

# ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 38 Issue 1 June 2015



## The Loved Up issue

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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

Well, I've been in Beijing for 10 months now and it has flown by. Arriving here was initially hard. The weather was hot, hygiene is not what it is back home, consequently food poisoning is rife and many of the loos are basically holes in the ground – not a great combination! Quickly moving on, then there's the language. I had started learning some mandarin before leaving the UK but had mainly focused on the Pinyin (the western alphabetized version) as I presumed that Chinese characters would be a quaint, archaic form of writing that was pretty but not very practical, you know, like roman numerals. Oh no! I was mistaken. This has led to some 'interesting' eating experiences in restaurants with non-picture menus. I would love to be able to say that after 10 months, my Chinese is pretty good though that would be a lie. I can recognize maybe 200 characters and give rudimentary directions to a taxi driver but it sure ain't easy learning the local lingo.

So, other than eating a lot of Chinese food and learning the lingo what have I been up to? Well, teaching here is a delight and I like my job; the kids are so, so lovely. Sightseeing: the highlights have to be the ANZA Ball on the Wall, a communist themed restaurant, the Longqing Gorge ice festival, Watertown and skiing by the Great Wall but these are just a few among a long list.

So, will I be extending my contract? No, it is lovely but I feel it's time to move on. I will probably be back in England briefly over summer and I really can't wait to catch up with you guys, I miss you all but where next? Watch this space!

on on, Hot Down South

## Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
17 - 19 July 2015	EuroHash 2015	Krakow, Poland	<a href="http://www.angelfire.com/ak/dublin-hhh/xEH2015.htm">www.angelfire.com/ak/dublin-hhh/xEH2015.htm</a>	Eurohash committee
31 July - 02 Aug 2015	Full Moon Nash Hash	Writtle Agricultural College, Chelmsford	<a href="http://www.fukfmh3.co.uk">www.fukfmh3.co.uk</a>	Webfart (Oxford)
27 - 31 Aug 2015	Nash Hash 2015	Oxford Hash	<a href="http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nash-hash/">http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nash-hash/</a>	Smartarse
25 - 27 Sep 2015	Pan Asia Hash Pondi 2015	Pondicherry, India	<a href="http://panasiapondy.com/en_GB">http://panasiapondy.com/en_GB</a>	Lord Krishna
5 - 8 Nov 2015	Vineyard Hash #23	Forrest Resort (near Sofia) Bulgaria	<a href="http://www.bembeltown.de/VineyardHash">http://www.bembeltown.de/VineyardHash</a>	
22 - 24 April 2016	Belgium Nash Hash	Antwerp, Belgium	<a href="http://www.bmph3.com/BNH/2016/">http://www.bmph3.com/BNH/2016/</a>	Yark Sucker
17 - 2 May 2016	Interhash 2016	Denpasar, Bali	<a href="http://www.interhash2016.com">http://www.interhash2016.com</a>	<a href="mailto:info@interhash2016.com">info@interhash2016.com</a>

**Run 2213** 21st Dec 2014  
**Springfield Bowls Club**  
**Ealing**

**Hares: More On & M.Matron**



**Scribe: Window Dressing**



**RAs: BSC & Goldilocks**

On a cold winter morning, a large group of hashers meet at the Springfield Bowls and Social Club in Christmas hats and festive jumpers. Many of the hashers started to have a pint of beer before the run which made the hall look a little bit like a pub across the road from Santa's workshop.

When all the pint glasses became as empty as a Christmas stocking on Boxing Day, the hashers started the run and were crossing a muddy field within minutes. This was the training ground of the Wasps but I suspect that flying wasps are not as reliable as flying reindeer...

After running for a while, all the hashers stopped for a short rest and had some whisky and mince pies. It was a bit like Santa stopping for a drink and mince pie which had been left on a fireplace but we were in the middle of a small road instead of a warm living room.

The run lasted for about 6 miles and then the hashers returned to the social club for more beer and the down downs.

**The Circle:**

The hashers provided the hares with a beer for the run and shouted that the run was

too warm and too festive.

The virgins were called in to the circle and it was announced that **Call Girl** looked after them.

Then we called in all the visitors from the Marlow Hash and it was said that they sometimes used paint on the ground.

**Whack Sabbath** was punished for arriving a day early to the hash. He still had a beer though.

**Knickers** was given a down down for being a front runner.

**Spare Rib** was punished for being late which he blamed on the trains. **Spare Rib** was also given a beer for wearing the

best Christmas costume but we all agreed that he looked a bit creepy.

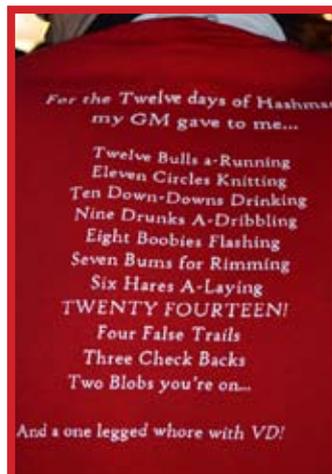
**Mouthwash** was called in for racism as he won a race in his age category.

**2AM** was then given a beer for declaring that the mince pies at the drink stop were "Too small".

The RA then called in **Mad Cow** as he gave someone a compliment while buying them a beer.

**Spare Rib** then said that he found **2AM's** trousers and promptly returned them to him.

Before we closed the circle, it was announced that **Just William** ran into a lamp post on the run.

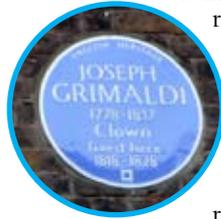


I call this period between Xmas and New Year Betwixmas, and the run wasn't likely to get huge crowds with many of the core runners still away on holiday.

However, I'm not clowning around when I say that it was a very interesting and educational run constructed by **Blood Stained Clothing** and **Going Commando**. It was also **BSC's** birthday run for which **GC** made quite an interesting cake! More on that later.

The temperature had dropped dramatically following a very mild period, so the small pack set off like a large set of Michelin people. **BSC** had warned us to look out for special clown stops at which he entertained us with lectures on the life and times of Joseph Grimaldi, a famous 18<sup>th</sup> Century clown who lived in the area. It was a bit cold to stop and listen and some of the FRBs later on weren't willing to wait for the pack to arrive, but I found Grimaldi's story fascinating and we were shown a blue plaque and a park named after him. On further research I've discovered that there is a bona fide Clown Museum and Archive over in Dalston Junction.

Though it was a little difficult running in our size 20 running shoes, it was a pleasant run, though the sun struggled to break free of the clouds. My brother, **Crusty Nuts**, was over for this run and



he continued to do his usual trick of turning up ahead of me, despite being largely a walker – a sign of a well held together pack.

Back at the Shakespeare's Head, opposite Sadler's Wells, **Going Commando** sheepishly brought out a castle shaped cake to celebrate her husband's birthday. Her reticence was because it turned out the perfect castle mold had not been properly greased and the cake was trapped within. However, as this stopped us from following the clown tradition of pushing it into **BSC's** face, he was mightily relieved – and the spooned out mixture was delicious anyway.

**Goldilocks** took on RAing duties today and made it quick because of the temperature.

**Freeloader** got a lookalike down down for his remarkable resemblance to Joseph Grimaldi despite the lack of a mohican.

Other DDs went to the visitor **Rosebud**, (**Whack Sabbath's** other half), **Martian Matron** and **More On** for missing the run, **Hands On** for going in search of 6ft men and **3 Beers** for finding time for a little book shopping on trail.

Sadly, **Crusty Nuts** and I had to leave shortly after the circle, but the rest of the pack were taken back to the Hare's hutch to carry on the burpday celebrations.

## Run 2214 27th Dec 2014 The Shakespeare's Head Angel

Hares: **BSC & Going Commando**



Scribe: **Chi-Su**



RA: **Goldilocks**



**Run 2215** 1st Jan 2015  
**The White Swan**  
**Charing Cross**

**Hares: MicMac & Bhopal**



**Scribe: Car Say No**



**RA: B\*ttplug**

The New Year hash set off in style after all worldly goods was safely deposited in the pub's locked up disabled toilet! The West End's bemused tourists looked on as the twenty or so intrepid hashers went off enthusiastically as usual in search of the ever eluding chalk and flour marks.

The early trail took us in and out of various alleyways and back passages, some of which were smellier than others! One of those back passages yielded someone with a bunch of purple and silver helium balloons so following the On trail became ever so easy as you just needed to look up! But like all good things, it came to an early end after they proved too difficult to handle amongst the uncompromising wind and the unending stream of tourists who were oblivious to the plight of our poor balloons bearer who was trying her utmost to ensure they are out of harm's way. A few tears were shed by this scribe at the sight of them being abandoned all forlorn on the South Bank of the Thames tied to a lamp post. However all was not lost as it was not just any old lamp post but a rather grand Victorian one with a cast iron base of entwining dolphins designed in

1870 by George John Vulliamy, architect to the Board of Works (and don't say you never learn anything from On Paper!).

The trail then snaked its way around the South Bank, including a false trail near the London Eye (imagine, amongst all those tourists!) before crossing back to the north side via the upstream Hungerford Bridge (or to be precise the Golden Jubilee Bridge, another useless thing you learn today). We then ran through somewhere with a brass Ghurkha on a plinth, then through thousands of tourists, again, ogling at some Household Cavalry soldiers doing their

stuff, then the deserted Horse Guards Parade looking rather nice in the fading light. Then in and out of St James Park, may be also Green Park, it's all a blur, and I just want to get to the pub for my drink! However, my spirit was somewhat lifted when we got to The Royal Arcade (or The Arcade to the better informed). It was rather beautiful, all that plaster work and arches and lights and balconies, not to mention those shops selling fine silverware, art, bespoke shoes and high-end chocolate! Unfortunately for me, nothing was open. How some people thought it was ok to bung off work just because it's New Year's day ...

The trail then took us to Brewer Street and to pretty Christmas lights shaped like feathers (you can tell I am easily impressed). Then on to China Town and through not so impressive arches on Gerrard Street. Ran/jogged/walked/crawled pass half-closed Leicester Square station, St Martins Court, then before I knew it, we hit the On Inn!! Phew.

The circle was convened under the watchful eyes of RAs **Goldie Locks** and **Reach Around**. **Mic Mac** was thanked for the trail and **Bhopal** for back checking (think that's what he did). Visitors next and a kilted someone from Alabama very obligingly confirmed something I'd always wanted to know but never dared to ask: what does a Scottish American wear under his kilt?! All that remains for me to say is the size of his haberdash purchase

later was equally impressive! Down downs were also awarded to **Vive la France** (? don't ask me), a virgin called **Not Contagious** (named already!), and various others which I would report if I could read my handwriting! On on that note, there's nothing left for me to say except on account of this badly remembered write up, please can I never scribe again!

(not getting out of it that easily! - ed)



## The Tattle of Epping Forest

Joint run with FUKFK H3.

Loughton is one weird place. For one thing, the trail started and finished on *Smart Arse's Lane*, a street clearly named in honour of one of the Hares. Furthermore, according to Google Maps at least, a nearby street appears to celebrate the best-known Time Lord.



The vindictive Essex weather gods had obviously paid close attention to the Hashing schedule, offering light rain until approximately 12:30pm, then unleashing a serious downpour while we were on trail to ensure we were well hydrated. Of course it slackened off once we were safely back in the pub.

The trail is neatly summarized in the verse from *The Hippopotamus Song* (and you can have 10 bonus points for naming the songwriters).

Mud, Mud, glorious mud  
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood!

So follow me, follow  
Down to the hollow  
And there let us wallow  
In glorious mud

Some of the pack of 27 or so did indeed wallow in the mud (**Mr X** for example) while others timidly skirted the early puddles before realizing the futility of trying to stay clean and dry. At the earliest opportunity the trail ducked into the mysterious glades of Epping Forest. It is easy to lose oneself there, and it's not surprising that stories abound of East End gangster feuds being fought out among the leafy glades, with some of those who entered not returning. It was also a popular hangout for "Dick" Turpin the highwayman. (It's not known why he was known as "Dick" - presumably a hash name for some misdemeanour.)

Also a mystery is the discrepancy between the Hares advertised distance of four miles, and my recorded distance of only two and a quarter miles, seemingly always on trail (and of which half a mile was gratuitous looping and checking of my own volition stupidity.)

**Mr. X** and **Smart Arse** shared the RA duties. They called forward a South African who had expressed concern about the moon-shaped checks - apparently the moon cannot be observed in the southern hemisphere. **Mr. X** was keen to point out what the moon looks like, but given the heavily overcast conditions there was only one way to show a proper moon - and he promptly did so.

At one point (do circles have points?) all

the **Arse** family members will called up - I lost count of the number of generations present - presumably **Grand Arse** and **Great Grand Arse** were there. It was an auspicious occasion - but we don't need too many of those.

The landlord of The Victoria Tavern looked after us well - and I'm sure we'll be back.

PS. (Obscure fact for old fogies.) The title of this write-up is a corruption of a song from the album *Selling England by the Pound*, by Genesis.

PPS. (Obscure fact for even older fogies.) Flanders and Swann wrote *The Hippopotamus Song*.



Run 2216 3rd Jan 2015  
The Victoria Tavern  
Loughton

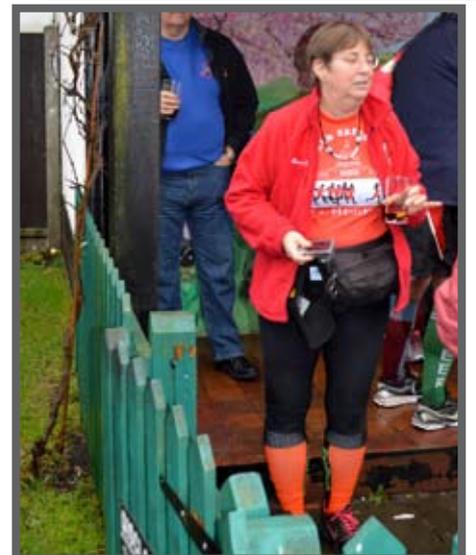
Hares: **Smartarse & Kebab**



Scribe: **Hedgehog**



RA's: **Smartarse & Mr X**



**Run 2217** 11th Jan 2015  
**The Duke of Wellington**  
**Twyford**

Hare: **Caboose**



**Run 2218**

For once the RAs had done their job. The sun was shining. **Mad Cow** wasn't coming even though we were near his cowshed. There was even a thaw to ensure that the promise of shiggy would not be an empty one from the hare. There was just one big problem - the hare - who did not think to mark a P trail from Ickenham Station. Was this a cunning plan to stop City Hashers finding us? It almost worked as **Crabs** venturing out of Zone 1 was left floundering in the suburbs but Sir Galahad (aka the Scribe) saved the day. And as London hashers are made of sterner stuff by hook or by crook (plenty of those on the hash) the ragtag runners of LH3 found the pub. Other hoons smugly arrived from the closer station at West Ruislip Station with tales of a P trail. Where was the hare - had he gone mad and used the wrong station? Answer no - just a late a late running and clearly dishevelled **Freeloder** had recruited a useless co-hare in the shape of **Pecker**. The omens were not good. So with the mood of the hoons rapidly deteriorating given the warning signs aplenty, the assembled pack was called to order to laugh at **Rambo's** efforts to



dress up like Biggles. The worst fears of the seasoned old farts (aka short cutting pensioners with freedom passes - you know who you are **More On** and **Pete**) were also well founded. The hares had both been out but indeed they had not been communicating. So there were in fact two separate runs 2218 (A) and 2218 (B) which allegedly met in the middle. With the hare's trail setting skills clearly in need of an overhaul we set off across flooded fields and shiggy pathways with just enough flour to keep any back markers clinging to the hope of seeing the pub before sunset.

As run 2218 (A) was drawing to a close after 55 minutes rebellion was evident amongst the more senior echelons of LH3 as the trail headed further away from the pub. **Thunder-thighs** and **KC** had enough as the pack started Run 2218 (B) and short-cutted back (note to scribe - don't mention who had the local knowledge to help them do this). Over 30 minutes later the rebel contingent were pack at pub and joined the other old f\*rts **More On** and **Peter the Pilot** who sensibly made up their own trail and were already backing nursing pints.

As the runners returned the pub landlady had a cunning plan to save her carpet. She despatched **More On** to brave the elements and ensure we all stripped off (at least our shoes) and used her backdoor (no laughing please). As runners, walkers and Biggles came back over the next 90 minutes with tales of horror on run 2218 (B) the smug short cutters had a chance to get a 3 pint head start (which was needed as the ale ran out later).

Finally at 4pmish the circle was called to attention. There was much rejoicing and merriment as it was a **Tango** and **Mad Cow** free zone. Down downs were duly served to **Freeloder** and **Pecker** for their abomination. **Skylark** was seen as compliant for his useless webshite directions. **Bhopal** was done



**Run 2218** 17th Jan 2015  
**The Fox & Geese**  
**Ickenham**

Hare: **Freeloder**



Scribe: **Wacker**



RA: **Reach & G'Locks**

for front running and not stopping at the regroupings/giving a toss. **Crabs** from City Hash came visiting for shiggy and a proper down down. **Small Dick** or was it **Midget Dick** or was it **Tiny Dick** (clearly an Asian male problem only) was visiting from the Ah Seoul Hash and kindly brought Soju to keep the circle spirits alive. After this tonic the scribe notes become relatively unintelligible but **Muff Diver** was returning and worthy of a down down. **Pussy Foot** was rewarded as the last man running hours later. **Mouth-wash** and **Scrumphy** had a drink off for phoning (or was it dogging) on the run and **More On** was found guilty of inappropriate behaviour by hitting on larger members of the opposite sex. On On.



"He's brainwashed you into thinking he's tall and hot"

**OVERHEARD IN LONDON**

# Hash Humour

## EPIC FLASH DRIVE



NO GUY WILL GO NEAR THIS...  
YOUR SECRETS ARE SAFE.



"You kids have fun, but remember - there's only one sure way to avoid getting pregnant, and that's anal sex!"

I was in bed with a blind girl last night

and she said that I had the biggest p\*nis she had ever laid her hands on.

I said "You're pulling my leg"



Thieves had broken into my house and stolen everything except my soap, shower gel, towels and deodorant. Dirty Bastards.

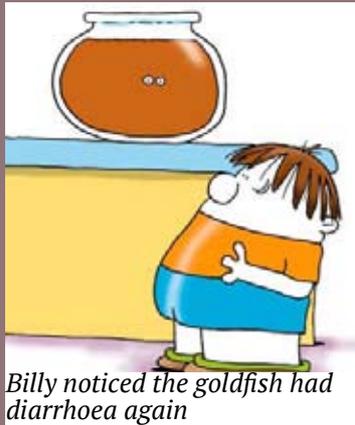
My girlfriend has just asked me how many other women I've shagged.

I said, 'I really don't want to answer that love, you know I've had a past & I don't want to upset you!' 'C'mon' she said, 'I can handle it!'

So I had to sit there and count them all.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, you, 10, 11, 12.



"No, they can't be used as a flotation device, but if you don't behave, I might use them to smother you in your sleep."



Billy noticed the goldfish had diarrhoea again



Inside me is a thin woman trying to get out.

I usually shut the bitch up with chocolate.



Seen on HumorPix.com



**Run 2219** 24th Jan 2015  
**The Duke of Hamilton**  
**Hampstead**

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



**Scribe: Reach Around**



**RA: BSC & G'locks**

As I schleped through Hampstead Heath on a beautiful sunny January day, I was cheered by the inclusiveness of London Hash. Apparently, we were to have some kind of Judaism themed run devoted to some Rabbi called Burns and North London was an appropriate enough place for it. It would also give me a chance to troll with my 'Free Palestine' t-shirt.

I'm not really into the costume hashes myself (I think we promote the fact that we're a bunch of loud extroverted wankers pretty well anyway), but I was interested to see what would turn up. I got to the pub and whilst I was impressed with the beards that **More-On, Pete the Pilot, Unacceptable, Tablewhine** and a couple of unnamed older Harriets were sporting, the hats were more plaid than the big dark ones I was expecting.

The run was hared by the **Goldilocks** and the **Three Beers** and it was very pleasant:

It was not too long and not too short, but... just right.

The sun was not too hot, but not too cold, but...just right.

The trail was not too hard to

follow, not too easy, but.. just right.

There was not too much shiggy, not... Actually there was a f\*ckload of shiggy.

There were not too many hills, not... Actually too many f\*cking hills.

Anyway, we appropriately ended up at Golders Green where I congratulated **Three Beers** for the Judaism theme, She corrected me and said it was actually something about a Scottish poet.

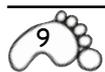
Now, that explained why she had dressed up as Jimmy Krankie (or Nicola Sturgeon, same difference).

Nearing the end, we were treated to a Scottish tramp's favourite drink, Buckfast, (not **Eric**, in particular, I mean the preferred drink of Scottish tramps). Apparently, this led **Run to Eat** to take a massive tumble later in the day. Just to clarify, I'm not calling **R2E** a Scottish tramp by the way or trying to plant that image in your mind- I'm sure you got there all yourselves.

Anyway, we had haggis and all the usual traditional Burn's Night efforts- also whisky (I still owe **Goldilocks** a drink for that - so don't tell him if you see him). There was the usual reciting of bad poetry and we all had a lovely time.

Of particular note was **Chi Su's** face when he realised that Chelsea had gone from winning two-nil to getting knocked out of the cup by Bradford (don't edit that out!).

Mazal tov!



"I'm not proud. I'll stick cheese in the mouth of a Northerner."

**OVERHEARD IN LONDON**

A small group of us on this drizzly grey day met on the recommended train out of Victoria. On arrival at Beckenham Junction we were greeted by **Mary Poppins** who was pleased to see that there would, indeed, be enough of us to form a pack. A P-trail down through Beckenham town centre (modulo a minor misdirection when everyone followed **Tablewhine** off the P-trail on his trip to the ATM) led us to the very lovely Jolly Woodman. Well, most of us - **Mary Poppins** herself was no longer anywhere to be seen!

A short wait later (providing time for reinforcements to arrive through the gloom), and following a surprise change in the pub from **Thunderthighs**, we were off at the instructions of our hare **Chi-Su**. A short straight stretch through the suburbs and we were quickly into Beckenham Place Park. A beautiful site, except for the first hill. We saw a **Skylark** heading to the top of this hill, but somehow only 50 yards ahead of the pack - the

pack were soon to find out why such a short gap. **Shiggy** all the way up and everyone was reduced to walking pace (if you can call slipping back one step for every two you make full walking pace). We saw with relief the grasslands on the plateau above as we thought that the worst was over (and, for once on a hash, it actually was!)

Across the forested section to a steep descent and then onto a gentle path along the river, the weather was starting to brighten up and the run seemed to be developing into something a bit more normal. After the river, though, we were back into Beckenham Place Park but this time into the golf course; thankfully the weather had kept the crowds down so there were no cries of "Fore!" to get in the way of hearing "On-on". **Bhopal** was setting a strong pace as we headed up the slope; the fairway looked green but was almost as deep shiggy as the hill earlier, keeping **Ryde**, **Tablewhine** and your correspondent from

matching **Bhopal's** pace. This hill, on the other hand, was far more rewarding to complete, for we were treated to a view of Beckenham Place the other side of a valley, just as the sun came out.

The pack was quick to discover after the hash flash stop that we were due to get a much closer view of Beckenham Place, as the trail took us immediately down that valley and back up (thankfully with a strip of tarmac this time) to the stately home, now reduced to a workaday existence as the golf course clubhouse. A short run past the car park and we were on our way back onto the P-trail, thankful that the pub was in range. It was a trail that had clearly taken its toll on those present; poor **Skylark** was too tired to even

open a packet of peanuts on arrival!

~ On on, BSC

## Run 2220 31st Jan 2015 The Jolly Woodman Beckenham Junction

Hare: **Chi-Su**



Scribe: **BSC**



RA: **BSC**



**Run 2221** 7th Feb 2015  
**The Jolly Angler**  
**Wood Green**

**Hare: Apple Bobbin'**



**Scribe: Knickers**



**RA: Reach & BSC**

Weather-not bad for the time of year, no rain, no sun, not much wind, no complaints, (not that I heard anyway) so well done RA.

I got to the pub early and walked straight past it and started to follow the out trail. Having hashed for quite a long time I figured out that that was wrong and went back to the pub I'd just passed. **Chi Su** was there gesticulating at me to come in, which I did after checking the pavement to see if there was an arrow pointing inside; there wasn't. **Apple Bobbin** explained why she didn't think it was necessary as most people would know it was the right pub. Really? I went back outside to mark an arrow.

I was incredibly early at 12.05. Most people had arrived by about 12.25, including our illustrious GM, **Tango**, but we didn't set out until the crack of 12.39, just in time to almost mow down **Short Stop, Jack** and **number 3 boy**. They had spotted the trail and were following it backwards, the trail that is, not them. It was a good crowd of around 35+.

Before we set out **Apple Bobbin** explained that she's set part of the run in salt, table not sea, as she'd been unable to buy flour at the local corner shop. The salt didn't dissolve in the damp conditions, so future hares, a possible new trail laying medium.

From the pub we wound our way towards Alex Pally train station, straight past it and on to the first check where we again turned away from the park, up Crescent Road. We then headed left into Alexandra Road and straight into the park. We followed the trail round to the

left once again before another check. I ran towards the car park at the top of the hill, saw an arrow and called ON. It was the last arrow I saw and judging by the many headless chicken imitations I saw, the last one a lot of other people saw as well.

To clarify; I wanted to do some hill training as Alex Pally is the hilliest venue I've been to for quite a while so I wasn't going to pass up the chance. That decided, I warmed up a bit by following the hash trail for a while, then when I'd reached the top of the hill, set out to do my own thing by running from one end of the park to the other a few times along the road. It was plenty hilly enough. Each time I ran along the top of the hill past the palace I came across lost hashers. Sometimes I was able to point them towards where I'd last heard a call, mostly I wasn't. Some hashers thought I was running on trail, so at intervals I had various hashers running back up the hill to follow me. It didn't do them any good as the trail exited the park towards Hornsey. At a rough guess I'd say that from there it went towards Turnpike Lane before heading back to Wood Green and the On In.

Those that followed it, and that was most of the pack, enjoyed it, though possibly thought it was a bit long, more of a City Hash length.

The down downs were very early as **Apple** had to go to baby sit. Her down down drank, she left.

**Reach Around** and **Blood Stained Clothing** did the honours, giving the first to **Not Out** and **Big In Japan** for managing to become separated when returning home late last Saturday evening from **Chi Su's** place.

**Naughty** got one for being led astray by **Tango** and going shopping instead of running. She bought a nice dress.

Lots of people had lost property. **Car Say No** thought **Spare Rib** was

**Skylark**.

**Mick Mack** would have got one for continuously moaning about the trail as he ran round it but as he'd already left, **Bhopal** had it for moaning almost as much.

**Bonnie** had finally passed his driving test theory, no doubt because as he's now wearing glasses he can read the book. Half way through the down downs the walkers arrived but weren't rewarded for their efforts.

As often happens the pub was very generous with the beer, the hash did nothing to deserve a free drink and the RAs ran out of miscreants.

**Matron** nominated me for hill training. I should have nominated **Chi Su** for nominating me to do the write-up despite my telling him I wasn't going to do much of the hash, but I didn't as the odd write-up is about all I do these days.

**BSC** nominated **Reach** and **Spare Rib** as next week's RA's so that should be sparky.

Finally, next week's run is from Southwark.

**Knickers**.



This was a joint run with SLASH, with Hares advertised as **Ryde, Tablewhine & Bulldozer**. The pub was 'The Ring', a long walk across the road from Southwark Station.

There were quite a few non hashers in the pub when I arrived, however these soon dissipated as the pub filled up with hashers, predominantly clad in red tee shirts, dresses and other attire, to celebrate this Valentine's Day run. After **Last Tango** set the run on it's way, it headed south under the railway bridge towards the Southbank, where we hit the hoards of people meandering along the shops. Fortunately we could spot the FRB's in red t-shirts in the distance. The trail continued westwards along the Southbank before cutting across the Golden Jubilee Bridge and through Charing Cross Train Station. From there it headed north, down the steps to Charing Cross tube station underpass and through to the other side of Charing Cross Road and on to St Martin in the Fields. We somehow managed to follow trail across the front of the National Portrait Gallery into further hoards of people being entertained by street artists, and then south through Trafalgar Square, through Admiralty Arch and down Horse Guards Parade before entering St James Park. Eventually we crossed a footbridge in the middle of the lake, heading towards Birdcage Walk, where the run came to a regroup on the grass banks, and where we were entertained by a re-enactment of the St Valentine's Day Massacre. **Bully**

being the chief storyteller and stage manager, choosing various people to represent the police, the Irish and Italian Gangsters, together with an assortment of other illegal immigrants. During the distribution of 'illegal' drinks and other substances in these days of 'Probation', there was a storming of the warehouse by gangsters disguised as policemen, who proceeded to massacre the opposition using plastic silly string guns. After the consumption of the contraband the run reconvened back up Birdcage Walk and back eastwards through side streets towards Westminster Abbey, Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament before crossing Westminster Bridge. I went ahead looking for trail...the heavens opened...I heard a call back...this is familiar territory. Do I go back? Do I follow my instinct? We are just around the corner from the pub...can I resist? My sources inform me that there were two further stops, Chocolate stops, the second of which was at 1 Valentines Place, where **Tablewhine** proceeded to get onto one knee and asked **Ryde** to marry him. Rumour has it she accepted. Congratulations to you both! As a token of his commitment **Tablewhine** offered **Ryde** 'The Ring' (pub that is), which is where the run ended. During the rugby interval **Blood Stained Clothing** held the circle outside, as the sun by this stage had reappeared. The down downs included; **Ryde & Tablewhine** as hares, **Bully**

**Run 222\*** 14th Feb 2015  
**The Ring**  
**Southwark**

Hares: **Bully, Ryde & T'Whine**



Scribe: **Kaff!r**



RA: **BSC**

for getting confused between 'Probation' and 'Prohibition', **Scrumphy** in a sling and having been abandoned by her other half, **Dorothy** the virgin (no name yet) and **Last Tango** for some other misdemeanour. Another good days hashing. On On **Kaff!r**



**Run 2222** 22nd Feb 2015  
**The Antelope**  
**Tooting**

**Hares: Skylark & Tango**



**Scribe: 3 Beers**



**RA: Sparerib**

It just so happened that the two thousand, two hundred and twenty-second LH3 r\*n fell on 22nd February 2015. Well, it did with a little help from the hare raiser, that is (no one dares mention r\*n 2223). The obvious response to this serendipitous event was to run round Tooting in tutus. We met at the Antelope at 12.22pm, and started at 12.44 since 12.22 had been deemed to be rather too early for hashers. There was an excellent turn out. Many visitors from a variety of other hashes made an appearance, as well as two virgins. Similarly, almost everyone had obtained a tutu of some kind - although **Naughty Nympho** and **Titanic** popped next door to the local tutu shop, which was very conveniently located.

It was the kind of day the Scots call 'dreich' - ie. rather chilly. **Skylark** and **Tango** had certainly gone to town on the doubling theme: two arrows marked the trail on, and several of the checks required 22 people to stand in a circle before the hash could move on. Two cemeteries featured on the trail, but only one industrial estate, sadly. Some acrobatic ability was also required: we clambered over a wall and landed on an abandoned sofa, and balanced precariously on a wall as part of the trail.

The highlight of the trail for many (one might reasonably assume all) hashers,

however, was the first drink stop, which took place at Wandle market by the mill stream. Two drinks were available : port and baileys, with a side order of brioche, and much frivolity ensued, including an impromptu performance of the pas de deux.

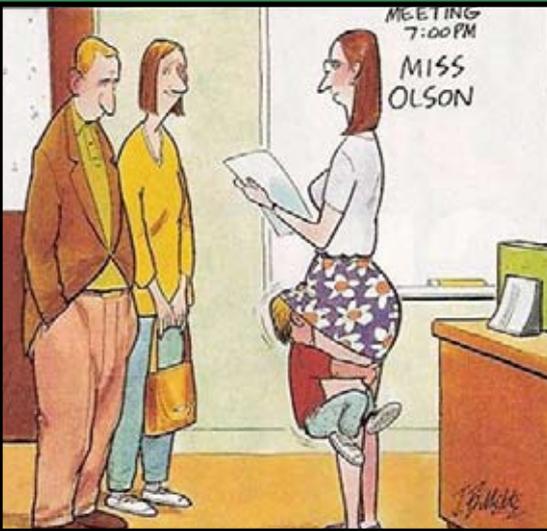
The drinks did not repel the cold as much as we would have wished so we were back on trail fairly quickly, which took us along a riverside path and back into suburbia. One of the inhabitants took a fancy to our tutus and shouted encouragement in her dressing-gown from her front garden (in true hash style she had definitely had a few too many - an impressive feat for 2pm on a Sunday).

The second drink stop on Tooting High Street offered a selection of fine wines to the discerning hasher, although since it had started raining at that point everyone was keen to get back to the pub and warm up, which was duly enacted. It was, of course, entirely planned that we would return at precisely 2.22pm. Once we were defrosted the circle took place, highlights of which included **Skylark** reaching 200 r\*ns and **Titanic** reaching 300, for which he received a gorgeous replica of himself.

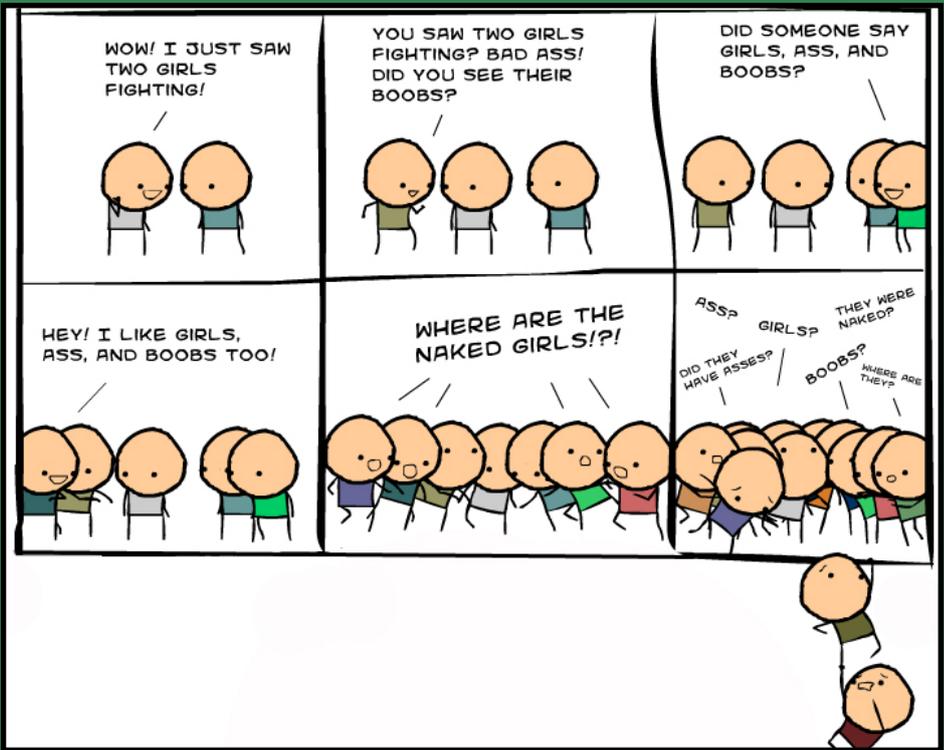
All in all it was a fun day, and the curry afterwards was much enjoyed too. Has anyone worked out yet when 3333 will be?



# Hash Humour



"Jimmy's grades are fine, but he has been showing an intense interest in the opposite sex."



"I read somewhere that a best man speech shouldn't take any longer than it takes the groom to make love. So ladies and gentlemen - I give you Mr and Mrs Owen!"

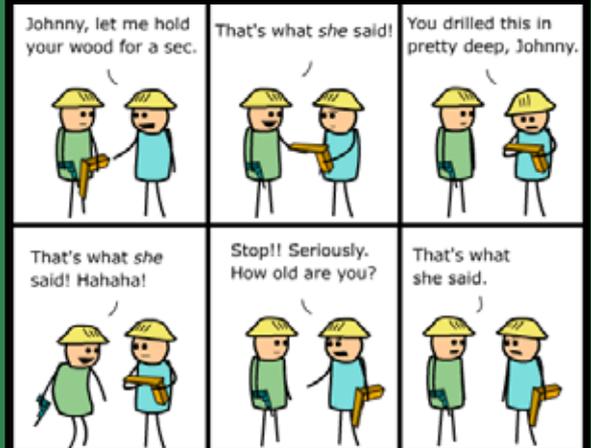


One morning a woman was walking out of her front door, when she notices a strange little man at the bottom of her garden. "You're a goblin," she says, "I caught you and you owe me three wishes!". So the goblin replies "OK, you caught me fair and square, what's your first wish?". The woman stops and thinks for a second, "I want a huge mansion to live in.", goblins replies "OK, you've got it.". Woman again thinks it over, "My

second wish is a Mercedes." "OK, you've got that too." "My last wish is a million dollars!". The goblin then says "OK, you've got it. But to make your wishes come true you have to have sex all night with me." "OK then, if that's what it takes..." Next morning the little man wakes the woman up. "Tell me," says the man, "how old are you?" "I'm 27", she replies "Fuck me", says the man, "27 and you still believe in goblins"

**Led Zeppelin- 1975:** If the sun refused to shine, I would still be loving you. When mountains crumble to the sea, there will still be you and me. Kind woman, I give you my all, Kind woman, nothing more.

**Nicki Minaj- 2012:** You a stupid hoe, you a, you a stupid hoe, you a stupid hoe, (yeah) you a, you a stupid hoe, you a stupid hoe, you a, you a stupid hoe (stupid, stupid), you a stupid hoe, you a, you a stupid hoe (stupid, stupid), you a stupid hoe, you a, you a stupid hoe (stupid, stupid) (stupid, stupid)



**Run 2224** 28th Feb 2015  
The Windsor Castle  
East Finchley

Hare: **Car Say No**



Scribe: **Chi-Su**



RA: **Reach Around**

It was an A to B. We were parachuted out into the North Sea and had to paddle into Harwich in turtle shells.....Woah! That's a loud alarm! Right, what was I about to do? Oh, scribe a run write-up for the lovely **Car Say No's** jaunt around East Finchley. Strange, I've got a hankering for some turtle soup...

I'd never been to the Windsor Castle before and found it a friendly, welcoming pub. As ever, I was quite early and chatted to the nice man behind the bar and a visitor from the Madrid hash - a londoner who, like so many, had started hashing abroad. The pub was clearly a family oriented venue with several children around - a fact that led to an interesting circle later.

It was a pleasant park filled run around Finchley, but we were all still quite wrapped up in the chilly conditions. I remember a lot of harriettes wanting to sit on Spike Milligan for some reason at the drink stop. This was a life size bronze statue of the craziest of the Goons. **Car** supplied some nice nibbles to go along with several boxes of wine that were left over from the Tutu run the week before. **Reach** led an unusual circle in the pub's outside area - odd because there were several young kids running around, so, in a rare moment of social awareness, we decided to invent U certificate versions of our songs. "You're silly, you're silly, you're really slightly mentally challenged..." You can work out the main down downs from the pics, but I remember getting done for the appalling racist behaviour of some Chelsea fans in the Paris Metro. You know, you can't punish the whole class for the misbehaviour of a few...



**Run 2225** 7th March 2015  
The Bells  
Staines

Hare: **Rambo**



RAs: **Various**



**Run 2226** 14th March 2015  
The Shakespeare's Head  
Angel

Hare: **BSC**



RAs: **BSC**



A couple of quality runs but without proper scribe reports. **Rambo's** run in sunny Staines was picturesque and notable for two things. **Just Dorothy** was named after just a few runs - arise **Carpet Munchkin!** Our creative GM decided to fill the lack of an obvious RA with a tag-team approach with 5 hashers taking turns.

The second **BSC** run in this issue from The Shakespeare's Head was quite different from his Grimaldi inspired run but took us through some equally interesting local history.

**Run 2227** 21st March 2015  
**The Lord Palmerston**  
**Tufnell Park**

**Hare: Reach Around**



**Scribe: Mouthwash**



**RAs: Bonnie & G'locks**

This homage to Mssrs Gilbert & Sullivan is probably best NOT sung to the tune of "Behold, the Lord High Executioner"!!

Now every week it must happen that a victim must be found

And **Chi Su** has a list, he's got a little list

Of hashers he instructs to make notes and spy the ground

So that nothing would be missed, oh nothing would be missed.

And so **Scrumpty** first was chosen, but as her arm was shite

She told her partner **Mouthwash** it was him that had to write

So hashers please pay attention, and read the trash with care

As you might have got a mention (but only if you were there)

'Cos as the beer was tasty and I was slightly pissed I made a little list, so none of it was missed.

**Chorus:**

Oh the beer was very tasty and we were slightly pissed but he made a little list, so none of it was missed.

Now at first the trail was leery,

and headed up the hill but of course the pack was lazy, so it stopped and stood quite still **Camilla** thought it better to go back and turn around Only **Mouthwash**, with local knowledge, found chalk upon the ground.

Up and round the reservoir they went, and on towards the heath

Through private roads and up a hill with mud beneath their feet.

**Rambo** and **Skylark** cried "On On" when they saw the trail

But **Mouthwash** knew it was a loop so deftly showed his tail And found the flour

along a stream, where

hawthorns cut his wrist Which was added to the list, so none of it was missed.

**Chorus:**

The trail turned, and on and up, to top the blasted Heath To Kenwood House, a hidden gem that Guinness did bequeath

Past Henry Moore and The Dairy 'til we scaled Parliament Hill

where we huddled all together in 15 degrees wind chill.

But then the beer stop beckoned and we all called out "on on"

and soon we reached the best pub in town, the Arms of Southampton.

10 beers and ciders 10 were there, which hashers all enjoyed

Then on to **Reach Around's** place, where more beer was deployed.

But your scribe by then was limping; which he could not dismiss

So with the RA and some others he gave beer stop 2 a miss.

**Chorus:**

Lord Palmerston, once more, slaked hashers' thirst with beer We circled up and punishments were meted out in water, cider, beer.

The Hare, **Reach Around**, of course, and **Sleek Cheeks** with hair "auburn" Who drank a beer to celebrate the day of her return, And **Orville** and **Fanny boy**, who came from Swansea Jack

While **Linford** drank for running 100 times with London's pack.

**Last Tango**, who craved DDs for **Knickers** and **Action Man** (not there) And **Whack Sabbath** for lost property (a photo of a fondled breast quite bare)

**Skylark** for a web-site misdemeanour that to me was not quite clear

Plus **Sparerib** who'd lost his money through a hole in't trouser gear.

**Carpet Munchkin** and **Car say No** drank beer, for scaring a bicyclist

While on the P-trail **3 Beers** got lost (although a feminist) Your scribe is done and needs a drink, so he will now desist

So thanks for reading this hash trash, I hope you got the gist.

**Chorus:**

Our scribe is done, he must desist, there is no final twist It's time for all to drink more beer so we'll be truly pissed.



London Hash - Putney Green Man - March 2015

Ego igitur sic curro; Quem ego bibo: Procidam I am about to set off for my bi annual excursion on the London Hash, and I have just remembered that **Chi-Su** had nabbed me to do the run write up. That means I do a run write up every third run I do! The normal rabble of hashers gathered at the Green Man for **Bonnie's** trail, **Last Tango** even turned up for the start to set us off. Just as we started a few drops of rain started but the RAs feeling in generous mood halted the feared down pour. The pack headed off on to Putney Common, leaving behind **Rent Boy** telling the locals about his injuries and their current remedies which seemed to consist of more beer. **Bully** and **Looberty** set off on their own trail mowing down unsuspecting walkers with their specially adapted chariot. For those familiar with **Bonnie's** runs from here it was the clockwise version of the trail (or at least that's what I was informed).

The trail was mostly off trail combining both commons through shiggy bound paths with brambles on the sides so the choice was get muddy or get your legs ripped to shreds. I unfortunately did both in rapid succession and I was talking to another hasher and not concentrating, ran through the shiggy, leapt to the side and into the brambles. The pack was fairly spread out for most of the run with the occasional hard check bringing us back together, this was helped by **Crack** and **Crack of Dawn** and co standing by the check and waiting for **Bhopal** to check it out. I was with the FRBs which was disconcerting, I think London is getting slower, I know I am not getting faster. This almost backfired as I was following **Goldilocks** who disappeared around a corner on the On INN and I lost the trail after 10 mins of scouring the ground for trail salvation was at hand as **Naughty Nympho** appeared on the horizon and pointed the direction of home. Back at

the pub beers were consumed and the circle convened.

**Reach Around** and **Goldilocks** were the RAs.

A large number of Down Downs were awarded, the highlights were:

**Bonnie:** The hare for an enjoyable run.

**Crack** as a returnee A bloke who looked like the character

out of the Joy of Sex book from the 1970s (**Cumming Dear** - ed)

**Crack of Dawn** was named; although I suggested the name I cannot remember the logic.

**Phickle Fart** was charged as on his runs he is always berating the pack for not checking it out and on this run he was conspicuously loitering at the checks.

**Goldilocks** had to do his down down as he was cycling and could not drink. Me (which is one of the 7 reasons

Run 2228 28th March 2015  
The Green Man  
Putney

Hare: **Bonnie**



Scribe: **Pope**



RA: **Reach & G'Locks**

I cannot remember the other down downs).

on on, **Pope**



Run 2229 5th April 2015  
The Salutation  
Hammersmith

Hare: **Hands On**



RA: **Sparerib**



**Run 2231** 18th April 2015  
**The Bricklayers Arms**  
**Putney Bridge**

Hare: **Naughty Nympho**



RA's: **Reach, Bonnie & 'Locks**



No scribe for this delightful and sunny run around Putney by **Naughty**, but this was a run most memorable for the shock announcement by **Contour** that he was now engaged to our GM **Last Tango** - beautifully re-enacted proposal (see left). We were also entertained by some Norwegian singing, (see below), possibly the result of imbibing some strong Norwegian Aquavit (below left). **Knickers** (left middle) was proudly displaying her Two Oceans half marathon shirt - see, we do have some actual runners amongst us. Sadly, in this Loved Up issue, **Reach Around**, as RA, had to give a down down to both **Tablewhine** and **Ryde** for giving some bad relationship advice.



## HEN AND STAG PARTY

As a thank you to **Chi-Su** who kindly did the artwork for **Ryde's** 60th Birthday Cake I agreed to do this write-up. So here goes for this special run for **Ryde** and **Tablewhine's** hen and stag do. For this auspicious occasion it was decided to have two separate trails. One for the stags and one for the hens. I later learnt that the trails were supposed to be heart shaped. **Naughty Nympho** with the help of **Ryde** was in charge of the hens. **NN** had done a lot of work hiding pressies around the trail, amongst all the litter laying around, plus compiling several quiz games.

We were impressed that at the age of 60 **Ryde** was able to scale a tree trunk at the fizz stop. Unfortunately the hens took longer than anticipated with the different stops that they were late for the regroup in the maze, by this time the stags had trotted back to the pub. Thus we were unable to have the ceremony of the rings even though **Tablewhine** was still at the drink stop.

After the usual long delay downs downs were called. Not sure how many downs downs **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** had but they had made arrangements with the pub to leave their car in the car park of the pub overnight. **Ryde** did throw her expensive bouquet of dandelions which

was caught by **Tango**. Visitors included two hashers from America who were over here to run London on the Sunday. Hare masters were **Reach Around**, **Bonnie** (not for the weather as it had stopped raining before the run and started to rain again when I was driving home). **Runs2Eat** gave downs downs to the horrors, except 2 horrors who were too young to participate. **Murphy** from Swanage Jack H3 ended smearing coal on their faces, some strange Welsh tradition. In the end **Ryde** was presented after a horror scare of **Sparerib's** usual birthday cake of flour etc on her hair to her fruit cake with a photo of her accepting **Tablewhine's** proposal, plus a gingerbread cake with 60 candles. She did get help from **Mr.X** to blow out the candles. A special thank you to **Mr.X** and **Runs2Eat** helping me light all the candles without the candles going out due to a wind. Also thanks to **Psycho** who helped me ice **Ryde's** birthday cake to look professional.

By the time you read this article **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** will have married after 16 years, but they do not get the record for the longest engagement 67 years to a couple in Mexico, got engaged when they were both 15 years old and got married at 82 years.  
on on, **Lofty**

Run 2232 25th April 2015  
The Viaduct  
Boston Manor

Hares: **Bonnie & N.Nympho**



Scribe: **Lofty**



RAs: **Reach, Bonnie & 'Locks**









**Run 2233** *May the Forth*  
**The Lighthouse**  
**Battersea Park**

Hare: **Whack Sabbath**



Scribe: **Run2Eat**



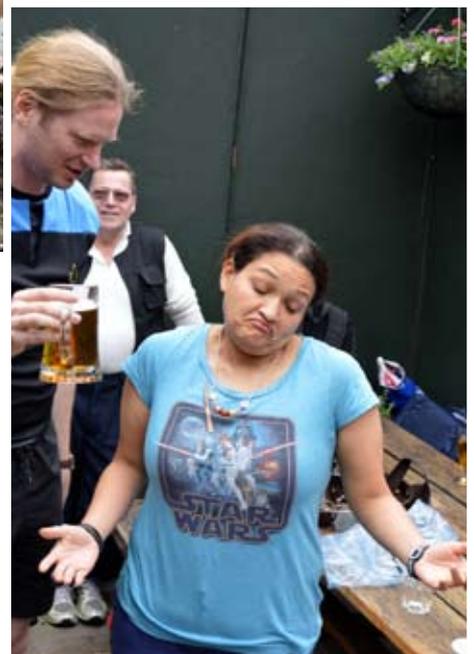
RA: **Reach & 'Locks**



Episode MMCCXXXIII the search for flour. With a big city contingent and the **flying doctor** making a flying visit the pack was ready to go and with the promise of beer and boobs the hare **Whack Sabbath** set off ahead of the pack. Ready for our mission the band of hashers went off to check, check, check, park, check, Thames, park, garden, & lost. With the pack utterly lost, no beer to be found, there was a bad feeling about this. A small rebel band set off to the depths of battersea

park. Well the hash did the kessel run in well, it was more than 12 parsecs but we finally found salvation at the base camp. We waited for light years for the circle, one could feel the presence of beer however we had to bide our time for liquid salvation. Down downs went to the hare for a crap trail, **Flying Doctor** for not being from London and being a self pleaser. To the frb - **Pope!** Yes **Pope!** perhaps that is why we all got lost and to **Knickers. Skylark** for being over taken

by **Thunder thighs** several times on route. **Mouthwash** was tempted to the dark side and had an ice cream. **Three Beers** and **Goldilocks** for confusing Star Wars and Star Trek - naughty! **Naughty Nympho** for wanting to strip **Run2Eat** in the circle. With that the hash went back



to their home planets. May the force be with you. on on, **Run2Eat**

“We’re going on holiday together. You can so touch my muffin.”

**OVERHEARD IN LONDON**