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ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 37 Issue 4 December 2014

All Hail to the Ale!



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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

Notes from Abroad

LH3 sent their finest over to Virginia, USA, for Game and Away & Hardcore Bomber's wedding reception. Lovely though the event was, mind, it wasn't a patch on HDS's hash wedding for them last year!



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
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	www.fukfmh3.co.uk	Webfart (Oxford)
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	http://panasiapondy.com/en_GB	Lord Krishna
5 - 8 Nov 2015	Vineyard Hash #23	Forrest Resort (near Sofia) Bulgaria	http://www.bembeltown.de/VineyardHash	

Run 2192 4th August 2014
The Still & Star
Aldgate

Hare: Roadkill



Scribe: Mad Cow



RAs: Reach & Sparerib



As a regular City hasher it was no surprise that the hare would favour some pavement pounding in and around the square mile, so no need to worry about shiggy, nettles, barbed wire and gypsy encampments. What was a surprise however, with **Road Kill's** known tastes for beers starting at 5% ABV and drinking his way upwards on the strength scale was the choice of a pub that only served sub 5% session beers. Was he now taking doctor's advice about binge drinking and becoming a responsible citizen or was it simply poor planning and general incompetence? Speculation was rife at the start of the run that we would have a typical City trail of 7 miles with 3 checks, although the hare did mention 2 regroup, but alas no drink stop. As you would expect plenty of the square mile was covered with close up views of the gherkin and later on the shard. After various pavement bashing it was now time for the tourist stuff as we approached Tower bridge. With the WW1 anniversary in full swing, not surprisingly the Tower of London had to put on something, no re-enactments of German spies being shot (several of them met their end here) or heads on traitors gate, but instead the moat was

filled with thousands of ceramic poppies to represent the fallen. Hash flash took full advantage of this historic photo opportunity despite the many civilians getting in the way of the group photo. With thousands of tourists all over the place the FRB's had to clear a path for the pack including the scribe who startled a group of black burqa clad individuals who failed to notice my approach through the narrow observation slits of said garments. Eventually we reached St Catherines Dock for an unofficial regroup to gaze on the yachts of the oligarchs and offshore registered companies that help keep the accountancy profession in gainful employment whilst leaving the poor to pay tax (if they can't afford the fees what do they expect?). This would have been an excellent location for a cake stop! Next up was Shadwell before entering the caliphate of Taleb Tower Hamlets (they had finally stopped counting the 7000000 postal votes) where **Wacker** searched in vain for a pork pie to sate his hunger. We did however pass one individual carrying a bush meat carcass from a van into a halal butcher, probably best to be a veggie in these parts! Eventually, as the on inn approached the hare led several of us to a Wetherspoons for a fix of strong beer to rectify



the shortage of the stuff back at the hash pub. A couple of pints later those of us in the breakaway group made it back to the pub for the circle to find the scavenging pack had made short work of the buffet. Now on to the circle conducted by the contrasting frames of **Sparerib** and **Reacha-round** (a bit like a hash Two Ronnies). This is where the absence of RA notes and my own scrawl minus my reading glasses demands retention of a few memory cells. As far as I can recall the following criminals were convicted and punished:
 The hare (I could deduce that one, Sherlock or what) who at least spared us a 7 miler.
Sparerib - confusion over the necessity of passports go-

ing north of Hadrian's Wall.
Big in Japan - bridge ducking, how the f**k did the rest of us get under it?
Tango - problems getting out of bed, it's unclear whether or not the bed held other attractions
 The Scribe - terrorising Daleks 2 visitors whose name I forget for some Yorkshire/Chinese mix up
Quickie - Hawaii visitor
Snow White - returner and not at all tempted by the halal meat
 3 visitors from Sarf of the river plying **Road Kill** with wife beater (aka Stella)
 My scrawled notes fail me on the rest
 On On,
Mad Cow

Run 2195 18th August 2014
Allsop Arms
Baker Street

Hare: **Eric the...**



Scribes: **Ryde & T'Whine**

(Best read whilst listening to Gerry Rafferty)

Winding our way down to Baker Street
Sussing the trail to the pub where we meet

Well, another **Eric** trail
Another night drinking ale
And forget about everything.....

Which is why this write up is so short!
(OK we know **Chi-Su** will complain, so we'd better carry on)

Hashing the trail north from Baker Street
Rain on our heads and flour at our feet
No, **Bonnie's** not the hare!
Seems the RAs don't care
And it's raining on everything.

Big in Japan and **Not Out**, stayed dry
Sheltered in a pub while we ran by
Alan Hunt's app was wrong
"It's not going to rain for long"
He said it knew everything

I want to get back to the Allsop Arms
Tablewhine is in the Allsop Arms
But I'm soaking, I'm soaking now
Another check and then I'll be happy
Just one more ON ON and I'll be happy
But I'm soaking, I'm soaking now

Moreon and **Pilot** off trail in the dark
A romantic moment, in the park
And we ask them where they've been
They tell us who they've seen
"Porgie and Bess were everything"
Goldilocks and **3 Beers**, down downs in hand
Hungover from the booze and last night's bands

Alan Hunt was named "**Mike....**"
Bonnie for riding his bike
Now I've forgotten everything!

And the final verse is left unchanged because it now seems appropriate for the hare:

But you know he'll always keep moving
You know he's never gonna stop moving
'Cause he's rolling, he's the rolling stone
And when you wake up, it's a new morning
The sun is shining, it's a new morning
And you're going, you're going home

ON! ON! **Tablewhine & Ryde**

Having been instructed by the hare raiser to find a pub with good food and a beer garden for a sunny bank holiday run, the RA duly rose to the occasion by providing us with a day in which half the month's quota of rain fell.

Those hashers who braved the elements and the Victoria line to join us at the Bell in Walthamstow were rewarded with a squishy run through the woods (the rain ceased temporarily for a drink stop).

There were casualties: **Marxist** an early loss due to actually following the false trail which the rest of the group completely failed to spot. Crouching Tiger was also foxed by the trail of damp flour in Epping Forest but fortunately reappeared back at the pub at the end. **Goldilocks** was almost drowned; not by the rain, as one might expect, but by falling in the fountain at the town hall. This did not make a significant difference to his overall wetness.

But rain should not have all the limelight; mud played an important role too, and we inadvertently provided a slide down a steep bank which was enjoyed by all. After a series of checks underneath the North Circular and some reciprocal puddle jumping, it was on on to the drinks stop which we had earlier hidden under a handy tree. Clearly the local fauna was just as keen on wine as us, since one of the boxes of wine had been eaten by something with sharp teeth. Fortunately, the wine survived and was enjoyed both under the tree and later in the pub (and much later at home).

Finally, the trail ran through a contender for Most Depressing Estate in London and it was onn inn back to the Bell, who generously allowed us to drip all over their floor. This was subsequently identified at the AGPU as the smallest pack of the year (I am not really sure how illustrious this achievement is), so downs downs were distributed to all hashers. Notably, **Crack** for managing to submerge one of his new(ish) shoes up to his ankle. The RA was merciful and did not make him drink from it, to the relief of all.

Much soggy fun was had - thanks to all who came!



Run 2196 25th August 2014
The Bell
Walthamstow Central

Hares: **3 Beers & G'locks**



Scribe: **3 Beers**

The pack:

3 Beers, **Crack**, **Crouching Tiger** (Xiaojuan), **Goldilocks**, **Marxist**, **Naughty Nympho**, **Reach Around**, **Run 2 Eat**, **Ryde**, **Slippery When Wet**, **Sparerib**, **Tablewhine**. Total: 12



Run 2197 1st Sept 2014
The Ravensbury Arms
Mitcham Junction

Hares: **GGG & Testi**



Scribe: **Roadkill**



RA: **Sparerib**

Ravensbury Arms, Mitcham, a place I'd heard of but can't remember ever having been to. After this run I can see why. The starting circle was chaired by **Sparerib** as stand-

in GM. I suppose we should have taken that as a portent and gone home there and then, but we hashers are made of sterner stuff. This was a run of three parts: firstly the long walk from station to pub, secondly running aimlessly around nondescript housing estates with a bit of green thrown in and finally the long walk back to the station. Which brings me on to the Down-Downs. I should have been paying attention but there again it was **Sparerib**. **Pete the Pilot** was pulled up for necking French beer which as we all know may de rigueur in his civilized circle but is prohibé in any Hash I know. The hares were duly chastised and yours truly is too modest to admit being called up for being a perfect hash role model and exemplary runner. The

main excitement of the night was timing the walk back to catch the two-car trains that run daily when drivers clock in for work in months with an r in. **Not Out** was thus looking very miserable on the platform when we turned up having grown a beard since we last saw him. Whilst **Wacker** and I were waiting, we were in turn joined by **Ryde** and **Tablewhine**. Then as if things weren't exciting enough, just as the train pulled in **Pete the Pilot**, **Sparerib** and **Tango** all showed on the opposing platform separated by the passenger bridge over the tracks. **Sparerib** showed his customary hash spirit and sprinted ahead of the others to ensure his own safe passage. **Pete** gamely gave chase despite being incapacitated by his dodgy knee and what appeared to be a rather too generous helping of the landlord's finest (which was anything but), whilst babysitting the bags. **Tango** feigned disinterest and played the 'going for the tram card' whilst remaining at a stately walking pace. She

is a lady after all. Thus began the post-run train lube to Victoria, which proved to be the highlight of the evening. Although my memory of it is hazy, I do remember that after a short period of banter, we did what all groups of hashers eventually end up doing - baiting **Sparerib**. It's a fascinating sport and one that you never get bored of. Although no prompt is necessary for it to start, his ignorance of a 70's feminist magazine called **Spare Rib** was a good as one as any to start proceedings off. **Spare rib** complimented us all on our adult humour and wit before alighting at Ballham. He said he was having so much fun he didn't want to leave the train but feared that if he stayed on to his home stop of Clapham Junction he would faint from laughing so much. After helping **Pete** off the train and up the platform at Victoria, **Wacker** and I were called to attend to a business matter at Wetherspoons from which point on I remember nothing. On On **Roadkill**

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The run was to be in Wood Green but in fact started just about two shakes of a little dog's tail from Ally Pally BR station. Visitors came from Oregon (**Swallow TYPL** and **Pit Raper**), and Kent/KL (**Neil, Simcard**).

Pack size (over 30) equalled that of the last two LH3 runs combined. Nice little Victorian pub, the Gate, with similar looking locals to boot. Easy side exit that allowed the trail to quickly hit green and duck and dive amongst the trees and bushes that eventually took the pack to the highest point in the area, on which was located the Peoples' Palace, and within which was housed the magnificent Grand Organ, standing a hundred feet tall, lovingly restored to its former glory by Henry Willis IV, master organ maker). Not many know this - the palace (and the organ) was destroyed by fire not once but twice since it first opened to the public in 1873, but like its sister palace (of the crystal variety) rose again from the ashes. But I digress.

Back to the run. It took the most indirect route possible to the aforementioned highest point - traversing Muswell Hill, skirting Bounds Green, and rat running the North Circular - displaying the intimate local knowledge of the hare, who has lived in the same house in Wood Green (apart from the occasional odyssey to the Greek islands paying homage to Homer) for the last 35 years. Checks were exceptionally tricky (especially in the half autumnal light) and had the likes of **Goldilocks**, **Martian Matron** and **Rambo** doing double time. Reach made an attempt at some checks but as always only feebly. There were games galore on trail, requiring skill and dexterity on one's knees; some, like sucking up the P's and steering F1 dinkies with the pinkie in the failing light, required great concentration.

A good hour and a half from the start, most of the pack, on or off trail, somehow found their way to the pink birthday table stop, set up specially for the hare's 69th, to partake of fine pink wine and tasty pink nibbles and enjoy the by now not so pink hash view. There was even a mostly pink birthday cake topped by a 69 candy figurine for the hare to eat or play with later. The 'Ode to **Thunder Thighs**' specially adapted from the JC birthday song first sung at Phuket Interhash by **Blitzkrieg** and yours truly was then rendered by the massed voices of the London Hashes (including **Testy**, **More-on** and **Chi-Su** and **Martian Matron**), recounting **TT's** hashing prowess down the years (and thighs). Back at the Gate, the circle took place

in the cellar. DDs went to **Goldilocks**, **Marxist** and **STYPL** (for their goldilocks), **Pit Raper** (for imitating a Scot), **Car Says No** (checking under **Pit Raper**'s kilt and find he was wearing it like a true scot - the shrieks of delight gave her game away), **Simcard** and **Neil** for braving the London Hash, **Three Beers**, **Naughty Nympho**, **Skylark** and **BSC** (more for effort than dexterity in the games!), **Please Sir** (for not getting lost or something like that), **Lofty** for letting **Henry** run away with keys to the car in which was stashed the birthday cake etc etc - and the birthday girl for being the hare (having laid a trail that belies/reflects the experience of her years).



Run 2198 8th Sept 2014
The Gate
Wood Green

Hare: Thunderthighs



Scribe: KC



RA: Sparerib



Run 2199 15th Sept 2014
The Old Loyal Britons
Greenwich

Hare: Unacceptable



Scribe: Thunderthighs



**3000
runs
worldwide**

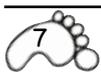
RA: Reach n Sparerib

Thanks to **KC** for my birthday run write-up (**Chi-Su**, only put this in if the b*st*rd's actually done it). Well from one birthday run to another. Last week me - this week **Unacceptable**. So, I arrived with my box of 50 vodka jellies which did not set in time for my run, as I had put too much vodka in, and handed them over to **Unacceptable** thinking he would hand them out at the end of the run. However, for some reason I

did not hear that he would set up an impromptu drink stop - more of this later. There was a reasonably large pack on a pleasant evening and in the absence of a 'senior' committee member **Reach** announced that he would set us off on run number 999.9! Now, when the hare does not run the trail it does not usually bode well for keeping the pack both on trail and together and I'm afraid that's what happened here. The first check was at the Cutty Sark. **Pussy Basher** braved the tunnel under the Thames and although gone for a long time he did reappear. After some minutes of lost trail **Reach** got the crib map out and sent us on our way into Greenwich Park and at the next check **Cumming Dear** took control of the map, volunteering to become sweeper. He also took control of **Chi-Su**, **Black Hole** and myself, sending us on a short cut out of the park. For some reason by this time the pack was scattered far and wide. The trail was very long, on a soon to becoming dark night (no wonder **Unacceptable** didn't want to go round again) and we three amigos stuck together again on the directions of **Cumming Dear** and short cutted back to the pub picking up a late arrival, **Pete the Pilot**, en route. At the pub we were amazed to see a table laden with food and returnees **Banshee** and **Red Hot Knickers** were already tucking in. Back to the vodka jellies! I did a pub search but neither the hare nor the jellies were to be seen. As the pack arrived back in dribs and drabs I was heartbroken, furious and angry

to discover they were all given out at the impromptu drink stop. **MoreOn** called me a grumpy old cow for wingeing but...**Cumming Dear** came up trumps again carrying 3 vodka jellies, one for each of us three amigos. **Chi-Su** supplied us all with the latest issue of the On Paper - a fantastic colourful edition.

Down Downs were given to **Unacceptable** for being birthday boy (how old?) and hare, **Pussy Basher** from Athens H3 for being a visitor, **Pussy-foot** cos when one pussy drinks all pussies drink, **Mile High** for opening an adult cinema!!! **Chi-Su** for something football related, **Cumming Dear** for taking over the crib map, **Thunderthighs** for being a grumpy old cow (no thanks then for me donating all those jellies!), **Ryde** for coming second in the over 55s section of a half marathon (but she refused to go up for the prize as she was first last year), **Sparerib** for completing the same half marathon and last but not least, **Kebab** (who ate three vodka jellies) for still bearing the scar on a knee of a hash related injury whilst abroad. During the evening I got chatting to the two guys at the bar from CAMRA who, whilst we were out on a trail, made a presentation to the landlord informing him the pub would be in the 2015 CAMRA Real Ale Good Pub Guide. Well, they did provide all the food free so please use the pub again, Thanks to **Unacceptable** (for being older than me) **Thunderthighs**



"Bon Jovi? I'd rather masturbate into my own mouth!"

OVERHEARD IN LONDON

Hash Humour

Mr. Bear and Mr. Rabbit live in the same forest, but they don't like each other.

One day, they come across a golden frog who offers them three wishes each.

Mr. Bear wishes that all the other bears in the forest were female. Mr. Rabbit wishes for a crash helmet.

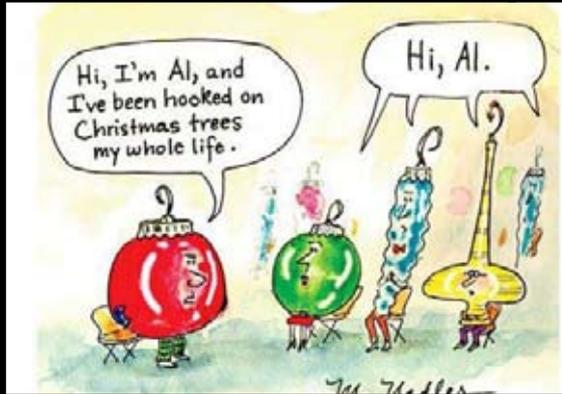
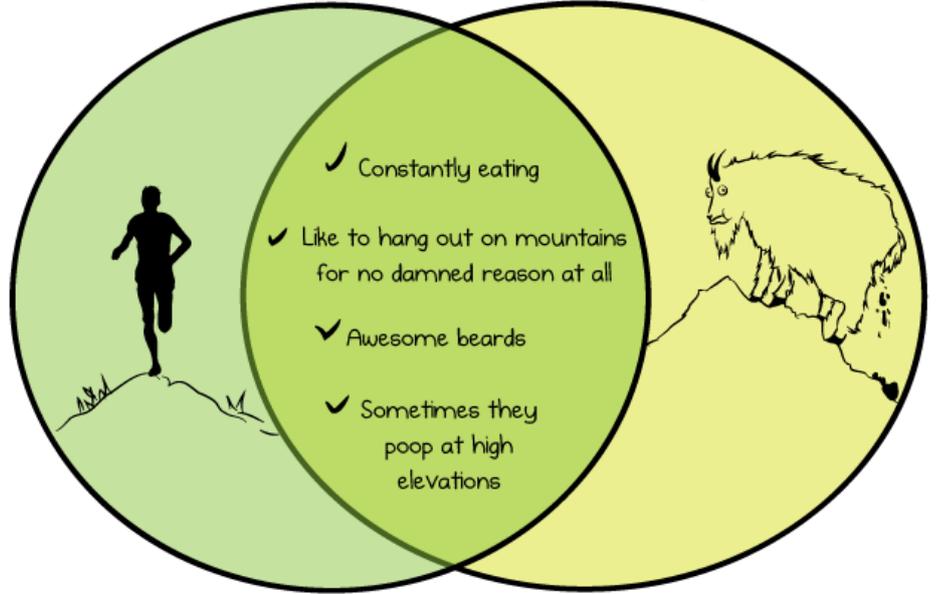
Mr. Bear's second wish is that all the bears in the neighboring forests were female as well. Mr. Rabbit wishes for a motorcycle.

Mr. Bear's final wish is that all the other bears in the world were female, leaving him the only male bear in the world.

Mr. Rabbit revs the engine of his motorcycle and says, "I wish that Mr. Bear was gay!" and rides off.

Trail runners

Mountain goats



A psychiatrist was conducting a group therapy session with three young mothers and their small children. "You all have obsessions," he observed.

To the first mother, he said, "You are obsessed with eating. You've even named your daughter Candy."

He turned to the second mom. "Your obsession is money. Again, it manifests itself in your child's name, Penny."

At this point, the third mother got up, took her little boy by the hand and whispered, "Come on, Dick, let's go."



Yet another reason to fight global warming...

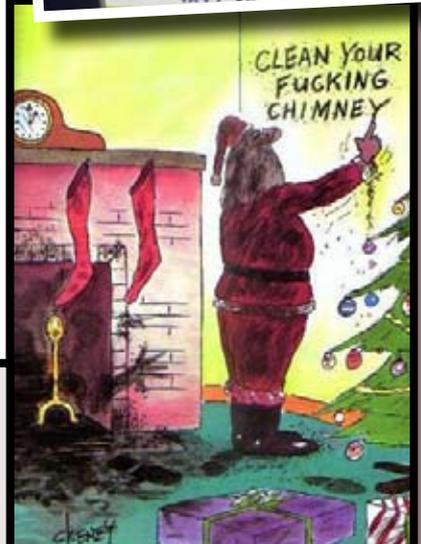


(do it for the children)



WANTED

Assistant required to fill hourglasses with sand.
No timewasters.

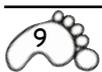


Run 2200 22nd Sept 2014
The Bricklayers Arms
Putney Bridge

Hares: **Bonnie & Naughty**



RA: **Sparerib**



“And then my dad told all my mates that my mum’s a gusher.”

OVERHEARD IN LONDON



South America's Atacama Desert receives just 15 millimetres of rain a year, if it's lucky. Almost devoid of life the parched, arid sand shimmered under a relentless sun. A white Landcruiser bearing UN insignia bounced to a halt on a dusty track to nowhere. From the air-conditioned interior a figure stepped into the midday heat and surveyed the barren nothingness beneath a blue expanse of cloudless sky. He had come equipped with a raincoat casually slung over one shoulder and a bag of self-raising flour clasped in one hand. It was time for the ultimate test. Striding purposefully into the distance the figure left a trail of dusty footprints, punctuated by small piles of gleaming white flour. After an hour the figure scrambled atop a rocky ridge, his London Hash t-shirt soaked with perspiration and a gentle breeze ruffling his hair. It was starting. Wispy cirrus clouds were being drawn across the sky as the breeze stiffened. The cirrus clouds spiralled and spun and thickened into cirrocumulus then cirrostratus, ever descending through the troposphere. Soon a thick blanket of cumulonimbus hovered above the solitary figure, casting darkness upon the desolate landscape. Then a single drop of wetness splashed from a

small rock. Another spot of wetness joined the first, then another and another. The sky turned black and the air turned cold as the gleaming sands darkened under the increasing deluge of rain. Rivulets formed between the rocks and once-dry gullies gushed with water. Withered seeds floated free from the grains of sand that had entrapped them and dormant bulbs drew in the nourishing liquid. Finally the rain died away, leaving the air cool and fresh and the landscape running with streams and puddles. The figure stepped from the ridge, his work was done. The bulbs sprouted and bloomed as he walked, the desert transforming into a sea of pink and yellow añañuca flowers where previously only the bleached bones of death had lain. It was time to take the phenomenon to where it was needed most. 'The Rain God' the popular press called him. From one famine scourged region to the next this gifted man travelled with his rain coat and his bag of flour. Ethiopia to Somalia, Senegal to Mali, and the rain clouds always followed. Mud shack villagers once destitute and condemned to starvation were brought bountiful harvests. Warring tribesmen fighting over scorched nothingness put down their Kalash-

nikovs and hugged former foes as the Rain God brought food and wealth for everyone. It would not be long before the powers that be would notice. Gleaming cold steel lightly touched first one shoulder then the other as the Rain God with head reverently bowed knelt before her majesty. The gift had followed him everywhere. The markets were booming and the entire world was entering a new era of political stability and economic prosperity, yet the gift was also a curse. The Rain God had been unaware that small specks of flour had fallen from his pocket as he had proudly walked the red carpet to the throne. "Arise **Sir Bonnie**" her majesty instructed as a gentle breeze wafted through the gilded corridors of Buckingham Palace. The breeze stiffened and wispy strands of cirrus cloud followed in its wake. The crystal chandeliers swayed as the cirrus clouds spiralled and spun and thickened around them into cirrocumulus then cirrostratus. A

Run 2202 4th Oct 2014
The Sekforde Arms
Farrington **AGPU RUN!**

Hares: Bonnie & Sparerib



Scribe: Skylark



RA: Reach Around

single wet droplet bounced from the end of Lizzie's nose, then another and another rained down on the assembled congregation. Velvet drapes hung wetly and priceless paintings tilted awkwardly on the walls as the squall passed. "Sorry your majesty" guiltily grinned **Sir Bonnie**. "It's become kind of a habit."



The newly elected Mismanagement for the London Hash House Harriers



Run 2203 12th Oct 2014
The Black Horse
Chorleywood

Hare: **Mr X**



Run 2204 - Northwood Park
 Hare - **Mad Cow**
 RA - **Goldilocks**

We'd been promised shiggy and shiggy we got. In abundance! Almost from the off we were slip sliding away. The trail wended its way through parkland, a golf course and on to and around the beautiful Ruislip Lido. Not familiar with the area, I was very impressed to find this gem of a lido and think it is definitely worth a visit on a less grey, wet, miserable day.

Tango, **Pyles** and I got pretty lost around this point, and that was about the last time we saw the pack until we eventually got back to the pub. We even missed the drinks stop, which had been packed up long before we got there, and although there had been some talk that **Mad Cow** would leave the drinks on the pavement for us, that didn't happen. Probably for the best!

The trail was considered, by our small knitting circle of three, to have all the trappings of a good r*n, off road, scenic, plenty of shiggy, an obligatory meander through a housing estate, and even a gentle river crossing enabling us to wash our extremely muddy shoes before heading back for the pub.

The pub was cheap and the food reasonable and most people sat outside enjoying a beverage or several.

The following down downs were skillfully awarded by virgin RA **Goldilocks** (one of the GM's 'secret RAs'):

The hare - he couldn't be arsed to get out of bed and reset his washed out trail.

Run 2204 18th Oct 2014
The William Jolle
Northwood Hills

Hare: **Mad Cow**



Scribe: **Screwloose**

Visitor - '**Crackhead**' from China

Window Dressing - for wearing jeans despite all the warnings about shiggy on the trail

Action Man - for wearing his shorts inside out and back to front

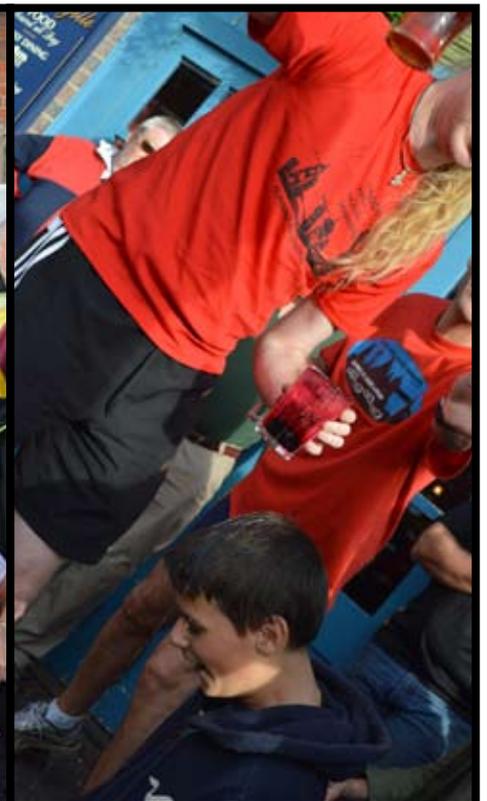
Psychodelic - for undressing in the pub and causing the punters to complain to the landlord. Helpful hashers tried to get him thrown out for such shameful behaviour, but to no avail.

TDH and **Yorky Porky** - for molestation on trail - they tried to get lucky with a Staffie until **More On** intervened.

AJ (Kenny's nephew) - was named **Mr Hanky** in keeping with the South Park tradition

Sparerib - for only managing to do the P trail

Tango - for not making the drinks stop.



The Bermondsey Angel stands silent on the bank of the coffee coloured, boat-bobbing, murky waters of the muddy river Thames. Some have arrived early but the bar is shut.

At one minute past twelve, Captain Cat slides down the bolts on the door to allow in the bottle and jug collecting helper and the Chinese/Vietnamese looking cook. Five minutes later the doors open. **Goldilocks** and **Three Beers, Hum-sanything** and **Sarah, Orngutan** and **Reach** enter the empty bar.

Upstairs, a room has been reserved overlooking the river with far off views of foreign owned, foreign paid-for modern high rise blocks; The Gherkin, The Cheesegrater, The Walkie Talkie but peoples' eyes are rather drawn to the bascules of Tower Bridge.

The London Hash gathers in the upstairs room and soon **Boy Blunder** blunders in. "Everybody out " he shouts "The bascules are rising!". The runners make their way down and out to the wall by the river. A lonely looking, tall masted, single sailed boat is goosewinging its way under Tower Bridge. **Blunder** appoints himself Hash Flash; photos are taken and Bhopal takes up the chalk. He marks the first arrow on the ground and the multi-coloured, many countryed pack trots off in the direction of the Shard.

"On on " they cry and **Boy Blunder's** hash is underway.

Soon the arrows bend away from the river and lead the merry band across Jamaica Road to the arches of the main line rail to London Bridge.

There's Drinkstop1 with beers and wine, Drinkstop2 with coffee and tea, Drinkstop3 with fruit juice and coke but its pay-as-you-go and, lacking the cash to pay, nobody stops, nobody drinks and on-on they go under the arch to the crowded Pope Street Market. "Halal pork for sale", "skulls for Halloween" past Drinkstops4,5 and 6 but hoards of shoppers slow down the pace to a crawl.

On escape from Pope Street Market they enter a housing estate of rectangular blocks of rectangular flats stacked one upon another with four flights of seven to the top and four flights of seven back down.

Listen! It's the roar of a football crowd! Ten thousand voices carried on the wind from Millwall in the Den, cheer the goal that brings them victory and so, with a boost of energy we enter the Park. The arrows are clear but wait! They've led us round in a circle. **Bhopal** looks lost...has somebody blundered?

But **Sparerib** appears and with lightning speed he finds "You are here" on the map by the quiet café and sets us on course for the bandstand. Where a *false trail* points us straight to the Angel!

Back at the bar, Captain Cat serves the beer and lunches are ordered and paid

for. Shared plates of fried egg, soup bowls with bread are eaten. The bottle and jug collecting helper takes the empty plates and the group goes back to the wall by the river. Down downs for the Hare, **Goldilocks** and **Three Beers, Dusty Springbok** and **Three Beers, Dusty Springbok** and **Sarah**.

They happily chat for a while and drain their beer. Soon the Hashers begin to disperse and the Thames rolls on as it has this past ten thousand years.

Orngutan



Run 2205 25th Oct 2014
The Angel
Bermondsey

Hare: **Boy Blunder**



Scribe: **Orngutan**



RA: **Sparerib**



Run 2206 1st Nov 2014
The Greyhound
Carshalton

Hare: **Orangutan**



Run 2207

It was a dark and stormy night but the day dawned bright.

The London Hash trooped out to the remote North East and set up camp in The Oakwood Tavern which had mercifully since our last visit deigned to reinstate beer on draught. Trent Park in your humble scribes opinion is a great place to set a run possibly because it is overlooked by the hospital in which I first saw the light of day.

With the proximity of Trent park the prospect of a run set almost solely off road and with plenty of shiggy appeals especially to a hare who apparently was suffering from a shortage of chalk. The only snag pertaining to a run off road is the sheer amount of flour it can consume.

Personally the run set off well however by the time I had reached the mansion which forms the centre of the Middlesex university campus I found myself in the company of **Stand in Shit, Fireball & TDH** with the pack well out of sight. Our attempts to follow the trail were hampered by a spaniel with a very white nose, the concerned owner wondering loudly as to what this white powder her dog seemed addicted to was. She seemed satisfied by the explanation given to her by four eccentrically dressed "runners". **TDH** dropped behind to explain further. Dog and owners sheered off soon after.

We steadily followed the trail until any faint calling from the pack was replaced by very human sounds coming from all directions especially above. All was explained by realisation

that we were amid the Go Ape complex. We never did manage to catch up with the pack but nonetheless completed the entire trail (I think).

Back at the pub a goodly amount of "Doom" was quaffed with much good conversation and witty banter.

The circle took place outside to the amusement of a few smoker/drinkers.

Visitors included **Whack Sabbath** from Anchorage, **No Nuts & Frederick** from Maryland. Returnees **Stand in Shit** and **Fireball**.

Down Downs, Lord alone knows ! Beyond the hare, visitors and returnees I haven't a clue, It was probably for looking at the RA in a peculiar way running on the cracks in the pavement, someone probably fell over, the down downs being given for increasingly spurious reasons until the beer ran out.

Possibly not the best person to nominate as scribe as I always seem to flounder round at the back and never come equipped with a pencil and paper.

New years resolution must try harder.

on on, **Freeloader**
(practice makes perfect! - ed)



Run 2207 9th Nov 2014
The Oakwood Tavern
Oakwood

Hare: **Mic Mac**



Scribe: **Freeloader**



RA: **Sparerib**

Run 2208 15th Nov 2014
The Express Tavern
Kew Bridge

Hares: Tablewhine & Ryde



Scribe: Bhopal



RA: Testiculator

Having narrowly avoided being nominated Scribe the previous week, I was firmly collared by a determined **Chi-Su** this week. How did he know it was here I lost my virginity just over 9 years ago on a West London run set by the same hares?

The trail went straight to the river, flirted with Strand-on-the-Green, then headed north via a footbridge over the railway

to the Chiswick Roundabout, which it crossed to the west side of the North Circular. After about 400 metres, the trail passed over a footbridge to the east side. By this time, convinced that we were heading for a falsey, I entered the Park and found the latter stages of the trail, leading to the Italian Garden to the north.

It took some time for the pack to reach me, which gave me the opportunity to take in the memorial to New Zealander hasher **Hairy Fairy**, who fell and died whilst walking on Ben Nevis on Christmas Day almost 14 years ago.

Chocolates were handed round, and we proceeded southwards through the Park, across the Great West Road, right through Carville Hall Park, left over the railway to a desolate area of waste ground on Green Dragon Lane. Here we were treated to a drink stop of mulled cider. Then it was straight back to the pub at Kew Bridge.

The Express Tavern has been the subject of a recent but sympathetic refurbishment, and serves a good selection of ales and ciders. We were made very welcome, and it is worth remembering that this is the sister-pub to the Sussex Arms in Twickenham.

I can recall nothing about the circle except that when someone pointed out it was dominated by ex-GM's, **Testy**, being one of them, wryly remarked "We're all ex's".

On On, **Bhopal**



Run 2209 22nd Nov 2014
The Paddington Packet
West Drayton

Hare: **Rambo**



RAs: **Goldilocks & Reach**



Run 2210 29th Nov 2014
The Coach and Horses
Barnes Bridge

Hare: 2AM



Scribe: Call Girl



RAs: Bonnie & G'locks

LH3 Hash at the Coach and Horses – Barnes
Theme – Scottish/St Andrews Day

Hare : 2am

The RA had traded with the gods again and sold the last remnants of their souls for some watery winter sunshine. To support the theme of St Andrew's Day, some hashers wore blue, including our esteemed hare 2AM. **More On** turned up with a new head of curly orange hair and **Martian Matron** sporting a pair of very fetching tartan legs. A very good turnout overall, and those managing to circumvent the traditional St Andrews Day engineering works rocking up with minutes to spare. Introductions to virgins (3 well turned out newcomers), virgins to chaperones (**Bhopal**), returnees (**Hedgehog**) and other visitors were made. The hare enjoyed taking the pack on unusual twists and turns in this well hashed territory, so that glimpses of the familiar were had, but from different pathways. We saw the little back streets of Barnes, the river, and then headed round the duckpond and eventually onto Barnes Common. 15 minutes in **Pickled Fart** appeared out of the shrubbery, fresh from a jaunt around

China, and having educated the entire Chinese population on how to set World Class trails. **Hands On** broke through a wire fence and led the pack like expert convicts on the run, although they'd have been caught within minutes if the dog in pursuit had been anything but a daschund (sorry **Jack**). The conversation was sparkling, covering topics as erudite as the Cleverness of Crows, the uselessness of terriers in fetching sticks, and, well that's about it. Down downs included our virgins who had made it all the way round without being lost, and their chaperone **Bhopal**, well done to all; our Hare, **2AM** who was commended on the variety, timing and general shigginess of the trail, Visitors and returnees (**Hedgehog**, **Legs**), **Sparerib** for not having circumnavigated the engineering works and rolling in well after the trail was ended, some mystery child somehow connected to **Not Out**, **Bonnie** for selling the Christmas Party tickets but not having bought one himself, **Testiculator** for not drinking beer, **All Fours** for responding to the barman who asked if **Jack** (the Daschund) was 'a snapper' with 'Who are you calling a Slapper?'
Scribe : **Call Girl**
On On to 2015!



PROLOGUE:- Well ,**Chi-Su** has done it again and asked a part-time hasher and confirmed SCB to do the write up.(And don't take 6 months like your Trent Park report - Ed). So here goes. **STORY:-** I did wonder, as I trekked to the pub why the Harvey's pub, The Royal Oak, 2 mins from Borough station was not used. When I was told the chosen pub was the hare's local I understood and forgave her. My past p-trails from St Johns Wood station to Crocker's pub I am sure were much longer. On passing The Old Schoolyard I thought "What a shame we don't have a hasher called Julio."(Under 40s ask an old person to explain it). A reasonable (sized!) group assembled on a cold, bright morning down in the ghetto. (What? - Ed) After running the first few hundred yards to warm up I then fell in with a bad crowd - the knitting circle ,so I don't know what happened further up the trail. That is apart from some half-hearted efforts on the first park's climbing frames. You have to admit this area between Borough and Elephant and Castle is a very nonde-

script area of anonymous office blocks, small industry, warehouses, shops, parks and housing estates. Probably ideal for setting a run. A concrete lovers paradise - designed by that Austrian painter and decorator Herr A Hitler. The trail meandered in and out of said architecture so I hadn't a clue where I was, even on main roads. There are simply no outstanding buildings to help. Thank God we had a trail to follow down the long and winding road. I give **Run2Eat** 7/10 for the trail. It would have been higher but she failed miserably with the side dish - meeting up with the FUKH3 pub crawl in a natty new micropub underneath the arches. **EPILOGUE:-**The entertainment picked up during down downs, starting with RA **Reach Around** for losing control.(Like Liverpool against Basle! - Ed) The numerous down downs went to **Rambo** and **Yorkie Porkie** for impersonating or annoying harriettes, and **Linford** for being more decrepit than moi and **Un-nacceptable**. Visitors and returnees in **Smartstuff** and **Murphys** from Munich and Swansea. **Dead Elvis** for not

knowing what Carry On films were. (Just watch Freeview - Ed) **Skylark**, it seems, upset people by singing on the Twelve Days of Xmas pub crawl. When I did it in the last century, I simply tripped in the street, was sick in the loo and let my twelfth pint slip through my fingers as I was handed it. Happy days. I didn't get a flashing mug for my efforts like **Skylark** did though. Finally **Tango**. We found out hers are rugby ball shaped, not football shaped! That's her eyeballs not what you perverts who weren't there are thinking.(Honestly, that's disgusting!- Ed) There was some tale of our hash whino mistaking mulled beer for mullered wine. I'm sure we've all done that haven't we? I eventually headed home for fish and chips and some Old Speckled Hen while many others headed for the Xmas party.

Run 2211 6th Dec 2014
Simon the Tanner
Borough

Hare: Run 2 Eat



Scribe: Please Sir



RA: Reach Around

I wonder if any harriette impersonated Barbara Windsor on Carry On Camping? (Stop that! - Ed) That's the scene where, in the background, Hattie Jacques headscarf is there one minute and gone the next.



CLaWs Xmas Party
6th Dec 2014
The Fine Line, Monument

Social sex: **3Beers, Love Deuce, Spongebob & All Fours**



RA: **Sparerib**



CLaWs Xmas Party Theme
CARRY ON



A slightly smaller than usual pack assembled at the Allsop Arms on an overcast Sunday morning; the need to get things moving for those of us looking to double-run with the Catch the Hare saw us get away bang on time as our hare **Pyles** pointed us all towards the park with vague references to Inner Mongolia. On-time departure for the pack as a whole led to, no surprise, **Last Tango** trying her best to catch up. Thankfully for her the pack was quickly enough confused as we had a shortage of clear trail marks to follow on entry to Regent's Park. "Any more latecomers?" was her cry to **Funky Gibbon** as she caught us up. Sorry **Tango**, it's just you!

After another hint from **Pyles** got us back on track, with his apology due to the Park 10k that had taken place in the morning when he was setting trail, we got back to the usual hash pattern and started to spread out. We thought normal business had been resumed as we passed along the outside of London Zoo, only to have the usual back of the pack approached by the front-runners coming back at us apace. A quick confab and the source of the problem was identified - a musical note marking from **Pyles** that everyone except him saw as a fish-hook. It just goes to show that some hashers will follow the rules regardless; no matter how many of us shouted "it's not a fish-hook" Mouthwash still insisted on retracing his steps.

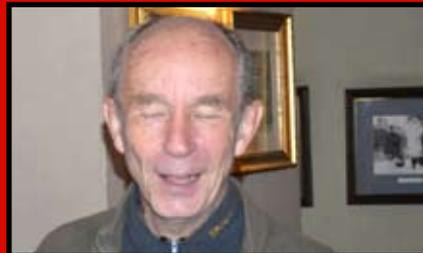
Out of the park and along the canal it was clear we were Camden-bound; up past the Pirate Castle (a landmark many of us know, even if **Marxist** swore blind he'd never seen it before). Speculation mounted; would we run through any of the markets at their jam-packed Sunday afternoon busiest? While the FRBs were slowed down in the end, it would not be a walking pace path through the markets that did it, but again a minor gap in the hare's markings. East of Camden Lock the SCBs were once again run into by the FRBs, this time led by **Goldilocks** and complaining about being sent on a loop! At the second time of asking the route into the Sainsbury's car park was identified and we were on our way en masse again, past the Mad Hatter's Tea Party posing with tourists on Camden High Street and (finally!) clearly heading back.

This is where the tale gets a bit hazy; all of us found our way back to the pub, although no more than any 2 people appeared to take the same route once back in the park. Our hare turned up 15 minutes after those we had thought were DFL, just in time for **Sparerib** to fill in as substitute RA for **Goldilocks** (begging off due to being too hung over) and **Blood Stained Clothing** (begging off due to being RA later in the day on the Catch).

On on, **BSC**

Run 2212 14th Dec 2014
Allsop Arms
Baker Street

Hare: Pyles

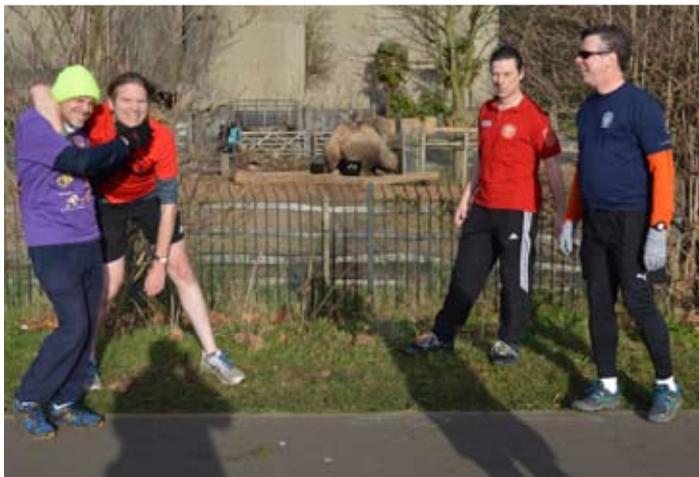


Scribe: Blood Stained Clothing



Named on WLH3 1000th r*n away weekend, courtesy of lots of ketchup!

RA: Sparerib



"I love pooing: it's so British!"

OVERHEARD IN LONDON