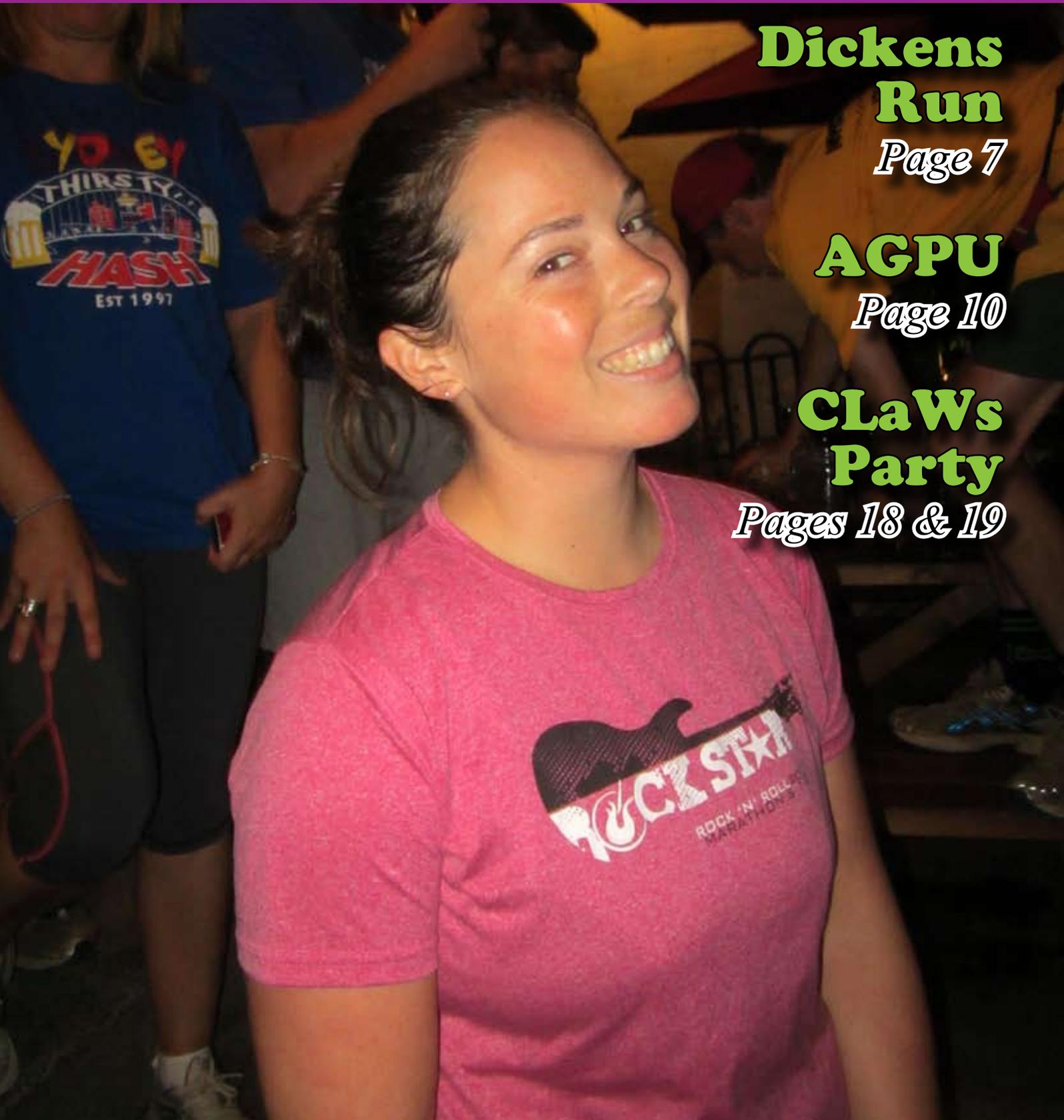


# ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 35 Issue 4 December 2012



**Dickens  
Run**

*Page 7*

**AGPU**

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**CLaWs  
Party**

*Pages 18 & 19*

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Send items for this mag to the edit hare above.

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

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

## Hash Lifestyle

### A WOMAN'S LIFE IN 3 PICTURES



SINGLE



MARRIED



DIVORCED

### A MAN'S LIFE IN 3 PICTURES



SINGLE



MARRIED



DIVORCED

## Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
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.	<a href="http://hertshash.co.uk">hertshash.co.uk</a>	Mr X
19 - 21 July 2013	Full Moon Nash Hash	Okehampton YHA, nr Dartmoor	<a href="http://www.dlh3.org.uk/">www.dlh3.org.uk/</a>	
26 - 28 July 2013	Isle of Wight 30th Anniversary Weekend	Haunted Victorian Mansion	<a href="http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/30_flyer.pdf">http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/30_flyer.pdf</a>	Bendover
9 - 11 Aug 2013	Surrey H3 2000th Weekend	Plumpton College, Sussex	<a href="mailto:sh3OnSec@surreyh3.org">sh3OnSec@surreyh3.org</a>	Bonn Bugle
23 - 26 Aug 2013	UK Nash Hash	Hosted by the Hardy's Hash at Hooke Court, Dorset.	<a href="http://www.geoffkirby.co.uk/Nash-Hash2013/">www.geoffkirby.co.uk/Nash-Hash2013/</a>	Geoff Kirby
13 - 15 Sept 2013	ROTT Hash Really Over The Top Hash	Hosted by the ROT H3 in Suffolk, United Kingdom	<a href="http://toedsh3-admin.com/rott2013/">http://toedsh3-admin.com/rott2013/</a>	

**Hare**



**Charlatan**

Hi,

Run 2080 at Raynes Park and Hare: **Charlatan**

Started out from the pub going right into a back check, then back along by the railway and through the tunnel and again along by the rail way to a check and on down the road to the park and another check.

Through the park and some woods to another check and then along a pot holed track to the only obstacle ! a locked gate and fence to get over. Then into another park with check at the entrance and followed by Slightly Longer Trail (SLT) the hares invention, a loop through the wood and back into the park and out and down the road and then right bend and along to the hares home for PIMMS. Finally through the streets to a check and on to the main road and the pub.

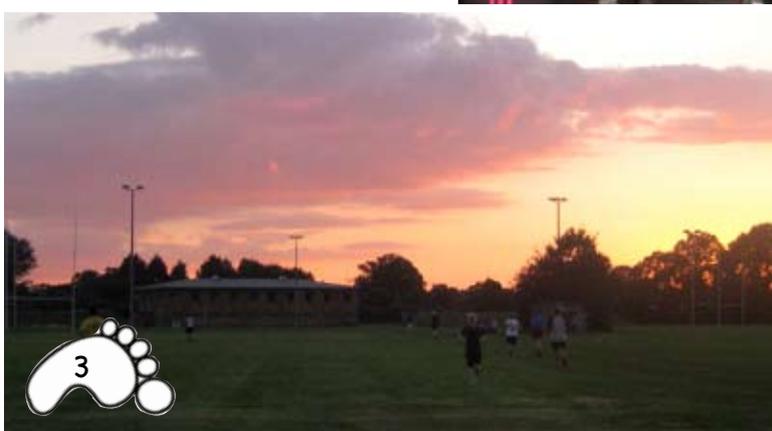
On On  
**Eric Sutherland**



**Scribe**



**Eric**



## Run Number 2082 - 3<sup>rd</sup> September 2012 - The Duke of Hamilton, Hampstead

Hare: Marxist

A big pack of nearly 60 hashers turned up at Hampstead, full of anticipation of a late summers evening on the heath (see later for the truth). There were lots of visitors, including Moose Fucker and Screwbear, an ex-GM of London hash, last seen in Bratislava, where she helped Fully Distilled restart the local Blava hash (after it had been disbanded 2 years ago). Other visitors included Boar Hoar from Brussels, Tasty Piss from Sembach and Ole Ole from Vancouver.



Spare Rib was quick to nominate me as scribe, as revenge for allowing Game and Away to be named on the brewery weekend in Derbyshire. How could I be to blame? There were LH3 dignitaries in Derbyshire, such as Bonnie, 2AM, Hot Down South, Last Tango and Skylark, all party to the naming. If Spare Rib had a better name, he had every opportunity to name her at the Lundy Island weekend!

So what can I tell you about the trail? Those of you who were there will be asking, what trail? Actually, there was a very clear trail for a large part of it, because yours truly ended up setting it, when, just after a photo stop at the band stand, Marxist's arrows tried to take us through a locked gate. Well, it wasn't locked when we first saw it. In fact several hashers went through, but having discovered that their exit was already locked, they then seemed to turn into Olympic athletes in an effort to get back out again. So what had started out as a lovely summers evening on the heath went into a road run along Hampstead Lane and Spaniards Road.



Back at the pub, as usual the circle is a complete blur. I do remember that Deanna was named Hole in One, which I thought was particularly appropriate seeing as she had earlier put a hole in one parrot, belonging to Hot Down South, but that was not the reason for the name. Ask to see her party trick next time you see her, and you will see the reason for the name. There must have also been a down down for Little Bear for bringing Garbage along (it must be at least 5 years since we have seen him at the hash).

The Duke of Hamilton is one of the oldest pubs in London, dating back some 300 years. The late Oliver Reed was seen here every day. David Bedford is another famous person, who I have seen a few times in the pub. One night, he started talking to a few of us hashers, and asked if we would write an article on Hash House Harriers, for the forthcoming London Marathon magazine. Tablewhine and I ended up writing the article, which to this day, we still laugh at how funny the article looked and read. Positioned in amongst all the marathon training programs, articles on Paula Radcliffe, adverts for new running shoes and future marathons, were photos of hashers in fancy dress, scrambling over stiles, covered in mud and drinking beers in the circle. It was exactly what David Bedford asked us to do, his words were 'I want people to know that running is not always serious'. Well that just about sums us up! **ON! ON! Ryde**

# Hare

RA: Sparerib

Run 2083 • The Queen's Head Pinner • 10th Sept 2012



# Wacker



and put 50-60 category. Can't read the next one but **Wacker** then got two more down downs. One, for new shoes and the other for handing over the right shoe instead of the right shoe.

Can the next Pinner run be in shop opening hours please?



Something I do recall is seeing a large wooden hut bearing a sign 'HOME GUARD'. I wondered if we still had Dad's Army but **Wacker** said it was some sort of community centre. Luckily, the run wasn't too long and back at base **Chi Su** was handing out the amazing new full colour magazine. It reminded me of about 25 years ago when **Menstrual**, a facilities manager, brought out a hash mag with a coloured front page - very

sew on my hash skirt and as he also collects them I promised to bring him an old LH3 badge, I think produced for the 666 run. We also agreed to bring (my) skirt and (his) jacket to compare, which we did. (I had a lot more badges than him though!)

Down Downs - **Rambo**, his daughter **Jasmine** and friend **Maija** would have had one but they left early singing songs from Matilda.

Wacker for being hare with only 2 checks. **Mr Logistic** - latecomer. **Amanda** - semi-virgin? **Mic Mac** made her come. **Bhopal** for buying and wearing a hash t shirt. **Pete the Pilot** for wingeing on trail. **Chi Su** and **Lickstorm** - something to do with up and down and in and out. **Tablewhine** and **Ryde** for doing the Boxhill Vineyard half marathon. **Ryde** entered in the 35-44 year old category but would have been first had she not lied



innovative at the time as hardly any office had a colour copier. Another sign of the times was **Martian Matron** informing me that she'd just paid her WLH3 subscription ON LINE! At Hampstead, the week before, I bought an LH3 badge from **Chi Su** to



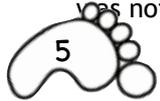
# Scribe



# Thunder thighs

Mother Hash:  
London H3  
Year Started:  
4th Sept 1974, Hampstead

Well, it's now several weeks since I volunteered to be scribe and I've just about forgotten all that happened, so it's handy that I made a few notes, albeit scrappy. As I approached the pub I did a bit of window shopping - shame they were closed. Despite it being so far out it was fair numbered pac and in the absence of the GM **Chi Su** started us off. **Wacker** was the Hare. The latter warned us there'd be a river crossing and we'd all get our feet wet - but no one did. We all found an alternative route and I recall Wacker being very kind in giving me an **Souflée** a few short cuts. **Pete the Pilot** set off on trail hoping to do a short walk but the way the trail was set it meant him having to do the whole route. He was not a happy bunny!



# Hares



**Unaccept-able**

It's now been a solid month or so since this run, meaning that like fine wine, or whiskey, or episodes of Dr. Who, it will have aged to perfection in your scribe's memory such that an attempt can now be made to produce some kind of account of the evening's events. Yep. Any minute now it's all going to come flooding back in glorious detail...

Nope. Then again, there could be a reason why the memory is foggy. Read on to find out why.

The run was hared by **Unaccept-able**, who was celebrating his birthday that day, and we had one visitor, **Double Hand Job**, from Edmonton, Canada. The trail was the usual stumbling shamble through the darkened woods of Putney Heath, along with a few passes under what was probably the A13. Your scribe strongly suspects that a contingent (certainly led by **Bonnie**, our illustrious GM) made it as far as the Telegraph before being overcome with thirst and stopping for a pint. The rest of the pack who persevered through the treacherous jungle of Putney Heath were rewarded with a drink stop and birthday cake equipped with a novelty candle that opened out into a flower like the Olympic Cauldron. And it turns out that **Testiculator** was also celebrating a birthday, giving much cause for merriment and lingering at the Drink Stop.

Back at the Green Man circle was led by RA **Spare Rib**. Downs downs were assessed to the Hare, who had the temerity/brains to leave before Circle, so the GM and **Testi** bravely stepped in as substitutes. And then it started... See if you can detect

the recurring theme.

**Spare Rib** gave Down Downs to **Trigamist** and **Hot Down South** for their work as volunteer Games-makers on the Olympics. And who else was involved in the Olympics? Step up **Shakes Beer**, for Down Down Number One.

Then it was **Double Hand Job's** turn, who got a Down Down for being a visitor, and for covering up the identifying neon yellow jacket she said she'd be wearing, thus making it impossible for **Spare Rib** to recognise her when he picked her up for the run. And we all know that when one Canadian drinks, ALL Canadians drink... **Shakes Beer** got Down Down Number Two.

Then it was the turn of ??? (can't remember!) who got a down down for being a Bradley Wiggins look-alike. And what event did Wiggins participate in? The Olympics. And who else was involved in the Olympics? It was all getting a bit spurious, but that didn't prevent **Shakes Beer** from getting Down Down Number Three.

Finally, the RA punished **Ryde** and **Thunder Thighs** for sitting on their asses on the couch at the Beer 'n' Birthday Cake stop. And who else was sitting on that couch? No mercy for **Shakes Beer**, who bravely managed Down Down Number Four, which might go a long way to explaining your scribe's memory of the events of that evening are a bit hazy. Nonetheless, several hardy souls, **Shakes Beer** included, hung around to enjoy the Green Man's usual selection of real ales until they ran the bell for last orders. A proper hash run indeed.

On On!

## Shakes Beer



# Scribe



**Shakes Beer**

# Hares



# Skylark

Mon 24th September 2012 - The Charles Dickens

This scribe was completely unprepared, having been 'volunteered' just because she men-



tioned something about quill and paper versus technology and mobile phone. Well, the battery of the phone went flat just as we were setting off so the account here is derived from a poor attempt at total memory recall and when that failed, which was more often than not, pure fantasy so here goes...

We started from The Charles Dickens on a themed run but you wouldn't be at all out of place if you just turned up in a T-shirt and running shorts! I only saw 1 in costume, and that was only after the run. Good

effort though as I am now suitably enlightened about Mr Dickens' attire. The theme of course is Dickens and we were treated to not 1 not 2 but 3 history stops. The first one was at the Charles Dickens Primary School at Lant Street. Can't remember what **Skylark** said about it but

thought it was very informative at the time. Then we did some more running and got to the 2nd stop and it was at a small park (Little Dorrit Park?) and **Skylark** again treated us to a well researched piece of history about Dickens' father and a debtors' prison nearby. Being detained at your majesty's pleasure at that time was certainly no pleasure. You had to pay your own way in jail and usually ended up more in debt than when you first went in! How things have changed with flat screen TVs and ensuite cells of modern days. The 3rd stop was at the Bear Garden behind the Ofcom Office. We were once again being 'educated' by **Skylark** on the delights of sin, sex and bear baiting, effectively assisted by **Bare Behind** with special effects and visual aids. But I don't think the bears during Dickens' time were of the soft and cuddly kind....

After that, serious running for me though some might call it a bit of a stroll! In no particular order, we ran through the Hays Galleria, London Bridge Station, Borough Market, the Clink Prison Museum, some false trails, some short cuts, checks etc. All bit of a blur and suddenly we're back at The Charles Dickens.

As usual, tall stories were

swapped before the circle, like the one **Pussyfoot** was telling about being out-stared by an urban fox! Down downs were awarded to **Skylark**, **Bare Behind** and **Last Tango**; a scouse and a manchurian virgins; visitors **Pratish** (India?), **Angela** (Massachusetts), **Mike** (Boston, also Massachusetts) who is **Hole In One's** brother; also for **Cumming Deer**; for **Thunder Thighs** and **Skylark** for doing a Radcliff; birthday treat for **Bonnie**; **Ryde** not sure for what but she drank from a bowl and then had the audacity to ask for more!  
*on on*

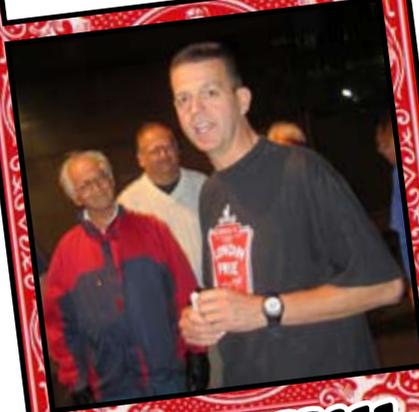


# Scribe



# Car Say No

# Hare



## Road Kill

### Comrades,

It was a solemn night after the news of the death of left-wing historian Eric Hobsbawn. However, the spirits of the London Hashing Collective were lifted by an excellent and pretty brisk canter around Tower Hamlets led by our Hare, **Roadkill**. An appropriate location for the day of Hobsbawn's death as we were able to contrast the grinding poverty of London's most deprived borough with the filthy rich capitalists in Canary Wharf. We were also presented with the oppression of veiled Bengali women as we returned through Whitechapel on our way on inn.

It was a lovely crisp autumnal night and we were teased by the possibility of seeing the Thames and were led through canals and docks until our final location the excellent Still and Star. The length of the run was 30 miles, it was completed by all hashers and that means we are meeting our targeted miles for the 20th year in succession. Well done all.

We were visited by some McCarthyites from San Diego and San Francisco, the beautifully named **Das Foot** (a foot surgeon), **Cream Filled** (no idea) and **Gloryhole** (he's from SF). Worse than that, we had **Mad Cow** of the Hashing Collective of West London and **No Name Dan** from the Hashing Collective of the City; but worst of all were those bastards from the London Hashing Collective. Splitters! We had some very young virgins; one of whom, **Rachel** took a shine to **Eric** (not the dead historian) or Jimmy Saville as he should be renamed. Down downs were awarded to all the McCarthyites as their millionaire 'sports' men were defeated by our millionaire 'sports' men and to **Comrade Lucan** who

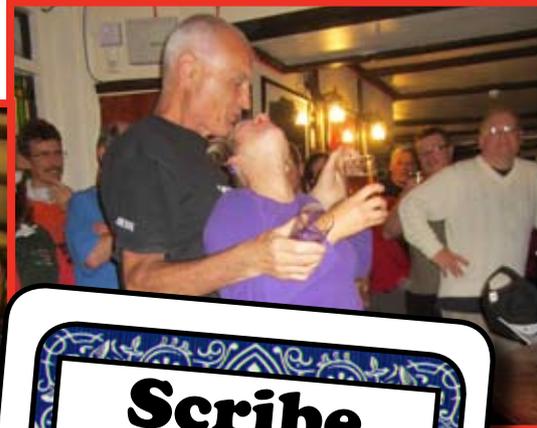


has entered the most bourgeois of institutions with his nanny. He has every right to disappear now.

Honorable mentions to the barman **Mick** who, despite his petit bourgeois leanings, was a great host and gave me head in the correct Northern style.

Also mentions to all those dressed in red: **Hard Core Bomber**, **Titanic**, **Orang Utan**, **Cumming Dear** and **Car Say No**. And last and most appropriate, a shout out to our very own **Marxist**.

Hasta la cervceria siempre  
and ON ON



# Scribe



## Reach Around



# Hash Humour 1

## CHINA - Come Home I'm Naked Already

### TRIP TO ITALY

A young New York woman was so depressed that she decided to end her life by throwing herself into the ocean, but just before she could throw herself from the docks, a handsome young man stopped her.

"You have so much to live for," said the man. "I'm a sailor, and we are off to Italy tomorrow. I can stow you away on my ship. I'll take care of you, bring you food every day, and keep you happy."

With nothing to lose, combined with the fact that she had always wanted to go to Italy, the woman accepted. That night the sailor brought her aboard and hid her in a small but comfortable compartment in the hold. From then on, every night he would bring her three sandwiches, a bottle of red wine, and make love to her until dawn. Three weeks later she was discovered by the captain during a routine inspection.

"What are you doing here?" asked the captain.

"I have an arrangement with one of the sailors," she replied. "He brings me food and I get a free trip to Italy."

"I see," the captain says.

Her conscience got the best of her and she added, "Plus, he's screwing me."

"He certainly is," replied the captain. "This is the Staten Island Ferry."

## EGYPT - Eager to Grab Your Pretty Tits

Martha lost her husband three weeks ago. She had him cremated and brought his ashes home and kept them on the end table.

The other day she picked up the urn and went out to the patio. She sat down at the patio table and poured him out on the table. She sat there looking at the ashes while tracing her fingers in them. After a few minutes she started talking to the ashes.

"Herman, you know that dishwasher you promised me? I bought it with the insurance money!"

She paused for a minute tracing her fingers in the ashes then said, "Herman, remember that car you promised me? Well, I also bought it with the insurance money!"

Again, she paused for a few minutes and while tracing her fingers in the ashes she said, "Herman, that diamond ring you promised me? Bought it too, with the insurance money!"

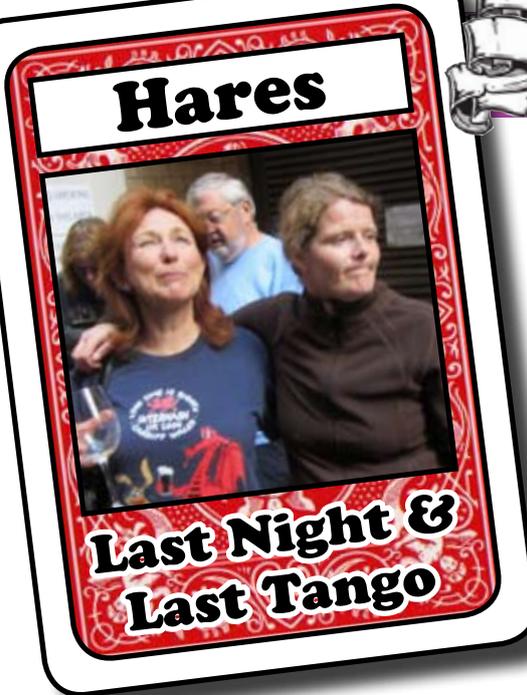
Finally, still tracing her fingers in the ashes, She said, "Herman, remember that blow job I promised you? Here it comes"

Is there no end to the depravity in the BBC?

Breaking news! Two more have come forward to say they have been fingered by dead BBC TV stars

Sooty and Sweep say the abuse went on for years!





Run: 2087  
Pub: The Golden Lion, Green Park  
Hares: Last Night and Last Tango  
Scribe: Hot Down South

....And the day of the **AGPU** (Annual General **Piss Up**) arrived once again and sunshine and glori-

ous weather prevailed for the 60 strong pack which turned out at The Golden Lion for this notorious date in the London Hash calendar. The trail departed the pub and winged its way through Mayfair and into Hyde Park for the first of the drinks stop. **Last Night** had kindly emptied out the dregs of her drinks cupboard to provide an unusual but most welcome assortment of liquid refreshment for the thirsty pack. From what I remember this did include Malibu mixed with whiskey! Mmm. Before leaving Hyde Park we made a stop at Speakers' Corner where **Bonnie**, the Grand Master, addressed the pack. Also an earlier than planned and controversial vote regarding the hash start time, took place. The pack continued but before returning to The Golden Lion we were treated to a very **Tango-esque** drink stop with the choice of red or white wine served in stylish goblets (of the plastic variety).

...And so back at the pub, food and drinks were waiting. The food, provided by the hash cash, was simply yummy and well-received by all. Once we were all fed and watered to sufficiency we circled up outside where, following **Bonnie's** entertaining annual review, the old committee was promptly fired. Elections took place in the usual democratic hash fashion of who can shout the loudest and we were left with what appeared to be more of a cabinet re-shuffle than a new committee. However, our committee numbers did increase and we were happily joined by **Optimist**, **Game & Away** and **Ging Gang Goolie** who will undoubtedly prove themselves to be invaluable members of the gang.

....And then it all becomes a drunken blur but needless to say a good time was had by all. Great trail ladies, well done.

On-On  
**HDS**



# Hares

RA: Sparerib

Run 2088 • The Allsop Arms  
Baker Street • 14th Oct 2012



**Cumming  
Dear &  
Inslide Out**

Run: 2088  
Date: 14<sup>th</sup> October 2012  
Pub: The Allsop Arms, Baker Street  
Hares: Cumming Dear  
Scribe: Upskirt

The Pack: Akiko Bird, Bear Behind, Bhopal, Boggers, Bonnie, Chi Su, Cumming Dear, Cycle Path, Eric

waits for no one, well, until we get to a check that is. A few minutes later we were back North of the Marylebone Road for a sunny run through the well manicured gardens of Regents Park. A bonus for this particular week was the opportunity to get a bit arty and appreciate the "eight sculptures" (2012) exhibit by Alan Ken and Simon Periton which was part of the Frieze Art Fair. I say appreciate, but being hashers appreciation really meant striking an amusing pose for a picture with your chosen piece. The winner I judged to be *In Slide Out* who made every effort to faithfully reproduce the sculpture depicting an Olympic discus athlete. On On and Up Up then to Primrose hill for drink stop with a great view of London on a sunny October day. Down from there the trail led along the tow path of the Grand Union Canal for three quarters of a mile before winding its way back to the pub to complete a picturesque six mile route. *Spare Rib* presided over the circle in the previously quiet side street,



Sutherland, Geriatric/Lord Lucan, Hands On, Hard Core Bomber, Hijacker, Hot Down South, In Slide Out, KC, Lady No No, Last Tango, Marxist, Me So Horny, Michael Bielak, Mick Mac, Naughty Nympho, Not Out, Oktoberfest Hooker, Orangutan, Psychodelic, Reach Around, Rowdy, Ryde, Skylark, Sparerib, Speedballs, Tablewhine, Thunderthighs, Upskirt. Total: 36

This was one of my favourite runs this year, thanks to the wonderful autumn weather and the haring skills of *Cumming Dear* and *In Slide Out*. We headed out from the Allsop Arms to the south side of Marylebone Road and through Paddington Street Gardens. Round the corner, the trail seemed to lead on a tour of a farmers' market in what was normally a car park. Alas no time to buy anything and hash

adjacent to the pub. Among others, down downs were earned by *Reach Around* for "sweating buckets" right at the start of the run, *Oktoberfest Hooker* for eloping to 'Vegas for her wedding and *Bonnie* for including the chef's bag in the hash bag retrieval operation. *HDS* had to be called TWICE to the circle. Firstly, for being publicly over familiar with *Upskirt* and secondly, for the slightly more honourable reason; chalking up her fiftieth run. On-On *Upskirt*



# Scribe



**Upskirt**

**RA: Sparerib**

**Hares**



**Hardcore Bomber & Simon**

No, we did not start from the cemetery. That is just up the road, and it's where Karl lives, not **Andy**. But that apart, the reason I'm doing this write up (and yes, I know that on the hash there doesn't have to be a reason for anything) is that the only member of the Mismanagement to be present at the start of the run was **Spare Rib**. And **Spare Rib** welcomed us all to Run Number 2090. At the end of the run, he thanked the hares for setting run number 2089. So (of course) I pointed out that we seemed to have lost a run on the way round. So that's why I'm doing the write up.

The problem with me doing the write up is that I'm not entirely sure where the run went. I do know that it went in a generally anti-clockwise direction. I also know that the hares had generously marked a few short cuts for the benefit of those of us who are more prone to strolling than cantering. And when I got to the disused railway line (now known as the Parkland Walk) I realised that it heads back in the general direction of the Archway Road, so that's the way I went, with some other trusting souls. And we got back in an hour and a bit, so judged

it to be a very well set hash. Then about fifteen minutes later a lot of sweaty runners returned. The less said about them the better.

What never fails to amaze is that when a run is billed as a barbecue run or some other special event, with food potentially available, it always attracts the waifs and strays. Even though we were asked to bring our own food (and most people did) there are always the gannets who arrive to eat off other people's plates. No names, of course!

Whilst frantic efforts were being made to get a barbecue going, **Last Tango** was attempting to put a task force together in the kitchen. The purpose of this was to do a bit of potato boiling and salad preparation, highly skilled jobs that only a multi-tasking female could organise. So when **Spare Rib** offered to volunteer (and it was only to chop some onions) he was brusquely rejected. Now we know that **Spare Rib** does not have that many skills, but I do believe that chopping onions is one that he does actually possess.

So **Spare Rib** decided to do what he is worst at, and organise the circle. We had a couple of visitors from Trinidad and Tobago, one of whom (the lady of the couple) had managed to fall on the run (fortunately on soft, muddy ground in a park). **Tango** was dragged out of the kitchen, and rewarded for her efforts.

And then, for some reason not unconnected with the



American elections, the discussion began to focus on the subject of binders. I think it began when **Chi-Su** lost his notebook (but forgive me if I haven't got the story exactly right). At that point **Lauren** and **Going Commando** immediately asked if

it really was a notebook, and not a binder full of women. Now apparently, one of the presidential candidates in the US, a man by the name of R Money, had attempted to display his feminist credentials during a debate, when an undecided female voter decided to ask a question about pay inequality for women - just the sort of question that Karl Marx would have asked. We hashers, of course, would have no problem responding to such a deep and meaningful question, accustomed as we are to standing up in public and - well - bullshitting. But apparently Mr Rom Meny had stumbled and deviated to some story about consulting women's groups to find some qualified female, and they had responded by bringing him binders full of women. This story confused most of the hash, so I apologise if I have not managed to transcribe it in its entirety.

**Blunder** was more confused than most, and in a desperate attempt to change the subject (**Blunder** doesn't seem to like deep and meaningful) he tucked **Spare Rib** under his arm and carried him off to a trampoline that was conveniently located at the bottom of **Marxist's** garden. Having poured a drink for **Spare Rib**, and placed him on said trampoline, **Blunder** proceeded to leap up and down. The result, of

course was somewhat predictable. **Spare Rib** was launched skywards, over and over again. In between the launchings, he managed to take a sip or two of cider (some kind of rocket fuel, I believe).

Back at the barbecue, **Linford** was penalised for shovelling coals with a plastic spade, **Marxist** was thanked for his generous contribution, **Hot Down South**, **Upskirt** and **Me So Horny** were rewarded for their late arrival, and **Not Out** was rewarded for a bit of attention seeking. He is the only guy who celebrates his wedding anniversary without his wife, and wears a dress to prove it. (And don't ask me why). Meanwhile, we discovered that **Hijacker** had missed the run because she had a secret date with **Pete the Pilot** in the Wetherspoons just up the road (rumour had it that **Eric** (RETD) had also been there but that he had disappeared). I think we also penalised **Scrumpy** for appearing on the front cover of a magazine, and **Unacceptable** for seeking attention (about what I do not know). And I also seem to recall that in the middle of all this **Simon** the co-hare was named **Second Coming**.

In all, a very successful afternoon, so thanks to all concerned, especially **Marxist** for the venue.

More On

**Scribe**



**More On**

RA: 2AM

Run 2092 • St. Christopher's Inn  
London Bridge • 10th Nov 2012

**Hare**



**Last Tango**



It was a largish pack for a cold, over-cast day threatening rain. Our ranks were swollen by several virgins and visitors, including a harem of City hashers minded by **Date Rape** and **Mile High**.

The ostensible explanation was that we were on their territory, but it is well-known that the City is part of London, not the other way round. More likely, lured by rumours that London's streets are paved with gold, a predatory take-over bid was planned. And, in the absence of **Bonny**, it might have come off had their GM, **Me So Horny**, managed to get out of bed. Instead, he arrived after the run with sleep in his eyes and feathers in his hair, missing the opportunity to replenish the City's coffers and reduce taxes.

Residing RA, **2AM**, stepped forward to start the proceedings, reminding City visitors that it is not a race, and the pleasure comes from taking part etc, etc. **Last Tango** introduced the run, and, a scribe having been nominated (me, with arms folded against the cold), we were off.

The trail took us westwards through Borough Market and a hotel foyer, around various convoluted loops, and across Southwark Bridge. North of the river, we headed eastwards, skirting the City, towards the Tower. We paused at the distinctive, sunken Merchant Seamen's Memorial Garden, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. It was built after the 1914-18 war, but now contains bronze plaques with the names of the merchant ships and their crews lost in both world wars.

The trail continued eastwards. Although a locked gate blocked the way, front-checker **Skylark** guided the pack to the Drink Stop on the east side of St Katherine's Dock. Here bubbly and Dalwhinnie's single malt whisky were served. It was only Cava from Waitrose, but, nevertheless, it is surely a sign of the times that City hashers were impressed by such munificence. From St Katherine's, the trail went non-stop over Tower Bridge, along the south bank of the river, through Hays Galleria and back to the pub.

Down-downs were awarded to all visitors and virgins for coming, to

**Me So Horny** for arriving after the run, and to **Sparerib** and **Yorky Porky** for becoming 50 (or was it 60?) years old. There may have been others, but it is too long ago to remember.

On On

**Bhopal**

**Scribe**



**Bhopal**

# Hares

RA: Testi

Run 2094 • The Bald Faced Stag  
East Finchley • 24th Nov 2012

Car Say No  
& Not Out



Run 2090 • The Roebuck • Fulwell • 27th Oct 2012 • Hare - Buttplug  
Run 2091 • The Whispering Moon • Wallington • 3rd Nov 2012 • Hare - Cheapshit  
Run 2093 • The Black Horse • Sudbury Hill • 18th Nov 2012 • Hare - Rambo

♫♫♫ **Sparerib's**  
**Beginners Lyric**  
**corner** ♫♫♫



**Why Were They Born So Beautiful:**

Why were they born so beautiful  
Why were they born at all  
They're no f\*cking use to anyone  
They're no f\*cking use at all  
They may be a joy to their mother  
But they're a pain in the \*sshole to me  
Drink it Down, Down.....

**Mrs. Murphy:**

Take it in your hands Mrs. Murphy  
It only weighs a quarter of a pound  
It's got hair on its neck like a turkey  
And it spits when you jerk it up and  
Down, Down,  
Down.....

**OU EST LE PAPIER:**

Tune: Le Marseillaise  
A Frenchman went to the lavat'ry  
For to have a, jolly good shit, shit, shit.  
He took his coat and trousers off,  
So that he could, revel in it, it ,it.  
But when he reached for the paper,  
He found that someone had been there before.  
Ou est le papier? Ou est le papier?  
Monsieur, monsieur, j'ai fait manure,  
Ou est le papier?

# Hash Humour 2

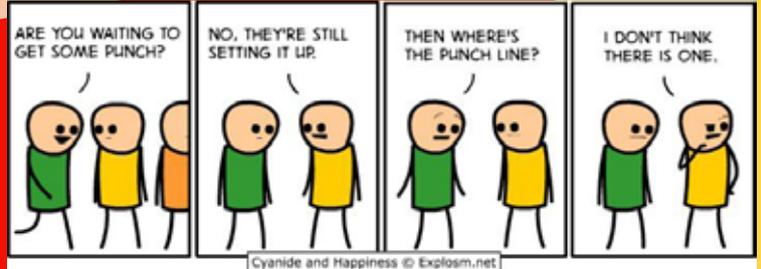
ENGLAND- Every Naked Girl Loves A Naked Dick

## \*The Blood Donor\*

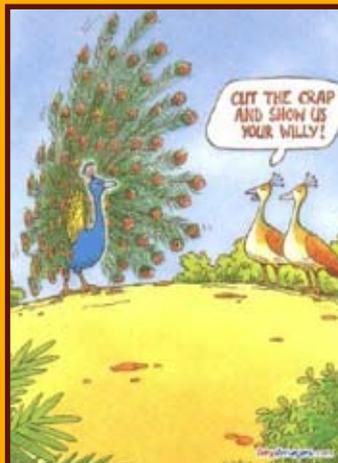
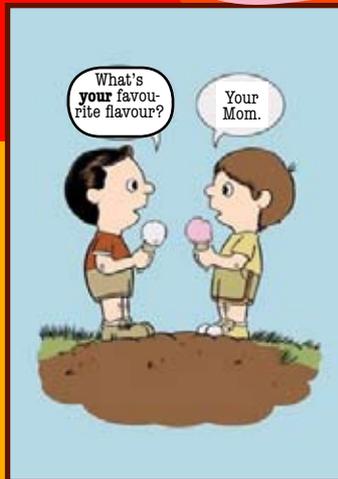
\*An Arab Sheik was admitted to Hospital for heart surgery, but prior to the surgery, the doctors needed to store his blood in case the need arises. As the gentleman had a rare type of blood, it couldn't be found locally, so, the call went out. Finally a Scotsman was located who had a similar blood type. The Scot willingly donated his blood for the Arab. After the surgery, the Arab sent the Scotsman as appreciation for giving his blood, a new BMW, diamonds & US dollars. A couple of days later, once again, the Arab had to go through a corrective surgery. His doctor telephoned the Scotsman who was more than happy to donate his blood again. After the second surgery, the Arab sent the Scotsman a thank-you card and a box of Quality Street chocolates.

The Scotsman was shocked that the Arab did not reciprocate his kind gesture as he had anticipated. He phoned the Arab and asked him: "I thought you would be generous again, that you would give me a BMW, diamonds & money, but you only gave me a thank-you card and a box of Quality Street."

To this the Arab replied: "Aye laddie, but I now have Scottish blood in ma veins".

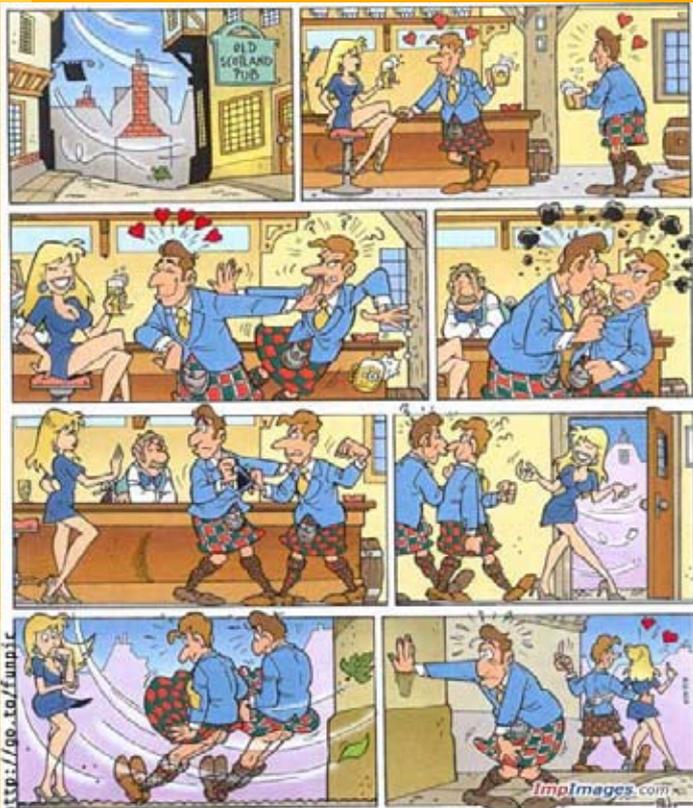


MALAYA - My Ardent Lips Await Your Arrival



**Robber who broke into hair salon is beaten by its black-belt owner and kept as a sex slave for three days... fed only Viagra**

A Russian man who tried to rob a hair salon ended up as the victim when the female shop owner overpowered him, tied him up naked and then used him as a sex slave for three days.



# Hares



## Reach Around & Chi-Su

This was *Reach Around's* first go at the haring duties and I tagged along to lend a helping hand. Actually, pairing virgin hares with the more experienced was an idea put forward in the last mismanagement meeting. I was initially worried that *Pilot* would be disappointed with our choice of Pimlico as a location. It is a general expectation that weekend runs should be further out of London. However, the grizzly old face of the hare raiser surprised by actually cracking a faint smile when he informed us that we would be joined by New York hashers, the *Dog's Bollocks*, so the central location would be fine. These 'good ol' guys' were not only good company but some of them turned out to have long time connections to the LH3. In fact, *Hedgehog* had emailed me digital copies of some of the earlier incarnations of the On Paper last year. *Reach* and I found a couple of interesting new areas around Pimlico and took us over the river for a RG at the Peace Pagoda before heading back over for a drink stop in the Royal Chelsea Hospital grounds with a hash version of Kir Royale. As usual, The Grosvenor were welcome hosts for this combined hash.

on on , *Chi-Su*



Boggers, setting off with the Dog's Bollocks, gives them a quick check.



Lofty, pictured above with Henry her dog, matches her recent 700 run milestone by reaching 70 years old. Congratulations Lofty from all at LH3!



## 2012 Hash Stats - courtesy of Titanic

HASHER	TDH PRED 2011-2012	TOTAL 2011-2012	TOTAL R*NS	TDH PRED FOR 2012-13
Pete the Pilot	44	46	789	44
Chi Su	33	41	107	38
Eric Sutherland	35	41	392	40
Rambo	22	39	847	31
Funky Gibbon	25	38	107	34
Ryde	38	38	812	38
Last Tango	40	37	391	36
Skylark	16	36	119	36
Tablewhine	34	36	412	36
Thunderthighs	31	34	1312	34
Sparerib	21	33	73	35
Bonnie	34	32	116	34
Not Out	22	32	137	25
Boggers	30	30	528	27
Hot Down South	n/a	30	48	24
Bhopal	26	28	144	22
Hands On	24	27	123	25
Hemorrhoids	n/a	25	25	10
KC	16	23	529	21
Orangutan	n/a	22	22	34
Doormat	n/a	21	27	14
Mad Cow	18	21	162	18
Reach Around	n/a	20	20	28
Titanic Dickhead	17	20	259	15
Martian Matron	20	19	216	17
More on	22	19	239	19
2AM	11	18	218	16
Lofty	17	18	711	16
Cumming Dear	15	17	30	18
Freeloader	8	17	32	10
Mr Logic	n/a	16	33	13
Butt Plug	7	15	124	12
Ging Gang Goolie	6	15	53	13
Please Sir	6	14	602	12
SOUFFLE	16	14	278	13
Budapest BF	11	13	55	10
Black Hole	12	12	89	12
Eagermount	6	12	242	8
Hard Core Bomber	n/a	12	159	9
Phickle Fart	11	12	301	10
Testiculator	14	12	195	9
Yoriky Porky	18	12	83	10
Crack	20	11	27	6
Double Entry	17	11	178	9
Knickers	16	11	419	6
Charlatan	n/a	10	165	10
Horrible	14	10	41	7
Caboose	n/a	9	96	8

HASHER	TDH PRED 2011-2012	TOTAL 2011-2012	TOTAL R*NS	TDH PRED FOR 2012-13
Last Night	n/a	9	23	3
Little Bear	7	9	29	7
Mick Mac	9	9	517	8
Naughty Nympho	9	9	27	10
Pope	n/a	9	449	8
Screwloose	20	9	303	2
Wacker	n/a	9	31	7
Car Say No	4	8	18	13
Daffy Dildo	7	8	178	7
In Slide Out	8	8	18	8
Road Kill	n/a	8	28	7
Rusty Nail	n/a	8	8	5
Simon Bemge	n/a	8	8	15
Akiko Bird	n/a	7	13	5
Bear Behind	n/a	7	35	5
Bondi	n/a	7	9	10
Hijacker	10	7	113	6
Lady C	6	7	16	4
Melon Bitch	n/a	7	7	5
Saddlesore	n/a	7	7	10
Sweet Potatoes (CH3)	19	7	15	7
Unacceptable	13	7	449	5
Wrong Passage	n/a	7	7	10
Action Man	10	6	165	6
Ass Floss	n/a	6	6	0
Fat Bastard	n/a	6	131	6
Geriatric/Lord Lucan	n/a	6	122	12
Hole in One	n/a	6	6	10
Linford	11	6	71	5
Marxist	10	6	596	10
Pecker	8	6	77	6
Trigamist	8	6	317	5
Lick Storm	n/a	6	7	14
Blood Stained Clothing	n/a	5	7	11
Bulldozer	n/a	5	111	4
Game and Away	n/a	5	5	15
Orgasm (Addis Ababa)	n/a	5	5	3
Simples	n/a	5	5	4
Skip	n/a	5	37	4
Cheap Shit	12	4	51	6
Dead Wood	n/a	4	4	0
Dunny Penny	n/a	4	218	3
Kenny	n/a	4	4	4
Looberty	n/a	4	89	2
Muff Diver (Tokyo)	n/a	4	4	0
Postcard	n/a	4	45	10
Pussyfoot	8	4	20	5
Rent Boy	n/a	4	233	4

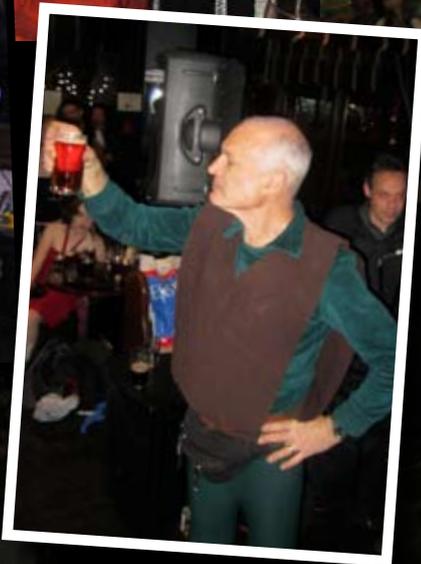


# CLAWS

Fancy dress theme: Historic London



# Party!



## Skylark's write up for the last Catch the Hare run

What was **Suntory's** description of **Skylark's** disastrous attempts at laying catch trail at London Bridge last year? Oh yes, the 'London Bridge version of the Blair Witch project'. So we were all bloody glad when **Skylark** was not picked as hare this year. Instead **Plastered** took the flour out of the door of **The Market Porter** and headed out into the depths of Borough.

It soon became apparent that **Plastered's** style of trail setting was to lay bucket sized blobs of flour every twenty meters. Confusion reigned, not helped by **Skylark** calling trail on a blob of flour that he had laid himself at London Hash the previous week. Finally **Plastered** was spotted heading up Borough High Street towards the tube station and a snare was made. Unfortunately by **Skylark**. Oh dear...

The thing is that it was a different **Skylark** laying trail this year. Since May he has been working in Southwark and has recced the area extensively for several trails. This new, clued up, switched on (relatively) **Skylark** knew

exactly where he was going, and mischief was on his mind.

The trail wound its way creatively through parks, alleyways and housing estates to **Bermondsey Street**, spookily close to where **Skylark** had set his infamous three leaf clover trail as he blundered around lost the year before. Here the trail seemed to mysteriously end, until **Skylark** cheekily popped out behind the hash, marked his own check through and shouted on to the amazed hounds. New harriet **DSD** might have given chase if she had not been so bewildered by this turn of events that she was sure that she had not understood the rules correctly. As it was **Skylark** completely got away with it and outpaced the pack to Southbank where he had more antics in mind.

With the howl of the hounds clearly in earshot **Skylark** looped the trail around one of the commercial developments next to the Lord Mayor's office and popped out behind the pack. Thirty second later the front runners found themselves looking at arrows pointing back up the way that they had just run. By now **Skylark** had lined himself up for more shenanigans in Hays Gallaria, until he heard heavy footsteps behind him.

Snared at last **Skylark** handed the flour back over to **Plastered** who headed off back in the direction of the pub. Now the snares came thick and fast as **Plastered** was caught by **Sheeps-it-up** who ran straight into **Mouthwash**. Intent on a home run **Mouthwash** looped the trail back up the on out and confidently scrawled an 'on inn' just around the corner from the pub. Safe he was not. **Tango**, late as usual, was just heading out on the on out when she unwittingly made the final snare, then added another half a mile onto the trail which no one bothered to follow. Finally as the circle was beginning **Tango** returned, flour in hand, and decided that it would be a jolly jape to lay the last blob of flour on **Yorky's** head. Bad mistake. Half of the flour landed all over the down down beers. **Tango** was duly handed one of the beers to down, complete with yucky floating bits. 'Not want to drink it then **Tango**? OK you can wear it instead.' **Tango** had at least another five down downs heading in her direction but stand in's were needed for these as **Tango** stormed straight off to her hair stylist to have the soggy lumps of dough removed.

A burglar broke into a house one night. He shined his flashlight around, looking for valuables when a voice in the dark said, 'Jesus knows you're here.'

He nearly jumped out of his skin, clicked his flashlight off, and froze.

When he heard nothing more, after a bit, he shook his head and continued.

Just as he pulled the stereo out so he could disconnect the wires, clear as a bell he heard 'Jesus is watching you.'

Freaked out, he shined his light around frantically, looking for the source of the voice.

Finally, in the corner of the room, his flashlight beam came to rest on a parrot.

'Did you say that?' he hissed at the parrot.

'Yep', the parrot confessed, then squawked, 'I'm just trying to warn you that he is watching you.'

The burglar relaxed. 'Warn me, huh? Who in the world are you?'

'Moses', replied the bird.

'Moses?'' the burglar laughed. 'What kind of people would name a bird 'Moses?'

'The kind of people that would name a **Rottweiler** 'Jesus''.

