

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

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Hash Wedding *Pages 4 to 7*



ERIC "Oi! C'mere you. I'll give you 'Awn Awn' yer cheeky b*stard!"



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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>

This magazine is private & confidential and for members of the London Hash House Harriers

Touch Rugby 2013



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
9th Nov 2013	75th Anniversary Celebration Run	Selayang Quarry, Kuala Lumpur		Opera
6-8 Dec 2013	Diamond Jubilee	Royal Selangor Club H3 in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.	http://www.rschhhdiamondrun2013.com	Speedy
13-16 Mar 2014	Interhash 2014	Hosted by the Hainan H3 in Hainan, China.	http://www.interhash2014.com/	
23-25 May 2014	40th Anniversary	Hosted by the Bicester H3 in Bicester, UK.	http://www.bicesterh3.org/	
6-8 Jun 2014	Danish Nash Hash	Hosted by the Aarhus H3 in Aarhus, Denmark.	http://www.ah3.dk/nashhash2014/index.php	Helle Hansen
23-24 July 2014	Pre-Lube to Brussels 2014	Hosted by CLaWs	http://brussels.londonhash.org	Yorky Porky
25-27 July 2014	Brussels 2014	Hosted by Brussels Manneke Piss & Ostende Gonads H ³ s	http://www.interhash2014.com	Higgins

Hare

RA: Sparerib

Run 2126 • The Village Inn
Rayner's Lane • 10th June 2013

Wacker



Don't you just hate it when you set out in reasonable time for an event or show and the bloody trains conspire against you? When your appointment happens to be for LH3's Monday night trail it's a real bummer. Regular Facebook updates from **Hot Down South** en route confirmed that I was not alone in my plight.

Having arrived at the Wetherspoons pub at Rayners Lane at 7.20 pm I seriously doubted any chance of catching up the pack. I noted a nice selection of ales for later so it would be worth caning it round at least.

However, thanks to an impeccably marked trail by **Wacker** (and several SCB marks) I managed to catch up with **Mad Cow**, the shy and retiring **tVerity** and **Guilty** (but not for much longer). I had been pounding the concrete of suburbia for rather too long so a short hop and jaunt down a path off the bridge led to a glorious expanse of green trail and playing fields. Whilst not quite matching the epic

countryside of **Eric's** jaunt last week was none the less very pleasant.

It was a certainly shock seeing **Psychedelic** for the first time in years. I think that that headband must be permanently attached to his bonce.

We were even treated to the Art Deco splendour of the Zoroastrian Centre on the Inn Trail. Silly question, it is London's principal place of worship for Zoroastrians.

Prior to the down downs, **Thunderthighs** paid tribute to the sad passing of **Meal Ticket** and the circle raised a glass to him and all hashers & harriettes no longer with us.

Down downs: First time virgin **Verity** who managed to heckle the RA at every opportunity to the great delight of the circle. Not content with her first drink she sunk another jar for her bizarre obsession with **Mad Cow's** bum and the length of **Longfellow's** Co....ncentration levels. I think we have a harriette in the making.
Visitors: **T-shirt** from

Turku, Finland and **Longfellow**, formerly of the Saipan hash in Micronesia. One was very tall indeed, the other not so.

Roadkill and his daughter **Flat Pussy** both earned themselves a down down; it was always going to happen. I think Dad was driving home on this occasion.

The circle was treated to an epic monologue from **Longfellow** a la 'Whose Line is it Anyway' style tribute. I just wish I had the foresight to record a video from my phone but was laughing too much at the time.

The recent weather had been great whilst **Bonnie** and **Naughty Nympho** had been in Hong Kong then of course it deteriorated on their return.

'Guilty' was renamed to **'Turn Me off'** as **Thunderthighs** acknowledged her request on the trail to switch off the light on the back

of her cycle jacket. Her recent naming at WLH3 was declared inadmissible by the LH3 Jury as guest RA **Robocop** was allegedly on his 7th pint at the time and therefore incapable of sound judgement. Besides, her new name is clearly much better.

Nice run **Wacker**. I thought that the MF set a pretty decent trail.

Post Run Update: **Verity** is still hashing regularly but with CH3. It is rumoured that **Sparerib** is devastated.

Scribe



Charlatan

Hey, those hashers who started hashing under the last king - is a hash wedding ceremony something that has been done before? Or, is this a first?

The mastermind behind this splendid day was the Hot one (I forget names...Hot All Over?) She quickly co-opted a team including hash royalty, R & T who set Stag and Hen trails, and the Rev'd Sparerib to act as, well, Religious Advisor. He did his usual fair to middling job with the weather and there was a good turn out of wedding themed hashers and bemused visitors who made it to the well known slums of Richmond.

Oh, by the way, the happy engaged couple were Game and Away and Hardcore Bomber (that's just two people if you're wondering..)





The Vows

Hard Core Bomber's vows were from 'Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance'.

I, **Hard Core Bomber**,
being of sound body
(more or less) and ques-
tionable half mind - as-
sert that I take thee
Game & Away to be my
hashfully wedded Har-
riette.

- I promise to inject only the highest quality 'fuel' at regular intervals and in sufficient quantity as to keep your motor running - promise to lubricate all parts very well before use and warm you up before I go 'off' roaring down the road.
- I promise to mount from the back, the side and all other possibilities and will only ride you backwards if you OK it (while sober)
- I promise to only Ride you outdoors only in good weather
- I promise to keep your headlights polished and spit shined as often as needed
- I promise to keep your seat free from excessive wear

Game & Away took her vows from the PC owners repair guide:

- I promise to keep your hard drive hard
- I promise to never use the term floppy again in referring to you
- And the same goes for 'software'
- and especially for the term MICRO-SOFT
- I will serve you Spam only for breakfast
- I promise to use a strong Virus checker and never let you get infected
- I will always provide an available socket/outlet for you to plug in
- (If you are not at home I will rely on my own backup batteries)

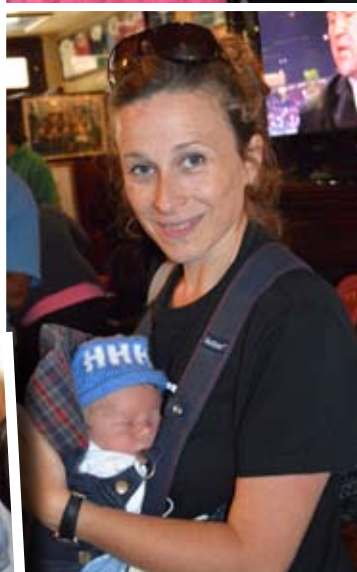




The Blessing

Bless this couple, Bless
this matrimony,
Wife no headacheus, No
shopping drag us,
No moaning when snoreus,
Map reading no lose us,
Husband no fartus, Fore-
play no sleepus,
Breakfast in bedus

Flowers regularus, Plenty
of cold beerus,
Coitus non interruptus.



Hares



Ryde & Tablewhine

I will start this run review by apologising for the hashed together nature of this write-up but I came to scribing it quite by chance, many weeks after it had taken place. Nevertheless, due to driving to the hash, my memory of the occasion is better than it might well have been. Firstly, I remember thinking that, despite the trail being a long, long way from where I live in S.E London and where I work in South London, it would still be worth attending a trail hared by our own hash royalty: **Ryde** and **Tablewhine**. I was not wrong.

Of course it goes without saying that the hares choose a fine drinking hole, The Lamb Brewery. The Lamb Brewery was established in the 19th century and later re-established in 2012 and served a tasty variety of casked and kegged beer and ales.

Secondly, I recall that the trail left with a good sized pack and we ran through the modern yet pretty business park before heading to Gunnersbury Park. The trail took us through the beautiful gardens and past many of the historically significant landmarks within the grounds of Gunnersbury Park.

Thirdly, I recall that on arriving back

at the pub, the pack had clearly increased in size and the hashers that had joined us en route included **Rambo** and **Sthweetheart**. At the brewery the pack partook in sampling all the fare the brewery had to offer. As I was driving, I had to limit myself to the food which was worth the wait.

My memory in the circle is not so great, probably because I was busy eating food for most of it on the other side of the pub with **Martian Matron**, **More-On** and some of the French friends. Needless to say that in the circle various members of the group were charged with a variety of spurious offenses and down-downs were issued as and when required. Finally, I do remember that our recently-hash-married couple, **HCB** & **G&A**, were finally given their hash wedding rings several weeks after the event. The tardiness owing to the fact that, in line with all the best traditions of affairs such as these, the best-man, **Tablewhine**, had lost them. Of course, they turned up down the back of the sofa along with 3 remote controls and enough spare change to pay off the debt of a small country. Hey-ho, better late than never. On-On



Scribe



Hot Down South



Hares



Game & Away / Sparerib

I want you to come together, something is happening, ordered **Sparerib** the hare at the beginning of the circle. Forty-seven hashers casually leaned forward to hear the wise words about to be imparted. Here comes the sun because her majesty has said so, said **Sparerib** smoothly switching into RA mode. Oh darling he smooched, please tell the pack what to do and where to go. **Game and Away** gamely ignored her co-hare and encouraged the pack to set off.

So away we went along the Regents Canal and after a few false trails found our way out past Lords Cricket Ground. Our visiting Aussie Hasher was suitably impressed and looking forward to a tour round the ground the following day, prior to pissing all over the Poms in the games to come. Reaching Regents Park there were enough check backs and twists and turns to keep the FRBs from guessing. Finally zig-zagging back into St Johns Wood, we came across a welcome drink stop in the garden of the octopus, or **Hard Core Bomber** as he's better known. **Game and Away** and he were liberally dispensing a

RA: Sparerib

medley of Pimms and the pack were happy to take their medication.

As we left the garden we discovered that we were really were in a surreal place. It was the zebra crossing made famous by the other psychedelics - The Beatles - who recorded their final album next door at the Abbey Road studios. Cameras snapped and hashers posed for the obligatory shots and your scribe rehashed the songs.

The dream faded and we were soon back at The Warrington, where it had all started not so long ago. The pub itself has a colourful past, being formerly owned by the Church of England and allegedly an upmarket brothel. More recently run by Gordon ** Ramsay, it is unlikely anything the hash could say or do anything too far out of order. However, punishments were meted out to miscreants. **Goldilocks** and **3 Beers** were straight into the frame. Then the RA explained that he would not in future confuse his Oyster card with a hotel room key as that would be really stupid. Visitors were recognized, including **Ming Chang**, **Legs**, **Darwin Dom** and **Routed**. **Reach** was acknowledged to be a lazy b****d. Virgins included **Lindy** and **Maureen**. In the absence of anyone able to celebrate Canada Day, our south african **Swing Low** was called upon. **Hard Core Bomber** was cited as a fashion victim for his silver hammer striped socks. There was a camera shoot-out between **Ming Chang** and **Chi Su** to establish who was the flashiest. And of course, the hares - **Sparerib**, **Game and Away** and **Hard Core Bomber**.

On On
Abbey Road rehashed by **Funky Gibbon**
(thanks to Ming for suppling most of the pics for this run and 2131 - Ed)

Run 2130 • The Warrington
Warwick Avenue • 1st July 2013



Scribe



Funky Gibbon



Hare



Rambo



Run 2132 • The Thatched House
Ravenscourt Park • 15th July 2013

Hare



**Naughty
Nympho**



Hash Humour 1

ARTS AND CRAFTS



THREWORDPHRASE.COM

A husband and wife are trying to set up a new password for their computer. The husband puts, "Mypenis," and the wife falls on the ground laughing because on the screen it says, "Error. Not long enough."

"Babe is it in?" "Yea."
"Does it hurt?" "Uh huh."
"Let me put it in slowly." "It still hurts."

"Okay, let's try another shoe size."

A man asks a woman, "Haven't I seen you someplace before?"
The woman responds, "Yeah, that's why I don't go there anymore."

A bride tells her husband, "Honey, you know I'm a virgin and I don't know anything about sex. Can you explain it to me first?" "Okay, sweetheart. Putting it simply, we will call your private place 'the prison' and call my private thing 'the prisoner'. So what we do is put the prisoner in the prison." And they made love for the first time and the husband was smiling with satisfaction. Nudging him, his bride giggles, "Honey the prisoner seems to have escaped." Turning on his side, he smiles and says, "Then we will have to re-imprison him." After the second time, the bride says, "Honey, the prisoner is out again!" The husband rises to the occasion and they made love again. The bride again says, "Honey, the prisoner escaped again," to which the husband yelled, "Hey, it's not a life sentence!!!"

SURPRISE SEX
IS
THE BEST THING TO WAKE UP TO

UNLESS YOU ARE IN PRISON.



The teacher asked Jimmy, "Why is your cat at school today Jimmy?" Jimmy replied crying, "Because I heard my daddy tell my mommy, 'I am going to eat that p*ssy once Jimmy leaves for school today!'"



Two cowboys are out on the range talking about their favorite sex position. One says, "I think I enjoy the rodeo position the best." "I don't think I have ever heard of that one," says the other cowboy. "What is it?" "Well, it's where you get your girl down on all four, and you mount her from behind. Then you reach around, cup her t*ts, and whisper in her ear, 'boy these feel almost as nice as your sisters.' Then you try and hold on for 30 seconds."

Hares



**Cumming
Dear &
Skylark**



The hottest day of the year so far, and ignoring all sensible UK government advice on heatwave survival in the unfamiliar hot temperatures, the intrepid bunch of hashers descended upon the Allsop Arms to continue to do what they do best and drink vast quantities of beer.

The trail quickly took us away from the busy streets of Marylebone, where we had been tricked with many false trails by cunning hares **Skylark** and **Cumming Dear**, and into the greener surroundings of Regents Park. Having circled various lakes and rose gardens we were once again cleverly tricked into believing that we would be rewarded with a drinks stop if we ran to the top of the very steep Primrose Hill. Only when we made it to the top we were disappointed to find that it was only a regroup check, although the stunning views of the London skyline did make up for the lack of alcohol.

As we set off once more along the canals we hit the streets again and finally found the drinks stop, or 'dregs stop' in this case as co-hare **Cumming Dear** was clearing out his drinks cabinet in preparation for his forthcoming house move. **Mrs Cumming Dear** aka **Inslide Out** promptly locked the pack in their private garden and declared that we weren't allowed to leave

until all the booze had been drunk. Surprisingly enough there weren't many protests about this and everyone set about finishing off anything they could get their hands on, including the pungent garlic vodka. **Mad Cow** made a beeline straight for the 18 year old malt whiskey and after putting him in a headlock and administering a couple of Chinese burns, I did manage to gain possession of the bottle and share it amongst the rest of us. The circle details are a bit sketchy as 1) I had the local village idiot who had attached himself to the hash circle grunting in my ear and 2) overindulgence at the dregs stop, but here's what I can recall. Visitors were **Cosmo**, **Randall**, and from Oslo H3 **Flasher** and the self-professed **Felicity Shagwell**. Down downs for **Drainoil** and **Linford** for fighting with the locals on Primrose Hill. Well it's just plain rude to sit and have your picnic right in the middle of a hash trail. **Chi Su** for his lack of dedication to LH3 as he's going to miss 3 runs in a row. **Moron** for reaching 250 runs and **Bonnie** and **Naughty Nympho** for celebrating their wedding anniversary by having a night out hashing. Visitor was **Chloe** and down downs for **Yorkie** for lusting after her short shorts all the way round the trail.
On On **Love Deuce**



Scribe



Love Deuce

Hare



Unacceptable

Something was missing when the pack set off this beautiful London summer evening. For the first time in 2013 our beloved Edit Hare, **Chi-Su**, was not with us.

When your scribe last visited The Coburn Arms, it was early January 2011 and his 2nd ever hash. **Teapot** was the hare, having taken over from **Unacceptable**, as he was leaving for Yemen and wanted to hare one more time before he left, we also saw **Crack** named. Fast forward two and half years to the present, **Unacceptable** the hare again, did not relinquish his duties, and we had what quite a large number of hashers called a lovely trail. The 50 strong pack set out heading north winding their way towards Victoria Park. After a brief detour onto the canal a missing railing in the fence allowing the whole of the pack to make their way into the park. While cutting across fields and around ponds **Sparerib's** powers as RA proved unable to prevent the rain

left and heading into Well Street Common for a brief tour. Upon exiting we snuck through a cut-through onto Iveagh Close where some tosser who had his dog off leash noticed the pack and yelled to his dog to "go get em" where upon hash virgin **Danny** found himself a human shield blocking the path of the dog from **HDS**. To everyone's relief, the dog ended up doing nothing more than stopping next to the pack and barking loudly. Return of dog licences anyone? After returning to Victoria Park, the pack rested at the gazebo for a quick photo op then over across Grove Road into the Dear Park. T'was round this time that the path went cold for a bit, allowing the pack to stop and smell the roses, along with the other summer flowers on display. The pack found itself along the canal again, then up into Victoria park once more, over the railings this time, past the Pagoda around the pond and exiting onto Old Ford Road. We dipped down onto the canal briefly, then through the estates and

which had been threatening most of the evening and the skies opened up for a brief but welcomed shower. The pack next went passing by some cricket nets and around the boundary of a match in play before turning

Meath Gardens across the footbridge and you guessed it back onto the canal to bring us south through Mile End park and back to the pub.

The list of misdemeanours was long, but the pub was kind and provided two pitchers of ale and a pint of cider gratis. **Unacceptable** for haring the shitty trail, which at the time the RA said was the best trail of the year as **Eric** had been lost, however before the circle was over **Eric** did make his way back to the pub saying he was late as he stopped of at a Wetherspoons along the way. Visitors **Buckwash** from Ottawa, **Fucking Shapewear** from Beijing and Mother and Daughter pair of **Lick'em Young** and **Lick'em Younger** from Oregon as well as **Lick Storm** because if one Lick drinks, all Licks drink. There were also two visitors from Sydney Harriettes, **Captain Knockers** and **Walking Disaster** who sang their own down down song to the delight of the circle. Two virgins, the aforementioned **Danny** from Greenwich and **Yalcin** from Turkey. Overachievers **Hot Down South** for running a half marathon the day before the hash and **Hole in One** for a triathlon. As well as one for **Bonnie** who was talking about being inspired by the Olympics which were taking place a year ago this week, but not actually running on trail. **Cumming Dear**, **Skylark**

and **Vomit** for all running to the pub before the hash and **Second Cumming**, because if one Cumming drinks, all Cummings drink. Virgin **Danny** for being the human shield for **HDS** as previous explained, **Psycodellic** for not fitting through the railings early in the run and **Captain Knockers** for managing to squeeze through railings one knocker at a time. **Ryde** for having her jewels looted by **Cosmo**, **Bonnie** for commenting on how **Rooted** was looking nice today as she turned up in a skirt, to which the circle of course took as implying she normally does not. **Rooted** for dressing up. **Hole in One** for having her parents in town but not bringing them to the hash to which she commented "I need some fucking space".

On-On CD

HDS, pls let me know if I got the bit about the dog correct.

Scribe



Cumming Dear



Two gifted graphic designers update the classic tale about the birds and the bees



iPad

I finally see what all the hype is about

Hare



Phickle Fart

Fol-
lowing a couple of seriously heavy,
but brief downpours the sky was
grey and overcast as I left the of-
fice and made my way to Kingston.
Would the skies clear, would the rain
stay away, would **PF** lay a decent
trail, and would anyone bother turn-
ing up with such miserable weather?

As it turns out, the skies did clear,
the rain did stay away, **PF** really did
set a decent trail and a few hardy
regulars and visitors (making a grand
total of 27) did make it out to Kings-
ton - so all was not lost! Actually,
the 'P' trail may have been lost - it
was not easy to find as it had been
washed in the afore mentioned
downpours. However, as this a
regular haunt, most people found it
easily enough. We had a visitor from
Glasgow, **Hughie Bleurghh** (at
least I think that what he said, as
Eric wasn't around to translate) and

Run 2135 • The Wych Elm
Kingston-upon-Thames • 5th August 2013

2 visitors from Cairo, **Hot & Juicy**
and **Spooner** (although **Spooner**
actually lived within walking dis-
tance of the pub - confused, you will
be).

As we prepared for the off, it
dawned on us that something was
missing - the Hare, who was last
seen disappearing down towards
Kingston on his bike. Oh well, not
to be outdone we carried on with
the proceedings and just I was get-
ting ready to send the pack on it's
merry way, the Hare returned and
quickly explained the markings,
informed everyone that there would
be a drink stop, and we were on our
way. **Pete the Pilot**, who had been
talked into carrying the drink stop in
a rather large military style back-
pack looked like he was about to set
off a yomp across the Brecon's...

The trail went quickly into Richmond
Park where it went right up a rather
steep looking hill. I, on the other
hand, being a clever sod thought
better of that and thought I knew
where the trail would come out
decided to short cut and headed off
in the opposite direction in search of
the Richmond Park Tavern. Alas, it
would appear that I am not as cle-
ver as I thought, as I got it complet-
ely wrong and spent rather too much
time running around Richmond Park
and not on the trail. Not only did I
not find the Richmond Park Tav-
ern, but I missed the bloody drink
stop! I'm sure there's a lesson to
be learnt and I'm equally sure
someone will tell me what it was...

However, I am assured by those who
followed the trail that it was a good
one and that everyone, especially
Pete (as the backpack was much
lighter on the way back) enjoyed the
drink stop.

As for the circle, there were down
downs for the hare, the visitors,
some misdemeanours and a number
of celebrations: **Ryde** for 850 r*ns,
Not Out for 150 r*ns, and **Reach
Around** and **Naughty Nympho**
for 50 r*ns - and they both got their
glass tankards to mark the occasion.
All in all, a fun evening.

And the rain stayed away - and
Sparerib took

Scribe



Bonnie

Hare



Boggers

Run 2136 • The Kings Arms
Green Park • 12th August 2013



Hare



Trigamist

Run 2139, Mon Sep 2nd from The St Christopher's Inn at Borough hared by **Trigamist**. RA **Mad Cow** with "help" from at least **Bonnie**, **Reach Around** and **Robo Cop**.

As I arrived at the (for me) usual time of 19:30-ish I found that the pack had already departed. However I spotted **Pete the Pilot** sitting at a bench in the side alley and went to leave my bag with him. Keeping him and his pint company was **2 AM** and I thought for a few seconds that he might join me in chasing the pack, however he had also just bought a pint and showed no inclination to leave. As there was a slightly strange smell in the alley (not them, seemed reminiscent of off milk of badly maintained drains) I hurried off into the fading light.

Heading off southwards down Borough High Street the trail was nice and easy to follow until an unmarked check. After a while running round like a headless chicken, or solo checking, I picked up the trail again which eventually emerged on the Thames by Tate Modern, then followed the trail of tourist sights along the river bank; The Globe, The Clink, The Golden Hinde, under London Bridge, Hay's Galleria, HMS Belfast, City Hall, The Hare* and on past Tower Bridge. To a false trail, which is I guess was pretty predictable, so back to the bridge and over, where I caught the pack up.

At the check on the north bank, there was considerable reluctance from the pack to check in any direction but homeward along the river. However it seemed unlikely that the trail would come so close to St. Katherine's Docks and the Tower of Lon-

don without a visit, where indeed the trail went, then on to Trinity Square Gardens. By now it was getting dark and a man in a high viz jacket was busy locking the gates. As the first through, I was feeling pretty smug watching a harriet (**Melissa**, whose hash name escapes me even though she told me later) clinging to the bars crying "help, help, I'm locked in". High viz man simply carried on locking unmoved by her plight, but somehow the pack managed to escape. However the smugness soon evaporated as I managed to get the next check spectacularly wrong and found myself by Aldgate tube. Turning round I retraced my steps to the Gardens, now secure and deserted, and once more on trail zig zagged for home via the Monument and across London Bridge, there once more meeting the hare who was still strolling along.

Back in the pub, **Pilot** was still ensconced where I left him, fixed in place except for a trip or two to the bar. And visiting the bar was well worth it; beer was on a special promotion at last year's (or possibly even the year before that) prices for £2.50 a pint! The downside was that the pack slaked its thirst with even more gusto than usual, so the initial choice of four ales (London Pride, Black Sheep, Pedigree & The Inn Ale, the latter rumoured to be from Scotland) rapidly shrank to Pride alone.

Sometime later there were some down downs for which the pub has the perfect spot. A small desolate square at the end of it's side alley, totally enclosed by surrounding offices which are of course deserted at 21:30. These involved Nash Hash sinners (**Bonnie**, **Ryde** and **Tablewhine**, and **Last Tango**), the **Erector**, the **Optimist**, **Trigamist** as a fine hare and some visitors, plus no doubt more I've forgotten. **Mad Cow** helpfully handed me his notes but they are completely unreadable even though not in proper grown up/ joined up writing; I'm not sure why he bothers peering through his glasses at them unless he can read Cuneiform**! Possibly he is a candidate for the Government's new "make them stay at school until they can pass GCSE English" idea? Hopefully as an accountant he has at least basic Maths

* A listed ancient monument of the Hash who was accompanied by a couple of walkers but seemed to have lost track of his pack, being unsure

if they were ahead of him, behind or abandoned a lost trail and retreated to the pub already.

** Cuneiform script is one of the earliest known systems of writing distinguished by its "wedge-shaped" marks on clay tablets made by means of a blunt reed for a stylus. The cuneiform script developed from pictographic proto-writing in the late 4th millennium BC in Sumer, an ancient civilization and historical region in southern Mesopotamia, modern Iraq. See the Sumer HHH run write up below as looted from a Baghdad museum.

MON - JAGGING: HARE'S TRAIL
WILLIAMS - LTD (CAME)
HARD CORE DUNGEON - BRIDING V



Scribe



Rambo

Hares



**More On &
Martian Matron**

Run report 2138
Springfield bowling club,
Ealing Common
Hared by More On and
Martian Matron
Bank holiday BBQ and
Raffle fun day at Bowling
club.

It was a day never to forget.

The Picadilly Line to Ealing Common was closed and I also thought the District Line to there was closed as well...turns out I was wrong. However for me getting from Wood Green to West Acton worked out quicker for me anyway despite the Notting Hill carnival revellers crowding the Central line. As I got out at W. Acton I was looking at my hastily printed out map to find my way to Springfield Bowling Club **Martian Matron** came to my rescue and laid a P trail from W. Acton.

When I got to the bowling club there were only a few other hashers there as well as the Bowling club regulars and lots of stalls there to raise money for good causes. The playlist at the bar had cheesy songs such as 'Daytrip to Bangor', Slade and other mostly 1970s classic tunes which I loved! **Blunder** arrived smashed having drunk a whole bottle of Gin chez **Yorky's** as **YP** had a few over the previous day for his BBQ and boozefest, including **Sheeps it Up** and **Wildbush**. Also the pack included **Walking Disaster** from Sydney harriets and **Twin Peaks** from NZ who had just attended Nash Hash. **Cumming Dear** arrived by tube and bus from Heathrow with luggage and golf clubs...he had been on a golfing weekend in Lisbon.

The pack of 36 was gathered at 12.45pm by acting GM (soon to be dad **Cumming Dear**) and off we went on trail...I went off with **More On** with the stragglers and walkers and the r*nners went off with **Martian Matron**. I had a Titanic struggle to find a cashpoint that didn't charge... initially unsuccessfully. The trail wound its way through interesting streets and commons of mostly Acton and bits of Ealing, we even past near to Duke Of York pub but no drink stop there unfortunately. Where the runners went heaven knows but the trail was actually 5.5 miles. I eventually found a cashpoint towards the end of the trail and most of the pack (r*nners and walkers) ended back at the Bowling Club just after 2pm. **Last Tango** lived up to her name as usual by turning up after the trail had finished having just been dropped off from Nash hash. I also heard that out of 9 checks **Eric**

found the trail 5x...us walkers could hear him calling in the distance a few times.

The BBQ was served for £3 each and they laid on a great spread including delicious salad and some chips...but there was a lack of **Sweet Potatoes** for the hasher with that name...he was not happy!

The circle was called in the car park and 2 makeshift beer tables were rustled up and **Mad Cow** and **2am** duly did the circle.

Down Downs were for the hares for a magnificent trail, **Eric** for his New Shoes and being clever clogs at most checks, **Unacceptable** and **Pope** who need to get a life after their combined total of 900 LH3 runs, **Rambo** for standing on check, **2am** for turning up very late for Barnes H3 in Brentford last week even though it was very close to his home, **Yorky** and **Blunder** for 3 GnTs for breakfast and failing sobriety test. **Wildbush** was down downed for expecting Protein from **Sheeps it Up** and **Twin Peaks** (NZ) for being a returner. **Twizzie** was named **Little Miss Muffet** for being scared of spiders.

Some hashers stayed behind to have a go at playing bowls or just to do more drinking while yours truly went back to the Notting Hill Carnival. A bank holiday fun day for all. I don't know if **Martian** played her Accordion after I left.

Thanks **More On** and **Martian Matron**!

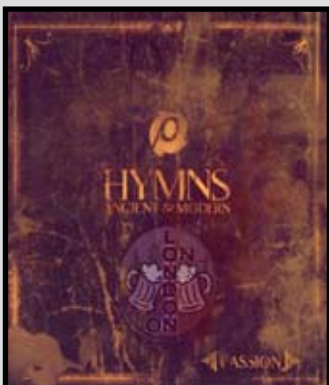
Cheers and On On
Titanic.

Scribe



Titanic

Beginner's Lyric corner



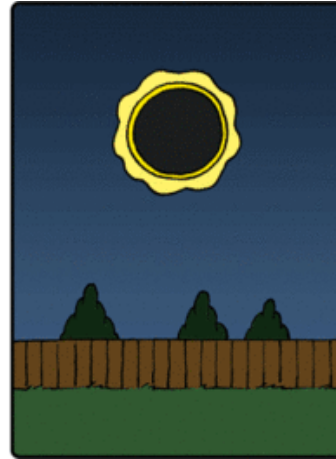
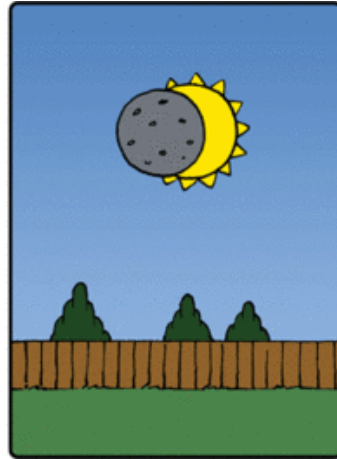
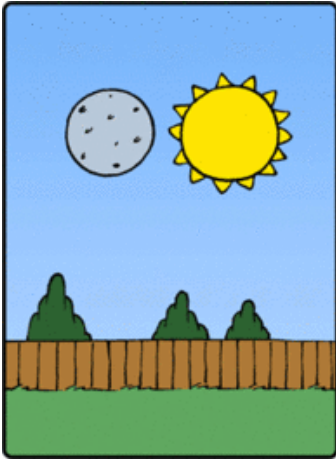
NECROPHILIA SONG

Melody – Itself
MY NAME IS JACK

My name is Jack (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I'm a necrophiliac (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I love my mum (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
So, I did her up the bum.

My wife is dead (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
So, I send her up to bed (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
I love my wife (deedle-deedle-deedle-dum),
So, I f**ked her back to life.

Hash Humour 2



A man and woman had been married for 30 years, and in those 30 years, they always left the lights off when having sex. He was embarrassed and scared that he couldn't please her, so he always used a big dildo on her. All these years she had no clue. One day, she decided to reach over and flip the light switch on and saw that he was using a dildo. She said "I knew it, asshole, explain the dildo!" He said, "Explain the kids!"

A man was having premature ejaculation problems so he went to the doctor. The doctor said, "When you feel like you are getting ready to ejaculate, try startling yourself." That same day the man went to the store and bought himself a starter pistol and ran home to his wife. That night the two were having sex and found themselves in the 69 position. The man felt the urge to ejaculate and fired the starter pistol. The next day he went back to the doctor who asked how it went. The man answered, "Not well. When I fired the pistol, my wife pooped on my face, bit three inches off my penis, and my neighbor came out of the closet with his hands in the air."



A family is at the dinner table. The son asks the father, "Dad, how many kinds of boobs are there?" The father, surprised, answers, "Well, son, a woman goes through three phases. In her 20s, a woman's breasts are like melons, round and firm. In her 30s and 40s, they are like pears, still nice, hanging a bit. After 50, they are like onions." "Onions?" the son asks. "Yes. You see them and they make you cry." This infuriated his wife and daughter. The daughter asks, "Mom, how many different kinds of willies are there?" The mother smiles and says, "Well, dear, a man goes through three phases also. In his 20s, his willy is like an oak tree, mighty and hard. In his 30s and 40s, it's like a birch, flexible but reliable. After his 50s, it's like a Christmas tree." "A Christmas tree?" the daughter asks. "Yes, dead from the root up and the balls are just for decoration."

I want you NOW!
I can't wait any longer!



Me too! Maybe ... I need to talk it through with my girlfriends first!



Hare

Bhopal

Hang the Hare Raiser,
Skylark and the Hare *SweatHeart*
for not showing up.

Emergency Hare: *Bhopal*

After a bit of negotiating by *Pete the Pilot* the William Morris pub Manager agreed to help us out and store the Bags away. During this time *Bhopal* was out laying the trail round the back streets towards the M4 and then through the tunnel to the a check near the Dove pub, then along by the river and across the bridge to the third FT, round by the Thames Path on the direction of Putney and past the Grabtree pub and then through the back streets and more FTs and then up the Fulham Palace Road towards the complex above Hammersmith Underground and Bus Station, around this to the crossing taking us back to the pub.

10 out of 10 for the last minute
Hare.


Scribe

Eric


Hare



Bonnie

RA: Sparerib

Run 2141 • The Adam & Eve
St. James's Park • 16th Sept 2013



Hares



**Hardcore
Bomber &
Tablewhine**

RA: Sparerib

Run 2142 • Chez Marxist
Highgate • 21st Sept 2013

The Annual Party Conference!

This year's party conference was brought forward to an earlier date in order to clash with proposed engineering works on the Northern Line, thereby causing maximum disruption and frustration to the party faithful. But faithful they are, as a grand total of 62 made it out to Highgate conference centre, thus ensuring a good mix of fully paid up and part-time party members, as well a couple of new members (or visitors). Some, including the party leader, were thwarted by the disruption and were late, arriving just in time for the main event!

The militant element of the party, having decided that the party

leader couldn't organise his way out of a damp paper bag, gave up waiting and took off in advance of the main conference. The potential benefit of this 'militant' action, would be that the party manifesto (trail) would be clearly sign posted and easy to follow. Unfortunately, this was not the case and the main conference had to navigate there way around the manifesto, which was not as easy as it should have been. And what a manifesto it was, lots of green, lots of ups & downs and a stop at 'Ally Pally' to admire the view before heading back down through more greenery towards the small but welcoming conference

continued over

centre. However, there were a number of occasions when the writers of the party manifesto had to direct party members to follow to the manifesto in the time honoured way and not stand around with their thumbs up their arses!

As these are austere times and the party funds had been used to pay for all the food, party members were busy drinking whatever they had brought along. It also became apparent that on arrival back at the conference centre, the militants had been up to their usual tricks and had gone it alone with the bar-b-q's - just trying to move the conference along was their defensive line. Not to be outdone, the party leader (having just sorted out the conference refreshments) was on hand to get things back on track, but not before he himself had had a well earned cold beer! So while the party members gathered in small groups in the margins to discuss a range of party issues (as if), such as 'will be there enough food', 'will there be enough beer', 'when will the bar-b-q's be ready to cook on' and the upcoming cabinet election, the party leader and his cabinet put together the final touches to the their proposals for the year ahead.

And so it was on the main business of the conference, the election of a new cabinet. As is the custom, the party leader thanked the entire cabinet for their efforts before dismissing the lot of them, with the exception of the chief whip who is chief whip for life - because it says so on his party jacket! With that done, the chief whip then called those party members who had transgressed or whose actions had attracted unwarranted attention from the media to order in front of the members to be reprimanded in the traditional way. Finally, and after much ale had been handed out (as there were a lot of transgressors) it was time for the main event, the election of the new cabinet. The chief whip announced, amidst cries of fix, that in the absence of any other nominees, **Bonnie** would remain the party leader for at least another year.

Bonnie, as party leader, then introduced the new cabinet

members to the conference. However, unlike last years party conference, there were actually some changes to the cabinet. **Naughty Nympho** replaced **Pete the Pilot** as 'Master of the Hares' and **Run 2 Eat** replaced **Double Entry** as 'Mistress of the Cloth'. **Bonnie** then proposed a vote of thanks to both **Pete** and **DE** for their contribution to the party over the years, which was carried by the members. **Bonnie** also noted the contribution that our ally (**Game & Away**) from across the pond had made over the last year and that it was shame she was leaving - especially as she was taking **HCB** with her! The new cabinet is:

GM (party leader) - **Bonnie**
RA's - **Sparerib** (Chief Whip), **2AM**, **Reach Around & Mad Cow**
Hare Raiser (Mistress of the Hares) - **Naughty Nympho**
On Sec - **Ging Gang Goolie**
Webshite - **Skylark**
Edit Hare / Hash Flash - **Chi Su**
Hash Haberdash (Mistress of the Cloth) - **Run 2 Eat**
Social Sex - **Last Tango & Hot Down South**
Hash Bank - **Not Out**
Hash Cash - **Hands On & Cumming Dear**
Hash Helpers - **Goldilocks, 3 Beers**,

Now that conference business was done, it was time to eat, drink and be merry. It didn't take long for the food to be devoured and for the beer and wine to be drunk. An inside sourced revealed that at some point in the evening, having been thrown out of the conference centre for rowdy and lewd behaviour, party members adjourned to a nearby hostelry to carry on on! And carry on on, they did - but that's another story.

Finally, **Bonnie** would like to thank **Marxist** for hosting the party conference, **Last Tango** and her helpers for arranging and taking care of the catering arrangements, and all the party members who turned up who all helped make it a conference to remember. Until next year....

On On
Anon

