Robbers run for City H3, clearly some LH3 hashers did. Looks like fun. Pictures nicked from Assfloss's facebook.

