

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 35 Issue 3 August 2012



Inside
Olympics, hash lyrics, forthcoming events, hash humour etc

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Out & About
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"A right, riveting read"
- Rent Boy



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Many thanks to all who sent in jokes or photos for this issue.

Download the colour version from the website <http://www.londonhash.org/hashtrash.php>

Hash Style



Some hashers decided to watch the Olympic Opening Ceremony in style and after a little soir e at the V&A decamped to a local hostelry full of contingents from various countries to it all unfold on TV.

What about a formal dress run?



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
21 - 23 Sept 2012	BRAs & PANTS Trail Weekend	near Glencoe	hhh.org.uk/docs/BRAS2012_flyer.pdf	Oral Sex
25 - 27 Jan 2013	Aberdeen H3 30th birthday	Aberdeen		Olymprick
10 - 12 May 2013	Herts 1500th run weekend	The historic old town of Ware....Where?... Ware etc etc etc.	hertshash.co.uk	Mr X
19 - 21 July 2013	Full Moon Nash Hash	Okehampton YHA, nr Dartmoor	www.dlh3.org.uk/	
26 - 28 July 2013	Isle of Wight 30th Anniversary Weekend	Haunted Victorian Mansion	http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/30_flyer.pdf	Bendover
9 - 11 Aug 2013	Surrey H3 2000th Weekend	Plumpton College, Sussex	sh3OnSec@surreyh3.org	Bonn Bugle
23 - 26 Aug 2013	UK Nash Hash	Hosted by the Hardy's Hash at Hooke Court, Dorset.	www.geoffkirby.co.uk/Nash-Hash2013/	Geoff Kirby

Hare

RA: Bonnie

Run 2065 • The Porter and Sorter
Croydon • 14th May 2012



Eric the

here in London for some fun, sun, and beer in the warmth, getting a decent pack for an "Eric" trail was always going to be a challenge! But turn up in Croydon they did, first to arrive (other than the Hare) was your scribe, followed by **Thunderthighs**, and then a few more. Finally, with a grand total of 9, yep that's 9 (single

hill - not me, that's for sure. So as the trail continued upwards, the pack began spread out. As a good citizen and upstanding hasher (and because I'm generally not suited to r*unning) I kept **Soufflé** company whilst we walked the trail discussing the serious subject of Young's pubs around London. The trail was easy to follow as it was particularly well marked, which sort of dispels one of the rumours about **Eric**. However, and to put the last comment into perspective, the checks were all at the end of some very, very long straights! That said, everyone made it back to the pub eventually, even **Orangotang** who got slightly lost on the On Inn thereby ensuring **Eric's** reputation was safe. On returning to the pub, we found **Rambo**, who commented that he had made it all the way round an **Eric** trail without getting lost - no, it just can't be

true, can it? So the final tally for the trail was, wait for it - legs 11. As there was only myself and **Not Out** from the mis-management present, and as I hadn't done the full trail, I was royally stitched up to do hash cash, RA, etc. Thankfully **Not Out** helped out the hash cash and being a small pack, being RA wasn't too onerous. **Down-Downs** were awarded to the Hare; to **Heavy Pants** for visiting from CH3 and for having the shortest trip to the pub (her office is literally across the road); myself and **Soufflé** for being SCBs, and; **Rambo** and **Not Out** for being late comers. After which, we retired to the bar to avail ourselves of the fine selection of ales and to gossip to our hearts content. Until next time...

Run: figure) it was time to get the show on the road. Ah, but then **Not Out** arrived, taking us into double figures - all was not lost. Although it was not the smallest pack ever, it had to be close!

And off we went, across the tram lines and upwards and upwards and upwards, who knew that Croydon was a bloody big

2065
Hare: **Eric the ...**
The Porter & Sorter,
Croydon
Pack 11

Given that some form of mass migration to Kenya was taking place, and the likely hood that a good number of the regulars were fleeing the continuous miserable weather

On-On
Bonnie

Pics from Run 2067 • See Page 5 for run report...



Below: Weird thing - when the RA flirts with hash virgins we never see them again?



Left: Visiting GM Saddam joins our GM for a new shoe down down.



Hare



Not Out

Name Origin:
Named at the Oval run.
Rubbish at cricket and
father called Dickie Bird.

Run
writeup 2066
Exmouth Arms Euston: 21st
May 2012
Hares: **Not Out** and
Simon

A word of advice to any hasher not planning to act as scribe for the forthcoming trail. Take your hands out of your pockets and pay attention to the RA's introduction. On a balmy evening I headed to the Exmouth Arms to join a small but select group of between 15 and 20 hashers and ventured off into the wilds of Euston. Most of the London Mismanagement had naturally bugged off to Kenya and Java for some Interhash type shenanigans leaving **ZAM** to keeping proceedings in order. Like Chelsea FC in some football match or other in Munich two nights earlier, there was certainly spirit there and the support of some their fans in **Roadkill**, **Wacker**, **Chi Su** and yours truly. A bit too much concrete in the first half for my liking but I figured that the wonderful Regents Park was a sure fire bet at some stage.

RA: 2AM

Run 2066 • The Exmouth Arms
Euston • 21st May 2012

Perhaps stumbling across some CH3 trail laid a few weeks later was no coincidence? Only joking guys, I was on one of your trails the other week. Pounding the streets gave way to a pleasant jaunt alongside Regents Canal up to Camden and onwards to Regents Park. A fair few people were seen to be enjoying a game of baseball in the evening sunshine and even the nice policemen in their car looked contented. A few more trail markings wouldn't have gone unwelcome but let's not split hares (groan)..... or did they go their opposite ways en route ?

Down Downs:
Virgin - Tina
Visitors: **Buck Both Ways** from Australia. **Stinky** ex-London GM now based in Perth. **Captain and Mrs Titanic**, celebrating the Captain's 20th anniversary of hashing. There was unfortunately no sign of the East Grinstead hasher who seemed to have disappeared early. **Reach Around** stepped up the training for his half marathon by wandering off around Camden to sample the local culture appropriately, halfway around the trail. **Thunderthighs** celebrating her belated 1300th run. Whilst your scribe enjoyed a couple of acceptable pints of Adnams, myself and several other hashers adjourned to the very fine Bree Louise just down the road to sample a few lesser known ales.

On On! **Charlatan**



From Top:
Roadkill on the run, Tina the hash virgin and Thunderthighs celebrating her 1300th run.



Scribe



Charlatan

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year started:
1996

Right:
Returnee
Captain
Titanic and
Far Right:
Ex GM
Stinky



Hare



Skylark



Run 2067 • The Nightingale
Balham • 28th May 2012

circle. Visitors and Virgins introduced (see closing circle) and onto the Hare! **Skylark** with his Mohican style hair cut after the Mud ?????? at Kettering, we knew we were in for a long and hot trail. **Skylark** and long runs go hand in hand and I picked to come along tonight! Still the marks duly described off into the sunset.

Onward to nice sneaky back paths and to the first check by Vilo's Restaurant, more back paths with **Funky Gibbon** to the fore! Into parks and total confusion at the check, front runners everywhere without a sniff of flour to be seen. At last, somewhere in the distance a spot was detected - ON ON, some direction at last, on we went. Back into the street then another park but wait, we had to hold, the gate was locked and a flour spot on the other side, the pack concertained and corralled by the hair, isn't it supposed to be the other way round - bleat, bleat was heard, crafty what! A breakthrough via an A3 underpass and into Nappy Valley. Somehow two young ladies joined in, turned up the music and jogged in tune with the ON ON call mingled in.

On passed the Jolly Gardener and a cheeky **Testiculator** with a pint in hand checking out the quality of the contents and shouting "That way", slurp! We went on through an estate with many arches and another park with a gently flowing stream. The front runners had picked up the scent, across a bridge and along the stream embankment ending up into a long fault-see only to about turn.

Onto a shopping mall with **Thunder Thighs** being duped into taking

the escalator to an upper floor, must be better shops up there, lots of shop - Heaven has arrived for the hashettes!
Onto the Academy of Live and Recorded Arts, The Royal Victoria Patriotic building with a wine bar attached, surprised that hashers did not disappear to check the wine list. Another park with a large pond, weeping willows, embankment shrubs and flowers, very photogenic - "Take a shot of me, I have my spring dress on" it screamed out, such beauty, fantastically overpowering smells of the late blossom.

Now nearly back to the Nightingale pub but wait, what is this - a double decker open top sight seeing bus, must be lost, this is Balham after all!
At long last back to the water hole and a thrust quenching pint - that didn't last long, **Erick** your turn! The second pint in hand and called to circle.

Bonnie gave a short intro and hand us to **Spare Rib**, duty RA who proceeded to wield the whip -

Down Downs for : -
The hare - **Skylark** -
Yes, far too long, too flat (definitely long), awesome was muttered, too fu**ing hard another comment, measuring sticks out with the GPSs, "That long" was exclaimed.

Visitors **Digit Digester** of the Sydney Thirsty Thursday H3 or is she a long distance returnee on a pilgrimage. **Saddam** and **Prody** from Zurich H3 but **Prody** still lost on Trail, 10% loss is acceptable the GM shouted! Hasher from Bristol H3.

Virgins **Ann, Randle** and **Anna** - "will you be back" the stern comment!

Now for the real miscreants!

Bonnie - our mis-guided GM for wearing NEW SHOES, anything for a free beer - the RIGHT SHOE echoed into the evening air..

Doormat - drink provider in Mombasa **Spare Ribs, Saddam of Zurich, Count Flashular** and **Testiculator** for the bull shitter team of the year!

Rambo for just something lost on record with the visitor from Bristol H3 who came along solely to get beer off **Tablewhine** who was still on safari in Africa.

Bonnie and **Anja** - bum to bum and hand to hand down down!

Last Tango who arrived nearly at the end of the circle but given an award for her cat was so pleased to see her that it p**sed everywhere!

Boggers - well a spare beer going, something to put in his tankard he carried on trail!

ON ON

Ass Floss (really? - Ed)

Where's my hat?!

Run
No. 2067 The
Nightingale pub
"P" Trailed from Balham
underground station
Scribe: **Doormat** pretend-
ing to be **Assfloss** (work
that one out!)

How did I get talked into this?... just passing through Europe and stumbled into London! Now well known but shortly to be homeward bound to Taiwan. With a little bit of help from a friend, here we go!

About 30 hashers met for this auspicious occasion with a small group of returnees from the Great Hash Migration, Mombasa. They mixed and mingled with the "stay at homers" and told tall stories fit enough to be fishermen of the Spice Cruise, the Lunatic Express, safaris, sub aqua diving and the hash runs. Ah sand, sea and palm trees, oops and tropical rain, jippy tum-mies, sea sickness and other down sides that is not list in paradise!

Still here we are with the here and now, at one of our beloved drinking haunts, the Nightingale. Was it only a few short months ago we stayed on and watched the Six Nations rugby, wouldn't say any more, a sad day for **Erick the Retard**! No sooner had we settled in then **Bonnie** forced into the open and the

Scribe



Doormat

Name Origin:
Something to do with
the urgent sexual needs
of his wife.....

Hares

RA: 2AM

RA: Sparerib



Tango & Bonnie

What a Day! Over 2 million people came to the streets of London to see **Crack** turning 3.0! He was very taken by all this and then decided he should start blending in with his well wishers and put on a union jack and mask.

Following the initial bag search before getting in the area all hashers arrived at the pub only open to the locals and hashers! What a great honour. After everyone dressed up in their most British dressing the hash went off through the crowds which also decided to see a certain queen and celebrate with her that she has

been 60 years working. Well done! If everyone would work so long we would not have any pension problems!

The trail started leading us through the back alleys of Chelsea and Pimlico and then to the waterfront. Thanks to **POPE????** Who was using his long hard horn people swiftly moved aside. Followed by a singing contribution about a poor French man our lovely Essex ladies (**Groin Biter, Chunderos & Spingo**) became a hit with all star photographers.

Back in the pub we oiled our voices before a proper singing contest began. Thanks to the minimalistic repertoire of **Yorky Porky** we had to repeat "God save the Queen" an estimated 25 times.

The Circle went smooth as usual, to mention here are especially the vast amounts of beer consumed and prize given for the best costume and the fact that young ladies sometimes (always) don't have a clue about technology (YES, you **Last Tango!**)

While outside the rain started our **GM Bonnie** made a great Barbeque for us. With full stomachs and a fully stocked bar the hashers felt at home and partied till late at night... on on, **Crack**



Right: Crack's 30th birthday celebrated in the time honoured tradition of the hash





The Pageant
run benefitted
from a very lively
contingent from
the Surrey Hash,
who seemed to be
up for anything....
yes, seriously,
aaannnything.....



Scribe

Crack

30th Birthday Boy

Hare



KC



Here's a couple of picture-post runs.

Bonnie seems to pull faces in just about any picture I take! (see right)

Bottom Right: **Ging Gang** looks as if she's just spotted the **Goolies** of the male hasher in front.



Hares



Ryde and
Tablewhine



Hash Humour 1

Top Nine Olympics Bloopers

1. Weightlifting commentator: "This is Gregoriava from Bulgaria. I saw her snatch this morning during her warm up and it was amazing."

2. Dressage commentator: "This is really a lovely horse and I speak from personal experience since I once mounted her mother."

3. Paul Hamm, Gymnast: "I owe a lot to my parents, especially my mother and father."

4. Boxing Analyst: "Sure there have been injuries, and even some deaths in boxing, but none of them really that serious."

5. Softball announcer: "If history repeats itself, I should think we can expect the same thing again."

6. Basketball analyst: "He dribbles a lot and the opposition doesn't like it. In fact you can see it all over their faces."

7. At the rowing medal ceremony: "Ah, isn't that nice, the wife of the IOC president is hugging the cox of the British crew."

8. Soccer commentator: "Julian Dicks is everywhere. It's like they've got eleven Dicks on the field."

9. Tennis commentator: "One of the reasons Andy is playing so well is that, before the final round, his wife takes out his balls and kisses them... Oh my God, what have I just said?"



Swimming Marathon Tryouts

Tryouts for the U.S. Olympic women's marathon swim team were to be held. The first was in California; a swimmer from Santa Monica to Catalina doing only the breaststroke. Three women signed up for the tryouts - a brunette, a redhead and a blonde.

The race started, and after approximately 14 hours, the brunette staggered up on the shore and was declared the winner. About 40 minutes later, the Redhead crawled ashore and was declared the second place finisher. Nearly 4 hours after that, the blonde finally came ashore and promptly collapsed in front of the worried onlookers.

When the reporters asked why it took her so long to complete this regulation breaststroke race, she replied, "I don't want to sound like I'm a sore loser, but I think those two other girls were using their arms."

A man went over to his girl's place for a little bit of nookie between the sheets. He presented her with three choices of condom -- gold, silver, or bronze. "Silver," she said.

"Why not gold?"

"Because I want you to come second for once!"



The latest Olympic incident involves a Scotsman, an Englishman and an Irishman who want to get in to the events, but don't have tickets.

The Scotsman picks up a manhole-cover, tucks it under his arm and walks to the gate.

"McTavish, Scotland," he says, "Discus," and in he walks.

The Englishman picks up a length of scaffolding and slings it over his shoulder.

"Waddington-Smythe, England," he says, "Pole vault," and in he walks.

The Irishman looks around, picks up a roll of barbed wire and tucks it under his arm.

"O'Malley, Ireland," he says, "Fencing"

Congratulations to the porn industry on women's Olympic beach volleyball being over.

someecards



My Olympic dream is to make it through a women's volleyball match without fondling myself.

someecards



The French, German, and Hungarian fencers are arguing over who is the best in their sport.

The Frenchman pulls out his foil: "I will show you all!" He targets a fly buzzing around, and with one swipe of his blade, the fly falls to the ground, cut neatly in half. The German smiles. He locates another fly, and with two swipes, it falls to the ground, its wings neatly removed. Now it's the Hungarian's turn. Lifting his foil, he takes three swipes at a fly, which flutters off, undisturbed. The others laugh, but the Hungarian holds up his hands. "That fly," he says, "will never procreate again."



THE OLYMPICS
BECAUSE EVERYBODY LIKES TO WATCH



The Cock Tavern – Farringdon

The alarm has gone off at 5.30am, it's the closest Friday to midsummer's day, I am wondering why I went to West London H3 last night instead of having an early night..... but I know I will feel great in 2 hour's time, when I have finished the breakfast hash and and have a large Old English breakfast and a



Bloody Mary in front of me. Actually, I will feel great as soon as I start the hash. It's always a sunny day and the meat traders at Smithfields Market are the only other moving living beings around (there are lots of office workers about to start their day's work, but they aren't moving very much).

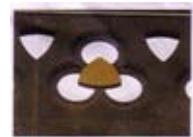


Over 30 hashers turned up this year for yet another brilliant trail, set by Prince and Hard On. They have been haring this breakfast trail for many, many years and in recent times they have changed the style of the trail. Nowadays they give us a sheet of A4 paper with 24 photos on each side, all parts of buildings, road signs, clues for us to follow by spotting them on the r*n. It's easier for them and a novelty for us.

The pictures led us through the heart of Clerkenwell, past



and



and



I don't really know where we went, I was looking up at the buildings all the time.

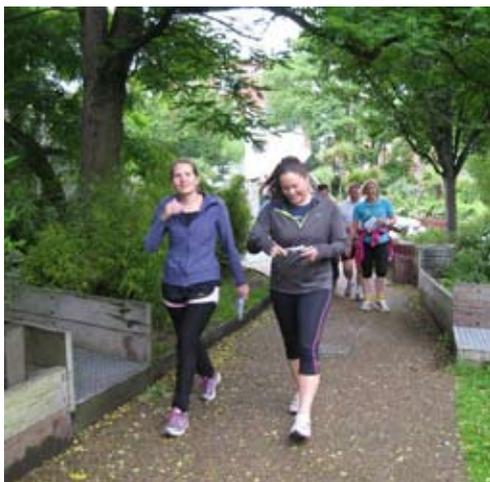
Finally, I understood the sign showing brakes screeching all around me, doorways and on bridges.



as I found myself crossing a road, with car whilst staring down passageways, above

Seriously, it is fun and it is well worth getting up for and it is only once a year, and there is an all-day pub crawl afterwards if you are brave enough! It's always on the closest Friday to Midsummer's day.

on on, *Ryde*



Hares

RA: Sparerib

Run 2072 • The Crooked Billet
Wimbledon • 25th June 2012



Pickled Fart & Budapest

It was a warm and pleasant evening as hashers began to assemble outside The Crooked Billet, clutching their pre-hash pints. There was much whinging about the "12 minute" walk up Wimbledon Hill from the station. Half an hour at least would be more accurate in some cases.

Pints were slurped and we were off.

Mr Logic got lost on trail by running in the exact opposite direction to the arrows. This totally illogical and foolish decision earned him a down down later.

Eric and **Reach Around** were overheard talking about the upcoming "5-drink challenge" - this doesn't sound like much of a challenge for the majority of hashers if you ask me - is this before breakfast perhaps?

Hard Core Bomber was targeted by a bird in the woods, which did its dirty business on him - that's meant to be lucky, right?

It was a lovely trail, despite the shiggy, nettles and brambles, and seemed to wind its way in ever-decreasing circles through the undergrowth. Hashers emerged scratched, bloody and muddy. As far as I am aware, no Wombles were spotted.

The markings were more complicated than the usual arrows or circles, which confused a lot of hashers. Most of them had stopped listening half way through the instructions at the start anyway. **Pickled Fart** was in a particularly bossy mood, barking commands at hashers left, right and centre.

We came across a mysterious filled-in well at one point. Some hashers were fascinated by it and were keen to learn its history. Others (including **Spare Rib**) used it as an excuse to sit down and rest. Unfortun-

nately, the hares had not done their research, and just thought it was a useful place to mark a check.

We have since learned, however, that the well in question is known as "Caesar's Well", as it is located close to an Iron Age hillfort, dated circa 250 BC. The wellhead is enclosed by a brick surround consisting of twelve massive stone slabs. These are inscribed 'HW PEEK MP 1872', and serve as a memorial to the politician and conservationist Sir Henry Peek, thanks to whom we can still enjoy the freedom of hashing around lovely Wimbledon Common.

KC tried to get rid of some of his old gear in the circle by claiming it was "lost property". **KC**, there are charity shops for that kind of thing. He really is the meanest!

Returnees included **Arty Farty** and **Squashed Balls**, and **Dr Who** visited from Rhode Island.

Saddle Sniffer turned up, purely, it seems, to shamelessly plug his next Friday 13th hash from Stratford.

London Hash super star **Ryde** celebrated her 800th run - she needs to get a life!! However, in true LH3 style, her gift (a soft shell running jacket) had not yet arrived. As a short-term alternative, she was awarded a rather fetching bin bag, with holes cut out for her arms and head and the wording "**Ryde's 800th Run**" lovingly crafted on the front by **Last Night**. Practical AND stylish, and she wore it for at least the first 5 minutes of the run.

Our GM **Bonnie** and his partner in crime **Pete the Pilot**, who should both know better, managed to avoid the trail altogether and opted for a gentle stroll around the block instead. I suspect there may have been some pubs involved along the way. **Naughty Nympho** was made to drink cider for her husband's wanton boycott of the r*n (but she didn't complain too much).

Cumming Deer turned up clean-shaven to celebrate what he thinks is the start of the British Summer. That may be a bit premature, **Cumming Deer**, you may be growing that beard back soon.

And **Daffy Dildo** celebrated his early retirement. What will he do with all that spare time? Any ideas, Mr Hare Raiser?

All in all, **Pickled Fart** lived up to his (self-awarded) title of "King of Hares" by setting a very nice trail, with plenty of help of course from the lovely **Budapest** (who didn't shout at us).



Scribe



Naughty Nympho

Mother Hash:
Barbados H3
Year started:
2004



Hares



Hardcore Bomber & Orgasm

Summer in Balham

Hares:
Hard Core Bomber
Mother Hash: Nairobi H3, 1990 &
Orgasm
Mother Hash: Addis Ababa H3, 2006
Visitors:
Beach Bum (Ghana)
Don't come on my account (San Diego)
Butt Plug Ready (San Diego)
Muff Diver (Tokyo)

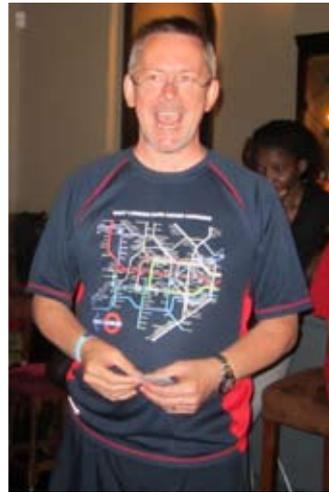
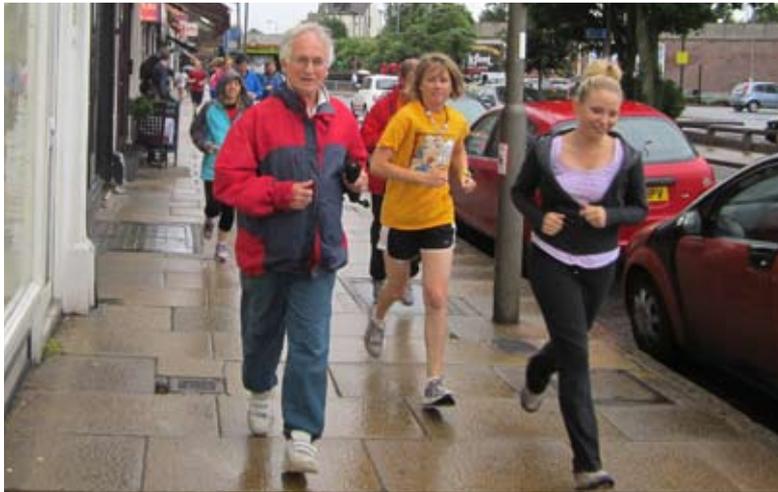
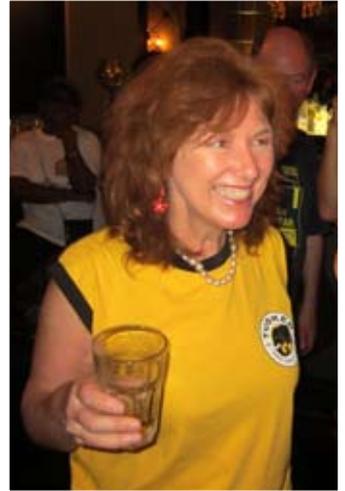
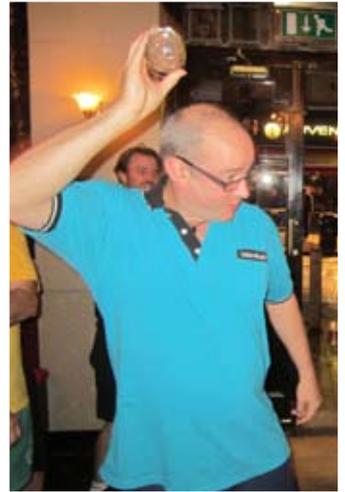
Pub:
The Bedford

Started off towards Balham Common through the streets and after a couple of checks reached the road leading to Tooting Common and after a check in and around the Common and back through the streets to another check and then in to the Pub for beers and down downs in the Circle for the Visitors, Virgins and Sinners! **Chi** and **Reach Around** for trying to be me.

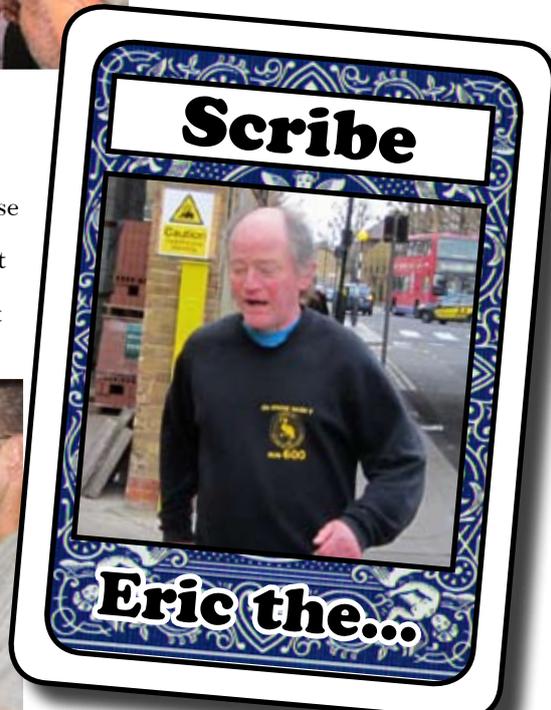
On On

Eric the...

Virgins:
Simon Bemge
Chloe Johns



Below: Ryde reads an article denouncing the health standards of the curry house that provided the excellent curry at the 2000th run, organised by Not Out!



RA: Rambo

Run 2074 • The Belmont
er..Belmont • 9th July 2012

Hare



Orangutan

Mother Hash:
Malaga H3
Year started:
1977

Run 2074 - Bel-
mont - 9th July 2012

In the absence of our GM or an RA, **Chi Su** stepped up to get us away from our pints and out on trail. The pack was missing several regulars, but the presence of a number of locals including **Daffy**, **Little Bear** and **Tit in a Trance** made up for them. A pack of 18 set off with 3 latecomers following on.

The trail set off across Banstead Common - an SSSI now trampled by

LH3 - the weather ensured that no Adders were seen. Checking took some time amid the plethora of available paths and the fact that an unusual threat to trail - slugs, had taken a liking to flour and was munching through the markings.

Once off the common the speed picked up a bit and then slowed to a squelch as hashers slipped and slid through large amounts of shiggy followed by walls of nettles and brambles and yet more shiggy. All managed to avoid raising suspicion of a break out at HMP Downview and made it to the beer stop. Our Hare had arranged for 2 non-hashers (presumably he knows them!?) to transport the beer. At the beer stop it was quite evident that **Ass Floss** had suspiciously clean shoes compared to the rest of the pack and she suggested that there was a gentleman on hash. We all know that this cannot possibly be true; however **Hairy Helmet** (City H3) allegedly carried the damsel across the mire. We set off again crossed the golf course and headed back to The Belmont.

Following much deliberation about how we could possibly cope without an RA, should each committee member do a couple of stories each,

was someone brave enough to do it, **Chi Su** coerced **Rambo** to RA. The circle was eventually hurried along to enable our visiting RA to complete his duties and make the 10pm train!

Down Downs to:

- Reach Around** for an impression of **Eric**
- Hairy Helmet** for being a gentleman on the hash
- Orangutan** our Hare
- Virgin - **Stephen**
- Visitor - **Tit in a Trance**
- 2 x beer stop staff
- Locals - **Daffy**, **Little Bear**, **Nasi Lamak**, **Rose Cheng** (I heard a rumour she has a Hash name....?) **Stephen** and **Orangutan**.

There should also have been a fuck off down down to **Ass Floss** (back to Taiwan), but it wasn't mentioned until after the beer was finished, so we just sung instead.

on on, **GGG**



Scribe



Ging Gang Goolie

Hares

RA: Mad Cow

Run 2075 • Red Cow
Richmond • 16th July 2012



More On &
Martian
Matron

Green and leafy Richmond was the location for a gathering of “runners”, who turned up eagerly anticipating a bit of exercise and a vast amount of alcohol to recover. The packed assembled at the “Red Cow” and were greeted by the Hares, *Moron* and *Matron*, sitting down to a cuppa and local tabloid. They had either set a very short run or taken the day off. Mid July should really be summer but as its London, the pack had to make do with dark clouds and drab weather. So, up the hill via a narrow path the pack trotted along and very soon we emerged into Richmond Park. The packs re-group was sited over five Olympic Rings that had been specially mowed for an upcoming London

event, and a spot of deer chasing followed as the pack watched “*Henry*”. Down Downs were given to the visitor “*Fucking Shakespear*”, *Henry* the dog for chasing deers, *Bondi*, for not knowing what Olympic Rings were, *Jane* and *Horrible* for being pissed on the tiles a few nights before and getting lost on the way home, *Butt Plug* for being reunited with a lost back pack (a month later), *Chi Su* for trying to pick poisonous mushrooms despite being a 2 Star Michelin chef, *Air Head* for something to do with a horse drawn hearse, *Bondi* again for something to do with wood-chip and saw dust, *Mad Cow* was awarded a “sad cow” t-shirt and *Hard Core Bomber* for apparently being athletic on the run.



Scribe



Hardcore
Bomber

Sparerib's Lyric corner



Here's to Fellow Hashers

Here's to fellow hashers
fellow hashers, fellow hashers
Here's to fellow hashers
May they chug-a-lug
They're happy, they're jolly
They're fucked up, by golly
Here's to fellow hashers
May they chug-a-lug

So drink chug-a-lug, drink
chug-a-lug, drink chug-a-lug,
drink chug-a-lug
Here's to fellow hashers
May they chug-a-lug

MEET THE HASHERS

Melody - Meet the Flintstones

Hashers, meet the hashers,
We're the biggest drunks in
history,
From the town of London,
We're the leaders in de-
bauchery,
Half-minds, trailing shaggy
through the years,
Watching us as we down a
lot of beers.
down down, etc

chug-a-lug

to swallow the contents of a
container of liquid (e.g. beer)
without pausing

A Soldier I Will Be To the tune of "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"

Asshole, asshole
A soldier I will be
To piss, to piss
Two pistols on my knee
For cunt, for cunt
For country and my queen
Asshole asshole asshole
asshole
A soldier I will be

Hash Humour 2

The Olympic Diving Champion

A man met a beautiful lady and he decided he wanted to marry her right away. She protested, "But we don't know anything about each other."

He replied, "That's all right; we'll learn about each other as we go along."

So she consented, and they were married and went on a honeymoon to a very nice resort.

One morning, they were lying by the pool when he got up off his towel, climbed up to the 10 meter board and did a two and a half tuck gainer, entering the water perfectly, almost without a ripple. This was followed by a three rotations in jackknife position before he again straightened out and cut the water like a knife. After a few more demonstrations, he came back and lay down on his towel.

She said, "That was incredible!"

He said, "I used to be an Olympic diving champion. You see, I told you we'd learn more about ourselves as we went along." So she got up, jumped in the pool and started doing laps. She was moving so fast that the froth from her pushing off at one end of the pool would hardly be gone before she was already touching the other end of the pool!

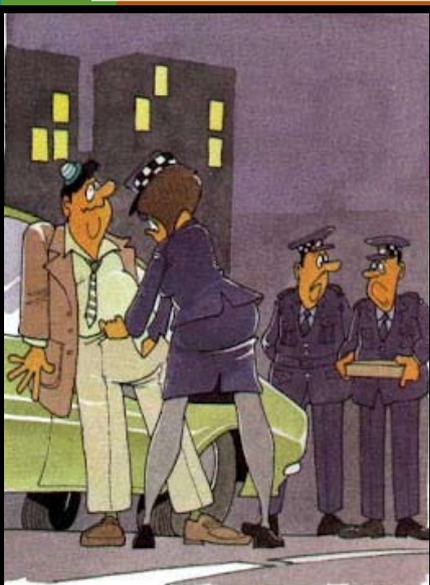
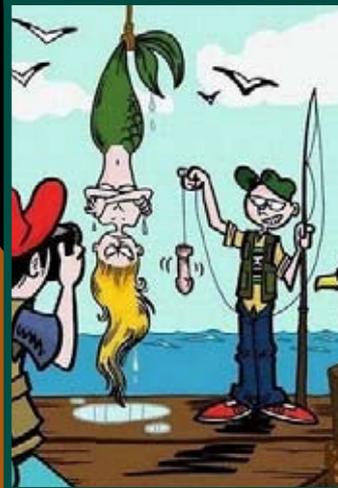
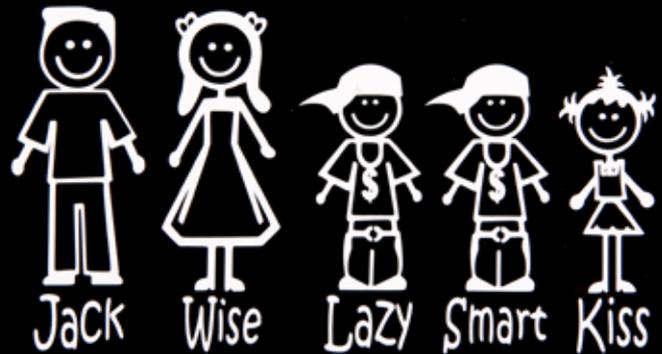
She did laps in freestyle, breast stroke, even butterfly! After about thirty laps, completed in mere minutes, she climbed back out and lay down on her towel, barely breathing hard.

He said, "That was incredible! Were you an Olympic endurance swimmer?"

"No," she said, "I was a hooker in Alabama and I worked both sides of the Tennessee River."



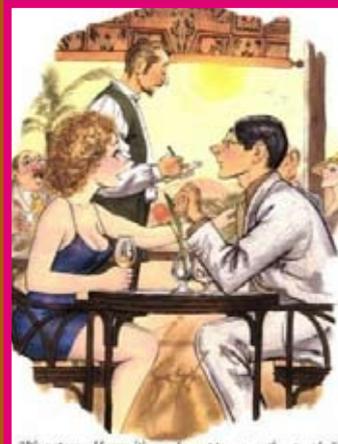
The Ass Family



'She doesn't need a breathalyser — she has her own way of seeing if he has had too much to drink.'



"Okay ... so much for safe sex!"



"It's not you, Harry, it's me. I want to screw other people."



Q. What's the difference between a pick pocket and a peeping Tom?

A. A pick pocket Snatches Watches.

Q. What do you call an Amish guy with his hand up a horse's ass?

A. A mechanic!

Q. What's the difference between love, true love and showing off?

A. Spitting, swallowing, and gargling.

Hare

RA: Sparerib

RA: Mad Cow

Run 2076 • Ye Olde Monken Holt
High Barnet • 23rd July 2012

where the pack had trouble finding the on trail, though this was mostly due to not many of us wanting to go and look for it. There was much discussion about who was the hare last time we were here and where that hare had taken the run. That made no difference, *Spare Rib* had set his own trail.

at the much anticipated 50 direction check which really did take a while to crack. While waiting *Skyelark* decided to take up swinging from the trees. I gave him a few helpful pushes but then ran off to continue checking. Apparently having got his leg over, (the swing) he couldn't get it off again, but someone rescued him.

We crossed back over the railway and found the on with the help of *Lord Lucan* who was busy reversing his way round the course just at that point. The trail went across a park, along a road or two and then through a gate into some more woods. They were muddy.

After the woods we crossed another water meadow where a lot of late comers caught up. The on-in went through a rather posh bit of Barnett or Hadley, which had a lot of very grand Georgian and Victorian houses, manicured gardens and flash cars. I love my boat!

Back at the pub there was a lot of banging shoes together to remove mud. We stood around a bit and then had the down-downs.

Spare Rib and *Mad Cow* did the honours.

Returnees included *Postcard* and *Lord Lucan* who announced their engagement and kissed, Visitors included *Gunner Cum-Spare Rib's* twin brother, *Nads on Film* from the US, *Back Pack Water Rose* from Oz. Others included *Born Again* who fell over, *Knickers* for being back from SA, *Skyelark* for swinging, *Mad Cow*, *Patchy Visor* and *Simon no Name* for something,

Awards went to *Chi Su* for something (100 runs - Ed), *Please Sir* for 600 runs.

I think the pub had been generous so we drank more beer.

Habberdash- new kit includes soft shell over jackets with the new logo for £40.00, vests in brown or red for £10.00

On-On, *Knickers*.

London Run no- 2076
Location- High Barnet
Date- Monday July 23rd
Hare-*Spare Rib*
Hounds-40+
Pub-Ye Olde Monken Holt

On Monday night a few weeks ago, we turned up in High Barnet at the end of one of the Northern Line branches. We were rewarded for our efforts with a fine and warm evening.

The trail set out left from the pub towards Hadley Wood. We went left again into a housing estate

The on was eventually found and we splashed across a water meadow, though in a dryer summer it would have been just an ordinary meadow with a stream running through it. (Mud was quite a feature on this run.)

After a while we ran round Barnet old village with it's pretty olde cottages and winding street and village church. Lovely.

We then ran into Hadley Wood proper where we encountered more mud. After we crossed the main-line railway we arrived



Left: Lord Lucan & Postcard seal it with a kiss. Above Right: Awards for Chi-Su and Please Sir.



Scribe

Knickers

Hares

RA: Sparerib

Run 2077 • The Monkey Puzzle
Paddington • 30th July 2012

Left: SCB brothers, Right: Ever The Optimist but Eric's already drunk them



Run: 2077
Date: Monday 30th July 2012
Pub: The Monkey Puzzle
Hares: Mr. Logic and Eric the...

Olympic fever is in the air especially since I am completing this write-up from a LOCOG computer in the Hilton Park Lane hotel dressed in my stunning purple and red uniform. The first of the Olympic trails, like the games, attracted a good number of visitors from far a wide which lead to a record breaking pack size of 59 which beat mine and *Chi-Su's* pirate pack record of 56 (grumble, grumble). The trail laid by *Eric the..* and *Mr. Logic* certainly could not be considered a long distance event and despite the customary late start most of the pack were back at the pub drinking beer by 8 o'clock; not necessarily a bad thing. The trail went along the canal where unfortunately *Spare-rib* and brother were disqualified for unsportsmanlike behaviour (AKA taking a lift). The hash continued along the canal for a short while longer before a straight tarmac sprint, void of checks, took the pack back to the pub in record time.

The circle came to order and as most of our visitors and virgins had made it back safely they were rewarded with the customary down-downs. Down-downs were also awarded to many of the pack for various incidents on the route, however, I was unfortunately pulled away and missed most of these. Nevertheless, a picture paints a thousand words and I am confident that *Chi-Su's* paparazzi skills will fill in the gaps I have missed.

On-On HDS

Mr Logic & Eric the...



Wadda yer mean it should have been you?!!



Bonnie's Japanese Theatre lessons are finally paying off



Cheap Shit celebrates his 50th run while Gunner Cum looks close to reaching his own celebration



Scribe



Hot Down South

Finally, a good pic of the GM!



Hare



JJ & Son

RUN

REPORT - COACH
AND HORSES, BARNES -
13/08/12

HARE - JJ (AND SON)
SCRIBE - MAD COW

A good sized pack boosted by a few visitors who presumably were here for the other better publicised athletic event turned out on a humid evening. Thankfully the promised rain had fallen earlier in the day (thanks to the efficiency of the RA!!!) and stayed away for both the run and the circle. JJ opened proceedings by letting us know he hadn't set a run in 20 years (we need to look at the productivity of the hare raisers) and that he might be a bit rusty so he was helped by a complete novice (his teenaged son) who obviously could call on an extensive CV of trail laying. By way of insurance against the possibility of a crap trail, the traditional bribe of a drink stop was promised.

Within a few minutes of setting off this rustiness revealed itself around Barnes station when the FRBs discovered the in trail, but they sportingly (in an Olympian spirit) declined the opportunity of lopping 5 miles off the trail and herded the rest of the sheep on the correct route. The hare in an effort to protect his ageing joints from yet more wear and tear set a mainly off road trail making extensive use of Barnes Com-

Well, here's a first.

I've been sent two write-ups for the same run! You wait ages for one scribe....etc... It's a bit like getting two eye witness accounts of a crime and find they completely contradict each other.

mon. After the initial mishap, the pack had no difficulty in following trail and incentivised by the possibility of missing the drink stop there was little sign of short cutting. I have always wondered if a hare could set a trail across a minefield if there was the promise of a drink stop on the other side (the answer is clearly yes). The pack passed the traditional Barnes shrine, being the memorial to Marc Bolan who managed to write himself off in a car crash back in the 70s (I suppose it was a change from the traditional method of early departure for rock stars, ie a drug overdose). After a fairly fast run we emerged at a regroup on the banks of the river between Putney bridge and the Fulham football ground. There was much consternation that the trail back would follow the big loop in the river and therefore it was time to cut off and take the direct line back, but the hare had anticipated a possible SCB mutiny and sensibly choose the latter route. The trail passed a few caravans parked in a clearing provoking speculation of a pikey encampment being established in the genteel environment of Barnes, we await developments and the crashing of the local property market. A flagging pack was eventually directed to the beer stop that was in JJ's office overlooking the river. The office was situated in one of these gated developments designed to keep the riffraff at bay, and indeed **Marxist** had great difficulty in negotiating the gate. Chilled Becks

(and off course white wine for **Tango**) was on hand to quench thirsts prior to a final stagger back to the pub.

After a short interlude to further quench thirst, I called the pack outside for the usual dispensation of summary justice. The criminals are listed below **Strap On** - trying (and failing miserably) to emulate a fellow Ugandan FRB from the previous day (think Marathon winner) **Marxist** - gate problems **Hot Down South** - Olympic volunteer procuring (pimping) various (unmentionable) services for Olympic big wigs staying at the Park Lane Hilton **Bondi** - low Aussie medal count and failing to locate the Millennium bridge finding Tower Bridge instead

Visitors - **Kalua** (something or other), **Sugar Lips** and **Turkish Barbi** (who had problems with locating flour

The hare who had wisely sent the son home before he could be further corrupted

Boy Blunder and **HDS** were punished by **Spare Rib** for the alternative hash Olympiad **KC** and **Table-whine** for actually insisting on providing their own flour for the fish batter **Eric** for managing to sleep through several return legs on the Bedford to Brighton line

Doormat - wearing (and worse publicly displaying) leopard skin underpants **Reach Around**

- training for hash with 70 km bike ride (around personal circumference)
On On
Mad Cow



Scribe



Mad Cow

RA: Mad Cow



make up for the intervening years.

A pack of close to 40 hashers set off east along Barnes High Street towards the duck pond and the first check. On-on took us in a south-easterly direction over Barnes Green towards Barnes Common. The trail wandering through a bit of wood to Barnes station. Here things went awry. It seemed the hare had set a figure 8 trail with the cross-over point at the station.

This figure 8 was complete with the classic mistake of putting the 'in' loop markings where they could easily be seen before getting onto the 'out' loop. Consequently some hashers called on in a direction the pack weren't expected to go for some time. Your scribe being one of them.

If anyone wants to say what happened on the 'out' loop. Please insert here.

At the next check in the Barnes Common woods a concerned *Fickle Part* was found debating his choices. Leaving the undecided one behind, we continued on trail in a westerly direction, through the woods to Vine Road. Back to pavement bashing. After a slight dog-leg along Woodlands Road and Rosslyn Avenue and crossing Beverley Brook, the trail headed north along White Hart Lane and First Avenue. The Hare had laid on a drinks stop at his(?) office in Tideway Yard, by the Depot Restaurant. Unfortunately at the time of arrival the drinks stop was unmanned and locked up. It was later reported that there was much Heinekken and white wine on offer.

Heading back towards home, *Pete the Pilot* was discovered in The White Hart awaiting the main pack's arrival at the drink stop, so this was a very good reason for a restorative half. There was some speculation that the Hare was planning on the pack being at the drinks stop 1 3/4 hours after the start!!!

Shorely shome mishtake. On back to the Coach & Horses with trail beside the Thames only to encounter, in a sudden burst of heavy drizzle, the GM and a few others heading in the opposite direction. The Coach & Horses won out over the prospect of an unmanned drink stop. Back at base the Saloon Bar was being ably manned by *Boy Blunder* and *Spare Rib* and a visitor from Brussels Manneke Piss H3.

Visitors: from Washington DC (I think) - *Ula Kalua* and *Sweet Lips*; one from Brussels Manneke Piss H3; a drop-in from City H3.

Returnee: *Smack The Oyster* - from 2 yrs travel in the UK with her hounds. Virgins: A local called, ???, can't remember, but she's a friend of *Not Out's*.

on-on
Eagermount

LH3 13-8-2012 Run #2079
Station: Barnes Bridge
Pub: The Coach & Horses
Hares: JJ & Son

A warm but overcast evening, mostly dry with occasional short-lived spots of rain and drizzle.

Slightly delayed start as there weren't any hares but eventually they put in an appearance. Old lag "JJ" informed us that this was the first trail he had set for 20+ years, so likely to be a long one to



Scribe



Eagermount

Mother Hash:
Bahrain H3
Year started:
1985

Out and About

Many LH3 hashers have been adopting the missionary position and developing international relations around the globe from Europe to Africa to the Far East....oh, and Dulwich...



Above: Our very own Thunderthighs doing her part to keep the Royal Marsden going.
Below: It looks like Ryde has a different man in every port, from Mombasa to Bratislava to Munich.



Social Sex HDS organised two teams from LH3 for Boy Blunder's AOlympic extravaganza in Dulwich, though when I saw 'Welly Tossing' I did wonder how far she was willing to go for this event as Helly Welly is one of her aliases. Both teams represented her beloved Nottinghamland: if I've understood correctly, one team was on the side of Kevin Costner and the other was for Alan Rickman?



Left: A couple more from the African Migration to Kenya and Below: Sparerib out and about in Bratislava

