

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 37 Issue 3 September 2014



CLaWs
Pre-Lube
Run

Page 17

LH3 in
Brussels

Pages 18 & 19

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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

Complaint

Dear Mr **BonyM**,

I am writing to protest in the strongest terms at the disgraceful way your scurrilous so-called magazine treats one of it's members.

*I speak, of course, of that sweet, charming old dear known as **Eric The...**, a strange appellation to be sure. I understand the man to be of the Scottish persuasion, and we mustn't hold that against him. In fact, if I am to understand current events correctly, we might sadly have to deport him back to his own country soon, so we should be making his temporary stay here as pleasant as possible. Instead, I am sorry to report, there seems to be a clear case of workplace bullying with the poor darling man singled out for constant verbal and written abuse and this must stop immediately. Look at the caption on page 3 as an example of the harassment I am referring to. I insist that you have strong words with your members as soon as possible and stamp out this vicious defamation of character at once. You may also pass on my telephone number to the little delightful cheeky chappie as he would be most welcome to join me for tea one afternoon.*

Yours, **Mrs Trellis**

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
15 - 16 Nov 2014	OCHHH 30th anniversary weekend	Devil's Punchbowl Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey GU26 6AG	http://www.och3.org.uk/	Petal
22 - 24 May 2015	Milton Keynes H3 25th Anniversary / 1500th weekend	Buckingham Rugby Club	http://www.mkh3.co.uk/25/	Crusty Ring
5 - 7 June 2015	Interscandi H3 2015	Galway, Ireland	http://www.interscandi.org/	Moose Diver
17 - 19 July 2015	EuroHash 2015	Krakow, Poland	www.angelfire.com/ak/dublin-hhh/xEH2015.htm	Eurohash committee
31 July - 02 Aug 2015	Full Moon Nash Hash	Writtle Agricultural College, Chelmsford	http://www.fukf-mhhh.freeuk.com/nf-fmnhix.htm	Smartarse
27 - 31 Aug 2015	Nash Hash 2015	Oxford Hash	http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nash-hash/	Smartarse
25 - 27 Sep 2015	Pan Asia Hash Pondi 2015	Pondicherry, India		Lord Krishna

Run 2178 19th May 2014
The Adam & Eve
St. James's Park

Hare: **Bonnie**



RAs: Sparerib & Reach



MOTORISTS cutting
each other off

Pedestrians cutting
each other off



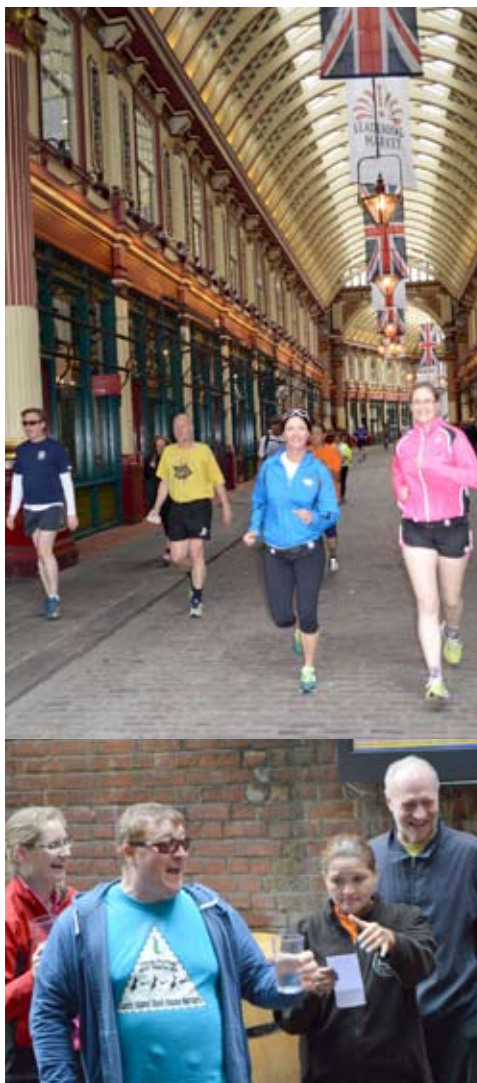
To produce a write-up of the most superior quality one must always do thorough research. In the absence of actual thorough research one must convincingly make it up.

And so when the Hash were called to The Minories, Tower Hill on the morning of May 26th 2014 and I was named the designated scribe for the auspicious Wren Wrun, I fully embraced this important role. On my return to Chateau Southpark, I hit the books. I spent hours in the library, I pored over passages of texts, interviewed those in the know, I went through the dusty files and archives in the city's record offices and I even googled and Wikipediaed like I'd never googled and Wikipediaed before. The information I sought I was not to be found. It became clear that someone was hiding something; there was intrigue and conspiracy underfoot and I was charged with the perilous task of unravelling this millennia old mystery.

Donning my Lara Croft outfit (the one left over from the LH3 2000 party) I set off on an epic adventure to seek out the truth. I travelled far and wide; from Sevenoaks to Chorleywood, from Epsom to Leyton. I thwarted many who tried to oppose me. I overcame the dastardly TFL who endeavoured to slow me down and misdirect me at every turn. I survived multiple threats on my life from an evil albino monk. I was getting closer to the truth. It was clear; this subterfuge came from the top. Retracing my steps, racing through the multitude of Wren Churches. Hidden in the art works adorning their walls, I found clues. I found bibles with pages torn out, book shelves with spaces, Kindle links with servers not found. I realised that all the books I'd previously looked at didn't matter. I'd been looking at the wrong books and the one I wanted someone had gone to great length to eradicate. But there must be a surviving copy and I would find it.

Was it luck? Was it fortune? Or were there people on my side? Was there a clandestine group as old as the secret itself out there to help guide me? Whatever or whoever led me to Old Street where I would find the answers which had long evaded me. I'd been hell bent on solving another mystery, that of Goldilocks & 3beers. I had been dashing through the streets of Angel & Islington with my team, **ChiSu, Reach** and **Taint**. We were looking for Rush Hour when I lost my team. We were separated and I was alone. It was then I saw it; a passage way, almost hidden but marked with a symbol I recognised, a symbol I'd seen before; seen but not noticed. Following it I ended up in a warren of underground passages, leading me eventually to a darkened cellar. And there, hidden, almost but

not quite in plain sight, I saw it: a leather bound tome, faded with age, dusty from underuse, gilded with the letters GHHH. I reached out to grasp it, little did I know that as I lifted it from its of its lectern, I would release a trigger that would send spears flying toward my head, giant boulders hurtling towards me and the room quickly filling with what could only be the murky waters of the Thames. I was done for! Thankfully, after years of doing the hash I was in prime physical shape. With the book secured upon my person I ducked, I dived, I weaved, I somersaulted and I swam. Making it to the nearest exit, I made my escape. Sunlight blinding me, I could hear the calls On off my Treasure Hunting Trio. I rejoined them and the hash not breathing a word of what I had found. Only later, once home and safe could I get out the book which had almost cost me so dearly. Unfortunately most of the book hadn't survived. The toxic waters of the Thames as I'd swam to make my escape from certain death had damaged what I now realised to be The Lost Gospel Of **Gisbert**. Gently I prized the yellow, sodden pages apart. **Gisbert** be blessed! The passage I needed had fortuitously and miraculously survived and therefore I can honestly and accurately give you this write-up as that of the Wrun foretold.



Run 2179 26th May 2014
The Minories
Tower Hill

Hare: Bhopal



Scribes: HDS & Skylark



RA's: Reach & Sparerib

- I. On the seventh day the Lord looked unto his creation and saideth that there should be worshippers that he could baptise with holey ale.
- II. And so there were hashers.
- III. And those worshippers should have a place to worship.
- IV. And so there was Fuller's.
- V. And for mere mortals the Lord saideth that they should also have a place of worship so that they may work up a thirst and join unto the holey ones in partaking of the holey ale.
- VI. And so there were churches.
- VII. And ferocious gargoyles should be set upon those churches to deter the mortals from partaking the dubious practice of abstention.
- VIII. And so there was Eric and Black Hole.
- IX. But who shalt build these magnificent churches?
- X. For why not Sir Christopher? A little bird whispered. For in generations his descendants shalt sire a grand and noble hasher who shalt lead his flock in rejoicing Sir Christopher's creations.
- XI. And so it was that thirty grand churches were built in the most holey of cities whose ale is rich in hops and served by buxom wenches.
- XII. And it shalt be, saideth the Lord, that every year the holey ones shalt partake a grand pilgrimage to all of the magnificent churches. They shalt find the saintless one and count their hail Marys. Then they shalt slake their thirst with the holey ale and open a circle for there shalt be much rejoicing and the sinners shalt be duly praised with the blood of Eric or the waters which drain from he.

From the Gospel of Gisbert, Churches v. I-XII

Run 2180 2nd June 2014
Crate Brewery
Hackney Wick

Hare: **Heavy Pants**



Mother Hash:
WLH3

Year Started:
2004

Scribe: **Goldilocks**



RA: **Sparerib**

The remarkable powers of Hare Raiser **Naughty Nympho** were in evidence as she persuaded City's **Heavy Pants** to hare on only her second ever run with London, and our special guest hare looked to have fulfilled the dreams of many a hasher as the trail led straight back into the pub. Sadly it then led straight out the other side, although it's not clear whether all the pack made it out the other side past the considerable delights on offer at the Crate Brewery. A scenic run along the canal ensued with the hash interrupting a photo shoot who thanks to an extended false trail had two opportunities to capture the hash on film. **Skylark** then boldly led the pack totally the wrong way as he underestimated the extent of **Heavy Pants's** falsehood and it took a call back from **Rambo** to pull the hash back on to trail into the Olympic Park. In the Olympic Park it became apparent that **Heavy Pants's** understanding of how to do a check was different from the rest of the hash as a succession of checks were laid where there was only a single way ahead, with the mistake recognised by a final boob check once the park opened out. Once

in the park high jinks ensued with an On On through a giant N, larking on the Olympic rings, a loop around the velodrome (that only **Castrato** was foolish enough to do) and a live trail through an adventure playground. The streams were crossed and if was on in back to the brewery with **Three Beers**, **Goldilocks** and **Orang-utan** electing to take a lift down from the park.

After refreshments the circle, buoyed by the presence of many more than had actually started the run but minus **Tango** who was somehow lost on

trail, was convened around a urinal in the car park. The hare was toasted for a fine run as were the visitors (who if scribbled notes are to be trusted were **Broke Back Mountain**, **Dutch** and the **Three Stooges**) and the virgins **Simon** and **Caroline**. The lift users received their punishment with an extra down down for **Three Beers** for accosting innocent joggers on trail. **Table Whine** was called up about some business with a cow in Milton Keynes, as were **Dutch**, **Wacker**, and **Roadkill** for reasons lost in a scribbled mess of notes.

The key business of the circle was the naming of nature lover **Self Raising** who had spent much of the trail admiring things a lot more fragrant than his fellow hashers. On On!



Run 2181 congealed at the Union Tavern, Westbourne Park, on a rather unpleasant Monday in June. Given time to admire the neighbouring bas garage with its fine collection of Routemasters, the Hash duly started to coincide with the sky opening its bladder. Earnestly we headed west, over the canal and into the communally bohemian Meanwhile Gardens, passing beneath the classic 60s masterpiece Trellick Tower, designed by Erno Goldfinger shortly before his death in a failed attempt to nuke Fort Knox. The gallant runners presently came across Queen's Park, the site chosen, apparently, for the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1879. Attended by both Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales, it featured a working dairy, agricultural machinery and a wide range of farm animals. The show ran for a week or so in extremely crap weather. Coincidentally, we ran for an hour

or so in extremely crap weather, so a fascinating historical parallel there. In an effort to keep dry, there were sightings of attempted gay sex involving **Skylark** and **Marxist**. Apparently.

Emerging from the damp beauty of Queen's Park, we weaved through some quaint residential streets, passed a Sea Scout's hall that was in such a state you hope their ship was in better repair. Or maybe that's why it was deserted. Ultimately, the barely perceptible hash marks lead us to the great thoroughfare of Watling Street, since the fall of the Roman empire known as Kilburn High Road. It was here that all traces of the Hash trail was washed into oblivion, leaving no choice but to relay on **Not Out's** local knowledge to make a direct line back to the pub.

Scribed from the fragmented memory of **Self Raising**

Run 2181 9th June 2014 The Grand Union Westbourne Park

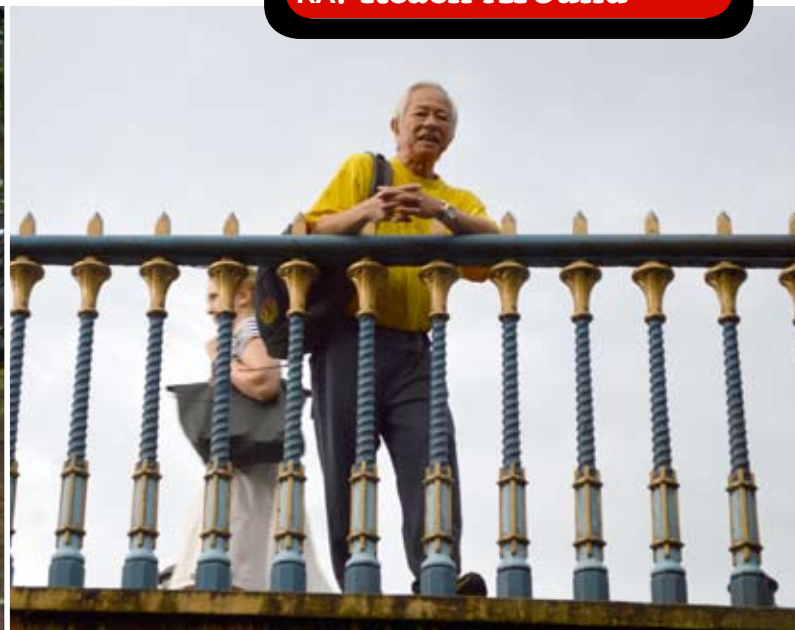
Hare: **Funky Gibbon**



Scribe: **Self Raising**



RA: **Reach Around**



Run 2182 16th June 2014
The Elephant & Castle
High Street Kensington

Hare: Naughty Nympho



Scribe: Lick Storm



Mother Hash:
Stuggart H3

Year Started:
2009

RA: Sparerib

Yours truly, **LickStorm**, in an unprecedented display, decided to actually SHOW UP to a hash. Lo and behold, such treasures were unfolded during the festivities.

Bonnie was suited up, but not to run... rather to go to an important business meeting (as in beer). Due to his chivalry in cycling to Brussels, he had a run in with Jean Claude Van Damme and was taken out of commission. It is drugs and booze that have kept him going so far. This resulted in a down-down in the circle.

The hashers took off in style and promptly complained about any and all hills even

observed on the trail. There was a r*n in with a "real" r*nnng crew, where much confusion was to be had as to who was with who (this could have resulted in a gang fight... alas). As we careened back down a hill from a FT, we informed the other group to not bother, as there were no pubs to be found at the top.

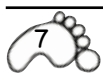
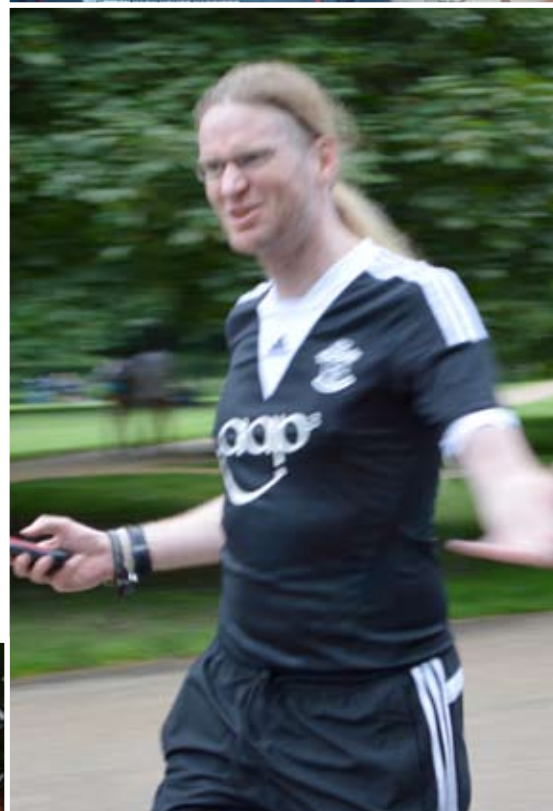
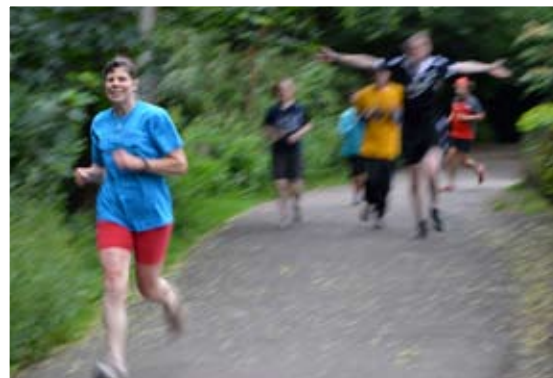
Goldi[c|l]ocks was determined to be ahead in this hash, and therefore rented a Boris Bike in Kensington Gardens to scout ahead during a check. This, albeit hilarious, also resulted in a down-down.

Returning back via Hyde Park, a concerned couple stopped **Hardcore Bomber** and asked if we were all looking for a dog named "OnOn". He did his best to assure him that we had not lost our dog (but a Kodiak Bear). Amusement abounded.

We made our way back to the pub for some well deserved, non-hilly drinking. 5.22 miles DONE.

Additional Down-Downs went to:

- Visitors (Grenada, Chile, and Australia)
- **Naughty Nympho** (for finding almost all the hills in London and making us run them)
- **Wacker** and **Roadkill**: For being too adorable on the trail ("See you later dear!")
- **3 Beers**: For not controlling **Goldi[c|l]ocks**
- **Wacker**: For looking too much like a Pope (not THE Pope)
- **Testiculator**: For making the comment about the Pope
- **Dodi**: For being smarter than all of us and taking a bus on trail
- **Optimist**: ex-RA for never actually doing RA duties... clever boy!
- **Chi Su** and **SpareRib**: for being geographically challenged



Q: What's the difference between being hungry and horny?
A: Where you put the cucumber.

Hash Humour

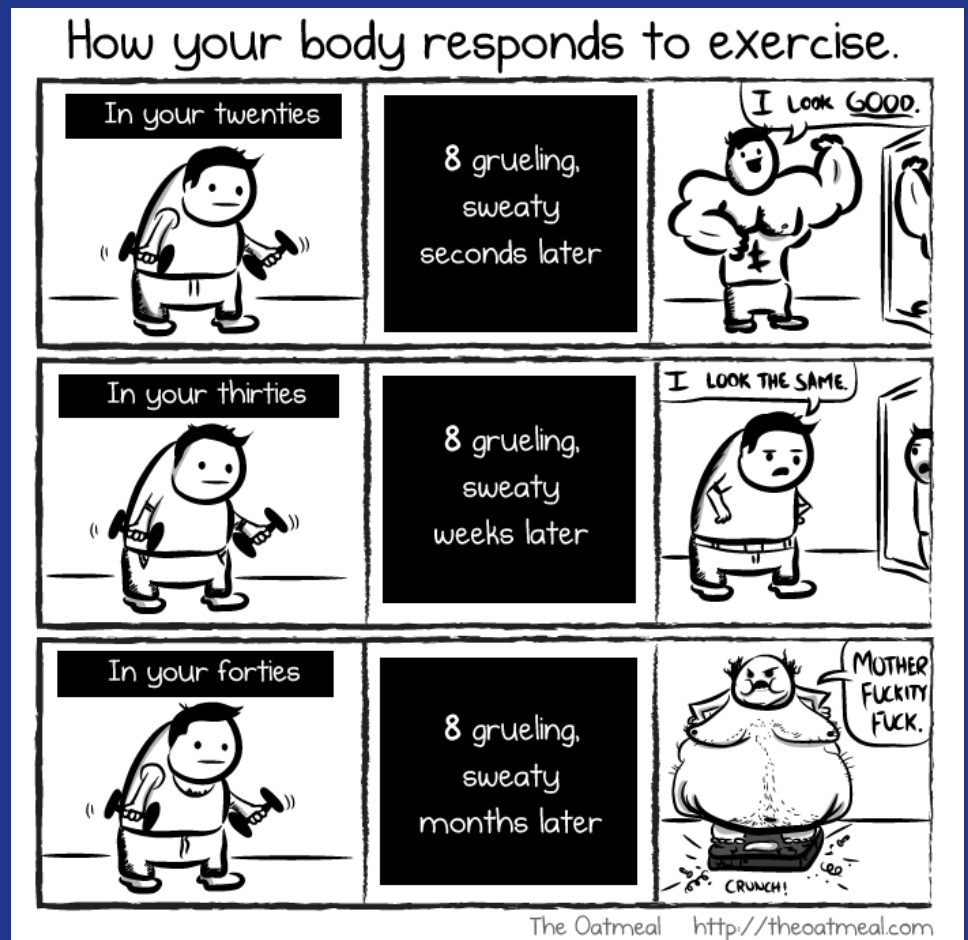
Britain has come across a new craze where men drink vodka from a woman's fanny using a straw.

The government fears a rise in minge drinking!



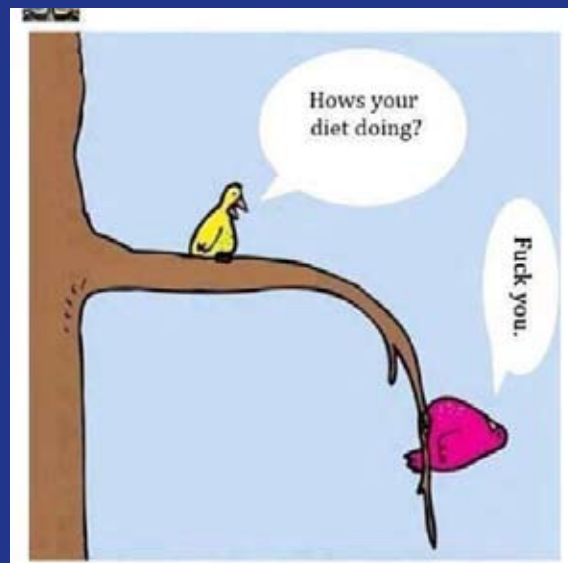
**What do you call a Fat Alien?
An Extra Cholesterol**

*A guy with dyslexia
walks into a bra.*



The Oatmeal <http://theoatmeal.com>

A woman goes out shopping with her husband and spots a pair of boots she loves.
The husband says, "No chance love, they're way too expensive."
Later on in bed, the wife is just falling asleep when the husband tries his luck and places his hand on her hip and then lower on to her thigh.
She turns to him and says, "I don't think so mate. If you're not prepared to shoe the horse then you sure as hell ain't riding it!"



"An Italian, a Frenchman and an Australian are talking about sex.

The Italian says, "When i have a finished making love ah to my woman, she levitates six inches fromma de bed."

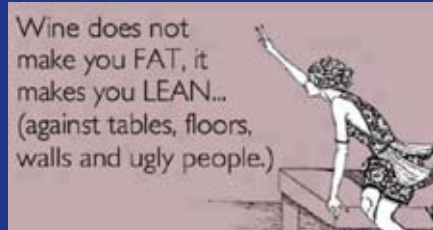
The Frenchman says, "Mon ami! After 6 hours of the continuous love making to my girl, she levitates 3 feet off the bed!"

The Australian says: "Streuth mate, when I've finished 'rooting' me Sheila, I get off the bed, wipe me cock on the curtains...and she goes through the fucking roof!!"



Did you hear the one about a farmer who was feeding his chickens hot curries to flavour the meat to sell to Indian restaurants. One of the chickens died so he took it to the vet. On close inspection the vet said, "I'm very sorry but he appears to have slipped into a Korma!"

A naughty inflatable student is summoned to see the inflatable headmaster of an inflatable school. "That drawing pin incident," the headmaster began. "Not only have you let yourself down, you've let me down, you've let the whole school down"



Run 2184 22nd June 2014 The Old Fountain Old Street

Hares: **Goldilocks & Three Beers**



Scribe: **Reach Around**



RAs: **Sparerib & Reach**

For publication!

I've got a message from my new landlord **Chi Su**, threatening to kick me out on the street if I don't write this so apologies if it appears to be half-arsed and written under duress (plus I've lost my notes and it's months later).

The run in question was a special Summer weekend outing for London, hared by **The Three Beers** and **Goldilocks**. It was the first of a soon-to-be well established Famous Annual Treasure Hunt (thanks for volunteering, **G** and **TB**).

The location for our pirate adventure was just next to the City, appropriately enough as it's full of robbing, blood-thirsty, evil scumbags. We were joined by some vivacious, young, female visitors (Finnish, I believe). The GM took advantage of *droit du seigneur* and quickly grabbed one of them for his team.

We were presented with a series of clues on a piece of paper and although this caused some problems for those amongst us who didn't graduate from primary school (**Eric**, **Sparerib**), we were off.

The fiendish clues led through a number of quiet bits near

Run 2183: 22 hashers did Prince's mid-summer 7am run in Farringdon

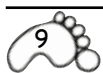
the City-cemeter-ies, literary sites, a bath house, Roman ruins, some weird dinosaur thing, loads of excellent public art, before depositing us back to our nice trendy pub where we proceeded to get burnt in the sun and refreshed.

The winners received official second hand London H3 t-shirts (the treasure) and most importantly the kudos of us all. The losers, for we were many, received only opprobrium.

A historic day indeed. It was also noteworthy as the possible birth of a new religious advisor. Like having the original copy of 'Tigermilk' by Belle and Sebastian or (for the older people) going to that Sex Pistols gig at the 100 Club (or for **Pete the Pilot/Thunderhighs**- Mozart's first concert in Salzburg), all who were present can claim to have witnessed **Goldilocks'** first outing in the circle (Don't worry, **Sparerib**, you can still be number two).

Thanks to **Goldilocks** and **The Three Beers** for a cracking day out.

Will that do?"



Q: What do you call a nun in a wheelchair?
A: Virgin Mobile

Nice green run with plenty of trail across park, through woodland, parkland and alongside waterland. The Globe was a pleasant watering-hole with spacious well-designed interior and well-landscaped beer garden. Hashers were able to keep up with the World Cup games before and after the trail. Our RA's order of a refreshing summer shower was well received by the pack who were hot on trail on a mildly humid mid-summer's night. There

was plenty of water alongside the trail including a through-water crossing.....

Drinks went to; Hares **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** Smug winner of the Treasure Hunt **Titanic Dickhead** and **Bonnie** punished for the antics of his wife **Martian Matron** and the 2 Chileans- representing the evening's World Cup action **Charlatan** - first Hash since the birth of his twins **Soufflé** for being able to hash again **2am** who nominated **Pete**

the Pilot and **More On**. **Optimist** - turned up 1 hour late for the Hash **Goldilocks** - made the mistake of following **Eric** at a check **Pickled Fart** and **Optimist** for not coming to the Hash often enough **KC** and his ever present backpack.

Oktoberfest Hooker

Run 2185 23rd June 2014
The Globe
Brentford

Hares: Ryde & T'Whine



Scribe: Oktoberfest Hooker



RA: Sparerib



Run 2186 30th June 2014
The Old Pack Horse
Chiswick Park

Hare: **Sthweetheart**



RA: **Sparerib**



Was I the only one who set off for this run with some trepidation? The hare, **Sthweetheart**, didn't turn up for his last haring duty and after the pack had confusedly rushed around in a panic bumping into each other like a horde of Despicable minions, **Bhopal** was called to do a quick change in a phone booth (do they still exist?) to emerge as a heroic live hare.

Perhaps my trepidation can be used as an excuse for turning up at the wrong station, Chiswick rather than Chiswick Park, but my fears were immediately allayed when **Sthweetheart** just happened to be passing and generously set to laying a new p-trail for twats like myself - cheers **Sthweety!**

My new stupid pills continued to work when I finally turned up at the pub. It wasn't until I'd scoffed half a saucer of

love hearts and sthweets that the penny dropped as to why each table was so carefully adorned.

The trail was a pleasant jaunt around paths, parks and tow-paths. The hare continued to ensure that all past failings were completely forgiven and forgotten by appealing to the one desire that unites us all - alcohol! A free drink stop at the Fuller's Brewery Shop was an excellent morale booster.

Perhaps it was the result of that DS that the one thing I most remember about the circle was the plethora of bro-mances on display, as can be seen in the first two pictures. After **More On** had given **Sthweetheart** a manly hug and told him, slurringly, that he was his besst friend, it is clear from the picture, right, that he was not best pleased that **Tango** was keeping him awake.



London Hash nr ...
Hooray Henley Hash nr 27
Berkshire hash nr ...

Date: 5 July 2014

Place: Henley Town FC/Railway Station
(start) to "Lonely's Boat" (finish)

Hares: **Lonely, Skinny Dipper, Caboose**

A weekend of great sporting spectacles!
Wimbledon, Tour de France Grand
Départ, World Cup Football, Royal
Henley Regatta - and Hoorah
Henley Hash.

A fine tradition, and a fine pack of
athletes... Sixty-odd strong, thirty
happy campers and thirty day trippers.
They came from long and far, as long as
Goldilocks and as far as Edinburgh.

All gathered at Henley railway station,
picking up waifs and strays in the process.
A cheerful start was followed by a wriggly
trail through the back streets of Henley,
with numerous checks and falsies. We
were encouraged by **Tequil'over**,
tooting Flower of Scotland and the
Marseillaise on his horn, and much
else. A regroup at the Fair Mile, and
then FRBs and SCBs went their separate
ways. The walkers ambled through the
meadows, along the river Thames, on
the "Rive Gauche". So they missed out
on ladies falling over in slinky dresses
and high heels. All **Lonely's** fault, as
he could not park his boat at the busy
Regatta side.

Meanwhile, the runners missed the
soothing hand of **Skinny Dipper**, who
stuck with the walkers. The checks were
now devious, the falsies endless, and the
hare **Lonely** merciless. We were lucky
to have Zebedee and Mr Blobby, chasing
around in hi-viz jackets (would be a shame
if their efforts went unnoticed!). There
was a lot of scenery to be admired, and
wild animals. We saw a white hart, and
woolly llamas, and a shaggy old stag.
There was even a detour for a view of a
model railway, so **Caboose** could tell us
all about the time table.

We made it to the picnic site, eventually,
ten-plus miles from the start. **Lonely's**
boat was waiting, loaded with Rebellion
and food. Also waiting were countless
sheep, and sheep shit. It meant treading
carefully, unless you are **Looberty**
explaining to his young son what sheep
are for... We did not see a lot of Regatta
action, as we were well short of the
starting line. But boatfuls of athletic
lovelies of both sexes rowed past for their
warming-up, showing off their rippling
muscles to loud cheers and applause.
Even louder was the cheering when Mr
Whippy turned up, the floating ice cream
man with the cornetto on top.

And then it was circle time. **Spare Rib**
had plenty of choice, with camping,

hashing and picnicking misdemeanours.
A quick pick from the camping sins:
Chi-Su for bringing only three tent pegs,
Splash for snoring in her van whilst
leaving **Rhino** farting in his small tent,
and something to do with **Tablewhine**
and tent erections - I missed the details
there. Hash sinners: the hares, of course,
then **Knead** for jumping up and down
in front of a speed camera whilst wearing
a red dress (any connection?), and
Tango, jointly with **Cooperman**, for
destroying the log they were sitting on.
There were also prizes for dressing up:
Fat Bastard in kilt (gruesome, don't go
there) and 5XL poloshirt, **Oral Sex** for
a lovely Scottish brassiere (I think), and
a lady whose name I forgot in a flowery
dress and a home-made straw hat. By that
time **KC** arrived and it was time to serve
lunch.

Glorious food, served on the floor,
plentiful for all hashers plus a dog (which
also proceeded to stick its nose in my
beer, as soon as I put it on the floor, and
drink it). Compliments to all who worked
on this! I won't mention any names,
since many people did stuff for this
weekend, and I don't want to risk offence
by omission - *editor, can you put a separate
thank you in for Ryde and Tablewhine,
and Blunder, and Lonely, and so forth?*
(consider it done MM! - Ed)

It gets a bit vague from here. It is not
really part of the run write-up, so never
mind. We wandered back to town in
many different ways. One group had a
beer stop at the Rebellion marquee, where
we were served with great enthusiasm by a
Swedish Marlow hasher. The day trippers
left at various stages and in various states.

Post script: The campers scrubbed up
for dinner, which was beautiful, very
professionally prepared and presented
by **Screwloose**. **Boy Blunder** did
a wonderful disco. And some of us
watched Holland beat Costa Rica, with
difficulty.

The end.

Martian Matron



Run 2187 5th July 2014
Henley Station, Henley

**Hares: Lonely, Caboose
& Skinny Dipper**



Scribe: Martian Matron

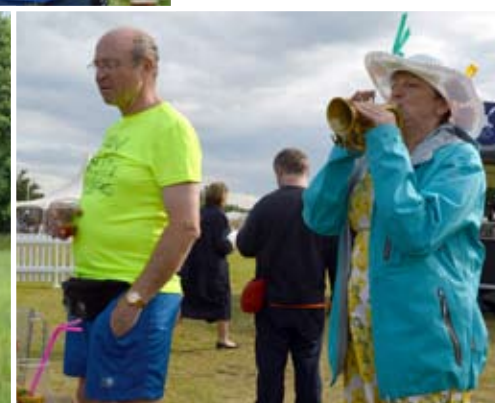


RA: Sparerib





Below: All the harriettes like to blow Tequil'over's horn. Not surprising when he can drink Pimms through a straw



Left:
Hash
names
make
great
captions!
Knead
Oral Sex
anyone?



Heather Johnstone

8 July · London

Brilliant weekend, thank you! Big thanks to the organisers - Blunder, Tablewhine, Ryde and Lonely. Onon to next year!



Maryanne Henning

7 July

Absolutely brilliant weekend. Thanks to all the organizers. Job well done guys. My boys Simples and Tadpole loved their first hash camping weekend. 😊



Lorraine Chunderos Piercy

9 July · Great Bookham

We had a Ab Fab time, bring on next year! 🍷👍
I have Coopermans hat, anybody know his real name so I can contact him?
On on



Carla MK Bartch

7 July · Finsbury

What a fantastic weekend! Thank you to all the wonderful organiser
Onon to next year!



Greet Janssens

7 July · Stone

Well done guys! Glad I've finally met some of you guys! Sorry I didn't even make the beer stop! So sore after parading the previous day with Rashid Karim, Robocop and Hooray Henry! And rushing off to another hash do...





How Fights start:



Happy Scare-The-Crap-Out-of-Your-Dog Day



Some films cause relationship problems. Romantic ones give unrealistic expectations to women, while porn does the same for men.

The owner of a chemist arrives at work to find a man leaning heavily against a wall, with a very strange look on his face. The owner goes inside and asks his assistant what's up.

"He wanted something for his cough, but I couldn't find the cough medicine," the assistant explains: "So I gave him a box of laxatives and told him to take it all at once."

"Laxatives won't cure a cough, you idiot," the owner shouts angrily.

"Sure it will," the assistant says, pointing at the man leaning on the wall: "Look at him. He's too afraid to cough."



An old guy is sitting on a bus when a punk rocker gets on. The punk rocker's mohawk is red, green, yellow and orange. He has feather earrings. When he sees the old man staring at him, the punk rocker says, "What's the matter old man? Didn't you ever do anything wild when you were a young guy?" The old guy says in reply "Yeah. One time I screwed a peacock. I thought maybe you were my kid."



Run 2188 7th July 2014 The Wrestlers Highgate

Hares: **Car Say No & Pussyfoot**



Scribe: **Bonnie**



RAs: **Sparerib & Reach**

Hash de London - Le Grand On On!

The Hash de London finally made it to the capital after the Shires had hosted the first two stages over the weekend, with routes taking in the rolling hills and valleys. However, there were far more participants, including a fair number of visitors - some having come from the city & others from much further afield - no doubt a result of the attraction and glamour of the big city!

Once the introductions had been done and the route markings explained, it was time for Le Grand On On. The peloton quickly took shape with Team City & Team Visitors setting the pace, Team London trying to keep up and Team Walkers not really caring too much and bringing up the rear, but it didn't take too long for the peloton to become strung out. This was not helped by the fact that our very own route marshal, **Trigamist** was caught napping at the first check point which resulted in peloton heading off in all directions, with some of 'sprint specialists' almost finding the markings for the Grand On Inn! However, normal service resumed with the peloton reforming and gaining momentum on the downhill sections, only to be slowed right down on the uphill sections. One of the downhill sections had a quick stop at Le Cemetery de London (famous for the being the burial site of a certain Karl Marx) where **Pussyfoot** entertained us with some of the most appalling jokes ever heard, ie, "this place is so popular, people are dying to get in" God only knows where he dug them up from - they were so bad that even the residents were heard to groan!!



On departing Le Cemetery the peloton headed for the green hills of Hampstead Heath where a pit stop had been arranged on Parliament Hill, a real high point of the route (no pun intended). The weary and exhausted were very grateful for the rum punch (which certainly packed a punch) and the spectacular view. One advantage of the view was that not only could everyone see Le Grand On Inn, they could also see the route to it, which would take them back downhill before a long steady climb back up. Team City thought nothing of this little challenge (bloody upstarts) whereas a few of Team London decided to try and get ahead and set off early, or as it is known in cycling terms, doing an **Armstrong!** Whilst the downhill was easy going the uphill was certainly a challenge, but with the end in sight and the prospect of a cold beer (or two) the peloton made its way back to Le Grand On Inn where stories of gargantuan proportions (or Le Grand Whoppers) were exchanged over a number and variety of 'recovery drinks', or pints to you and me!

And then it was time for the Le Awards ceremony, with all the standard awards handed out. There was even an 'over achievers' award for **Bonnie** who was seen at the front of the peloton on a regular basis - something to do with a certain milestone looming on the horizon. However, the key award of the evening, otherwise known as the 'most tactless git award' was awarded to **Hard Core Bomber**. Most people assumed that the underground had been closed down as a result of Le Hash de London, but no - it was all because a certain individual seen carrying a back pack was causing a real security concern. Not the best idea to travel on the underground on the anniversary of the 7/7 bombings carrying a backpack whilst wearing a t-shirt that says, wait for it, **HARD CORE BOMBER** - no wonder he had the whole carriage to himself. I have heard through official channels that the US may revoke his visa before he gets the chance to use it!!!

And with that bombshell, it was time for another ale....

On On, Anon





Run 2189 14th July 2014
The Wibby Wobbly
Surrey Quays

Hare: **Skylark**



RA: **Reach Around**



Run 2190 21st July 2014
The Grand Junction Arms
Harlesden

Hares: **Wacker & Kenny**



RA: **Reach Around**



CLaWs Pre-Lube Run

23rd July 2014

Civil Service Club

Hares: **Skylark, Last Tango & Chi-Su**



RA: **Testiculator**



The dream team that brought you the 'Trains, Planes and Boats' run last year reformed to set the trail for the CLaWs Pre-lube run in the run up to the Interhash (sort of) in Brussels the following day.

This time the mastermind wasn't **Tango** but **Skylark**. His plan for a bunch of largely out-of-towner hashers, who had steadily been drinking all afternoon, was to not just set a gentle touristy London trail around a few highlights, but to set them a fiendishly difficult word search that required thinking! Names of famous Brits had to be found from statues and plaques, helpfully highlighted with viewing checks. A final anagram spelt the name of one more famous Brit who linked us all - spoiler alert, the answer was **A.S.Gispert**, the South London founder of the Hash in 1938.

Of course, there were many miserable sods involved in organising an event like this - too many to name in full. But the various GMs of the London hash kennels deserve a mention. In particular, **Bonnie** (something about putting his job on the line by bringing hordes of miscreants into the heart of government) and **Yorky Porky**, whose brainchild the whole event was and something about a Eurostar trip day. the next -Ed.



What's a man's idea of foreplay?
Half an hour of begging.



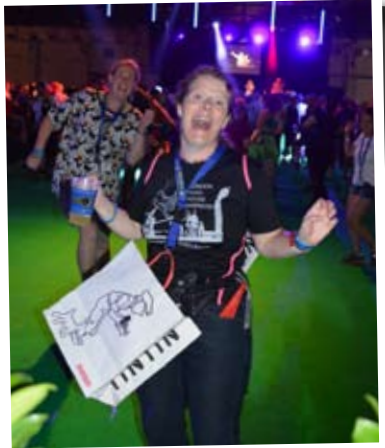
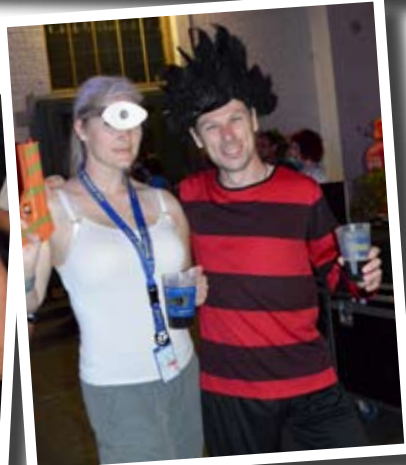
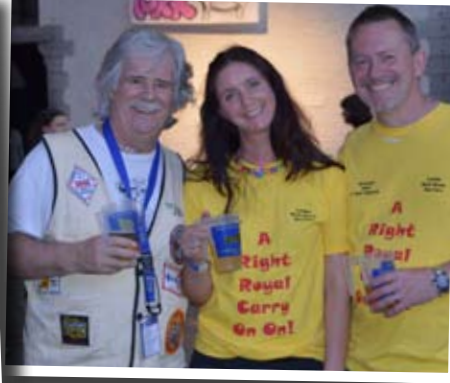
Memories of Brussels 2014

BRUSSELS 2014
A BEER ODYSSEY



ON ON
JULY
25
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For those sad f**kers like myself who care for the London H3, there's a lot to be moderately pleased about our involvement in Brussels 2014. There were about 20 runs set on both the Saturday and Sunday and LH3 was one of the few setting theirs on both days. Both were heavily over-subscribed and included all the ingredients for an excellent day out - shiggy, two drink stops, a great circle masterfully run by the **Ribster** himself, including some historic child abuse! Many LH3 members were involved and it's a bit risky to try and name them, so thousands of apologies to anyone missed out. Our resident Brussels mastermind was **Mic Mac** with co-hares **Bonnie**, **Sparerib**, **Skylark**, **Naughty Nympho** and **Cumming Dear** with extra helpers in the form of **2AM**, **Tablewhine**, **Ryde**, **Last Night**, **Fucks like a Rabbit**, **Ging Gang Goolie**, **Hot Down South** and **Chi-Su**.







Run 2191 28th July 2014
The Bree Louise
Euston

Hare: **Reach Around**



Scribe: **Chi-Su**



RAs: **Reach & GCGoolie**



Several of those hashers who turned up for **Reach Around's** excellent jaunt around the back of Euston and St. Pancreas started the day in another country - Belgium. It was the day after Brussels 2014 and as we struggled wearily towards the Eurostar with our seriously enlarged livers someone (**Ryde?**) had the bright idea that we could get off at St. Pancreas, push our luggage down the road and carry on the party by doing **Reach's** trail from the Bree Louise. **Cock a Tool** was so lifted by the thought that, attired in his rubber ring and snorkel (Health and Safety!), he decided to start the trail early laying a line of crisps down the carriage that were eagerly followed, mainly by drunken hashers from the Black Pudding hash. The staff looked somewhat bemused when we all turned up with suitcases, but were quickly put at ease when eyes lit up at the vast array of ales on offer. I, of course, was wondering where the lagers were... Leaving **Pilot** behind, who had volunteered to mind the luggage, the slightly odd mix of completely tanked up visitors, LH3 regulars, other hash visitors and out-and-out hash virgins set off via viewing platforms, canal tow paths, Primrose Hill and Regent's Park. This time **Reach's** RA

abilities kept the rain largely at bay. Back at the Bree Louise, **Reach** was looking a little disheveled. He'd had **Thunderthighs** snapping at his heels all trail wanting short cuts (down down given later!). He'd forgotten to give **Window Dressing** a map so he could help sweep up at the back and, of course, he'd forgotten to ask about storing bags...but this is the hash, so such things are the very definition of a good trail! He therefore decided to share RA duties with some fresh talent in the shape of **Ging Gang Goolie**, who gamely volunteered to try and gain some sort of control over the likes of **Shaggy Plug** (**Reach's** lookalike hash dad - above left) and something **Bender** - top right. Visitors from South America and Malaysia were introduced. The virgins were asked to sing us a song, tell a joke or show us a body part. One virgin, who seemed to have come straight off the Cambridge Footlights (middle right) rose to the challenge with a sonorous baritone rendition of a couple of verses - not a hash song, but hey, how's a virgin going to know one of those? Finally, tired Interhashers picked up their suitcases and slouched off to a well earned rest at last. on on, **Chi-Su**

Q. What happens when you kiss a canary?

A. You get chirpes, it can't be tweeted because its a canarial disease.