

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 37 Issue 2 June 2014

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Sunday
Run**

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Rears**

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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

Official Warnings

Dear Mr **Chi-Su**, it has come to my attention that the aforementioned athletic club aka The Hash held an organised meeting in the vicinity of St James's Park and Buckingham Palace on Monday May 19th. It transpires that no permission was asked for this, and that chalked graffiti was left in the vicinity of the Palace. In these troubled times we take a very dim view of such antisocial behaviour. As a result some officers will call on a "Hare Raiser" and the outcome will determine if criminal proceedings take place. This club and its individuals are already on our files for certain incidents. A **Mr Mike Garbage** and a **Mr Eric Sutherland** are known for a number of alcohol related breaches of the peace in the UK and abroad. A **Mr Dave Smith** was arrested in 1983 for displaying his horn in a Royal Park. Some, with the Full Moon Hash House Harriers did cause such distress to an Essex farmer that he threatened them with a shotgun in 1987. The most serious incident, however, took place on October 5th 1984 when they organised a "Free the Moscow Hash Run." They attempted to trespass in the grounds of the Russian Embassy and later caused a disturbance outside the Russian Consulate. The combined members of London Police Forces were needed to quell the disturbance. A **Mr H. Henry** and a boy from Brazil were interrogated at length outside a hostelry later in the evening. A high priority meeting was needed to stop this escalating into a serious diplomatic incident. We still have a **Mr Pope, Mr Prince, Mr P. Pilot, Ms Thunderthighs, Ms Lofty** and **Ms Knickers** under surveillance since this incident. Only a **Mr P. Sir** was absolved of any misdemeanour for that evening, being an innocent jogger drawn to the fracas. I hope you will broadcast this message to all current members. **BSPO James Henderson**, Buckingham Palace Senior Security and Graffiti Removal Officer. 24/05/2014 20.33

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

| Date | Event | Where | Webshite | Contacts |
|-----------------------|--------------------------------|--|---|--------------|
| 6-8 June 2014 | Danish Nash Hash | Hosted by the Aarhus H3 in Aarhus, Denmark. | http://www.ah3.dk/nashhash2014/index.php | Helle Hansen |
| 18-20 July 2014 | 2014 Commonwealth Hash Weekend | Glasgow H3 | http://www.glasgowh3.com | Hughie |
| 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 H3s | http://www.interhash2014.com | Higgins |
| 26-27 July 2014 | Old Coulson Summer Party | The Old Pheasantry, Tadworth | http://www.och3.org.uk/OCHPartyJuly2014 | Glyn Price |
| 31 July - 02 Aug 2015 | Full Moon Nash Hash | Writtle Agricultural College, Chelmsford | http://www.fukfmhhh.freeuk.com/nf-fmnhix.htm | Smartarse |
| 27-31 Aug 2015 | Nash Hash 2015 | Oxford Hash | http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/ | |

Hares



Tablewhine & Ryde

The Sun God was kind for much of the afternoon, as the pack, a good many in their Tarty small kilts and ginger locks, charged off with great alacrity into the winter sun. In the shadow of the magnificent arches that Brunel built when a mere wee lad working for the Great Western. Understandably, a number among the ginger brigade were not quite their usual effervescent selves as they struggled to get out of the Inn, a little green around the gills, on account of the wee drams from the Burns Night before. Some were later on, while straggling along the Grand, to be accosted by a rather strange lady, probably an inmate on a day out from the psychiatric ward of the nearby Ealing Hospital (which started life as the Hanwell Asylum back in the 1800s) - accusing them of being perverts and pilferers. The trail snaked across countless weirs and locks, leaped over flotsam and jetsam, around lakes and over craigs, past warehouses festooned with decommissioned torpedo casings, through fields of large and small bovines and equines, and in amongst hags and riders on leafy, shiggy tracks. It took off in a norwoodly and then osterly direction

RA: Reach

RA: Mad Cow

that most had not expected. Under the M4? Where the f**** are they taking us? Was it to be a figure-of-eight? Or a tear drop? It turned out to be more of a whine-glass perimeter, which the more prescient might have sussed out. Thankfully, an abundance of flour and checks and gentle prodding of the

back-enders by the Hares kept most of the pack together (something our London City cousins could take a leaf from). But the whole trail took more than 2 hours to complete (for those that made it back to the Inn; one or two probably didn't). And enough to send one round the Brent.

Still, it was gentle and moist underfoot, the rain was yesterday's, cowpats easily skirted, the country air invigorating, and much fun was had by all - with the more athletically inclined (**Kenny** and the boy, **Funky-G**, **4-skin**, **Rambo**, even **Reach A-round**, among others), beavering friskily down every check-it-out possibility imaginable. **Rambo** surpassed himself by sniffing out the well-hidden cache of Red Bull and whisky concoction and Martian Bars at the DS, and was generous in not scoffing it all himself.

It was then back to the Inn for more sustenance, socialising, and a bit of culture. The landlord had kindly rid the pub of the local riff-raff, and LH3 had the place practically all to itself. The beer was good as was the lunch menu. The Inn is moreover the weekly meeting place of the Hanwell Collective of ukulele ladies. It certainly is worthy of future visits. The circle, officiated by

Mad Cow did the usual DDs for the deserving and undeserving. Besides the hares (their best run yet, this year) these included **Pete the Pilot** and **More-On** (for attracting the attention of local loonies), more **More-On** (rolling around on pilfered hospital property), **Ru-n2Eat** (on how much TLC her big toe craved from members of the opposite sex), **Not-Out** for getting his other half only the bottom half of an oversized **Tarty Onesie**, and **Orang Utan** (letting **Mary Poppins** do an SCB via Oklahoma and Kansas, and still missing in action by the time the second tornado struck Hanwell). For the first time in hash circles, speech therapy was made available for all and sundry, consisting of rendering and not stumbling on the verses of the great Rabbin Burns (from **Reach A-round's** own bedtime collection), followed by a DD for the effort. This was kicked off by yours truly in impeccable Brogue, along the lines of "limbs so clean, wherr I between, commenced a forr-nicator.. " before stumbling. Others who mumbled and stumbled included **Martian Matron** and **Kenny**, onto something about a couple of dogs, a gentleman and a scholar; and **Big-in-Japan** on something lost in translation. A revelation to all was that Brogue culture was within reach of the average hasher - just drink lots of beer, let the other guy buy you the beers, and think of absent friends from the Orkneys.

Run 2162 • The Inn on the Green
Hanwell • 25th Jan 2014

Reach A-round and



Scribe



Mc KC

Mother Hash:
Batavia H4
Year Started:
1987

Hare



Skylark

At circa 12:00 The pack gathered gingerly at the famed George & Dragon Pub in Thames Ditton. With an air of great expectancy Hashers sat in ones and twos - barely a word being spoken. Nervous Tension was in danger of turning the beer sour. Saturday 1 February was only the second day in the last 2 years it had not rained. We all knew this was freakish weather which was sure to seduce many hashers into a sense of false security. The sunshine was tempting many to discard layers even before setting foot outside in a bitter breeze. **Skylark** is infamous for setting devilish trails - what he lacks in imagination he makes up for in length (or so the ladies say) - surely this trail was to be no exception.

"Circle up circle up" came the cry as the pack trooped trepidatiously out to the car carpark. Returnees were introduced "**Pog**" and "**Dave**" (or was it **Rodney**?) who cares? **Pog** from Melbourne was introduced with great fanfare after Australia had squeaked through a cricket series against England to regain the Ashes. The England demise being blamed on our Australian Coach - Almost

right GM **Bonnie** - he was actually from Zimbabwe - surely a DD to follow later?

Hashers were warned not to try to keep feet dry - it would be futile. A Drink Stop was dangled in front of the pack to dissuade SCBs from attempting the obvious. So

with a fan fare and flourish - off the pack bounded. Pounding through the bitter wind and watery sunshine the pack powered its way through suburban hell - the occasional detour into a playing field barely muddying our shoes - surely **Skylark** was not going to miss the chance of bleeding the pack.

Through streets and railway stations the pack charged baying for "Shiggy" - we did not have to wait too long. Suddenly a turn into the forest blocked out the sun ominously. The temperature dropped and the trail became a quagmire of foul smelling rotting mud. One by one the pack succumbed to the inevitable and gave up trying to avoid the freezing puddles and the inevitable sodden paws. Brambles and thorn bushes tore through shirts, shorts and flesh - but the pack forged on relentlessly splashing through deeper and deeper "shiggy". Oh what then - the devilish **Skylark** drove the pack towards a vast chasm that could only be brooked via a rotting slimy tree trunk. One by one the pack made its way over the fiendish obstacle - and as though by a miracle - not one hound was lost. On and on we charged - crossing the hounds death trap A3. Through a charming golf course we emerged into familiar land - not long now surely. But then as though the shiggy had not been enough the pack found itself knee deep in freezing water - a new lake had formed and like Humphrey Bogart in African Queen we trugged bedraggled and defeated through mile after dammed mile of mosquito infested swamp.

And just as all seemed lost - we spied "**Freeloader**" - like the great St Bernard he offered Brandy Mulled Wine and the most delicate of Shanghai vintage wines. We were saved. Slowly frozen paws defrosted and life surged back into lifeless souls. On in On in.

Back outside the Pub **Rent Boy** stripped out of his sopping clothes standing "proudly" in his budgie smugglers when the waitress screamed "cover yourself **Rent Boy**" diners were complaining they had not realized mini Savalays were on the menu.

And so to the "Circle" The RA **Reach Around** held court - feebly he'd run the start and the finish only and so to a chorus of

"F off you Can't" he DD'd. **Skylark** was called to explain why he felt the pack had wanted to visit his favourite "dogging" sites (some how appropriate for the Hash though) - "S-H-I-T-T-Y T-R-A-I-L" THERE HAD BEEN BLOOD AND SIT DOWNS ON THE TRAIL AND "**TANGO**" was called to DD to the accompaniment of "**Window Dressing**" GM called in followed by endless debate on if one GM drinks etc etc - "Singing in the Rain". "**Pog** and **Carrot Fungus**" DD'd to hashers meet the hashers **Eric The Viking** was called up to explain a dodgy hair cut and a visit by the Fire Brigade to extinguish his dinner. Only one tune for that **Eric** "you're stupid you're stupid .. you're really effing dumb..." **Tango** whinged some more - **Freeloader** was thanked and **Black Hole** got a DD - maybe one or two others too? **Dave** who'd hashed 5 times - always in Thames Ditton cos **Skylark** made him cum - was named "**Suck Swallow**" The rest soon became a blurrrrrrrr....

Great Pub Great Nash.



Scribe



Foreskin

Mother Hash:
Tripoli H3
Year Started:
2004



Hare

RA: Sparerib

Run 2164 • The Roebuck Oval • 9th February 2014

**Boy
Blunder**



Hares

RA: Reach

RA: Sparerib

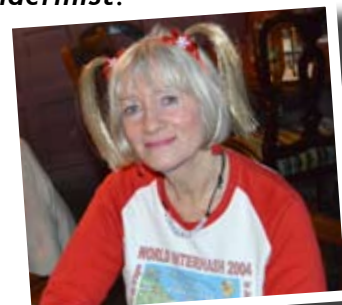
Run 2165 • The Green Man
Putney • 15th February 2014

**Bonnie &
Naughty
Nympho**



Knowing that today's run was a GMs run and taking a despairing look out of the window, we all turned up at the Green Man dressed for a total deluge. However, we hadn't factored in that lone ray of sunshine that is the GM's wife who managed, despite the ominous clouds and well sodden shiggy conditions, to provide us with a relatively dry run and a sunny drink stop.

It was a goodish pack of around 40 hashers with visitors like *A Little Dirty* (pictured) *Doner Kebab* and *Taxidermist*.



Hare



Window Dressing

LH3 Run 2167

- Saturday 1st March 2014 - St Daffy's Day Run from the Sun Inn in Richmond

Exactly 16 years ago to the day, I was named **Daffy Dildo** at a run in Epsom by the London Hash RA, **Stand in Shit**, for wearing a garland of daffodils on the St David's Day run. And so it was that I turned up at the Sun armed with a large bunch of daffs and a kitchen knife, using the latter to slit the stems and thread one flower through the other, constructing a replica of the item which earned me my hash name.

The hare, **Window Dressing**, had set a dyslexic p-trail from Richmond station, as some of his P's were drawn backwards, but we knew where the pub was anyway, so that did not matter.

The run took us south along Park-shott before a check sent us right to the bridge over the A316 by the swimming baths and thence into Old Deer Park.

We reached the Thames on the other side of the park and then crossed it via the Richmond Lock and Foot-bridge.

Heading left along the south side of the river, a sneaky false

trail took us back up to the busy A316, but the true trail quite sensibly went under it and continued along the river before crossing back over via Richmond Bridge. We then turned right to follow the river again, before joining Petersham Road.

The hare had informed us at the start of the run that there would be a pub stop, which we all immediately assumed to be the Roebuck on Richmond Hill, so at this point some of us took a short cut up the hill through Terrace Gardens to the pub. Others followed the full trail into Richmond Park via Petersham Gate, before emerging via Richmond Gate to join us short cutters, who were by now on our second pints.

When we had finished enjoying our beers and the view, it was straight down the hill to Richmond Green and thence back to the pub.

In the circle, the hare and his helper, **Reach Around**, were duly down-downed, followed by the visitors, **Homeless** and **Stop At My Sex Pit**, and two returnees, **Scarface** and **Sweet Cheeks** - it must be spring time if those two are back in town.

I was called in to celebrate my 16th birthday, **Action Man** and **Knickers** for something to do with a romantic meal, and **Foreskin** for scaring off a virgin.

Goldilocks and **Three Beers** were also called in as returnees, amid some spurious allegation of wife beating, and **Kaffir** got a free beer to wash down the chips he had bought and eaten towards the end of the trail.

Finally, **Tablewhine** was given a birthday down-down, and **Homeless** - having announced he needed somewhere to stay for the night - was paired up with **Tango** as a potential shag hostess.

We had joy, we had fun, we went hashing from the Sun!

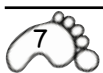


Scribe



Daffy Dildo

Mother Hash:
LH3
Year Started:
1994



You can't be a real country unless you have a BEER and an airline - it helps if you have some kind of a football team, or some nuclear weapons, but at the very least you need a BEER.

Hash Humour 1

A Male Whale and a Female Whale were swimming off the coast of Japan, when they noticed a whaling ship.

The male whale recognized it as the same ship that harpooned his father, many years earlier.

He said to the female whale, 'let's both swim under the ship & blow out our air at the same time.

That should cause the ship to roll over & sink"

They tried this & sure enough the ship rolled over & quickly sank.

Soon however the male whale realized that the sailors were swimming for shore.

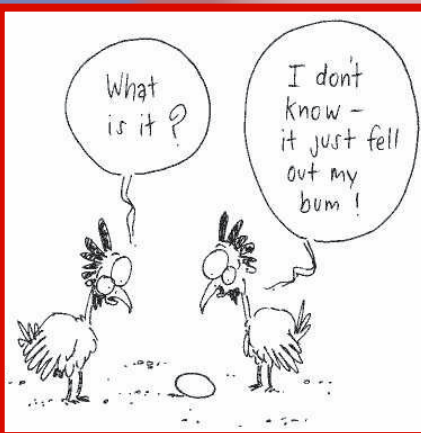
Enraged he said to the female "quickly lets swim & gobble them all up"

At this stage he realized that the female was becoming reluctant to follow him,

'What's wrong with you" he yelled.

'Look' she said 'I went along with the blow job, but I absolutely refuse to swallow the seamen'.

How to explain sex to children



"Give it to me!" she yelled,
"I'm so fucking wet, give it to me now!"

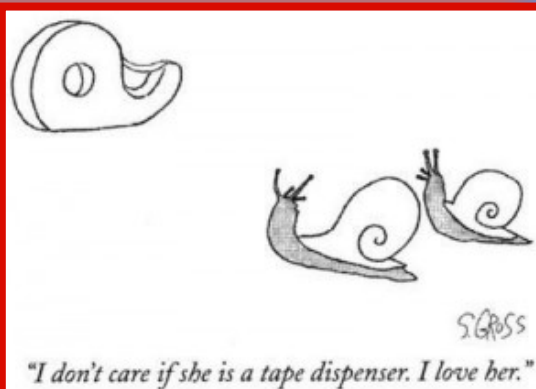
She could scream all she wanted,
I was keeping the umbrella.



The second best way to cover your fingers in a hot chick's juices.



RICHARD M



Very funny, Scotty.
Now beam down my clothes...

Hares



Boggers & Nookie Bear

On a fine sunny day, several travelling hashers collected their passports changed their money and headed south. Immigration let them in and they all arrived at the Bricklayers to find not one, but two hares. As one of them was **Boggers**, they realised that to make it worth turning up there needed to be someone keeping him in order. That job fell to **Nookie**.

Now **Boggers** is famous (or should that be infamous) for liking mud. So when we headed off

(**Bare**) in the woods up to her wellies in mud!! That much of the pack chose to avoid all the mud is testament to how the hash has changed. Where is **Rambo** ploughing through the mud when you want him?! Water was quite abhorrent to **Junior Turd** who flatly refused to get his feet wet. The fact was not lost that he was wearing leather shoes, no wonder he didn't want to cross the river.

The recent floods ensured that The Ravensbourne had swollen sufficiently

RA: Bonnie

Run 2168 • The Bricklayers Arms
South Bromley • 9th March 2014

away from the mud and along a load of solid black concretary stuff, the pack were a little concerned. They were even more concerned when all the greenery they saw in the first 30 minutes was a couple of small parks. This was not helped by the lack of **Nookie** on the hash. Either way, the situation was greatly improved by the sight of **Nookie**

to ensure no one arrived back clean. **Nickers** managed to hop across the water somehow only getting one muddy boot. A false trail was ignored so as usual with half the pack going the wrong way; the usual moans ensued. Note X does not mean carry on in the same direction!!

Having managed to avoid much of the mud, the pack duly arrived at the drink stop to be greeted by **Boggers** waving his sausage around.... and in public too (a task normally left to **Daffy**)!! Cries of "we've seen it all before.." were drowned out by sound of "nice bangers **Boggers** and any more tatties"? After that, it was a genteel jog down the A21 back to the Bricklayers for a well earned pint. A few down downs were handed out, & then it was back into the pub to watch the rugby.

Tango turned up late as usual, **Unacceptable** started but never finished, and we've not heard if he's ever been seen since!

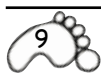
ON ON
Nookie



Scribe



Nookie Bear



Chat up line: Well, here I am!
What are your other two wishes?

Hare



Black Hole

first time I ever met an Albanian on any hash. The hash met at Sovereigns pub.

It was a St. Patrick's day run and it was a beautiful warm sunny day. As the pack was called the coffee I ordered was delivered so late due to slow service I had to drink the hot stuff

Weybridge hash trail a few days earlier...more from **Hands On** below. I was on the SCB's trail with **Hijacker** who wouldn't tell me what happened to the missing Malaysian flight MH370. The trail went alongside the rail tracks then on on back to the pub.

The Man Utd v Liverpool match got under way and by the time I left the pub Liverpool were 1-0 up and I heard another cheer for a 2nd goal... but I didn't know who scored until later when I heard Liverpool won 3-0 at Old Trafford! Well done Liverpool!

At the end of the trail I missed the circle because I rushed to Trafalgar Square to catch the end of St. Patrick's Day celebrations.

Thanks to **Black Hole** for setting the trail.

Hands On's account: Down downs given to: **Window Dressing**, whose birthday it was it turned out afterwards. He didn't do the run as he wanted to turn up sober

for his parents for dinner, so we gave him a down down to make sure he didn't! We sang a clean version of happy birthday owing to the respectable families having Sunday lunch!

Hijacker was given a down down for being a **hijacker** and was asked what she had done with the plane.

Chi Su for being a teacher and not being able to add up, the on mag still had 2013 for January runs. Apart from that the two visitors : **Wild Goat** and **Janet He** were given Down Downs and the Hare. No one was given down downs for the several people who stopped to have ice creams on trail! May be the GM was one? I never really worked out which of the pink, blue or white flour I should have been following but I know I followed the wrong one for some time, then got lost as most, or all of the pack, did at the end which at least gave us a chance to explore the town centre.

Hands On

Wow...

this is the one of the furthest and most expensive journey I ever been for a LH3 trail... as I strive for my 300 LH3 runs by the time of their 2222nd run, due (I predict) next March (which is also my 50th). Not surprisingly the pack size was 14 (plus hungover **Window Dressing** who didn't do the trail). The pack of 14 included 2 visitors - **Janet He** from New York and **Wild Goat** from Albania. This is the

faster than any down down beers I ever drank!

The trail went out and wound its way through the suburbs of Woking town then through some beautiful woods and out into Woking park. We came past Woking football ground where we had an ice cream stop and no one took notes on who ate the ice cream. After that we got to a walkers/runners split and this is where we got lost as some of the trail clashed with



Scribe



Titanic

with help from Hands On

Hares



Not Out & Big in Japan

The Lovely Sunny Saturday Birthday run in Hampstead led the pack through the only council estate in Hampstead. With Shouts of 'woodchuck!!!' from **Naughty Nympho** the pack continued through a play park and onto the super elite homes of the super rich. The pack felt out of place amongst the Bentleys, Rolls Royce's and McLaren's. **Skylark** preceded to go straight to the monkey bars, seeing that the monkey bars are only for monkeys' so he felt right at home. However, he was disappointed once he realised that they do not serve beer so he made his way. A small band of merry hashers made a detour to the farmers market where Bath cheeses were purchased and sampled, some wishing they brought their wallet and others sampling from all the stalls. Laden with

cheese **Freeloader** exclaims that he is laden with his wife's baggage. Upon reaching Hampstead Heath the pack stumbles upon Ed Milliband where he was asking about the group and what they do. Then **Tango** rushed up to him to offer her services - she is "Miss Management" after all... I don't think he will be joining us anytime soon. When the pack returned to the pub a feast was laid on courtesy of **Not Out** and **Big in Japan**. Hashers stuffed their faces to happiness and munched their way to a subdued coma. Knowing that the pack was too full and tired to cause any trouble, the RA **Reach Around** proceeded to lead us to the punishments at hand. Down Downs were given to:

The Hares **Not Out** and **Big in Japan** were rewarded for their fun trail

The 2 visitors **Wounded Knee** (an Aussie) and **Irish** were welcomed in traditional hash style. While **Tango** was insistent that **Wounded Knee** showed a body part 2 bad jokes were told instead. **Bear Behind** for being overzealous at the gym with her hot fit personal trainer and arrived on crutches.

Free Loader was rewarded for doing a number of runs that the RA could not remember, but hey he got a pint!

Not Out got a birthday song. **Sweetheart** went ass over tit on trail, so got a DD for that. At that point the RA ran out of things to say so he gave

out pints to **Wounded Knee** for thinking that Londonderry and London were the same place.

Rainbow Warrior for doing the Lisbon mini marathon and ½ Marathon.

Sweetheart gave **Irish** a down down for a liquid Friday night so much so that she left an article of clothing at..... **Eric's**..... I'll let you imagine that one.

And with stomachs full of lovely food and drink the pack disbanded to enjoy the rest of the sunny but cold Saturday.

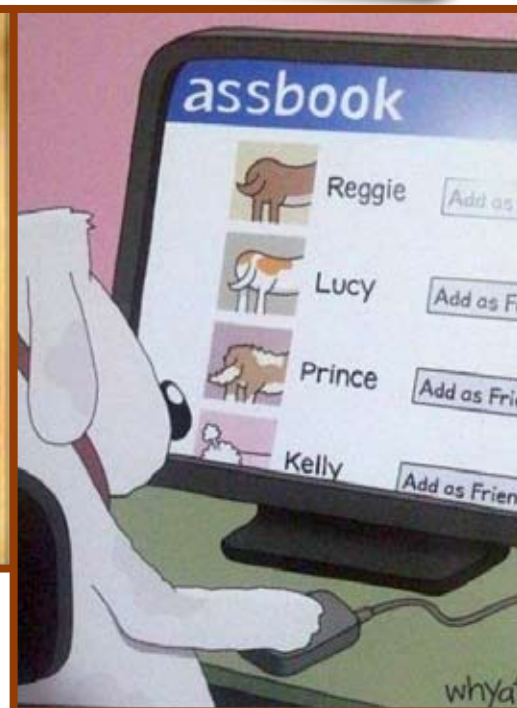
OnOn **Run2Eat**

Scribe



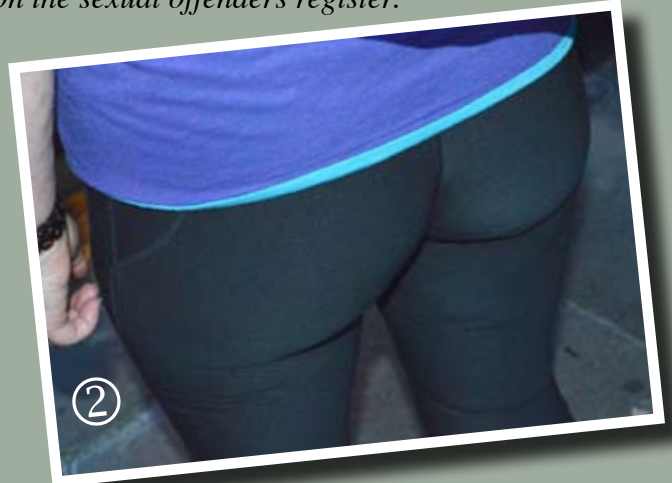
Run2Eat

As there was a bit of space left on this page I thought I'd put this lovely picture of flowers blowing in the wind - sorry?...you thought it was a picture of what?!



You arsed for it! - a few shapely hash rears to lech over on the tube home..... and one to avoid!

First correct answer in wins a bandana and an entry on the sexual offenders register.



Hares



Sparerib

It was a gloriously sunny late March Saturday for this hash run number **** from the Cock Tavern, if my memory serves me well. However, you would think the GM would choose as scribe, someone who is going to make an attempt to keep up with the pack and not me, Please Sir, a well established member of the knitting circle. So this is what I remember. Hashers came from far and wide. From far E17, (me!) to west of The Malvin-sorry, The Falkirks(sic), a young harriette from Argentina - the inventors of handball! I did check once in the undergrowth, but as on

the other two times I have ever checked on a hash I went in the completely wrong direction. I did go the "right" way round the pond and was leading for about a minute late on in the run. My mind was on the other things however, the promise of bare suntanned female flesh which I spied, but only from a distance as unfortunately the trail didn't go that close. Those who got one of the many down downs - you know who you are, and those in the circle - you also know who they were! I have been asked to mention Rambos Complaint. I couldn't find it in my runners medical dictionary, thankfully for all those called Rambo so I thoroughly checked Court Case records. Maybe it was Rambo v Robert Begley (or Beckley?) MD on September 2003 at the Indiana State Court where a failed complaint was made for Medical Malpractice against the said MD. If not there are many more Rambos complaining, mainly in the USA.

Cockfosters: Part of Rambo's moan

(email the edithare if you want the whole thing.... -Ed)

There's a lot in a name, and often even more with hindsight. It's a long way from Ealing, even longer when the Piccadilly line is (again) shut for track replacement meaning a longer way round. 28 stops in fact, which meant a late arrival time for me. However I was in the Cock and Dragon by 12:50, to be met by the not very cheerful looking manager. "Hi, can I leave my bag with those of the other runners please?" "No, you can't. I've had to tell the other two who came in before you when they asked. You can't just walk into a pub and expect to leave stuff, you have to organise it." "I quite agree, but could you look after just one please. I've come a long way from the other side of London and it's difficult running with a heavy bag." I said "no, we've got nowhere to put it." "Pity, I was looking forward to a drink after a run, but I'm going off the idea." "No, we can't take the responsibility." OK, whatever."

Outside, with rucksack on back, I contemplated the check marked west towards Monken Hadley Common. Interesting I thought, all the trails I can remember from here have gone into the Country Park. OK, let's give it a go. Fifteen minutes later, having run around like a headless chicken I was pretty convinced that either Eric had met his match in trail setting or the trail did not go that way. But by then I had also stashed my bag out of site under some logs and leaves where I hoped it would be safe and decided to run round the outside of the Common to see what it was like, also just in case there was any trail there after all. The answers, 45 minutes later, were nice but no trail.

RA: Reach Around

Run 2171 • The Cock & Dragon
Cockfosters • 29th March 2014



Scribe



Please Sir

Hash Humour 2

The Lone Ranger was ambushed and captured by an enemy Indian War Party. The Indian Chief proclaims, "So, YOU are the great Lone Ranger"

"In honor of the Harvest Festival, YOU will be executed in three days. Before I kill you, I grant you three requests. What is your FIRST request?"

The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse."

The Chief nods and Silver is brought before the Lone Ranger who whispers in Silver's ear, and the horse gallops away.

Later that evening, Silver returns with a beautiful blonde woman on his back. As the Indian Chief watches, the blonde enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.

The next morning the Indian Chief admits he's impressed.

"You have a very fine and loyal horse", "But I will still kill you in two days."

"What is your SECOND request???"

The Lone Ranger again asks to speak to his horse..

Silver is brought to him, and he again whispers in the horse's ear.

As before, Silver takes off and disappears over the horizon.

Later that evening, to the Chief's surprise, Silver again returns, this time with a voluptuous brunette, more attractive than the blonde. She enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.

The following morning the Indian Chief is again impressed..

"You are indeed a man of many talents. But, I will still kill you tomorrow."

"What is your LAST request?"

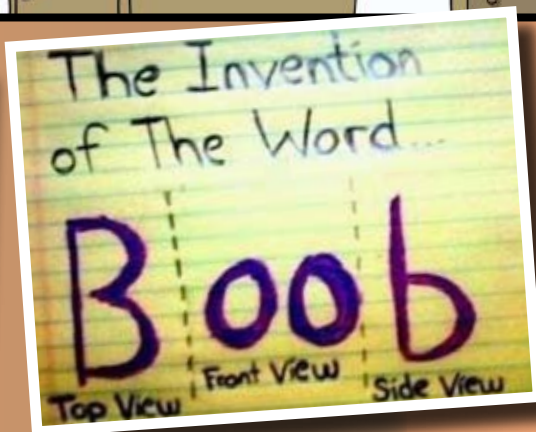
The Lone Ranger responds, "I'd like to speak to my horse, alone."

The Chief is curious, but he agrees, and Silver is brought to the Lone Ranger's tent.

Once they're alone, the Lone Ranger grabs Silver by both ears, looks him square in the eye and says, "READ MY LIPS!!!!"

FOR... THE... LAST... TIME...

"BRING POSSE" !!!



A young lady walks into a supermarket and on her way round she sees the bloke who had his wicked way with her the previous evening, after they had met in a pub. He was stacking washing powder boxes onto the shelves.

"You lying toad" she yells "last night you told me you were a stunt pilot"

"No" he says "I told you I was a member of the Ariel display team."



HIGH WAY: I think it is just terrible and disgusting how everyone has treated Lance Armstrong, especially after what he achieved winning seven Tour de France races while competing on drugs. When I was on drugs, I couldn't even find my bike.

– Tricky

Hare



Last Tango

Hare: **Last Tango** (with help)
Place: Coach and Horses

For the third year in a row my birthday has landed on a hash day. The hash has obviously got it in for me as I blame it for my descent into old age.

This was also Boat Race day and the late timing of the race this year gave **Last Tango** an ideal opportunity to set a late start time.

So, after a nice leisurely start and a birthday fry-up in the local Café **HDS** and I set off for Barnes. It was good to be back at the Coach and Horses on BR day, with the bbq setting up and the bunting. Hashers were supposed to be in the Oxford/Cambridge colours, though we hadn't fully got into the spirit of that. As we were milling around chatting various returnees or known visitors turned up to the delight of the older guard. "Isn't that **Lonely?**" "**P-Rick** from the Isle of Wight hash!" However, there was a palpable rise in testosterone when a visiting hasher **Noah's Arse** (Zurich H3) turned up with some power hash dressing such as bows on pink boots and a short skirt which pleasingly rose in the slightest wind - various moths were attracted around that flame all day!

Tango took us on a pleasant jaunt around Barnes finding some useful patches of shaggy and ending in a drink stop organised by **Mr & Mrs Whine** where hashers had a choice between light and dark blue cocktails.

Back at the pub there was much consuming of burgers and chips. I

was halfway through mine, generously paid for by **Hardcore Bomber**, when the RA **Reach Around** called the circle meaning that **HCB** had to stand guard as **FB** was staring hungrily and salivating in the wings. There were down downs for those celebrating birthdays: **Chi Su**, **Hot Down South** and **Caboose**. Lost property for **HDS** was regarded as hollow enough to be drunk from. I got a down down for behaving like a drunken teenager the previous night requiring a cab to stop while I had a word with the road gutter.

Then there was more blatant abuse of our lovely visitor from Zurich who was unceremoniously tipped upside down, despite her clothing, while beer was cascaded off her lips into her unsuspecting eyeballs. No, it wasn't **Sparerib** and **2AM** this time, but **Reach Around** and **Sthweetheart**.

It was a late start for the Boat Race this year, and sadly I didn't stay, but several did, including **Noah's Arse**, who had recovered her sight by that stage.

All in all, an excellent run and an excellent way to spend a birthday. on on, **Chi-Su**



Scribe



Chi-Su

named after the word the Japanese use to get a good photo smile like "Say Cheese".

BRUSSELS 2014 A BEER ODYSSEY



ON ON

JULY

25

26

27

"Scribe duties??" -quizzed an anonymous hasher, "If I were you I would apply the same logic that I do to husband duties. F*@k the job up badly enough and no one will EVER ask you to do it again."

And with that sentiment ringing loudly in your ears, here is this week's scribe, penned by yours truly, **Cash Cock** or **Beer!**

This week saw visitors **Bonnie**, **Skylark** and **Spare Rib** from the London hash wash up on our continental shores (indeed one of them almost did have to swim it- more later), ably assisted by **Mick Mac**, in order to test out their 2014 trail in the run up to the main event. Groenendaal was the setting and the clement Belgian weather had inspired some acts of sporting overachievement with a particularly keen **Rusty Rudder** having run the 14km from Brussels' centre to the start. **EeJack** felt this man must be stopped in his tracks, or at least slowed down, and awarded **Rusty** with a jacket laden with 10kg of weights which he admirably lugged around the forest (along with some pretty chafed nipples by all accounts).

We weren't too far into the trail when some kind and caring hashers spotted a poster appealing for information on the whereabouts of Geoff the beagle puppy, separated from his bereft owners since March 22. Thoughts turned to what could possibly have become of Geoff and, at around km-1, we soon found out when we stumbled across a small animal corpse in such an advanced state of decay that those of us who hadn't spied the "missing" poster were still debating the possible

species 4 kms later. **Pink Panther** gamely suggested that at least poor Geoff had died happy as he had that same adorable grin on his face as he wore in the poster. **Rumple** cruelly retorted that Geoff wasn't smiling at all, it was simply that his lips had disintegrated and the teeth were all that remained.

Subdued but not deterred, on-on we went for the remainder of what was a beautiful and impeccably-laid trail, darting through storm ditches, up and down hills, through plenty of forest, past Groenendaal Lakes and Chateau de La Hulpe, a refreshing and much-needed beer stop (hail the beermeister!) and back to the start. A circle was formed and official business commenced.

Our London visitors **Skylark**, **Bonnie** and **Spare Rib** were formally welcomed, as was visiting harriette **Drama Queen**. **Yark Sucker** was reprimanded for dereliction of duty by delegating the scribe. She probably just fancied a day off to nurse her hangover as **Trash Can Man** had celebrated a successful final Nash Hash recce in Laarne the day prior by getting the members of his haring team as drunk as he was. Quotation time: "I've never known any other nation on earth drink as fast as the Brits," said **Yark**, as she watched **TCM** nail his fourth Leffe Blonde before lunch. But I digress....

Flaming Cock Trix offloaded some boozy lost property whilst **Skylark** lamented his love of alcohol (possibly a mix-up in my notes here?), all hares drank! All holders of German passports drank so as to rid us of the remaining beer-imposter Bit-burger and, speaking of passports,

it emerged that one of the London visitors had somehow snuck into the country without his. Any word yet on whether **Bonnie** made it back through UK border control?? It was the weekend of the Oxford-Cambridge boat race and so light blue garment wearers went head to head in a frothy boat race with those clad in dark blue and, true to the actual race result itself, Oxford triumphed over Cambridge.

Then there was a naming! With **Blue Willy** officiating, **Just Johannes** henceforth became known as "**Shiggy Diver**". **Shiggy** seemed pretty happy with his new alias although there were some excellent suggestions and one of the day's highlights came courtesy of watching **Dr No** attempt to translate the phrase 'annoying rectal itch' into Danish to his bewildered young son.

My notes get (even more) confused around this point so I'll sign off here but I believe that all ended well with at least some merriment and eating and drinking? For some of us the day took a rather more calamitous turn and the night ended in the Urgences department at Ixelles hospital but that's another story. Still, worse fates were possible. Think of poor Geoff the beagle...

Huge thanks to London H3 for a fabulous trail and memorable day out in Groenendaal and hope the real thing is met with just as much success. In the words of latest 2014 trail recruit **Just Nicola**, "How hard can it be?!" Precisely. (Just try not to forget your passports, chaps.)

Signing off for duty, -**Cash Cock** or **Beer**

Hares



Hot Down South & Chi Su

So
gather round here and be of
good cheer,
And a tale to you I'll tell.
Of a hash that was run in
the afternoon sun,
From a pub that was near
Shooters Hill.

Chi Su and **Helen**, they
hale from near Welling,
Had chosen to set us the
trail.

But twas just their fate that
the trains were all late
Was the Hash meeting to fail?

Sweet **HDS** with her hair in
distress,
Was enjoying her sausage
and chips
Chi Su, yellow socks, but
with far fewer locks
Had tomato and horseradish
dips.

Hoping the hashers would
get to us soon
As the clock was now
showing its gone way past
noon,

But at last here they come:
**Pyles, Bhopal, Mick
Mac, Optimist,
Butt Plug, Me So Horny,
Freeloader, Spare
rib, KC, Hands On,
Unacceptable
Déjà vu, Beastly Boy**, all
raring to go
Late comers came late:
Tablewhine, Ryde and
Tango

We happy few numbered
near twenty two
At the Wanker of Hope on
that day.
On out was then sounded
and off we all bounded,
Chi Su sent us all on our

way.

As fast as we could,
we ran through
Oxleas wood
And the checks
they were working
just fine.
But I was
suspicious,
was **Spare rib**
duplicitous?
There was
something a bit
out of line.

With his hand to
his ear, "what was
this I did hear?"
Said **Spare rib**
at the check on
the ground.

He said, "Try as I could, I
heard noise from the wood,
It must be the On .. its that
sound".

So there was **Chi Su**, well
now what could he do
But to mark with his chalk
on the ground.
"That's where to follow, the
point of the arrow,
That's where the On will be
found".

Spare rib went off fast, a
front runner at last!
He had worked out the On
without checking.
Europe's finest R.A. was
well on his way
And the Oxleas Café was
now becking.

Through bluebell wood, just
as fast as we could,
On up to the Oxleas Café
There was a regroup, but
where was the troupe?
Up to Severndroog Castle,
that way.

A long time ago, my teacher
said so,
"Energy is of two kinds,
K.E. plus P.E. is constant
you see,
Be sure to keep this in your
minds".

How high, is potential, K.E.
is your speed.
The sum of these two stays
the same.
If one goes up then the
other comes down,
Conservation's the name of
the game.

If Potential goes up then
Kinetic decreases
That's why up a hill you go
slow.

As Potential comes down
then your K. E. increases,
It's all due to physics you
know.

To gain in Potential we
figured like so, up to
Severndroog Castle we'd go
Then we'd come back in
reverse.

As Potential got less then
we would gain in vitesse,
Till the bottom was hit with
a curse.

But half the way down, **HDS**
with a frown,
Said "Wait and I'll give you
a bargain
You'll know what to find if
you keep this in mind:
I've laid all my eggs in the
garden".

The search was soon done
but then some had got none
And the drama was getting
quite drastic.
But kind **HDS** with her hair
in a mess
Gave us more eggs encased
in some plastic.

With a bit of a hassle we
came down from the Castle
To Eltham Park North at the
last.
My K.E. was flagging, my
head was now sagging
Ryde and **Hands On** then
raced past.

We crossed Welling Way on
that glorious day
The hares had tried hard to
find mud.
But to no avail, it was a dry
trail,
The shiggy turned out to be
dud.

By the side of the trail
was a gate that led in
To a well kept and
grassy domain.
The juice looked like
carrot but tasted of
gin
Twas a gin laden end
to our game.

Good food and good
drink does more
good than you'd
think
As many a hasher
would know.
But its good
conversation that
binds our great
nation
And keeps all your
good friends in
tow.

So back to the pub for some
beer and some grub,
Real ale and sausage and
mash.

The Wanker of Hope was to
help us to cope
And to wind up the end of
our bash.

Europe's finest R.A. then
had plenty to say
And the crimes were all
punished with beer.
So here's to the Hash and to
sausage and mash
For keeping us all in good
cheer.

That's the end of my tale,
may good spirits prevail,
Let the wine and the beer
be our potion.
As the Hash goes world wide
it will friendship provide.
Let our leaders take note of
this notion.



Scribe



Orangutan

Hare

Turn Me Off

Scribe: **The Saint** (former Scribe and JM Brooklyn Hash House Harriers)

Hare: **Turn Me Off** and apparently **Sparerib**

Run Title: Old Farts Hash not Run (Old Farts do not run as it was explained to me)

The forecast called for actually decent weather and there was sun in Central London as the morning coffee was consumed. As we gathered to the West, it was dreary, but no rain, little wind except that being blown by the surprising number of old farts who mysteriously appeared at the start. We'll forgo the roster here, as the ridiculously large number of DDs will provide it.

Avoiding several cars flattening or, minimally "bumping" the larger than expected pack, **Sparerib** called us to assembly and we were soon off into a small park with an immediate check quickly found, then off to a good kilometre trot into Syon Park only to be stunned that it was a false trail. So promising, so typical. At least the park was green, with waves of dandelions and some yellow flower **Last Tango** told me about.

The pack gradually

RA: **Sparerib**

reassembled headed into the lovely downtown then to the horse path along the river. How would a Yank, never having set foot here know it was a horsepath? Well the shit - which is pretty universal -- of course! Up a small manmade dirt hill which most avoided, then back

and across the bridge to Richmond. I noted the time, 1:15, which meant the Chelsea-Liverpool match would be kicking off soon after we returned and savoring the beer I bet **Eric** that Chelsea would not win. Not sure how a Scot would end up supporting a posh club like Chelsea, but that's football. (I'm a Gunners supporter, which was the reason I came over in the first place). Unfortunately I lost, but certainly **Eric** needed that beer.

Across the mighty, muddy Thames, we set off across a field with **Knickers** far in the lead as she ran up the embankment to a road, but alas the true trail went back to the mighty, muddy Thames. Back up along the river and then back over to Isleworth with some twistings in the city and finally back to The Apprentice.

It was a well-planned and nice run with enough miles or kilometres as the pack wanted or many were capable of running.

Down Downs

Perhaps one of the larger differences between hashing in NY and London is the quality and quantity of the beer and down downs. While there is very good beer in NYC, as we charge a set fee for beer and pizza, the beer is often an unspeakably poor watery excuse. Except of course,

Brooklyn, which is the Better Beer Hash. The Hare/RA/whomever got a truly wonderful deal from this pub and I'd certainly suggest we patronize them for their accommodation and beer.

Hare: **Turn Me Off**

Visitors

Dodi

Chrisfina (???) from Bavarian H3

Returnees

The Saint, your Scribe, "nominated" by **Wee Beth** to write this drivel

Wee Beth

Robocop

Ponce

Poo Hole who remarked

"I'll hide you, you fat c**t (to **Ponce**)

Tricky

Infractions

Hareflick

Call Girl

Limprick

Robocop as proxy for **Call Girl**

Dodi who saved a bird, whom likely bled all over someone's car and died. (check YouTube for the old Seinfeld episode about the time George ran over a pigeon)

Wood workers (not sure what this is)

Limprick

Wee Beth

Birthdays:

Last Tango

Ryde

Knickers

Ponce

20-year anniversary

Yago

Periodical

Tricky

Shifty Ones

Wee Beth

Penny

More DDs!!!!!!!

Limprick

O ??

Hareflick

Tablewhine

Bad Socks

Soaring ??

Window

Dressing

Freeloader

Random DDs for having too much beer (which is generally never an issue)

The Saint
Pussyfoot

On Out

The Saint

(Ed - I think the hasher is **Wee Bev**, in which case I apologize for the constant misspelling of your name!)



Scribe



The Saint

Hare



Orangutan

Location - Sutton
(Deepest South
London)

Hare - **Orang-Utan**
Pub-MoonontheHill,
Whetherspoons.

Joint run with Old
Coulson

What with the
time it took to get
to Sutton from
Victoria, I was
beginning to think
Sutton was in
France! The train
crawled along
stopping at every
back garden shed,
and there were

quite a few of them and a
whole pile of stations too.
We crawled through some
nice bits and some less nice
bits of South London; nicely
maintained back gardens
and ones full of junk and
weeds, past a train depot
and what looked like a
temple before eventually
arriving into Sutton on
the same day we set
out. The sun was shining
and the main street was
pedestrianized, what more
could you want?

The pub was full of eager
hashers just itching to get
started on the run and use
up some of that excess
energy. At 12.15 we put
the bags away behind the
bar and at 12.20 we went
outside for our pre-hash
talk. **Bonnie** and the Old
Coulson RA introduced
their respective packs,

Orang-Utan told us what
to expect from the run, 5
miles - booo and a drinks
stop - yeahhh and we were
off; the hash broke into a
trot.

Up the hill, along a road; up
another hill, along another
road and round a bend
or two. They were quite
pleasant roads with leafy
trees. I chose which ones
to check along depending
on which one had most
greenery. Not many of us
seemed to know the area
at all so it was guesswork.
Martian Matron had
looked at a map prior to
setting out and was of the
opinion that leafy roads
were the best we'd get as
the green bits were a long
way away.

She was right, they were a
long way away but we got
to them anyway and ran
around them. First some
grass by a railway line,
then some woods followed
by a golf course and finally
some more woods. It was
very pleasant.

Once we were done with
the greenery we wound
our way along more streets
'til we came to the drinks
stop house manned by
the hostess. There was
schnapps and schnapps and
coke, both very nice, thank
you.

I set out early to get back
first as I'd left my aged
mother back at the pub
to fend for herself. She

was fine, it was far from
her first hash, I've left
her in many places whilst
I hashed. **Little Bear**
recognized her as my
mother as we look quite
similar. **Reach** was curious
to see if I was a good one
to hit on depending on
whether mother was still
presentable. He decided I
was, in theory only.

The group gradually
wandered back to the pub.
Dave (Charlatan) and
Mrs Dave (Dillbitch)
arrived with their family,
the little boy and the
brand new twins, tiny little
things less than a month
old. Wow. How do you tell
them apart when they're
that young? Is that one
really the first born or is
it the other one? One had
a red face and one was
asleep, does that help?

I can't give much of a
description of the pack
during the run or at the
drinks top as I didn't see
much of anyone else,
me being an FRB. Mostly
I followed **Butt Plug**,
Goldylocks, **MM** and an
Old Coulson hasher.

After not very long me and
Mum wandered off home
so I didn't get to record
the down downs.

It was a good run through
scenic territory. Thanks
Orang-Utan and family.

Knickers

Scribe



Knickers



Hare



Reach Around

Hare:

Reach Around

Being the Hare meant that he lost his RA powers and it pissed down before and after the run.

Half the run was the walk to the pub from Clapham Station and the P trail took some effort. From the depths of Clapham running around in circles, then up to Wandsworth Common for a good run round and back down and up to Clapham Common this time to a drinks stop and then back to the pub. The pack failed to produce a name, so the RA could not rename **Gay Prick**. 9/10 good range of beers, £3.50 a pint! good for yuppie area, drink stop and the RA got his power back later and I got home without being soaked.

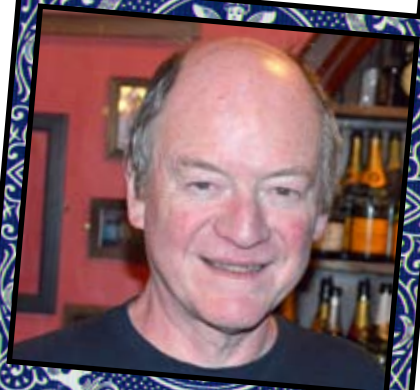
Ed- Actually, as you can see there was some naming and renaming done with Testiculor taking on the duties. From left to right we welcome: **Gay Prick Sandwich, Bent and Dive** and **Goldicks**

RA: Reach Around
RA: Testiculor

Run 2177 • The Eagle Ale House
Clapham Junction • 12th May 2014



Scribe



Eric the...

Sometimes I wake up grumpy; other times I let her sleep.