

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 39 Issue 2 August 2016



You'll just have to stuff your own pussy, I'm afraid!

Shakespeare Day

Page 15

Colliers Wood

Page 4 & 5

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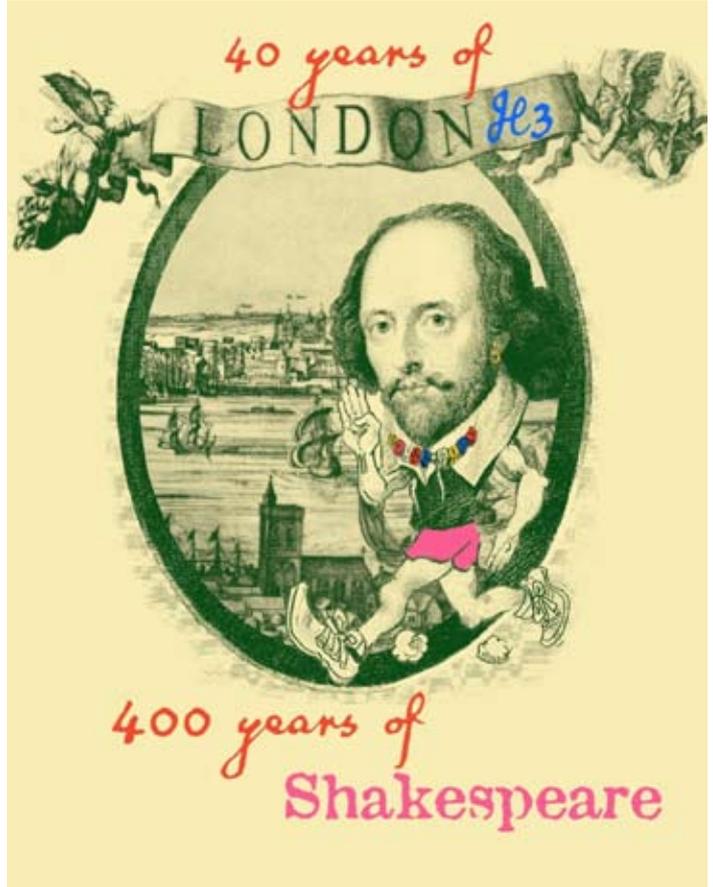
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Send items for this mag to the edit hare above.
Many thanks to all who sent in jokes or photos for this issue.

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

London Hash 40th Anniversary
Summer Ball
6-7th August 2016
Old Deer Park Rugby Club, Richmond



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
16 - 18 Sept 2016	The Really Over The Top 2016	In the Lumpy bit of Lincolnshire (i.e. the Wolds)		Smutley / Toed
21 - 22 Sept 2016	Vectis Lunatic FMH3 - The Great North South R#n	Isle of Wight	home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/index1.htm	P-Rick 07812 038796
4- 6 Nov 2016	Mekong IndoChina Hash	Siem Reap, Cambodia	http://toedsh3-admin.com/mekon2016	
24 - 26 Feb 2017	Gold Rush Nash Hash 2017	Ballarat, Victoria, Australia	http://goldrushnashhash.com.au/#event	
24 - 26 March 2017	Brighton H3 2000th Hash	Itford Farm, Beddingham, Lewes	http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/2000-weekend/	
31 - 2 April 2017	Belgian Nash Hash	Kortrijk, Belgium	http://bmph3.webnode.com/belgian-nh-2017/	Yark Sucker
28 - 30 April 2017	Neptunus Weekend & Dutch Nash Hash	Baarlo, Netherlands	http://toedsh3-admin.com/neptunus25th	

It was a beautiful sunny day when I left home from North London. Arriving at The Green Man 4 tubes and a bus some 1h 20m + later the clouds had taken over. At least no rain and so warm since the previous weekend.

A good pack around 30 took off promptly @12.30 ish for a '*More for Less*' run, with her 2 children and *Not Out's* nephew visiting from Sheffield. Our other visitor was unnamed *Paul* from near Oslo, on a sabbatical @ Kings College.

The run kept mainly on Putney Heath, which despite the recent heavy rainfall was not too muddy. The pack kept together reasonably well due to good shortcuts and we all arrived back, except latecomers within the hour.

Dawn's Crack and *Naughty Nympho* had better things to do than spend the afternoon in the pub, but the rest of us enjoyed the odd down down. First up was our hare *More for Less*. She was followed by *Pickled Fart*, who had left home in such a hurry that he was wearing his T shirt back to front. Nobody was interested in his explanation of another wild night in Kingston with 7 Spanish 20 somethings, yet alone believed him.

Ryde and *Tablewhine* were rewarded for turning up only an hour late after a debauched night (with *MoreOn?*). *Sir Humpalot* made no effort to run after his Burns night extravaganza, but arrived promptly by 2pm.

On the Burns night theme *Thunderthighs* was elected as our

Scottish representative for the day, as she sported a tartan scarf and headgear, which got her a well deserved drink. Our Norwegian visitor had the last drink, and we were rewarded with a classic song which he kindly translated for us.

Usually this would be the end of the write up, but events which followed deserve a mention.

5 hashers decided on having a meal near Euston, and found a good cheap Malaysian place nr Euston en route home. Our one harriette *Hummingbird* a recent arrival from nr Stockholm realised she had left her home keys locked in her flat nearby in Kings X. Undeterred we decided to go to the Bree Louise for a quick half whilst we considered what to do. An hour or two later we decided to try to break in to her flat, rather than spend £200 on an emergency locksmith.

Gaining entry to the main door was easily done with a credit card, by *Marxist*, who claimed never to have done that sort of thing before, but her flat above proved more problematic. Despite being soaked by a downpour on Euston Road *Woof! Woof! Woof!* came to the rescue with the help of a spoon, a knife and a credit card.

Time for celebration and more drinks at The King Charles nearby with live music to finish our evening. More rain did not dampen our spirits. For future advice on locks contact *Woof! Woof! Woof!*.

Any resemblance to the full truth is purely accidental.

On!On! *Marxist*

Run 2277 23rd Jan 2016 The Green Man East Putney

Hare: **More 4 Less**



Scribe: **Marxist**



RA: **Bonnie**



Run 2278 30th Jan 2016
**The Charles Holden
Colliers Wood**

Hare: Pyles



Scribe: Stand in Sh*t



RA: Beau Geste & Sparerib

Run #.?.

Hare – *Pyles*

Location – South of the River (Colliers Wood)

Scribe - *Stand in Shit*

Title – *Tripplle Dick's* Memorial Run or
“It was never like this in my day...”

Fireball & I returned to London Hash for one of our very infrequent guest appearance runs at *Tripplle Dick's* memorial run. *TD* hashed off this earth 10 years ago having been a keen harsher since his Bermuda days, where I first fell over him. Three years later I returned to blightie and a year or so later so did *TD*. We occasionally met for a drink and one fateful day whilst in a Barnet pub we were interrupted by a rowdy bunch of “ne'er do wells” – the London H3 had arrived - and we both resumed our hash drinking. He was an avid (drinker) hasher from that

day until his unfortunate and probably avoidable death.

He was one of life's characters and he would have been amazed that after all this time he was still remembered – although once met he was difficult to forget, especially after he'd enjoyed a few pints.

Despite it being several years since hashing with London H3, I remember to look for the P trail at the tube station and found it easily. We managed to follow it all the way to the pub which was 25 yards away, diagonally across the junction from the tube. Thought that this was an excellent location as would probably be able to find way back to tube after downing a few pints.

Arrived just after advertised start time and amazed to find pub full of hashers – the London hash on time..... wow..... In my day some Saturday runs started so late they didn't end until Sunday. Apparently some hashers were so keen to be on time they had to wait for pub to open!

Despite the early arrivals some traditions don't change as GM *Tango* arrived late but even so the run started only 35 minutes after advertised time. Visitors and Returnees were welcomed. *Tango* volunteered me as hash scribe – clearly a write up is a regular occurrence now as hashers must have learnt to read and write since my day. This diatribe will show the error in her choice as being illiterate I took no notes nor could I be expected to drink and remember hash handles .

The hare – *Pyles* – then explained precisely the appearance and number of checks, false trails and marks and my ears pricked up when he mentioned there were short cuts AND a drinks stop.... whippeeee!! A new mark to me was the “go both ways” mark – missed the details but hope it was to do with run directions not a new hash instruction regarding sexual orientation....never like that in my day!



Off went the hash and in no time at all I'd crossed back over to the tube station and saw the pack disappear into the distance. Saw little of the pack except at traffic intersections and lights, but at a green bit (think it was a park) my hawk eyes notices a SCB mark. No one else seemed to be going that way and thought it would be remiss if the hare had laid the route and no one used it. So off down the short cut and arrived after miles and miles (feet) at a unmarked check. Using my unerring sense of direction, years of hashing experience and honed hashing skills (and Google Map on my mobile – RA... I've given myself another Down Down) - off I went down the track by the River Wandle – a FRONT RUNNER!!! Never having been there before I was confused and had





to wait for the pack to catch up, over take and disappear into the distance again.

Followed rest of trail (as didn't want to miss the drink stop) and soon rewarded by sight of *Daffy Dildo* (not that rewarding) and *Little Bear* (much better) dispensing mulled wine from two flasks one with nice mulled wine and the other with VERY nice mulled wine. Chocolate fudge complimented the drinks. As keen hasher (and getting cold) I was soon off back to the hash pub, drinks and the circle.

Circle – two RAs *Beau Geste* & *Sparerib* (lots of down downs, lots of different songs (where did they all come from? – good old US of A??)). Down Down for hare *Pyles* – excellent run with

both short cuts AND drinks stop; to the memory of *Trippe Dick*; 4 visitors from City H3 (much appreciated by *Sparerib*), Virgin from Scandinavia (sorry if you return as failed to note your name), 3 returnees – *Fireball*, me (or is it "I"), and *Beau Geste*. I was provide with ¼ of pint aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh – never in my day!!!, but was topped up to a full half pint by *Thunderthighs*. – one of the best Harriets. *Beau Geste* also got another down down for partaking in a pantomime (Oh no he didn't..Oh yes he did..)

Some of the other memorable Down Downs (i.e. The only ones I remembered) were to *Skylark* for

getting pricked in a bush after he had a contratante with some vegetation (not for getting locked out of his own (LH3) website). *Tablewhine* for passing over some VERY nice mulled wine (fortified) to *Sir Humpalot* who isn't use to drinking a lot!!!, Marxist and *Woof! Woof! Woof!* for helping a damsel in distress by doing a bit of house breaking respectively using a credit card and spoon(?!?!?) and *Thunderthighs* for having done almost all LH3 runs. (She needs to get a life..... Hang on she has..... RECOUNT!!!)

There end the scribe's drivel.. Apologies to any/ all I failed to mention. PS. Do I get a drink??

Stand in Shit



Run 2279 6th Feb 2016
The Duke's Head
Richmond

Hare: **Beer Stalker**



Scribe: **Big in Japan**



RA: **Sthweetheart & FB**

Considering It was the weekend of Bruges Beer Run we had a big turnout of 30 people.

I was forced to write this by **Not Out** so please pardon me for all those linguistic mistakes to come. I always thought I was not eligible for "Scribbling" not only because I don't speak Ingrish velly well, but also I'm just not rude or, should that be lude enough. But I'll do my best. On the actual runs I often end up at the back and I miss all the interesting things happening ahead of me. This was such a time but I totally blame **Fat Bastard** for purposely blocking the way in a narrow alleyway which was otherwise very pretty, with the rows of cottages on either side. Yes it was in Richmond. Lovely houses and peaceful environment which many of us felt uneasy with! Hared by **Beer Stalker**, the trail was mostly dry and on the road, like herself, very nice and neat run. But if she wanted to keep our feet dry you might wonder why we entered Richmond Park through the Bog Gate! The ladies like **Miss Muffet** and **Scrumpy** loved it while gentlemen complained "Why aren't we getting more muggy??" As we cut through a nature reserve, I was again delayed further by **Orangutan** and **Not Out** who tried to make me teach them about Japanese Haiku!

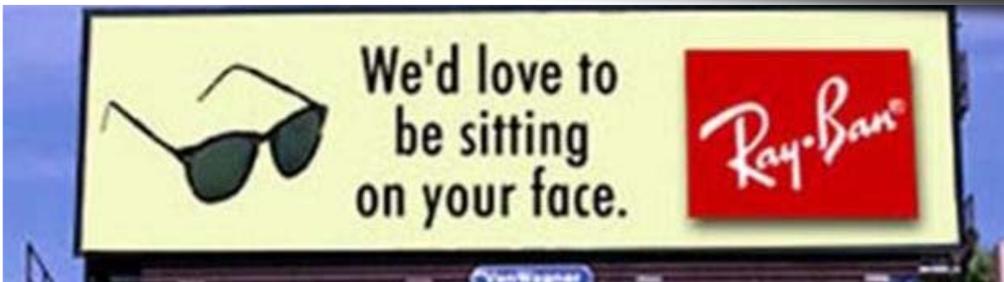
Back at the Pub there goes Down Downs as usual. **Sthweetheart** and **FB** stood up as RA. They nominated a number of people for punishment, including the hare and her assistant **Squirrel Banger** who far too quickly volunteered to sit with the bags. Our visitors and virgins and **MicMac**, called up to answer the question: if half the pack has gone to Belgium for the Bruges beer festival why did he choose this weekend to come to London from Bruges.? His response "Are yes, but well you see.... Was drowned out by a chorus of "You're stupid your stupid....". We were also treated to **Masterbator** singing us a Norwegian drinking song, even the translation I didn't understand but pretended and laughed. I like to think it was a love song to his lovely Norwegian wife who was heading back to Norway without him the next day. Also I particularly liked **Marxist** called out for asking something stupid. Q: Eh, How far round the run are we ? Ans: "Half way" 2nd Q: "Eh, how far is the second half?"

Thank you for reading. **Big in Japan**

Some adverts from our sponsors



3 million dollars inside the glass at the bus-stop, put as an advertisement by a company which produces bulletproof glass. If you break it you take the money home.



Run 2280 14th Feb 2016
The Ship Mortlake

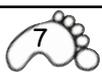
Hares: NN & Bonnie



RA: no RA this time

As there is a black hole where the write up should be and a black hole where the RAs should be, the editor will attempt to reminisce about this run. Actually, nice run though it was along the water front with a tasty drink stop, the most memorable thing was *Tango's* inspired idea to not have the usual circle with a presiding RA, but to split hashers into random couples and give them a famous couple to reenact as a kind of charade. This turned out to be loads of fun. We should have made a rule, mind, that couples should finish their performances before the pack started guessing, as many couples were identified after just a couple of words or actions.

Sadly, I don't remember the various couples but *Naughty Nympho* remembers that her and *Bonnie* were Prince Charming and Cinderella, and thinks there was also Prince Charles and Camilla, possibly Bonnie and Clyde and possibly Margaret and Norman Thatcher. I was tasked along with *Minge and Tonic* to present John and Norma Major. With hints of John having an egg-citing affair we were one of the ones to be guessed very quickly.



People say I'm condescending, That means I talk down to people

Run 2281 20th Feb 2016
We Anchor in Hope
Welling

Hares: **Cumming Dear & Chi-Su**



RA: **Yorky Porky**

Arrgh...another scribe in hiding! Still, the editor should have some memories of this one.

This run was all about my co-hare really, as **Cumming Dear**, along with **Inslide Out** and the two young horrors were soon to head off on an exciting grand tour. We decided to return the Hash to the We Anchor in Hope in Welling, a venue **Hot Down South** and myself had used a couple of years ago for an Easter run. Despite a change of management, a regular occurrence these days for hash pubs, they were still hash friendly.

The shiggstastic run was largely through Oxleas Wood and past Severndroog Castle, a folly that got publicity on the BBC Restoration programme and got renovated through a Heritage Lottery grant. Having left **Slow Gin** back at the pub nursing a knee injury sustained from a motorcycle accident, and limping around with a dodgy knee myself, **Cumming Dear** was definitely tasked with keeping up with the front runners and I with mopping up the rear. We also had a

cunning plan that as I was taking all the short cuts I would nip back to the pub towards the end and bring **Cumming Dear's** back pack, laden with his cleared out drinks cabinet (which included some fine single malts) to the drink stop near the pub. Well, as you might have guessed, things didn't run completely to plan. It started raining towards the end and I lead the walkers back on the road, rushing ahead to get the back pack. Back at the pub, instead of doing something sensible, like leave **Cumming Dear's** pack with **Slow Gin**, it was somewhere in the mass of bags and I couldn't remember his instructions. As I frantically started riffling through everyone's belongings looking for the right bag the front runners started trickling in moaning that they had stood in the rain at a non-existent drink stop. I gave up at that point but a slightly cross **Cumming Dear** eventually came and grabbed the bag and any hashers wanting to go back to the secret garden DS location. **More On** and RA **Yorky Porky** particularly benefitted from polishing off **Cumming Dear's** fine selection of smokey single malts - definitely a step up on the usual drink stops, so worth the wait!

It was a pretty soggy circle and we all wished **Cumming Dear** and family goodbye in the time honoured hash way. As **Slow Gin**, struggling with both injury and the cold English weather, refused to come out for the circle **Car Say No** ended up having down downs for both herself and **Slow Gin**. I got a down down for invading everyone's private possessions.

Yorky Porky a seasoned RA, did a good job of leading the circle, though the bellyful of fine whiskey certainly helped - we were all his besst friends apparently. On on, **Chi-Su**



Run 2282 27th Feb 2016
**The Flask
Hampstead**

Hare: Sir Humpalot



Scribe: Skylark



RA: several

Run 2282 from The Flask at Hampstead started off normally enough. Over 40 of us crowded into the back bar of the Lower Flask at Hampstead. The weather was typical for late February, battleship grey skies arched over the heath and a frigid wind chilled from the north. I took in a cheeky pre-run warm-up around the block to generate some heat. It was something to do while the fuffers and ditherers were unenthusiastically shuffling themselves towards the chalk talk. Believing that I knew the area was my first mistake. The 'block' was a lot bigger than I thought, and by the time I got back to The Flask the pack were gone.

No wait, there they are heading off towards the heath. OK, I've warmed up now, let's get into sprint mode, I'll soon catch them. There's the front runners, final burst of speed and I'll be with them. That's strange. Someone's closing in on me, running faster than I am. Glancing back it's *Chi-Su*. He isn't normally that competitive, although he does have an eerily strange habit of popping out in front of you with camera ready poised. And there he is, about ten meters ahead camera ready poised! OK, let's look dynamic, maybe do some *Skylark* impressions. Yeagh flap my arms about and really *Skylark* it up. No Wait, he's smiling at me, I don't like that smile, it's almost sinister. Am I supposed to know something? The day is getting warm, but a chill runs down my spine.

Phew, now I'm past him and onto the heath. All is normal again. Well, apart from the sky. Large mountains of cumulonimbus are billowing above the trees, edges

glowing red like hot coles. It's midday, not sunset. Let's just keep running, looking for trail. At least the flour will stand out against this torrid landscape. Torrid yet bleak. Charcoal bleak and crowded with emptiness. I've never seen the heath look like this before. Has there been a forest fire? Glancing around I'm alone. Menacingly alone. Where's the pack? Where's the trail? In fact where the Hell am I?!

Oh there's *Chi-Su* again. Phew, thank God for that. I'll call out to him. Call out but there's no sound. My voice as empty as the blackened, leafless landscape. Why is he just standing there, glaring at me, almost as if his eyes are trying to pierce my soul? No camera, but he's holding something. A long staff. I can't see the end of it. It's buried in the mud. Mud yes, lots of mud. My feet are sucked into thick, sticky mud. It's that damn landscaping work or whatever they're doing up here. A complete mess. Let's get moving.

Can't move. Legs so heavy. Heave and struggle. Can't run, can't kick, can't scream. Drainage work, that's what it is. There's the hole, right in front of me. Great gaping hole of darkness. I can see smoke wafting up from the depths. Don't want to go down there. Definitely don't want to end up down there, but the hole is so close. So close, drawing me in. Noooo, I'm right on the edge of it. Can't move, can't escape. Acrid smoke blows in my face from the flickering flames in the screaming depths of the hole.

I'm in, falling, hurtling into blackness. The frigid heat and glowing blackness swallowing me. Eternal captive in the depths of damnation. A hot rush of terror shivers my soul as I gaze around wide-eyed. Fire licks at the skulls of those who have come before. Brimstone rains down on charred, shackled bones. I'm not alone. *Chi-Su* is still staring at me. He's right in front of me. The fires of Hades glowing on his Bali Interhash t-shirt, forked staff in his hand, head the skull of a ram. The skull of a ram! Eyes glowing red, smoke wafting from his jagged nostrils, his toothless jaw is opening, about to speak. About to bellow those three most dreaded words from the depths of the most hideous lingua known to man and beast....

RUN WRITE UP!!!

Aaaarrggg!!!! I wake in a cold sweat. Phew, thank God for that, it was just a dream. OK, I'm back in my bedroom, safe in Surbiton and yay! It's Saturday. OK, yes, better get that run write up done for Humpalot's Hampstead run. Yes, I'll do it first thing. No, wait! I've got to be in South Ealing at 9:30 for West London's away day to Hell. Oh Hell I hope *Chi-Su* isn't going!



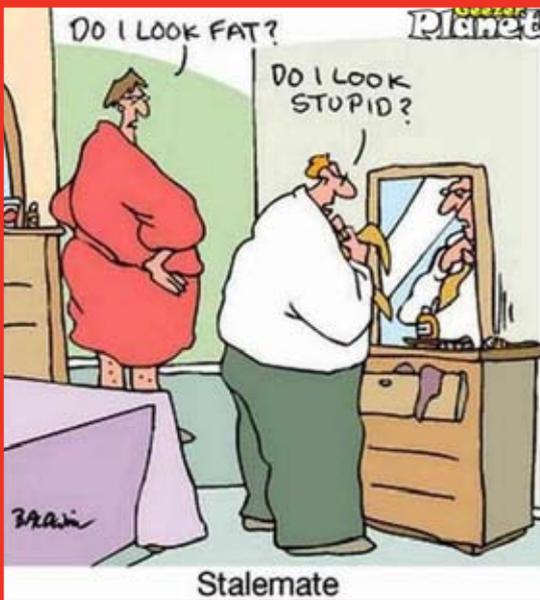
Hash Humour

Four fonts walk into a bar the barman says "Oi - get out! We don't want your type in here'.

If you're being chased by a police dog, try not to go through a tunnel, then on to a little seesaw, then jump through a hoop of fire. They're trained for that.

My parents said they had to make a lot of sacrifices to pay for my education... they were both druids.

Sometimes I wonder what my grandfather would think of what I do. He spent his whole life in the kebab business, was buried with all his equipment, probably turning in his grave.



Try to get my dark side



YOU'VE GOTTA GO BACK TO 1945



When an Amish person gets an idea.



"Bite me, asshole" - grammatically correct and scathing
"Bite me asshole" - kinky pirate

My penis was in the Guinness Book of World Records - then the librarian said she'd called security so I had to get out

I don't always tell midget jokes... But when I do, I like to keep them short.

"Your Facebook status really made me change my political views" ...said no on ever

Enough with the Nazi jokes... They make me führerious

Had a fight with an erection this morning - beat it single handed

Never in the history of calming down has anyone ever calmed down by being told to calm down

I hate it when you offer someone a sincere compliment on their mustache & suddenly she's not your friend anymore



"You've been out partying all night, again, haven't you?"



That terrifying moment when your cat enters your room, stares at something you can't see, and then runs away in panic.

Superman is flying around the city, horny as hell. He suddenly sees Wonder Woman spread eagle, naked on top of the building. Superman thinks, "This is my chance!" He swoops down, faster than a speeding bullet bangs her and is gone in the blink of an eye. Wonder Woman sits up and says, "What the hell was that!?" The Invisible Man rolls off her and says, "I have no idea but it hurt like hell!"

Run 2283 5th March 2016
The Green Man
Denham

Hare: Yorky Porky



Scribe: Mad Cow



RA: Mad Cow

Tiring of the terrain in the capital, the hare thought it was time to drag the pack to a location beyond the Mason Dixon line of zone 6. Denham the pack cried, where the f**k is Denham? Imbeciles!!! Do you not know that this outpost has been the place of residence for several celebrities, Cilla Black, John Mills, Raymond Baxter, Robert Lindsey, Paul Daniels to name a few (the more quarter witted of you can Google these if the names are unfamiliar). Plainly the arrival of the LH3 pack had brought out the star gazers as the pub

landlady insisted we pre order lunches before departure as the place was expected to be busy with such a freak show to behold. Yorky promised us an off road trail, so we were confident of avoiding any council estates and maybe we could gawk at the residences of the above mentioned. It was soon apparent to the scribe that we were doing *Yorky's* Marlow trail in reverse, the challenge being to recollect where the hell it went after the intervening 3 months alcohol consumption. The water table is pretty close to the surface in this part of the world, only

the plank pathways preventing severe casualties from drowning as we slithered our way over river, canal, lake and swamp, a bit like the Florida Everglades except the temperature was a balmy 5C, which at least deterred any alligator colonies. Soon this temperature was to plummet further as with the British spring on the way, rain, sleet and wind ensured that it was not just our feet that were going to get wet. Somehow no one drowned or died of exposure, but the possibilities of this increased as on one

particular check all that could be seen was a combination of a marsh and a paddy field minus the rice, is the hare f**king joking, are we expected to drown or suddenly become amphibians? whined the pack. The scribe having recalled this particular bit from the Marlow run, gingerly picked his way across the boggy, stinking morass and about 100 yards from anything resembling terra firma located flour. Are you f**king joking was the pack response to this find, but then realising that they might miss the drink stop, cast aside all thoughts of personal safety and followed me across the marsh. Things could only improve after this and sure enough the drink stop was located and supplies of whisky (alas not 15 year old single malt), ginger wine and ginger ale were despatched, but sadly no sushi (you just can't get the staff). To the horror of the pack, some of our number were seen in a nearby snack bar consuming hot non alcoholic beverages instead of toughing it out with the rest of us. A bracing dip in the river Colne helped me discover where my shoes were under the cover of slime and shiggy that adorned them and increased my chances of being allowed back inside the pub. Somehow the pub landlady allowed all of us back in, the prospect of beer sales outweighing the muck and filth dragged into the place by a bedraggled pack. After duly quenching our thirst,

as RA for the day (proving men can multi task) I dragged the reluctant mutinous pack outside to face judgement for their many sins. The following were justly convicted (by overwhelming flimsy evidence) and punished.

- Yorky Porky**- attempted multiple drownings posing as a run
- Table Whine**- evidence of his birthday was provided by his dearly beloved, thus disproving the widely held theory that he was the product of a laboratory experiment that went horribly wrong
- Ryde**- forgetting marathon number
- Big in Japan** - litter lout, **Not Out** taking the punishment as she was still in the pub recovering from hyperthermia
- Martian Matron**- recklessly causing danger on the roads by allowing **More On** to drive to the hash
- Masterbator** - Lowering the tone of the hash by drinking wife beater aka Stella Artois
- Contour**- wearing some mega poncy orienteering shoes and being dumb enough to wear white socks
- Freeloader** and **Kenny**- hot drinks on the run
- Miss Muppet** - wearing rubber on the run
- Tango**- refusing to take off leggings due to unwaxed legs
- Kaffir**- endangering the lives of fellow hashers with an unroadworthy car
- DC Dave** - another birthday

On On, **Mad Cow**



Fancy a mixed grill? Well that's what we were offered at this trail in High Barnet. The hares were meant to be **Sparerib**, **Weeny Schnitzel** and **Kebab**, but we lost **Kebab**, which was no surprise as many of us fail to keep our Saturday night kebab down. Still the remaining two hares made sure the trail was 'well done'. Although I have never had mud pie with a mixed grill before, have you?

I had a little tune going through my head for most of this very muddy trail (well I am supposed to be LH3 song master) and it goes like this:

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, glorious mud.

Yes, we followed **Weeny** and **Sparerib** down to several hollows and through plenty of mud, and if you are **Big in**

Japan, into a holly bush. She was appropriately punished in the circle of course. FancyaPint? describes the pub as 'One of the better places in High Barnet', built in 1863, and luckily it provided blankets for us poor wet hashers (**Knickers'** down down was something to do with the pub blankets, but I am not sure why). The staff did not seem to be worried about constantly tripping over various pairs of discarded muddy shoes, and apparently the food was good, or at least everyone in the circle seemed to agree that **Run to Eat** had 'nice buns'! Other downs downs, given out by the two RAs (**Testi** and **Sparerib**) went to visitor **Stitch Bitch** and returnees **Simply Red** and **TDH. Humming Bird** brought a virgin, **Sarah** along, who ran the trail in jeans and normal shoes and appeared to disappoint **Humming Bird** with her down down speed – I am not

sure, but I don't think she has been back to the hash! **Testi** and **Contour** were called in for arriving on the same train but reaching the pub 15 minutes apart (I can't remember why but let's face it, **Contour** has to pull that orange suitcase full of haberdash and arrive with **Tango**, which must make it hard to keep up with **Testi**). Great hash, thank you hares, but too long ago now for me to remember much more about it – sorry! ON! ON!

Ryde
P.S. What does a skeleton order at a restaurant?
Sparerib of course!
P.P.S. a skeleton goes into a bar and says 'can I have a pint of beer and a mop?'

Run 2284 13th March 2016
The Monk High Barnet

Hares: Sparerib & Weeny S



Scribe: Ryde



RAs: Sparerib & Testi



Run 2286 27th March 2016
**The Bricklayers Arms
Putney Bridge**

Hares: Tango & Contour



Scribe: Pyles



RA: Bonnie

Never let the truth get in the way of a good Hash story but on the Boat Race Hash truth was quite strange enough by itself. It all started with due auspiciousness in a 'permanently closed' pub. This generated an invitation to the ever public spirited Hashers to assault 'Google Earth' with an obviously overdue online correction. The Bricklayer's Arms was not only very much open but provided free Downdowns in its excellent circle space in the rear garden. Google's erroneous information was evidently not a total deterrent as the pub became well filled with Boat Race fans watching the TV coverage, which presumably included the near sinking of the Cambridge women's boat on only the second year of their race over the same course as the mens. At the end of the run this scribe was also informed by a curious non Hashing visitor friend about the premature arrival of 'bedraggled, 'hash looking types', who although of course unconnected to the aforementioned aquatic spectacle were clearly the worse for the weather. It was tempting to ascribe this sad turn of events to the failure by this distinctive portion of the pack to reach the drink stop at an appropriate time. Whether this was due to vagaries in the trail marking, a diverting intention to keep The Boat Race

venue, (i.e. the River), in view despite the direction of the trail, or the untimely arrival of the year to date's most generous hail storm was never fully established. But anyway it left more champagne for the rest of us. As it was also Easter Sunday we had chocolate Easter eggs but coloured Oxbridge Blue in recognition of the other famous event taking place and in an impressive demonstration of Hare-attention to-detail the same appetizing pigmentation was applied to the otherwise very consumable drink stop beverage.

At the circle we had **Bonnie** as stand-in, so he escaped the punishment due an R. A. for providing four seasons weather in one day. Although now famous for his naming contribution **Henry** was his more usual quiet self, there being no other canines among the 30 or so pack but **Lofty** received her 500 run teeshirt and we welcomed five visitors:

Arul Umopathy

(City)

Juices Flowing

(Huston, Texas)

Lemming

(Berks & Herts)

Veroniqu and her mother from Paris via London and Tunisia.

Onon, **Pyles**



London H3 Run No. 2289 from The California, Belmont (somewhere in South London)

California was the pub. Californian was not the weather; grey skies, cold wind and a touch of rain. There being no committee present, the pack stood around in the pub conservatory for even longer than usual, leading to the first incident of the day. When *Knickers* noticed a customer step into the room smoking a cigarette and drew their attention to the fact that smoking inside was not allowed, another customer, clearly riled by the noisy bunch of athletes that were disturbing her quite Saturday lunch, jumped up and tried to attack her "for talking to her mum like that". Some brave hashers stepped forward to prevent fur flying. At this point, *Reach Around* took a grip and called on the pack to step outside and circle up. The hare, *Orangutan* illustrated some pristine flour marks from his super-sized fairy liquid bottle, occasioning *Thunderthighs* to tell us that she was very impressed and to ask how big his hole was (there was no answer to this).

The pack set off and it was not long before we hit the shiggy on (my guess, with the help of Google Maps) Banstead Common. This was the last we saw of the trail for a while. FRBs ran forward tentatively and waited to see which way the hare went before proceeding. Nevertheless, the pack found its way and a pale semblance of the trail eventually asserted itself. We ran around for quite a long time, mainly off-road, across a couple of golf courses, past fountains and streams, across a couple of roads, busy with drivers who clearly knew where they were going, which your scribe didn't. After a goodly time, we arrived at a welcome drinks stop where the Hare's better half *Pauline* dispensed cherry liqueur, lemonade and bottled beer. Then quite a lengthy and off-road on-inn to the pub.

What happened next was only relayed to the pack much later. As *Knickers* approached the pub, the aforementioned irate customer jumped out of her car and attacked her, causing actual bodily harm. In case the incident is sub-judice I am unable to say more but suffice it to say that *Knickers* felt safe enough to stay with the pack and participate in the circle before making her way home. Apparently the assailant has been barred from the pub and the police were informed. All this may not be an unusual occurrence locally; *Little Bear* informed your scribe that despite the pub itself being quite delightful, and very welcoming to the hash, *Daffy* and she do not frequent it because "the neighbourhood is too rough". Perhaps she should have told *Orangutan* that before he set the trail! Down downs were given in beer or cherry liqueur, as follows:

- to *Orangutan* of course, for the shitty trail
 - to *Knickers*, and for *Crème Brulee* and *Scrumphy* for assisting in a re-enactment
 - to *Little Bear* for 50 runs (Daffy gave her a drinking mug with her photo on it)
 - to the Virgin, *Angela* from Thornton Heath
 - to *Weenie Schnitzel* for using Google Maps to get back to the pub, and getting lost in the process (twice) anyway
 - to *Pauline* for the drinks stop
 - to *Scrumphy* as a *Spare Rib* look-alike, though what for was not clear (*Spare rib* arrived after the circle)
 - to *Mouthwash* for getting the hash barred from the Duke of Hamilton (Ed: the landlord has rescinded the threat for LH3)
 - to some racists (cannot remember who they were; they escaped too fast)
- Knickers* made her getaway before the police arrived and the pack then retired to more beer and food in the pub.

Run 2289 16th April 2016
The California
Belmont

Hare: **Orangutan**



Scribe: **Mouthwash**



RAs: **Reach and Rambo**



Run 2290 23rd April 2016
The George
London Bridge

Hares: Shakesbeer & F*cking Shakespeare



RA: Beau Geste

No official scribe report for this run but this was a very special event, taking place not just on St. George's Day but a London-wide celebration of 400 years of Shakespeare. There were various screens set up all the Thames playing scenes from the plays and we played our part with a trail set largely by *Shakesbeer* ably supported by *F*cking Shakespeare*. In addition, our haberdasher *C*ntour* proudly displayed a box of new Shakespeare inspired LH3 shirts, brilliantly designed by our Ariel lookalike *Its Fine Bos*. There was already a good excitable atmosphere in the city with many colourful costumes before we all turned up at The George, one of the oldest pubs in London. The trail wove around both sides of the river. It had it's entrances and exits, and included certain checks where hashers orated Shakespeare-related facts and speeches. We even had a Drink Stop at the original site of the Globe theatre, different from it's present location. *Scarface* could be heard delivering some of Shakespeare's choicest insults around the trail, showing such deep and academic knowledge of the bard that he was asked for a recitative in the circle.

Some dressed up for the occasion, including some DIY ruffs, and I believe later on an entire troupe of drunken morris men descended on the George to carry the festival spirit into the night.

A young lad and his mother were walking down the street one day when suddenly the boy yelled out excitedly, "Mother, Mother, Look at that bowlegged man!" His mother immediately hushed him explaining it was not polite to make fun of bowlegged people. The next day the same thing happened. "Look mother, there's that bowlegged man!" The mother grabbed the lad by the arm saying, "When we get home you'll be punished for this

outburst."

When they got home, she gave her son a work by Shakespeare, "Go to you room and read this book. You can't come out until you have finished it. Maybe you will learn something from this punishment." Two days later they are walking down the same street when the boy again spots the person he had been making fun of: "Hark! What manner of men are these, Who weareth their legs in parentheses?"



The scribe suggested I pen the run write-up for **Woof! Woof! Woof!**'s run. As it is rumoured that I was responsible for his hash name, by woofing at the wrong or right time. At the time all I was only woofing at the other dogs entering the pub.

This was the first run that **Woof** had hared and he did a very good job, ably assisted by **Qualified Seaman**. I am not sure how qualified seaman is but he was very able at looking after some of the knitting circle.

I am told that we were in the Isle of Dogs, but only saw one beagle bitch. I gather in the past the area use to be marshland but now residential buildings of various shapes and sizes, certainly no shiggy. I was on and off my lead but it did mean I had a quick drink when going down a slipway to the water whilst chasing some birds. Encountered one cat who spat in my face. Towards the end we run through Mudchute Farm, great opportunity for more woofing at the livestock. I believe the name derives from the spoils when they constructed the Millwall Dock in 1860.

Once back at the pub (doggie friendly) we all sat in the garden as it was sunny. Eventually down-downs arrived and conducted by **Mad Cow** assisted by **Goldilocks**. They dished out the following downs-downs:

Virgins, Visitors mainly **Masturbator's** family. **Contour** for taking mainly the virgins down to the beach. Hares. **Pope** for getting off at the wrong station – obviously confused as it is not West London so no 'w' in Crossharbour. **Love Deuce** detoxing not sure why. My owner because I woofed at the sheep, but **Tango** had to drink the down-down instead and it was near her birthday. **Hands On** for some misdemeanour. **3 Beers** for stroking an alpaca.

Finally I was allowed to go home.

WOOF AND ON

Henry (thanks **Lofty**)

Run 2291 30th April 2016
The George
Crossharbour

Hares: **Woof!/Qualified Seaman**



Scribe: **Henry**

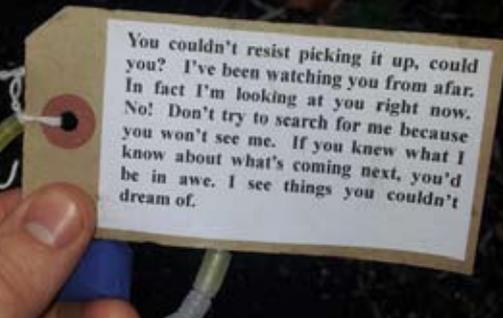


RAs: **Mad Cow / Goldilocks**



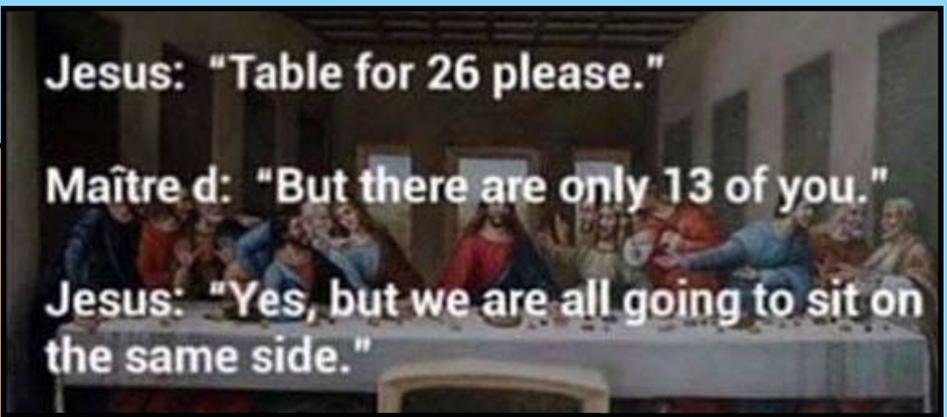
Hash Humour

A man comes home late one night, drunk. "Where have you been?" asks his wife. "In the Golden Bar! They have golden chairs, golden glasses, golden beer, and a golden urinal!" This sounds awfully suspicious to the wife, who calls the Golden Bar. "Do you have golden chairs?" "Yes." "Do you have golden glasses?" "Yes." "Do you have golden beer?" "Yes." "Do you have a golden urinal?" "Hold on." On the other end, she hears "I think we have a line on the guy who pissed in your saxophone."

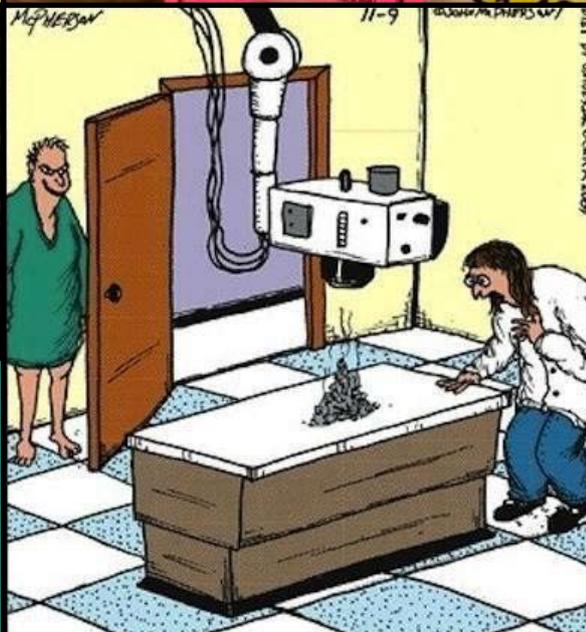


A wee guy was sitting at a bar staring at his drink for ages. Suddenly, a big biker came along, snatched his glass, guzzled down the contents and laughed, "Hah! So what you gonna do about that, little man?" "Nothing," sighed the little guy despondently. "You see, today has been the worst day of my life. This morning I overslept and was late for an important meeting. My boss was furious and so he sacked me. I cleared my desk, went to my car, only to discover that it wasn't there - somebody had stolen it. So I got a taxi home, but when it came to paying the driver I realised I'd forgotten my wallet. I then had to go into my house but I found my wife in bed with the gardener. So I left home and came to this bar. And just when I was thinking about ending it all, you came along and drank my poison..."

A man boards a plane with six kids. After they get settled in their seats, a woman sitting across the aisle leans over to him and asks, "Are all of those kids yours?" He replies, "No. I work for a condom company. These are customer complaints."



The priest in a small Irish village loved the rooster and ten hens he kept in the hen house behind the church. One Sunday morning, before mass, he went to feed the birds and discovered that the cock was missing. He knew about cock fights in the village, so he questioned his parishioners in church. During mass, he asked the congregation, 'Has anybody got a cock?' All the men stood up. 'No, no,' he said, 'that wasn't what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock?' All the women stood up. 'No, no,' he said, 'that wasn't what I meant. Has anybody seen a cock that doesn't belong to them?' Half the women stood up. 'No, no,' he said, 'that wasn't what I meant. Has anybody seen MY cock?' Sixteen altar boys, two priests and a goat stood up. The priest fainted.

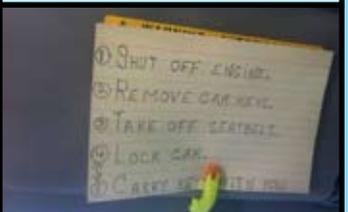


Having dumped the bag of ashes on the table, Stew hid behind the door and waited for the X-ray technician's reaction.



The blue whale ejaculates 40 gallons of sperm when mating. Only 10% enters the female. And, you guys ask why the sea tastes salty?

An 80yr old couple were seen shagging furiously up against a fence. For 40 mins they shagged like Bast*rds. Arms and legs going everywhere until they fell to the floor. "Christ" she said, "you didn't f*ck me like that 50yrs ago! To which the old man replied "50 yrs ago that fence wasn't f*cking electric!



Was it a hash or was it a pub crawl? Well, a bit of both, really.

Billed as the "Oliver Reed Memorial Hash" the hares explained that the date was the 17th anniversary of the death of the legendary drinker/actor. Legendary more as a drinker, apparently, Oliver Reed lived his entire life in Wimbledon, according to the hares, and frequently frequented eight local pubs, only six of which remained. That's about all they had to say about Oliver Reed, except to recommend that people check Wikipedia to learn more. [Scribe's note: Along with describing Reed's naked wrestling match with Alan Bates in 'Women in Love' Wikipedia gives lurid details of Reed's binge drinking and bar fights before his death at age 61. Hashers should take heed of this cautionary tale.]

Promised six pubs, the hash did not have to wait long for pub #2, the Crooked Billet, which was only about 20 yards from pub #1. A few hashers took advantage of this handy location, but most followed trail out to Wimbledon Common. All except for **Pickle Fart** who told **Qualified Seaman** that he was "not bothering with the run." [!] The trail wound in and out of the woods, but did not go in the direction of the dreaded downhill portion of the Common, much to the relief of nearly everyone.

Unacceptable was heard to opine that "only an idiot would go that way." [Add your own snarky comment here.]

It was at this point that the pub crawl nature of the day took over, as we stopped at the Fox and Grapes, Rose and Crown, Dog and Fox, and Swan, before returning to the Hand in Hand for down downs.

Admittedly, things get a bit blurry here, your scribe not having the drinking stamina of Oliver Reed. But I am reliably informed that down downs were given to **Sir Humpalot**, for imitating Oliver Reed [naked wrestling?]; **Little Bear** for her 50th run (after seven years of hashing); **Doner Kebab** for falling over on trail; the hares, visitors, and returnees. The rain having kindly held out all day, suddenly started falling as did several hashers as they dashed back into the pub to continue the emulation of that role model, Oliver Reed. On out.

Run 2292 2nd May 2016
The Hand in Hand
Wimbledon

Hares: 3 Beers & G'locks



Scribe: Sleek Cheeks



RAs: Testiculator & Bonnie



Run 2295 23rd May 2016
The Brown Derby
Oval

Hare: Boy Blunder



Scribe: Mad Cow



RA: Mad Cow?

RUN REPORT – THE BROWN DERBY
 -23/05/2016

SCRIBE – MAD COW (EDITED BY
 OVAL BOYZ)

HARE – BOY BLUNDER

Looks lak **Blunder** is bin inclusive innit, wot wiv runnin in our manor sarf of the river innit. He ad to get special permission

lak from the Oval Boyz innit as theys a bit territorial abart runners and that invading their manor lak. Well the name of the pub is well inclusive innit, but I can't remember when the race was run lak that they named it after. After takin the trouble to get permission lak, we had to run pass the Oval lak as a mark of respect to the boyz. Maybe **Blunder** fort he was takin too many liberties by straying too far sarf innit, so he then headed back norf towards da river lak innit. None of the local gangs as claimed the river bank as their territory lak so it was safe to run there innit. We wouldn't want any visitors to get stabbed innit just cos they ran in the wrong manor like wivout okayin it wiv the local boyz lak . Just to be safe innit we even went norf over the river into new territory for the Oval boyz. They wouldn't normally go there lak, unless we needed a bit of finance from dem local toffs up there you know wot I mean bruv. Of course the locals was a bit surprised to see us up there innit as we aint normally dat welcome up there you know wot I mean bruv. Some of em even asked if we had any gear on us like, but we aint stupid annuff lak to be dealin artside our manor like innit. Maybes dats the reason the hare didn't do no skunk top innit, you know wot am sayin bruv. After a bit of dipping and diving up dare we finally made a move sarf back over Lambeth bridge lak into friendly territory you know what I mean. Nobodies gonna mess wiv us in our back yard bruv cos we got the hardware to make em pay big time, you know what am sayin bruv innit. Fort we might av ad a skunk stop down here lak, but I fink da hare was a bit nervous

doling out a bit of gear in our manor lak, but showz a bit of respect innit as we wouldn't want a mix up and a bit of claret shed you know wot am sayin bruv. It was good to get all the pack back to da pub in one piece lak as it ain't good PR to get anyone stabbed you know wot am sayin innit.

Most of the local crew ad already left da pub lak when we got back. Maybe just as well innit cos I aint sure wot dayed make of dis circle fing innit you know wot am sayin bruv. Anyway some geezer called the RA started givin art free beer, no wunder dis lot travel all over jus to run innit. From wot I can remember after too many spliffs later it went lak dis and these woz sinners

Contour – bin rubbish at intro lak

No Conditions Apply- Chinese visitor from India – bit confusin there you know wot I mean

So Fart **Anna**- all the way from Uruguay FFS!!!

Reacharound- did well good to do marathon in 6.58

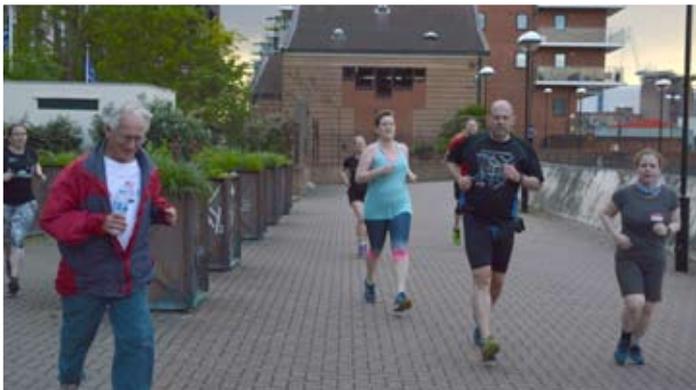
Bonnie – not bin nice to his bitch

Love Deuce- training for a half marathon by doing a hole marathon innit

Pope an Three Beerz- for somefing or uvver

As you geezers say lak

On On



I just returned from the saddest trip of my life to London the day before to rejoin the London H3 hared by ... ***Its Fine Bos*** on the 30th of May.

Finding the pub was easy and a good crowd gathered in The Woodman pub. We had a good chat and a couple of drinks as usual before the run and been waiting for the Hare. She arrived on her bike covered by flour but the blush on her face was a sign that she had a great time laying the trail. After a short instruction and cheering the virgins and visitors - I remember ***I-Wank*** from City Hash - off we went. The trail was laid in the part of London where I had never been before. Once again I had to come to the conclusion that running with the hash has a great advantage to discover part of the

city where we would never go otherwise. We run through Highgate Ponds and Waterloo Park and had some rain a couple of hours before so everything was fresh and smelled fantastic. At some point the trail disappeared and most of the pack was chatting instead of looking for the trail when someone finally shouted on-on again. After ups and downs. We had a drink stop with some booze that was a delicious cocktail I wanted to ask for the recipe but forgot. Also had snacks and a baby to have fun and take pictures with.

Back in the pub after the social we had the circle with the usual nonsenses and another hash-day was completed with the feeling of slight accomplishment of running another 10k. onon ***GH***

Run 2296 30th May 2016
The Woodman
Highgate

Hare: Its Fine Bos



Scribe: Giving Head



RA: Blood Stained Clothing

