

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 40 Issue 1 January 2017

Welcome!!
Please put your bags in
the downstairs disabled
toilet!

4th of July

Pages 4 & 5

AGPU at
Marxist's

Pages 16 & 17

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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

On Paper Survey

Throughout October the Edit Hare asked the LH3 readership for their opinion on the On Paper.

The idea was to find out what what the current attitude was towards our hash magazine and some pros and cons for the future.

Overall, only 18 hashers filled in the online questionnaire, so it is hard to draw any major conclusions from the exercise. However, there were some surprises - for example, it is clear from the graph below that a printed version is still the most popular method of consumption, despite several comments advocating only having an electronic version.

Here are some of the main comments:

"I'd tend towards shorter more frequent newsletters, especially in a Mobile friendly

format for reading on the move"
"Now that trail maps are being captured on hashers smart devices it might be interesting to see some of these alongside run reports and pictures from the run"
"A report from the mismanagement could be included!"

"Have online comments on runs (before & after) like West London?"

"I am more likely to read online and would prefer a sans serif font such as Arial"

"One suggestion could be to expand the calendars so that each month has photos and brief summary of the monthly events."

"The printed version was a surprise but I believe it would be easier to send out electronically."
"I'd prefer it to be more frequent (and therefore smaller) - which would make it more topical."

We will try to act on these in future issues.

What sections of the On Paper do you enjoy reading?

Run Reports

Joke Pages

Forthcoming Events

Editorial Section

Footer Jokes

Other

Do you read the.....

Answered: 18 Skipped: 0

Print version

Online version

Both

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
24 - 26 Feb 2017	Gold Rush Nash Hash 2017	Ballarat, Victoria, Australia	goldrushnashhash.com.au/#event	
24 - 26 March 2017	Brighton H3 2000th Hash	Itford Farm, Beddingham, Lewes	www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/2000-weekend/	
31 - 2 April 2017	Belgian Nash Hash	Kortrijk, Belgium	bmph3.webnode.com/belgian-nh-2017	Yark Sucker
28 - 30 April 2017	Neptunus Weekend & Dutch Nash Hash	Baarlo, Netherlands	toedsh3-admin.com/neptunus25th	
26 - 28 May 2017	2017th in 2017	Hosted by the Cambridge H3 in Cambridge, UK.	www.ch3.co.uk/Hound/The2017th	
1 - 21 July 2017	Prelubes & Postlubes - see them all	Prelube to Eurohash, in Vienna, Austria.	www.eurohash2017.feosc.org/lubes.html	
7 - 9 July 2017	EuroHash	Hosted by the Vindobona H3 in Vienna, Austria.	www.eurohash2017.feosc.org	Vindobona Hash House Harriers



Why do they call it rush hour when nothing moves?

I arrived at the pub reasonably early on this pleasantly warm early summer's evening in time for **Chi Su** to nominate me to do the write up on the grounds that as a friend of the hare I'd be well placed to glean some insider info on the run and thus be suitably qualified to do the write-up. I think he must have a stock of reasons why anyone would like to do a write-up and can wheel a suitable one out at any given time. It can't be easy coaxing a bunch of idle hashers to do anything, teaching teenagers must be similar. Good tactics **Cheezy**. :-)

In fact I did have some prior knowledge of the run as **Unacceptable** had told me the reason for the route going where it did. We were going to the Charing Cross Hospital in order to see the peregrine falcon family nesting on the top of the high rise; I was supposed to bring my binoculars to facilitate this but unfortunately I'd put them in a safe place and couldn't find them. As for the peregrine family, I saw a parent fly off, though I've no idea which one it was as my knowledge of these birds of prey is small.

Due to none of the committee arriving in time for the start of the run, **Pope** did the honours and stood in as GM, and as requested by the hare, we set off relatively early at 7.20pm. **Woof Woof Woof** raced away.

The run itself was well laid and included the usual combination of events. The checks were a bit on the long side but that enabled the slower hashers to catch up. There was a view point where we could admire a small front garden filled with gnomes and statuettes of the Virgin Mary. (I've no idea which religious fetish requires this particular combination and I really don't think I'll enquire.) **Woof Woof Woof** got there first followed at a distance by me. After this garden of delights I lost my bearings as I don't know these streets very well but we eventually got to the cemetery beside the hospital and the specially placed regroup at the best bird spotting location, where we were supposed to wait for **Unacceptable** to arrive and explain why we were there. **Woof Woof Woof** got there first followed at a slightly shorter distance by me. We waited. Eventually I told as many hashers as were interested about the peregrines but the prospect of seeing the birds didn't really seem to interest them. I've tried before to tell hashers about interesting birdie things but it's an uphill battle. The last time I tried, a common tern was fishing in the pond at the top of Hampstead Hill where we had a drink stop, but very few people believed that this agile little bird would fish even though it was frequently demonstrating its skill. **Unacceptable** got to tonight's stop long after everyone had left.

Back to the run - it went back to the 8 Bells via lots more roads, another cemetery, the Fulham Football ground and the river. Someone along the way noticed a

sign for a missing ferret. Apparently it was black and white and had 4 paws; surely not many ferrets have fewer or more than 4 paws do they? **Woof Woof Woof** got back to the pub first, closely followed by me. His phone tallied the distance to 11.37k but he did the full route and lots of checking in the wrong direction too, most of the hash covered many fewer k's.

Quite soon after we got back, the 8 Bells announced that our food was ready so we queued up for a choice of one of 3 pies with chips; chicken and leek, lamb or steak and ale. I had the chicken and leek as I'd been told to eat no red meat. Later on when we were all full the pub gave out the spare chips but despite **Tablewine** going around trying to persuade us to eat more, some were left for the locals.

Having eaten it was time for the down-downs. **Called Away** dished them out as there wasn't a London RA present. He had quite a light manner and was very good at it, and I'm not saying that because he gave me two down-downs - one of them was water. I got my first dd - water, for having high blood pressure of 160 over 90, hence no red meat or alcohol, and my second with **Woof Woof Woof** beer- for racing. I must point out that I don't race with **WWW**, I wish I could, I just try my best to keep him in sight, it's quite different. At the end of the run I'm completely frazzled and he seems quite fresh! :-/

Others were awarded dd's too.

Scarlet got a dd for turning up to the pub with her dog after an absence of many years. The dog was also included in the dd but didn't want the beer initially, but judging by the way he kept going back to sniff at it, would probably have been persuaded to drink it eventually.

Not Out got a dd for going to Feltham instead of Wimbledon the day before. To explain, **Tango** was entertaining and she lives in Florence Road. There may be 12 x Florence Road's in London but it's unforgivable to even dream that **Tango** could live in one in Feltham. Feltham!! **Tango** was amused that they'd flogged all the way to outer Mongolia but **Big In Japan** was not.

Laura was introduced by **3 Beers** and got a dd for being a virgin.

Nick Nack, (yes, that is what **Called Away** said,) got a dd for watching 30 Shades of Grey and thinking of **Butt Plug**. What was the explanation for that?

Ryde got one for something and **Rambo** and **Qualified Seaman** got one for something as well.

Beers were drunk, food was eaten and the pub cat was stroked. All was well so I went home.

On On,

Knickers.

Run 2297 6th June 2016
Eight Bells
Putney

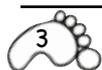
Hare: **Unacceptable**



Scribe: **Knickers**



RA: **Called Away**



I asked my North Korean friend how it was there. He said he couldn't complain.

Run 2304 4th July 2016
The Green Man
Putney

Hares: Hot Down South & Naughty Nympho



Scribe: Hedgehog



RA: Bonnie

Hares: *Hot Down South* and *Naughty Nympho*. Scribe: *Hedgehog*
 You know the rest.

In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

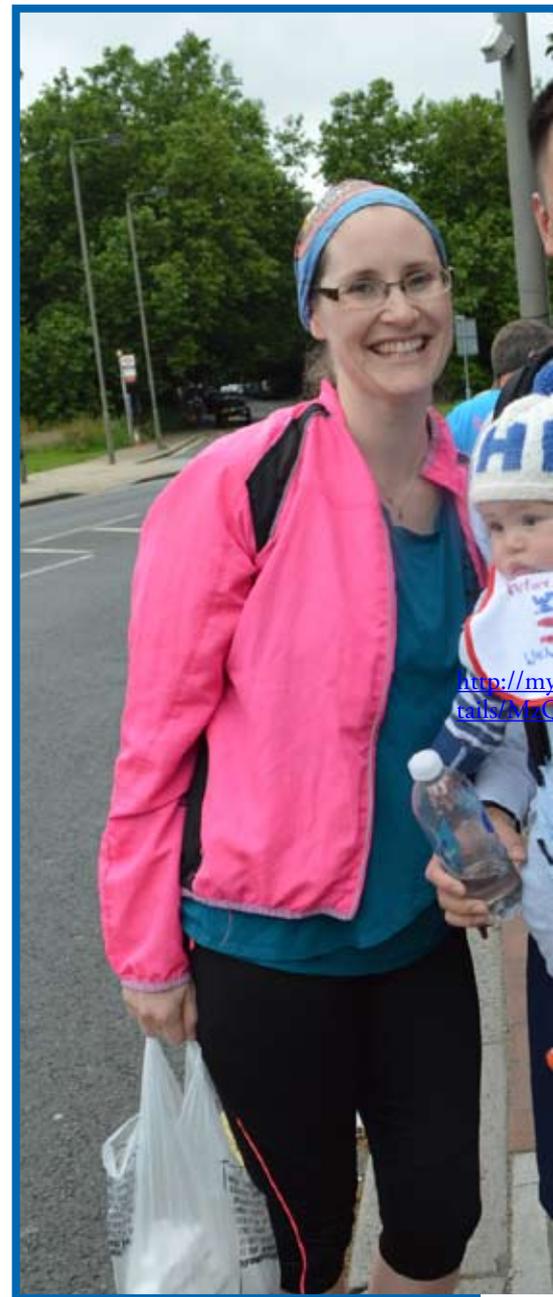
Thus was described the trail of a rebellious American Hash chapter in 1775, still remembered after all these years as “the trail of Paul Revere”, and re-enacted by London H3 on Putney Heath on American Independence Day in 2016. The hares were *Naughty Nympho* accompanied by *Hot Down South* who had just returned from a very (re-) productive trip to China. The pack were sent off from the Green Man slightly late. We know this because we were still enjoying *Last Tango's* address to the pack when *Rambo*, a reliable benchmark for tardiness, arrived.

Noteworthy among the pack was *2 A.M.* who had evidently declared independence from his new wife of two days standing by making his own plans for the evening. In Jo Ann's defence however, a Google search for the phrase “honeymoon in Putney” returns “No results found” so she can hardly be blamed for staying at home. The pack hacked across Putney Heath and beneath the A3, skirting around Kingsmere pond. At least some of them did, as I was already off trail by that point. My misdirection was also my good fortune as a lot of shiggy was reported on that section of the true trail. I had rejoined

the pack by the time they reached the Wimbledon windmill – which, lacking its sails, looked nothing like one and is presumably being renovated. Circling clockwise around the northern section of Wimbledon Common we passed the Queensmere pond where the pure white elegance of the swans was a marked counterpoint to the ungainliness of the mud-spattered Hashers. On on past Putney Vale Cemetery, the last resting place of Howard Carter (Egyptologist), James Hunt (racing driver), and the Third Doctor Who (Jon Pertwee). Although some hashers observed Independence Day by carrying the red, white and blue of the Stars and Stripes (thanks to *Ryde* and *Tablewhine*), by this stage of the evening more of the pack were displaying red insect bites, white pasty flesh and blue varicose veins.

The advertised drink stop was at the Roehampton War Memorial. It commemorates the First World War but the current structure dates from the 1950s as the original was damaged by enemy action in World War II. The wreaths of poppies were supplemented, courtesy of *Bonnie*, by doughnuts (a.k.a “donuts”) , American muffins and that well known American beverage, Sainsbury's Pinot Grigio rosé.

The flies were biting fiercely at the drink stop so the pub was a-calling. The Green Man was a renowned hangout for highwaymen and other good-for-naughts, so it's appropriate that the Hash is welcomed there. Indeed, the generous publican donated all the down-down beers. However with a spectacular rear garden the Mismanagement chose to hold the Hash circle in the tiny front patio, where we could enjoy to their fullest the diesel fumes and traffic noise.



☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆ **Down Downs** ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Name	Offence
<i>Naughty Nympho</i> <i>Hot Down South</i>	The hares, one of whom got lost on their own trail, allegedly.
<i>Made in China</i>	Being a baby a few months old and not yet having a Hash name. This omission was rectified in the circle.
<i>2am</i>	Losing his own independence two days prior to Independence Day by getting married.
<i>Run 2 Eat</i> <i>Kebab</i> <i>Just Laura</i>	Reasons unknown, unheard, or unremembered.
<i>Private Golden Shower</i> <i>Granny Muff from Zurich</i> <i>One other from Barnes</i>	Being visitors
<i>Little Pair</i> <i>Private Golden Shower</i> <i>Come Forth In Orange</i>	Being Yankees
<i>2am (again)</i>	For deserting his new wife after only two days.

Run 2302 2nd July 2016
The North Star
Leytonstone

Hare: Beau Geste



Scribe: Knickers



RA: Beau Geste

Location - Leytonstone
A Bonus summer Saturday Run
Hare - **Beau Geste**
Weather - Warm and Sunny

Leytonstone is in east London and I was in west London so it was a very long trek to get to it, basically from one end of zone 3 to the other and a bus ride as well. It took ages. However, **Please Sir** quite liked the location as did **Unacceptable** and the hare as they were very local, so that was ok, not all the runs can be in my locality, nor should they be.

The pub is run by a friendly landlord who was quite happy to see us again and to put our bags in the cellar while we ran. He considered it his duty as a landlord to give out water rather than beer to those that wanted it before the run with the reasoning that beer and exercise don't mix. That is true, they don't always, but then hashing and exercise don't always mix either so there was room for negotiation.

Not many of the London regulars turned up as most had been invited to the Hash wedding of the moment. **Beau Geste** had no idea about the wedding and was a bit disappointed with the low turnout. It wasn't all bad though, there were many visitors and virgins, indeed, half the pack were visitors and virgins. I thought **BG** had invited a running club along they all looked so fit and thin!

In true hash fashion we assembled outside at 12.30 for the hare's run speech. As there was no GM or RA, **BG** took over and performed both tasks and did the introductions too. We had a group of 4 young male runners, **Cheminax** - a visitor, **Adam** who'd run with City and **Craig** and **Mathew** who were virgins. A family from the US visited - **Lynn, Andrew,**

Brian, Paton and **Adrienne** who was just 18. Also making their regular return visit was **Captain** and **Mrs Titanic** (**First Mate** - ed).

BG doesn't mark the on when he sets a trail so the pack had to find it - it was in the same place as the last one, so was the second one. Thinking it was time for a bit of variety I took a slightly different route to find the third check and sure enough found it a short distance away. I called the pack but they didn't come so I carried on along the trail marking the checks through as I went thinking they'd catch me up. After 5 or 6 fairly easy checks I was a bit disappointed to get to the combined drinks stop and down - downs outside **BG**'s house as this meant in my view, the rather premature end to the run. I retraced the run for a while until I met the frb group but doubt if I ran more than 4km in total. It turned out that the trail hadn't been quite as short as all that as when I'd looked for the third on, I'd accidentally missed a loop which was designed to be run twice and would have added at least 2km to the overall length. Yes, it caused confusion among those that were there, and mostly they didn't run it. In his defence, **BG** had an inflamed achilles and couldn't walk very far as it was very painful. (Note to hare- if this is a regular problem, ask for help.)

BG provided the beer and crisps for the drink's stop and down downs at his own cost as that's how they do it in Mijas. **BG** also acted as RA with a little help from me. I think everyone got a dd. My role didn't end there, I was hash cash and scribe too.

Other regulars were: **Qualified Seaman, Lady C, Doner Kebab** and **Lofty**.

Beers in hand we mostly sat outside the front of the pub and enjoyed the afternoon sun. It had something of a novelty factor as the weather in the preceding week had been cold and wet.

BG spoke of his hopes of starting an East London Hash, I'm sure it would be supported if he did. Today's run is the first of three Bonus runs that **BG** is setting this summer and it's the second run from the North Star this year. It's quite possible that it will be designated the second East London Hash run as well, run jointly with London on both occasions. If it is designated the second East London Hash I will have run the first two of them and be considered a founding member. I will then be a founding member of three of the London Hash runs.

Everyone was really well behaved and there were no happenings.

On-On.
Knickers.

This run fell on the last day of the Great Fire of London 1666, but since we were in leafy South Ealing which was probably a small village or fields in 1666, we didn't have to worry about getting burnt. All we had to worry

about was the dire warning the hare gave us not to get locked in the park. **Kenny** the hare was anxious about the park so the pack duly left quite early for London standards. **Tango** and I duly followed the pack till we saw a runner who we assume was a hasher so duly followed him resulting in losing the trail but after a few minutes we stumbled across arrows, so did a **Lord Lucan** (for those new to hashing **Lord Lucan** always did the trail backwards). This resulted in us entering Gunnersbury Park where flour disappeared so we wandered off in the direction of the ponds only to find hashers running around in circles looking for the markings. **Henry** enjoyed his foray in the park by running around in circles. Gunnersbury Park ponds and house are having a facelift funded by the National Lottery. Back at the pub having missed the drink stop, by now it is dark, we were greeted with plates of chips and onion rings. It was after all National Piazza Day in the States. **Blood Stain Clothing** took charge of downs downs to a very sedate circle - everyone sitting on a chair. The hare got three downs downs over the evening, one for haring, one for not doing a chalk talk before we started and a third for very little markings. **Pope** for his up and coming birthday, nothing to do with Mother Theresa being made a saint. Two visitors one of which was doing the rounds of London hash and an American visiting hasher. **Hands On** doing hash cash forgot that inflation has caught up with London and the run fee was now £2. Then as normal hashers drifted off home.
ON On, **Lofty**

Run 2315 5th Sept 2016
The New Inn
South Ealing

Hare: Kenny



Scribe: Lofty



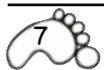
RA: Blood Stained Clothing

Run 2306 18th July 2016
The Spreadingale
Camden Town

Hares: **Big in Japan & Not Out**



RA: **Blood Stained Clothing**



My name is Fin, which means it's very hard for me to end emails without sounding pretentious.

Run 2308 30th July 2016
The Plume of Feathers
Princetown, Dartmoor

Hares: **Wrong Passage & He Badgers**



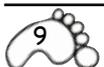
Run 2310 7th August 2016
The Admiralty
Charing Cross

Hare: **Skylark**





LH3 40th Birthday!
6th August 2016
London Welsh Amateur Rugby Club, Old Deer Park



I met a painter who only paints using Japanese rice wine, but it was just saké for art's sake.

Run 2314 29th Aug 2016
Hand in Hand
Wimbledon

Hares: Contour & Tango



Scribe: Phickle Fart



RA: Yorky Porky

August Bank Holiday in London. You could head for the coast, and spend the next four hours in a traffic jam. Or you could go to the Notting Hill Carnival, and wander through the seething crowds apprehensively clutching your mobile phone concealed beneath your clothing, wondering where all the pretty dancers and colourful floats you saw on television are when all you can see are a lot of skulking youths and nervous police men and women sweating in their stab vests as they intermittently pretend to join in the "fun", at a cost to us, incidentally, through our council tax, of £5.6 million, while some canned West Indian music can be heard in the distance and people sell ludicrously over-priced Jamaican food from pavement barbecues with dubious hygiene standards, and worrying if you should leave soon before it all culminates in the traditional riot. Or you can join London Hash House Harriers on their midday trail who, on this Bank Holiday, had the very good judgement to meet at the Hand in Hand, perched on the edge of Wimbledon Common, and well worth the long walk from the station, not least because this

climb seems to deter the oiks who frequent the beer supermarkets around the town centre from making it to the top of the hill, leaving it as a peaceful haven of civilised drinking behavior. Unsurprisingly most Hashers seem to have made the latter choice, resulting in a very large pack comprising of Hashers from all the London area hashes as well as a smattering of visitors and at least one virgin, congregating outside the pub awaiting the return of the Hares, *Tango* and *Contour*, who duly re-appeared for the run start at a very *Tangoesque* 12.45. During the Hare talk *Contour* inadvertently referred to the "trial", as opposed to the trail. Those of us who have also co-hared with *Tango* in the past said nothing, but nodded sympathetically at this obviously Freudian slip. I volunteered to scribe the proceedings, rather rashly as I have taken a break from running to avoid further aggravating knee problems, and so this account is from one who plodded resolutely behind the pack for the entire trail and I must credit *Rambo*, who provided me with a GPS trace of the trail, with any geographic accuracy it contains. At the end of the Hare talk *Tango*



mysteriously disappeared, on a mission that was later to become apparent, leaving **Contour** to mark the checks. My success in following the trail on my solitary peregrination is a credit to his proficiency at this task.

The trail took us North towards the common, with the first check appearing outside the Cannizaro park, this broke, unsurprisingly, into the park which the trail then circumnavigated in a clockwise direction before exiting on to Wimbledon common at the London and Scottish golf club and heading for the heart of the common before turning to the left and plunging down the hill in a Southerly direction to circumnavigate Warren farm and come back along the boardwalks through the mysterious marshes of Fishponds wood and then head up North through the woods on the West side of the common, who's foliage provided welcome shade from the warm late summers sun. The complicated contours of the common, with its many streams and gullies can make it a disorientation place even for those who think they know it well, and our Hares had used its geography well to confuse the pack. Eventually the trail turned South

again, passing the White Cottage and the apocryphally named Caesars Camp to meet what had been the out-trail emerging from Cannizaro. The in and out trails ran parallel for some twenty yards before the former turned away at a right angle down a gated path through some allotments, not quite a true figure of eight trail as they never actually crossed, but a clever ruse. It was now obvious what **Tango** had been up to while **Contour** had been marking the trail, re-marking this return trail and hosting the drink stop which was tucked away in the gardens at the North End of the Park. It was there that I eventually caught up with the pack and gratefully consumed a glass or two of cold Pimms proffered by **Tango**. Whilst necking my second helping of this strange but pleasant concoction I commented to **Tango** that I felt unexpectedly intoxicated, and she explained that they had run out of lemonade for the Pimms and made it with cider instead.

Back at the Pub we all spent the rest of the afternoon basking in the sun on the grass outside knocking back lashings of their beer. I congratulated the Hares on an excellent trail and asked who had designed

it all, but, like Lennon and McCartney, like Tensing and Hillary, both refused to claim any individual credit and protested that it had all been a joint effort. A circle was eventually convened with the RA, **Yorke Porke**, handing out down downs to the various Hares, visitors etc. and one or two sinners, including myself, for picking up and carrying around a rusting artefact of the past that I had spotted part-buried outside Caesar's camp, this relic might well have been the final definitive proof that the Romans had been there or not, but unfortunately we will never know, as I had in my intoxicated state left it behind at the drink stop. **Yorke** himself go a down down for a determined attempt to develop the power of flight in a desperate attempt to avoid falling flat on his face during the run, an unlikely feat of evolution that was predictably unsuccessful.

Congratulation to all concerned for a great choice of venue for the Bank Holiday run and a fantastic trail that made the best of Wimbledon's beautiful common.

On On,
P.F.



Run 2316 12th Sept 2016
The Albany
Twickenham

Hare: KC



Scribe: Doormat



RA: Kenny

Ah, the Albany a fair named Tavern
Where many a pint is downed
Of notable content our rugby brothers
doth frequent.

But I drift away, for on this day the
Hashers turn to be.

A kennel of notable size of 27 today be.
To gather to test the best beers and wines
The early birds a taste, a chat of welcome
to all!

The crowd under instruction burst onto
the porch.
"Where is the GM" *Thunder Thigh's*
called out loudly in a soft whisper!
"Behind you" in pantomime tone was the
stern reply
Tradition is dying - on time - the day has
come!

Where is the hair - there is plenty on
KC's head but he is nowhere to be seen
Your on your own "mates" - the trail is
laid follow the arrows!

Our GM of the colourful hair
Introduced the run number of, well true to
form, was quite unsure
What number is it? Well something
beginning with 2!
Never mind we can Google it!

The hounds were set to trail
"The hunt is on", forward by the Thames.
Past suburban houses along the roads and
connecting paths. Night drawing in, but a
warm night.
Hashers opened their night sights finding
checks and falsies.
Just like life, sometimes we go down the
wrong path and lose the marks and then in
the distance
An "On ON" is called
The true path is this way!

Many a chit-chat on route of the latest
gossip.

Oh what a September night, now with a
faint hint of autumn
Leaves on the ground, the gentle breeze
tinkling them along to form a gutter
hugger.
Reminds me of the writer Oscar Wilde
with:-
"We are all in the gutter but some of us are
looking at the stars"
Ah, for three months, I have slept under
the stars with the heavens circulating
above.
Shooting stars there were many but digest!

The hashers approached a very fine
building, Marble Hill Park house
Standing there in a white glow:-
Then like magic, *Franky's* balls glittered
and sparkled under the guidance and
Dingo and *Foreskin*
And found the "OH NO"
THE GATE IS LOCKED - WE ARE
LOCKED IN!
No complaint when we are locked in a
pub!
A team challenge - assisted by all - one by
one over the gate.

Doormat assisted as a step,
"Oh *Thunder Thigh's*, you have put
on a kilo or two!
Onto the ponds and the streets to *KC's* pit
stop, Oh a Singapore Sling was mentioned
and titbits on the side - A gentle time
had by all of friendly banter of times gone
by and of times to come. This is not a
Formula 1 pit stop, less than five seconds
and all four wheels changed! Many thanks
to *KC* and the use of his back garden. He
must be the last of the gentleman kind.
ON ON was called - the beer is getting
warm!
OFF on a trot the hashers crowded off
The last stage, a short ON INN through
Twickenham fair town and to the Albany.
Oh beer time -yes I miss selection of real
ale and fine wines.

The Hashers came in, in dribs and drabs,
oh we have lost our GM! A panic ensued
as the AGPU draws near and who next!
Shall we keep this GM or is there another
on the shipyard Stocks???

Keep your heads low it could be YOU!
Panic over the GM has arrived.
Here comes *Beer Stalker* - watch your
step, she will take £2 and give you no
change, members that have prepaid, they
go free but for the likes of you and me a
dip into the pocket it must be.
A turnout of 27 it was announced.
A call to circle was shouted out, the GM is
handing out a few down downs:-
AH the first of a series:-
KC - A double down down for a shitty
trail and short run, to the tune of Shitty
Trail

RA and GM combined team:-
Visitors - Now on the podiham
Hot and Juicy from Abuja H3,
Nigeria (but of New York decent)
Sweet - of Stockholm H3

Downed Downed to the tune of Fred
Flint Stone
Returnees:-

Doormat (too long have I been off
trail!)
Ah the gate episode :-
Rambo, Mary Poppins
The *Rambo* speech
Contour the saviour
Charlatan- dog suit
Doormat - rumbled by *Ryde* -
keeping up to his name! (GUILTY)
Giving Head
Franky - unsettling a dog training session
Dingo and *Foreskin* given a free
beer
Last Tango and *Unacceptable*-
Caught in the act in a First Class
compartment on the Twickenham-
Richmond train line! Standing room only
in first class! I think we are being mugged
by the authorities!
To the call of:- "STUPID - STUPID"
Other Charges
Dave with no name:- At the end of the
locked Gate session!
"I have just found a universal key!" after
nearly everyone was over it.

CIRCLED CLOSED

Scribes Note

Good to see you all

Chi-Su, you owe me a beer!

This is my first attempt on my brand
new Samsung Tablet S2 9.7 purchased
at Harrods (duty free of course). What
a beast, smaller than a bread board! The
power at the end of your finger tips!

Doormat
ON ON



The weather was decidedly iffy however the run was well attended and the rain held off. The hares were **Goldilocks** and **3 Beers**. **Goldilocks** did a grand job of overseeing our bags whilst we were out on the trail and **3 beers** did a grand job of guiding us through to the drink stop on Primrose Hill (Mead wine). We had 2 visitors: **Pablo the Goat Fucker** who though we passed by London Zoo failed to catch sight or feel up any goats. And **Kamikazi** from Japan who became lost and was rescued by **Lofty**. A few members of the hash are getting confused as to the purpose of our group and merely turning up for the drinks/food - **Sparerib**, **Its Fine Bos**, **Marxist** and **Castrato** who was baby sitting through the pub window and into his house directly opposite. **Its Fine Bos** partook of some v posh chips with truffle oil at

an eye watering £6.50. Whilst **Heavy Pants** had common chips and a burger for only 50p more. Thanks were given to **Chi Su** and **Scrumpy** as they were first to return to the pub (for one reason or another that wasn't related to front running) enabling **Goldilocks** to leave the bag station to attend the drink stop. **Go Forth in Orange** was given a down down for falling off his bike on the way home from the Thursday West London Hash. His iPhone survived the ordeal but in the week since he has broken the screen in more mundane activities. **Optimist** also was given a down down for going to the North to South Isle of Wight hash last w/e but failing to attend the actual event due to an overdose of Grolsch (far from his favorite beverage) which caused him to miss the bus and be too worse for wear too actu-

ally take part. A final down down was given to the barman **Ben** for carrying all the beers up to us sans tragedy, giving him an insight into the workings of the hash. As usual a good time was had by all. On On.
CHISU PLEASE AMEND AS YOU SEE FIT. **THESE ARE ALWAYS BETTER TO WRITE AFTER THE EVENT WHEN HIGH ON DRINK - SO HAVING MISSED THAT WAVE MON- I HAVE SAVED IT TILL AFTER WEST LONDON .**
 -okay, no need to shout! - ED
 ON ON **KENNY.**

Run 2317 19th Sept 2016
The Queens Chalk Farm

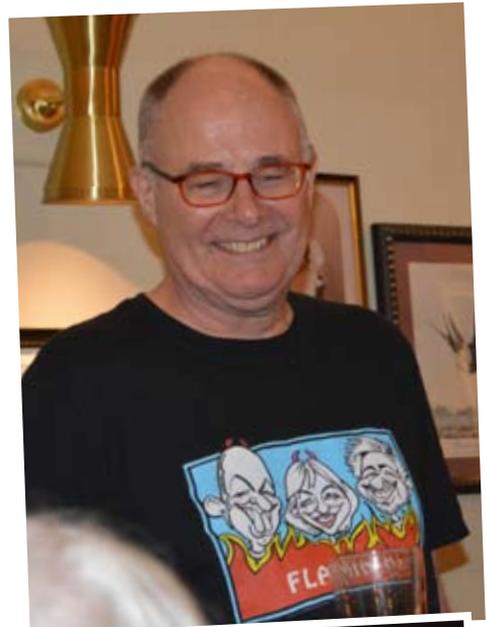
Hares: 3 Beers & 'Locks



Scribe: Who Killed Kenny



RAs: Sparerib & Testi



Run No: 2319

Venue: Brentford, The Lord Nelson

There was a young hasher called Mike
Whose trails we occasionally like
2AM's his real name
Not sure how this came
But it was nothing to do with a bike. *(As far as we know. Ed)*

On the 26th day of September
Through the beer haze we try to remember.
From the Lord Nelson we ran
There was no chance of a tan
As the sun faded to an autumn ember.



Along by the Brent we saw a strange sight
An orange life boat - it was ever so bright.
Who has clothes and a bike
With matching colours alike?
Cum 4th in Orange, yes you're right.

Just as the Lord Nelson was near,
We stopped at the hare's house for beer,
Under the marque
But where was **KC**?
Off trail as usual we fear.



In the circle **Kenny** was in charge
And the list of victims surprisingly large
We trembled in fear
When handed a beer
While her stories she did discharge



To be honest we were none the wiser
About **Optimist**'s heart rate analyser
The accusation we missed
Was to do with his wrist
He was an arm chair exerciser

To the cold we felt quite immune
As we departed in the light of the moon.
We had all imbibed
Quite a bit while inside
The end of the evening came all too soon.



ON! ON! Tablewhine & Ryde

Hash Humour

The penis asks for a pay rise:
"I hereby request a pay rise because I do physical labour at great depths. I don't get weekends or public holidays off. I work in a wet environment in a dark place that has poor ventilation. I work in high temperatures and my work exposes me to contagious diseases. Yours sincerely, Mr. P. Niss."

Response:
*"After considering your request and the arguments raised we reject it for the following reasons:
 You need to be stimulated into starting work. You are part time and fall asleep after brief work periods. You leave the workplace rather messy at the end of your shift and you don't observe safety rules such as protective clothing. You can't work double shifts and you often dribble.
 Yours sincerely, Ms. V. Gina."*



This old man in his eighties got up and was putting on his coat. His wife said, "Where are you going?" He said, "I'm going to the doctor."
 And she said, "Why? Are you sick?"
 "No," he said. "I'm going to get me some of those new Viagra pills."
 So his wife got up out of her rocker and was putting on her sweater and he said, "Where are you going?"
 She said, "I'm going to the doctor too."
 He said, "Why?"
 She said, "If you're going to start using that rusty old thing again, I'm going to get a tetanus shot."



A young boy walks into a brothel dragging a dead frog. He asks the man at the front desk if he can have a woman and the man says "No, son. You have to be 18." The boy hands the man a one hundred dollar bill and the man tells him to go upstairs to Room 7. Then the boy asks the man if he can have a girl with active herpes. The man says "No, I'm sorry, but all of our girls are clear." The boy hands him another one hundred dollar bill and the man tells him to go upstairs to Room 4. About twenty minutes later, the boy comes back and the man at the front desk asks the boy why he is dragging a dead frog and why he wanted a girl with herpes. "Well, tonight when the babysitter comes over, I'll have sex with her and give her herpes. Then, when my dad takes her home, she will give it to him. Then, when my parents have sex tonight, my mum will get it too. Then tomorrow morning when my dad goes to work my mum will give herpes to the postman, and he's the bastard that ran over my frog!"



The Beer Prayer
 Our lager, which art in barrels,
 Hallowed be thy drink.
 Thy will be drunk, (I will be drunk),
 at home as it is in the tavern.
 Give us this day our foamy head,
 And, forgive us our spillage,
 As we forgive those who spilt against us.
 But, deliver us from hangovers.
 And, lead us not into incarceration.
 For thine is the beer,
 The bitter and the lager.
 -Barmen

You might remember the hash chaos of last year's Annual General Piss Up (AGPU). We had rival bids for the position of top dog - odd really, as **Tango** usually spends most of the year sidling up to various members telling them that everyone thinks they should take on the GM's role next year and no one's interested, then suddenly we were up to our ears in manifestos! Then we had the ballot papers and voting that turned out to not be meant to be ballot papers for voting. So, the illustrious mismanagement of the London Hash had a meeting where we brainstormed how to top that fiasco with something equally amusing. We scratched our heads and stared into our pints trying to think of a suitable location for this year's AGPU. 'Why not ask **Marxist** if we can crash his place again?', someone said. 'Splendid idea!', was the response, 'last time we went there we had all kinds of shenanigans, bbq-gate etc - that's bound to be a real hoot!' A quick call to the wonderful **Marxist**, who we clearly caught at a good time and didn't hesitate to say yes, and we were all set up.

Depressingly, however, despite our best efforts, the day actually went off surprisingly trouble free - though, there was talk of pizza-gate and radiator-gate... Dunno - ask them.

We all arrived at **Marxist's** spacious house laden with enough booze to pass the day in the best of moods. Some, such as **Testi**, had their own specially disguised beers and engraved tankards. Others like **More On** and **MM** arrived with thermos flasks - each to their own. It was a light, mild and slightly cloudy day for the start of October, and **Contour** led us off into the usual rich and lush green areas of Hampstead.

Eventually the trail led to **Going**

Commando showing off her large jugs brimming over with delights - I speak, of course, of a well supplied drink stop which was gratefully received by all.

Back at the house, we largely occupied the large kitchen and outside verandah areas. The garden trampoline was also put to good use, though at times the antics of **Goldilocks** and **3 Beers** bouncing around might have traumatised the young mind of little **Nathan**, who will probably re-stage the scene with dolls in his therapist's office in later years. Stacks and stacks of the largest pizza boxes I've seen arrived, and despite the consternation of a few at the lack of pepperoni seemed to go down extremely well, as free food often does.

A few latecomers, such as **Its Fine Bos** added a certain glamour to the proceedings and, to the general horror of all, the piano in the hallway proved an irresistible lure to budding musicians such as: **Chi-Su**, **Orangutan**, **KC** and **Martian Matron**.

With the sun out the RAs got the formalities of the general meeting underway.

Of course, the main agenda item was the election of a new Mismanagement tasked with f*cking up the London Hash to the same standard as the previous Mismanagement. However, unlike the dramatic purges and coups of other clubs the new Mismanagement could have been legitimately mistaken for being largely the same as the old one.

So, without further ado, I give you the 'new' Mismanagement for the London Hash House Harriers 2016-2017.

Joint GMs - Last Tango and Contour
Hare Raiser - Going Commando
RAs - Kenny and Blood Stained

Run 2320 1st Oct 2016
Chez Marxist
Highgate

Hares: Contour & Tango



Scribe: Chi-Su



RAs: Reach and Rambo

Clothing

Song Meisters - Ryde and Tablewhine
Haberdasher - Contour, assisted by **Big in Japan**

On Sec - Hedgehog
Hash Stats - Titanic

Edit Hare - Chi-Su

Webshites - Sir Humpalot and Skylark

Social Sex - 3 Beers and No Foreplay

Hash Cashes - Hands On and Beer

Stalker

Hash Bank - Not Out





Hash Humour

Christine wanted a man who likes playing games in the bedroom



Always use protection when you're horny

All the organs of the body were having a meeting, trying to decide who was the one in charge.

"I should be in charge," said the brain, "Because I run all the body's systems, so without me nothing would happen."

"I should be in charge," said the blood, "Because I circulate oxygen all over so without me you'd all waste away."

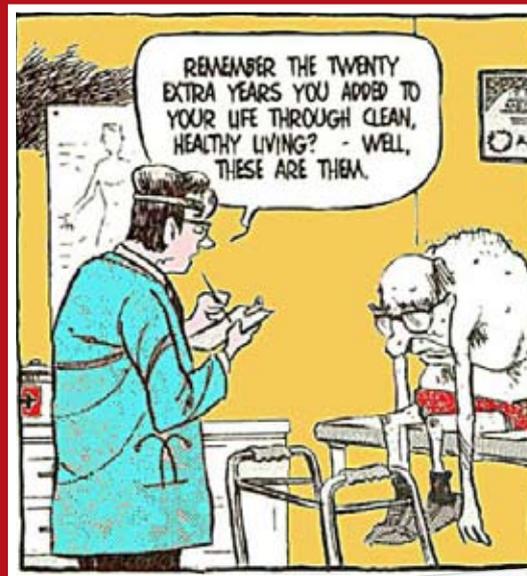
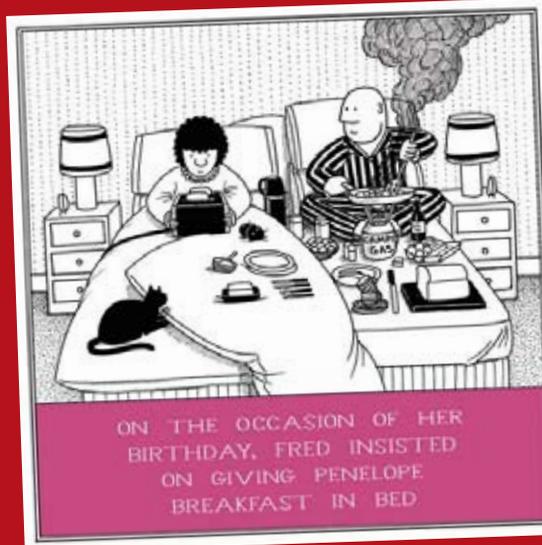
"I should be in charge," said the stomach, "Because I process food and give all of you energy."

"I should be in charge," said the legs, "because I carry the body wherever it needs to go."

"I should be in charge," said the eyes, "Because I allow the body to see where it goes."

"I should be in charge," said the rectum, "Because I'm responsible for waste removal."

All the other body parts laughed at the rectum and insulted him, so in a huff, he shut down tight. Within a few days, the brain had a terrible headache, the stomach was bloated, the legs got wobbly, the eyes got watery, and the blood was toxic. They all decided that the rectum should be the boss. The moral of the story? Even though the others do all the work... the @\$\$hole is usually in charge.



Rare image of a shark stepping on a Lego.



It's funny how we all sleep differently. I sleep on my side, my roommate sleeps on his back. My ex sleeps with everybody. That sort of thing



Run 2322 15th Oct 2016
The Fox at Connaught
Prince Regent

Hare: Qualified Seaman



Scribe: Woof Woof Woof



RA: BSC

Being not a native speaker I still think I'm not eligible to do this... Promised though, for second time and now I will do it! I will try also to bring the best of my modest English language knowledge and writing skill set, but dear reader please bear with me and be lenient.

It was a beautiful sunny Saturday and a hash in Docklands with the hare **Qualified Seaman**. In other words – everything was promising for a fantastic day out. The hash was also kind of special for me as I was expecting a returnee. The “slow” harriette **Humming Bird** from Sweden was coming over for the weekend. It looked a bit weird when I arrived, but yes, alongside the ExCel centre and all the modern concrete jungle there was a pub, a real one! **Knickers, Action Man** and a few more fellow hashers were already in the pub. For my surprise and not in the best hash traditions, that means in a super civilized manner, they were drinking guess what - cappuccino! Had one as well. The pack was slowly building up. About 12.20 ish **Humming Bird** and **Weeny Schnitzel** showed up desperately trying to find the pub entrance. Unbelievable, and shame for a hasher not being able to find the pub door! She is forgiven. Not hashing on a regular basis with London Hash can have terrible detrimental side effects. Well, still not that bad considering **F...n Shakespeare, Tango** and **Contour** couldn't find even the P trail. A good pack took off shortly after 12.30. The run took us promptly next to the water. Well laid checks and FTs kept the pack together reasonably well, as the normal suspects: **Knickers, Skylark, Humming Bird, WWW**, etc were trying to do exactly the opposite. Btw, it

is always good to have somebody to chase after, especially if you want to run a hang over out. I know I can always rely on **Knickers** for that, thanks! The Thames Barrier and the astonishingly high bridge over Gallions Pont Marina were just few of the places worth running the whole 10-ish km trail.

Well done to **Qualified Seaman** who was first to be rewarded with a Down Down. Next was our visitor **Pippi Longstocking**. Some lost properties made the down down more attractive and more pleasant for the rewarded. **Bhopal** was next to do down down from the left one of his lost properties shoes. **Chi Su** was also to taste the special second hand running socks down down from his shoe. **Woof Woof Woof** was rewarded with down down for stroking an umbrella in a way that **Run 2 Eat** was so excited and could not stop laughing. She was in the circle as well. Down down got also our returnee **Humming Bird, F...n Shakespeare, Tango** and **Contour**. The night for some hashers was long, but this is another story...

Any resemblance to the reality is purely coincidental!

Thanks for reading friends. On on!
WWW



There are Hash runs and then there was *'No Foreplay's'* Clapham Junction run. This scribe was lucky to choose the second most appropriate Clapham Junction Station exit so he found p-trail marks. Some three quarters of the way through the run he was overtaken by an impressively dedicated Hasher (*Mouthwash?*- Ed) who completed not only the run in question but also a tour of all four TFL stations answering to the description 'Clapham' after making a less fortunate, mark free choice of 'Junction' exit. The p-trail did lead ultimately to a gratifyingly well chosen hostelry but in Battersea. 'The Candlemaker' was full of character(s) - a larger than average pack, and only a small request about the suitability of the songs for it's Saturday afternoon families.

Highlights of the trail revealed, as ever on the LH3, numerous memorable City features by touring riverside developments old and new, north and south; a busy heliport and Fulham's answer to Battersea Power Station. This former is of course on the north side of the river and orders of magnitude smaller than the famous southern version. This however didn't prevent at least one Hasher (*Kenny?* - Ed) , evidently variously challenged, from a mistaken identification, which didn't escape the RA's notice and a totally appropriate down down. Further Fulham exploration, which lead to this scribe's missing yet again the drink stop, was an extension through Brompton Cemetery. Of course in the week before Halloween this location was not short of activity as posted in notices on the gate by 'The Friends'. As one of the 'Magnificent Seven' Victorian London cemeteries it seemed to have a lot of friends, (but possibly fewer than Highgate). The Circle was well exercised in welcoming several visitors, including election escapers from the US and at least one 'long time no see'.

Onon, *Pyles*

Run 2323 22nd Oct 2016
The Candlemaker
Clapham Junction

Hare: No Foreplay



Scribe: Pyles



RA: BSC



Run 2324 29th Oct 2016
The Anchor and Hope
Clapton

Hares: 3 Beers & 'Locks



Scribe: Scrumpy



RA: BSC

Run 2324: "Halloween Run"
 Clapton: The Anchor & Hope
 Pack 41: (no, *Mouthwash* is
 not here)
 Hares: **3 Beers &
 Goldilocks
 Scrumpy**
 Scribe:

(Mouthwash is on his way to Birmingham)

The weather was kind and we spent the pre and post hash outside the tiny pub (which we might not have fitted into) which was on the canal side. The run set off promptly at 12.43 – but this was too prompt for **Last Tango, Contour, Kenny, Hot Box, Action Man, Tablewhine, Ryde, Sparerib** and possibly others – aided and abetted by TFL in various ways.

(Mouthwash is in Birmingham)

Ably assisted by the hares, one in full cloak and bird skull mask and one with a little squeaky wand, we made our way on longer and shorter routes to the first bridge and out into more open countryside. Here **Henry** met a pretty blond bitch and we lost **GC, Big in Japan** and her nephew, **Finley**. It was noted that **Mad Cow** might have trouble with one part of the trail – a cattle grid!

(Mouthwash is seeing his eldest son)

The drink stop was amongst some disused water filter beds which are now a nature reserve. Alas some of the latecomers missed the last turn in and so got no blood red wine or dips into the cauldron of Halloween Haribo. We then crossed back over the canal and followed trail back to the pub – waving at **Contour** and **Last Tango** wandering in the opposite direction on the other side.

(Mouthwash has three sons – Yes 3!)

Back at the pub, several hashers seemed to decide that they would form a permanent obstacle course for the cyclists, buggy owners and walkers attempting to follow the canal path – despite my and **Skylark's** best efforts to point out the error of their ways. Food was produced from the hares' rucksacks and promptly despatched before the circle.

(Only one of Mouthwash's sons hashes – but with City)

Down downs were awarded to: the Hares, Virgin Kiwi **Tracy** and a lead to **Henry** for 100 runs. **Last Tango** for managing to travel via Holloway, **Woof Woof Woof** and **Mad Cow** for missing the train about ten of us were on by 10 seconds and **Doner Kebab** for falling over on the P trail. **Mad Cow** for lost property from AGPU. **Kenny** and **Sir Humpalot** got DDs for reasons indecipherable from my notes, **Skylark** as we saw a narrow boat named after him, **Bhopal** for missing the drink stop and **Goldilocks** as OPOCH (official purveyor of caviar to the hash).

(Mouthwash is probably having a curry in Birmingham)

On on!



London Hash House Harriers Financial Summary Year Ended 31 Aug 2016



Income and Expenditure	Year Ended 31 August 2016	Prior Year Ended 31 August 2015
Income		
Membership Subscriptions	1,020.00 (42)	760.00 (39)
Run Fees	1,083.00	944.44
Haberdashery Sales	2,574.53	909.60
Calendar Sales	250.00	280.00
Other income/donations	323.66	-
Total Income	<u>5,251.19</u>	<u>2,894.04</u>
Expenditure		
Run Expenses:		
Down Downs	667.15	769.40
Food & drink stops on trail	402.77	330.28
Mugs & awards	603.29	180.00
Events:		
AGPU Buffet	350.00	350.00
Xmas - Ealing Bowling Club	118.11	130.00
London Marathon	65.00	50.00
CLAWS Xmas Party (2015 & 2014)	250.00	150.00
40th Birthday Party - Old Deer Park	113.70	-
Other Events	-	75.72
Admin & Other:		
Haberdashery Purchases	1,659.75	1,311.00
Calendar Purchase	189.44	260.77
Website	13.85	121.34
Donations	-	-
Total Expenditure	<u>4,433.06</u>	<u>3,728.51</u>
Net Income/(expenditure) for the Year	<u>£818.13</u>	<u>(£834.47)</u>

Summary (and bank rec.)	Year Ended 31 August 2016	Prior Year Ended 31 August 2015
Opening Funds 1 September	1,941.07	2,700.54
Net Income/(expenditure) for the Year	818.13	(834.47)
Current Year (Debtors)/Creditors	194.49	150.00
Reverse Prior Year Uncleared Debtors/(Creditors)	(150.00)	(75.00)
Closing Funds 31 August	<u>£2,803.69</u>	<u>£1,941.07</u>
Represented by:		
Bank Account	1,760.91	1,858.32
Cash in hand	1,042.78	82.75
	<u>£2,803.69</u>	<u>£1,941.07</u>

Other Assets:	Haberdashery at Cost	£1,776	£1,835
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Average Subs & Fees collected per run	£35.05	£29.39
Average Run Expenses per run	£27.89	£22.06
Average profit per run YTD runs	£7.16	£7.32
Average pack size YTD	30.55	31.83

A dank, drizzly day. A fairly sedate pack, average size, average age. Waiting for the hare, not too keenly, still half-hoping it might not happen. *Marxist* sipping tea from a Vicar's cup with matching pot. Visitor *Dumb Dick* (now not so dumb anymore, he claims) eating a pre-hash bite. All very civilised. No trace of a GM, even though we now have a brace of them. Mission to Guernsey, rumour had it.

But it all "sprang into action" when the birthday boy appeared. Dripping but cheerful. He sent us in an unexpected direction, as we made diversionary forays into the area south of Marylebone Road. What is this: no Regent's Park, no Primrose Hill? But faith was restored when we passed Harley Street and crossed over to the green side. A bit of park, a bit of Canal, skirting the zoo - all was well and as it should be. Not so for *Little Pair*, though, who had a severe bout of Trumpitis, poor thing. All we can say is, it makes Brexit look just a little less stupid.

But we do commiserate, whole heartedly. By the way, has anybody seen the Trump impersonation of *Soft Top* with *GC's* hair? Scary!!

Skylark was comparatively slow, mindful of his imminent departure for his gap year. When are you leaving? Oh, in approximately 57 days (and three hours and twenty six minutes!).

Drink stop at the Band Stand. "Whiskies and wine of the best", as the song goes. Whisky Mac was a revelation for *Woof Woof Woof* - never in his life! Well, there may yet be other firsts in store for him...

Back to the pub, for comfort and beer, and a sitting circle. Down-downs were by and large routine: hare *Yorky*; visitor *Dumb Dick*; RA (*BSC*) for lousy weather; *Yorky* (again) for not using flour in the rain, and for having a birthday; *Orang Utan*, who could not find the Band Stand and went to the Hub (Sports Centre); *Woof Triple* for being new

to Whisky Mac and playing with *Chi Su's* umbrella (don't ask); *Yorky Porky* again for something to do with C-Anal, according to my notes - but the details have escaped me.

The most noteworthy down down was for *Car Say No*, showing off a big antique ring on the appropriate finger. Engaged to get married (for the 2.5th time, she said). She also just returned from creeping 500 miles on her knees to Santiago de Compostella. I ask you! Almost beats *Bear Behind...*

Some of us then relocated to the Sports Bar at Marylebone station to watch England beat South Africa for the first time in ten years. Some went out to celebrate *Spare Rib's* birthday. But

Run 2326 12th Nov 2016
Allsop Arms
Baker Street

Hare: Yorky Porky



Scribe: Martian Matron



RA: BSC

Thunderthighs went home. She obviously knew what day of the week it was: Catch the Hare tomorrow!

Martian Matron



Run 2331 18th Dec 2016
Springfield Bowls Club
Ealing Common

Hares: **Martian Matron
& More On**



Scribe: **Mouthwash**



RA: BSC



The Hash Before Christmas

(After a poem by Clement Clarke Moore, 1823)

'Twas the day before Christmas when to the bowls club
Came hashers to enjoy a run, drinks and some grub.
Some came from London and some from Marlow
And they donned fancy dress to put on a show.
Having roused ourselves from warm winter beds
Visions of beer, wine or cider danced in our heads
Martian Matron, the hare and the pack hearty and hale
Set off for the station retracing the P-trail.

By Ealing Common station and the first check, it was there
That an inebriated gent proposed to **Little Pair** (she declined).
Past houses so pretty, Christmas lights hung with care
In hope that St Nicholas soon would be there,
The trail then progressed by check and FTs
To Gunnersbury Park where it meandered through trees.
The FRBs went left and the SCBs right
With a regroup marked near a large building site.
The SCBs arrived first; they shivered and huddled
And then FRBs came (but in what order, I'm muddled).

Then onwards they went when the true trail they spied.
On on they flew and to the drinks stop arrived.
An old man with a beard, who looked like Saint Nick
Offered mulled cider and mince pies, so of course they came quick.
More rapid than eagles the hashers they came
As he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
Now **Skylark**, now **Doormat**, now **Rob** and **Just Vicki**
On on **Hedgehog**, **Weenie Schnitzel**, **Optimist** and **Kiki**.
And others of course, too many to name
He called to them on on, and on on just the same.

Then back to the bowls club, bright, merry and jolly
Decorated with lights, tinsel and some green holly.
The beer, the cider and the wine started flowing
Then **More On** (a dead ringer for Saint Nick) announced that free
food was going.
Hot soup and curry were generously offered.
The packs' hunger was sated by the food that was proffered.
Then a circle was called for misdemeanours to punish
Whether hashers were bad, goodie goodies or nunnish.

The hares, **Martian Matron** and **More On**, together a force
Little Pair who declined a proposal so coarse
Doormat for helping in the kitchen, and **Tablewhine** for not
Mick Mack for a story, told three times on the trot
Weenie Schnitzel whose haircut made him late for the trail
Lucy, **Pete** and **Rob's** new shoes, all filled with ale
Testi, for **Nathan** who staggered just like his dad
Sonya and **Tablewhine** who came together (that's not bad)
For 250 runs **Mad Cow** was applauded
And for best fancy dress **Kiki** and **Mouthwash** rewarded.
Nicky lost her handbag and **Optimist** his shoes
Rob the Turd for hurdling, and short cuts (the wrong way), bad
news.

Then **Doormat** picked on **Ryde** just for some fun;
A hedgehog he claimed she had found on the run
But it looked like some lady's merkin, or perhaps her bun
And with that I think that the circle was done.

Formalities over, some carols were sung,
That **Ryde** had provided with words that were wrong.
Then 12 days of Christmas was sung with some miming
Marlow Hash lead and we followed, though not with good timing.
And Rebellion from Marlow was drunk with great glee
Martian Matron was musical, and major the key.
So Hashers and Harriettes all, we wished you good cheer
For a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

