



ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 41 Issue 1 February 2018

**Annual
General Piss
Up**

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**CLaWs Xmas
Party**

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"Go ahead. Open it. I dare you"

**Back to
Springfield**

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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

Orangutan's Hash Math

We all know, (especially in China), that 8 is a lucky number.

Lets see if its your lucky day:

Choose any of 6,7,8 or 9 . Call it A
Choose any of 3,4,5,6,7 or 8 and call it B.
Choose any of 1,2,3,4 or 5 and call it C so that ABC is your three digit number.

Reverse the three digits to get the number CBA and subtract ABC to get a new number XYZ

$$\begin{array}{r} ABC \\ -CBA \\ \hline XYZ \\ +ZYX \\ \hline \text{answer} \end{array}$$

now reverse this and add

Now subtract the first digit of the answer from its last digit.

Is it your lucky day?

Answer on the back page

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
10 - 17 March 2018	Ski Week Hash	Hosted by the Vienna H3 in the mountains of Austria.	http://www.vh3skiweek.at	
13 - 15 April 2018	Belgian Nash Hash	Hosted by the Brussels Manneke Piss H3 in Hasselt, Belgium.	http://bmph3.webnode.com/special-events/belgian-nh-2018/	
14 - 16 April 2018	30th Anniversary	Hosted by the Wanchai H3 in Hong Kong.	http://www.wanchaih3.com	
18 - 20 May 2018	UK Nash Bash	Hosted by the Island Pedallers Bash H3 on the Isle of Wight, UK	http://www.nashbash2018.co.uk	
24 - 27 May 2018	World Interhash	Hosted by the Nadi H3 in Nadi, Fiji.	http://interhashfiji2018.com	
8 - 10 June 2018	40th Anniversary	Hosted by the Brighton H3 in Brighton, UK.	http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/wordpress/40-weekend/	
14 - 16 Sept 2018	80th Anniversary	Hosted by Mother Hash in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.	http://www.motherhash.com/80thanniversary/	



When I was younger I felt like a man trapped inside a woman's body. Then I was born.

**LH3 Camping & Brewery Tour Weekend
Organised by No Foreplay, Tablewhine and Ryde
Northiam, East Sussex – July 2017**



Rother Valley Camping Park is situated right next to the station in Northiam., but this didn't help hashers to transport themselves to the hash weekend, because the station is owned by the Kent & East Sussex Railway and the only trains to stop there are tourist steam trains. This was just the sort of find you want when recceing a hash camping weekend! Two stops along the line, right outside Tenterden station, is the Old Dairy Brewery. What could be better?



Northiam also has its own brewery, the Rother Valley Brewing Co. Sadly though the brewery is situated on a working farm, so couldn't cater for us with a brewery tour, but on the plus side they brewed a fine ale for the campsite supplies.

Hashers arrived in dribs and drabs and one by one the umbrellas were opened up. I know a few jokes about umbrellas, but they usually go over peoples' heads. There was much amusement at some of the attempts at tent erecting, and how did Weeny Schnitzel end up inside Roll Back's tent before she had managed to get the first pole in it? Once all the erections were completed, hunger and thirst took over, and as luck would have it (or supreme planning by the organisers) just at the entrance to the campsite was an old pub, long since closed down and converted into an Indian Restaurant. That was Friday night's supper sorted. Actually Eric the Viking's Friday night was a bit more exciting than most as he preferred to join a hen night over the bridge, in the White Hart Newenden. Mind you, New Balls Please appears to have the superior 'Pulling Power'!



Following a full English breakfast, cooked by Bhopal and ably assisted by Optimist and Miss Muffet, the hashers set off from the campsite on what turned out to be a train spotters' hash. It wove its way through Northiam village, wheat fields, a hill of beans, several farmyards, past oast houses, along the river Rother and crossed the river on the railway bridge. Like in the silent movies, Sir Humpalot was chained to the railway lines on the bridge, but he managed to escape just before the steam train passed by. "There's a hell of a lot of steps here", complains one hasher to another. "I'll tell you what's worse, this handrail is bloody low down" came the reply.



Run 2360

26th June 2017

The Charles Holden Colliers Wood

Hare: **Pyles**



Scribe: **Call Girl**



The Collier's of Colliers Wood apparently used to have an apostrophe but it dropped off. And a similar thing happened to the trail of the day. Shall we call it a curate's egg of a trail (was it good in parts.. and if so, which parts?). Or was it more of an Alice in Wonderland trail... maybe a Cheshire Cat? All promise and no delivery... all shiny white teeth but no actual cat? Or was it a lesson in the dark art of innovative hash trails? Make your own mind up....

The initial pack comprised the usual suspects, a few visitors, a couple from Singapore, **Master Baker** from China, and our very own returnee, **Charlatan Tango** announced there would be a guest RA. The Hare, **Pyles**, succinctly summarised the forthcoming trail in a bit of a rambling few hundred words, midst



witty heckling from the pack. He drew a sample arrow for the visitors. He forgot to draw a check. Or did he forget? He muttered about short cuts and following the Wandle. He announced a drink stop and invited an FRB to carry the key for the car where the drinks were being held. **Woof Woof Woof** declined the car key. **Contour**, decided he was the man and accepted his responsibilities, securing the key in his pocket. Please remember this fact. We do.

The pack set off in pursuit of the Wandle, and for the first and last time the whole pack was together. As the miles sped under our feet, the muttering about 'where are the checks?' suddenly became a dawning realisation that the hare had seemingly forgotten to set any. The FRBs by now were miles ahead. The pack was spread out. And with no checks, and by taking a marked short



cut we had no idea whether the pack was ahead, behind or somewhere else altogether.

The hare arrived.
Yay.
But no spare car key.
Boooo.'

The SCB trail was pretty much out via one road and then returning back down beside the river. Feeling fairly sure that **Chi Su, Black**

Hole and myself (see what illustrious company I keep) were towards the back of the pack, whilst navigating the less salubrious backwaters of the Wandle, various industrial estates and scallies avoiding the plods, we meanderingly pondered if there would be any drink left at the drink stop. As it happened, there was plenty of drink at the drink stop. But it was under lock and key, in the back of **Pyles'** car. And no sign of **Contour**, who would normally be a front runner. The pack hung around for around 20 minutes, gazing longingly at the highly visible but highly inaccessible bucket of grog, making jokes about Brexit and the lack of Czechs (checks, see...haha) and whether **Contour** had lost the key in a ditch or had twisted his ankle



or other mishaps that were potentially keeping us from the so near yet so far prize. The hare arrived. Yay. But no spare car key. Boooo. So we had a drink stop, but not a drop to drink.

Eventually a somewhat disconsolate pack abandoned the drink, stomped across the park and back to the pub. The missing 3 were **Contour, Ryde** and **Weeny**. Speculation

abounded, beer was drunk. Some Hours Later, the missing 3 turned up alive and well. It transpired that our illustrious hare had earlier set a much longer trail, then decided against it, scrubbed it and relaid it. But not so that our feisty off pisters noticed. They described their very own luxury and bespoke trail that took in the delights of Wimbledon Village, the tennis courts at Wimbledon itself, and other



scenic areas rather distant from the Wandle - an additional 6 miles - lucky them! They also found the only check in the whole trail. Woohoo. But as with most trails, no-one died, the keys were returned to the car owner, the drink was retrieved from the boot, and all was well in the world of hash.

And so to our guest RA, **Qualified Seaman**, who had to work hard to whittle the number of stories down from the many that were proffered. By this time most of the visitors had left, so down downs went to the hare, several times for his many sins; **Contour**, for costing us the drink stop, and **Contour** and **Ryde** for trying to elope (and failing). **Hash Cash** and I got a joint down down, something to do with business cards. **Master Baker** for being a racist (making Czech jokes). I got another one. I conveniently forget why. Last but not least, **Qualified Seaman**, our guest RA got a well-deserved round of applause along with a down down and a tankard for his 50th trail.

On On, **Call Girl**



Run 2362

3rd July 2017

The Big Easy
Covent Garden

RA

Sparerib

Sthweetheart

Hare: **Sthweetheart**



Well, I guess it's my fault for not specifying a submission date for scribe reports, but this report from Tablewhine finally turned up in my in-tray in 2018! Enjoy! - Ed

London Hash Run Number 2349
Sat Apr 22nd, Hand in Hand,
Wimbledon
Hares: Contour and Last Tango
Pack Size:35

A fair sized pack had gathered at the Hand in Hand ready for the hash to start and after a while the GMs called the pack together for the 'chalk talk'.

Apparently we were in for a treat, with a trail that would make the very best use of the Wimbledon and Putney commons and promised a drink stop to remember.

Visitors were introduced and off we went.

Wikipedia has the following entry for Wimbledon Common:

'The Wombles are pointy-nosed, furry creatures that live in burrows, where they aim to help the environment by collecting and recycling rubbish in creative ways. The Womble motto is "Make Good Use of Bad Rubbish".'

We were soon to have it confirmed that **Contour** and **Tango** are definitely not Wombles. This became clear within a couple of hundred yards and the first check. On! On! was called and the pack made off to the left and **Contour** was left standing on the check wondering what had happened, as he had laid trail to the right.

It seems that Old Coulsden Hash had run from the same pub earlier in the week and, unsurprisingly, we had stumbled across their trail. Unfortunately **Contour** had failed to make use of the freshly laid trail as any self respecting womble would have done.

From that point on it was never really clear which hash we were running. If it was Old Coulsden's then we should arrange a joint run with them again, as it made good use of most of the common taking in the Kingsmere and Rushmere ponds, the windmill and golf course and eventually ran through some allotments to Cannizaro Park. It was there we found **Last Tango** with the drink stop. In fact she had pulled out all the stops with a spread of food, a range of spirits, wine and beers to choose from. Some of the knitting circle and a couple of short cutting visitors had been tucking into the selection for nearly an hour by the time the pack arrived but there was still plenty to feed and water us all.

The pub was probably generous with down downs which I'm sure went to the usual suspects but after helping to 'clear up' the drink stop, I really can't remember that well.

On On
Tablewhine

Run 2363

10th July 2017

The Ship
Borough

RA
Rambo

Hare: **Woof Woof Woof**

Scribe: **Run2Eat**



A nice size pack in Borough. **Chi Su** was acting GM. He was On Time & not wearing orange.

The visitors introduced themselves: **Three Inches of Pain, Guangzhou, Princess Slaya, California Larkings** from San Diego.

Returnee, **Self Raising** who only ventured out as it was 500 meters from his house and said that it was over a year since he last came. I do remember other runs in the area so this trail enticed him from his abode.

The pack went on a nice jog around Bermondsey. Along the river and some heavily populated areas. The trail was set the day before so the faint marks were confusing the pack, easily done. The scb's were first at the drink stop. And **Run2Eat** forgot the keys to get the beer so we had to wait for the hare. Guinness and Carlsberg lager was dished out and packets of crisps. After consumption, the pack scurried away back to the pub.

Rambo lead the circle as no one else could be arsed to do it.

Henry got a down down for doing it doggie style on the hash.

Self Raising who lives 500m away is moving to Brighton and thought I might as well.

3 visitors got a down down. **California, City's Alexandra Sobolewska** and **Guangzhou**

Not Out as he can't pronounce polish names, and the city visitor befuddled him.

The hare for setting his first trail. And **Run2Eat** for being stupid and not getting the beer for the ds.

With that, the pack dispatched like cockroaches to light.

Onon
Happy trails
Run2Eat



Run 2364

17th July 2017

The Old Bank

Sutton



RA

Contour

Hare: **Orangutan**

Scribe: **Chi Su**



Considering most LH3 hashers live in either North or West London, Sutton might have been a trek too far for many on a Monday evening after work. This probably explains the low numbers for this lovely summer run and the local knowledge of those that turned up. There were several Sarf Londoners there, such as myself, **Unacceptable, Little Bear, Daffy Dildo** and **Pyles**.

For example, as we ran past one pub most of those sitting outside seemed to greet **Little Bear** in a way that makes you wonder if she spends more time there than at home?

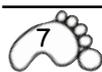
As with previous **Orangutan** runs, it was a good mix of greenery and suburbia and included a drink stop organised by his lovely supportive family.

I wouldn't normally expect to be able to match up with the speed of **Hash Cash**, who had recently started to run with LH3 again, but as he had generously decided to injure himself and was wincing around the run I had no problem keeping up!

It was also good to meet **Road Runner** and **Wanders Off**, who gave us a bit more of a balance of ages, being youngsters, and hopefully will come again.

Contour was the resident GM for this run and also took on the RA duties. **Not Out** was awarded his run collage for reaching 300 runs (get-a-life). I didn't really get to take a lot of photos (too dark for good pics) but **Daffy Dildo** somehow managed to photo-bomb most of those I did take!

on on,
Chi Su



My mate used liquorice as bait when he went fishing.
He caught all sorts.

Run 2375

11th September 2017

The Vine
Kentish Town



RA
Sparerib

Hare: **Mouthwash**

Scribe: **Titanic**



Pack Size: 33
Hare: Mouthwash
Venue: The Vine, Kentish Town
Weather: Very changeable:
Thunderstorm and heavy downpours
RA: Sparerib

First of all I was FORCED to travel from Milton Keynes (where I live) by train due to traffic delays caused by a tragic fatal accident northbound on the M1 near Newport Pagnell. I drove towards the M1 and I couldn't get onto the M1 so I parked up near MK rail station. That'll teach me to check the traffic on my phone using google maps before leaving home.

When I did eventually arrive at Kentish Town tube I found **Soufflé** who hadn't been on the London hash for a year. I wished him a happy new year!

The pack of 30 or so were called to order and we were led outside for the haretalk. The trail began in earnest and we went up into Hampstead Heath...when the thunderstorm began...the heavens really opened. Some of us made it to the top of the hill in the heath then we turned round and went back as we were getting a good drenching. Very few actually ran the whole

mouth-washed-out trail...apologies to the hare.

Not Out and **Soufflé** caught the bus back to the pub but missed their stop to the pub and walked back quite far!

The circle was called...for a start we paid tribute to **Boggers** who passed away a few days earlier: **Tango** our GM said a few moving words and led a one minute silence in the darkened room upstairs (faulty lighting maybe?).

The down down was given to the hare **Mouthwash** to shouts of 'what trail'. **Mouthwash** and **Scrumpy** were also awarded down downs for faulty torches.

Visitors were **Perpetual Motion** and **Berthless Boatie** (who apparently heard about us on meetup.com).

Other visitors who ran with us once before were **Lost in Marks and Spencers** and **Breakfast Included** from Shanghai hash.

Sparerib was given a down down for losing control of the weather.

Not Out and **Soufflé** were down downed for catching a bus from trail and ending up in the wrong pub.

Perpetual Motion was a hash crasher.

3 Beers and **Goldilocks** were awarded for getting steamy in the darkened upstairs room.

A great hash and good turnout despite the appalling weather.

Cheers and on on **TITANIC**



Run 2377

25th September 2017
The Monkey Puzzle
Paddington



RA
Blood Stained Clothing

Hares: **Ryde & Tablewhine**

Scribe: **Marxist**



The Monkey Puzzle
"A Pub for all Reasons" located in
Paddington, London

The last Monday London run of the
year
Described by www.viewlondon.co.uk
as "A rare gem in central London",
The Monkey Puzzle offers what most
people expect from a great British
pub.

The monkey puzzle tree was given its
name by an observer who thought
that monkeys wouldn't be able to
climb the spiky branches.
The monkey puzzle or Chile pine
(*Araucaria araucana*) is an evergreen
conifer native to Argentina and
Chile. It was discovered in about
1780 by a Spanish explorer and
introduced to England by Archibald
Menzies in 1795. Menzies was a
plant collector and naval surgeon
on Captain George Vancouver's
circumnavigation of the globe,
travelling in Captain James Cook's
old ship, HMS Discovery. He was
served the seeds of this conifer
as dessert while dining with the
governor of Chile and later sowed
them in a frame on the quarter deck,
returning home to England with five
healthy plants.

Why so much preamble you wonder?
Although I was there at the
beginning of the run, with 18 others,

and in the pub we seem to have
grown by another 5/6, I did not see
much of the pack during our sojourn.

We ventured into the lovely Hyde
Park, but this beautiful green space
in central London, was completely
black in parts, and there were locked
gates to be navigated by those that
followed the trail.

I would like to say where the run
went by the Serpentine lake and
gallery perhaps and Kensington
Gardens too, before wending it's way
along the quiet refined residential
backwaters nr Lancaster Gate with
its Nash terraces and other listed
dwellings of the poor relations to
those on the Belgravia side who
have Harrods and Harvey Nichols
as local grocery stores, rather than
Selfridges.

As one from last I tried to direct
Orangutan on a short cut but he was
too far away to hear my exhortations
above the hum of the Chauffeur
driven limousines.

I arrived back at the pub surprised
others were back before me. Ah but
some had not run and others were
habitually experienced short cutters
whom I will never emulate.

The hash had now expanded
somewhat and after quaffing of the
fine Badger beer, and the culinary

morsels we were encouraged to
partake in the down downs

This punishment given without fear
of favour was meted out to :
Returnee **Charlatan** with some
excuse about 2 children he claims
were his.

3 locked gates caused **Ryde**, our co-
hare, to be punished for a vicarious
misdemeanour blamed on royal
park employees.

Mistaken Identity meant **Orangutan**
had to drink for **Spare Rib** for going
the wrong way back to the pub.
For not paying attention on the half
marathon **Optimist** was publicly
exposed.

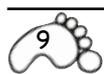
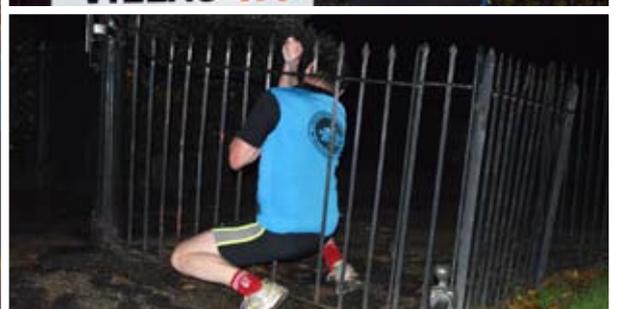
Ryde had another for not shouting
loud enough.

As the run went past Clifton Villas,
Chi Su whose real name suggests
he was conceived there did not
escape unnoticed.

Marxist for an unfair call of hash
food which caused excessive
salivation and angst from our
Pavlovian dogs, I mean hashers.

Weenie as proxy for **Doner Kebab**
for lost property from last week

Of course Hares **Ryde**, and
Tablewhine for the s^v^v^v^v trail also
were suitably admonished
Last but not least a tribute was made
to **Steve (Boggers) Price** who sadly
passed away recently and had done
571 runs with us.



I'll tell you what I love doing more than anything – trying to pack
myself in a small suitcase. I can hardly contain myself.

Run 2379 Annual General Piss Up

7th October 2017

The Hoop and Grapes
Chancery Lane

RA
Rambo

Hares: **Contour & Tango**



Scribe: **Chi Su**



The Annual General Piss Up is a key event on the London hash calendar. It's our version of an AGM where the old mismanagement retire disgracefully, and a fresh and energetic new mismanagement is reborn from the ashes!

However, as any position on the LH3 committee requires hashers to give of their free time to provide a fitness and social regime for a group of inebriated if friendly bunch, it is often quite difficult to fill the various positions!

This year there were long term serving members who felt they had done their time, such as **Hands On**, who had been one of the main Hash Cashes for a number of year. We're very grateful to **Hands On** for all her work recording the runs and being a wise voice on the committee. Also, the Joint Masters, **Last Tango** and **Contour**, felt that it was time for them to step aside and had been lobbying for a replacement for some time. Originally, the role was to go to new Joint Masters, with **No Foreplay** and **Chi Su** stepping forward. However, with new job commitments etc, **No Foreplay** decided to leave off the role for a few years, so **Chi Su** decided to go alone.

Building on work **N4P** had already done, **Chi Su** managed to cajole together a new mismanagement that included new blood, a welcome return for previous committee members from bygone years, as well as those agreeing to be re-elected for another term.

There was one role, that of Hare Raiser, that actually had more than one person actively seeking to give themselves voluntary work. For this, we needed to have a proper democratic vote with husting speeches, ballot papers, returning officers etc.

In the end, it was a narrow result in favour of **Knickers** and we thanked **Going Commando** for all she had done in the role as outgoing Hare Raiser.

The whole proceedings were very ably RA'ed by that experienced and

long running stalwart of the London Hash, **Rambo**.

So, the new Mismanagement of the London Hash House Harriers for 2017-2018 is as follows:

GM
Chi Su
On Sec
Tablewhine
RAs
Sparerib
Blood Stained Clothing
Who Killed Kenny

Haberdashery
Glad Rags
Hash Bank
Not Out
Hash Cash
Black Hole
Qualified Seaman

Hare Raiser
Knickers
Hash Stats
Titanic
Social Sex
Ryde
Optimist
Webshite
Skylark
Sir Humpalot

Edit Hare
Chi Su
Skylark

Hash Flash
Chi Su

Social Media Whore
Reach Around

Being a shy retiring type, the new GM didn't make a flamboyant speech on the day, but did try to sum up his feelings about the hash online. For those that don't do Facebook, it went as follows:

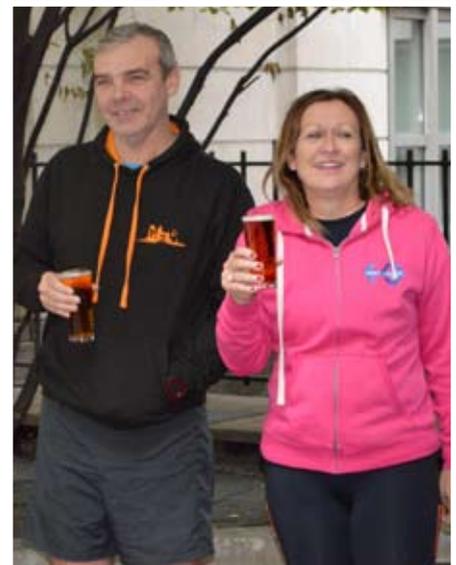
"There were lots of very positive vibes at the AGPU yesterday. Thank you for letting me become your new GM. For me hashing is a great leveller. Whether you're a super qualified

*high court judge or a manual worker, we're all equally flawed b*stards on the Hash.*

Hashing gives us all a space to be irreverent, ironic, funny and silly, feeding the inner child in all of us. We try our best to get some exercise and then shrug helplessly when we undo our efforts at the bar.

We try our best to provide great entertainment for each other, but when people mess up, we'll just roll with the punches, give each other wry knowing looks and still have a great time, all the better for being spontaneous.

If you're a tolerant, non-judgemental person you'll fit right in and will find a world-wide community that's a ready 'hash family' wherever you go. And, where better to enjoy hashing together than with the London Hash House Harriers, exploring every part of one of the planet's most famous cities? On On."





Run 2381

21st October 2017

J J Moons
Ruislip Manor



RAs
Sparerib & Rambo

Hares: **Slippery Comer & Chi Su**



Scribe: **Orangutan**



All Hail to the Master
All Hail to the Chief
Obey the Master
Or you come to grief.

All Hail to the Master
All Hail to **Chi Su**
He's the new G.M.
Who rules over you.

Respect to the master
Respect to **Chi Su**
Some achieve greatness
But only a few.

Respect to the Master
Respect him I say
With some guys from Lagos
They're hares for the day.

We're going to Ruislip
Now where the hell's that?
I take out my smart phone
To look at the map.

Where the hell's Ruislip?
Lagos we know
We've all been to Lagos
Some time ago.

Oh Christ its not Ruislip
There's Manor as well
I've gone past the station
Oh what the hell!

I'll turn back at Ruislip
Metropol line
Run over the bridge
and get back in time.

Slippery Comer's the
Lagos man's name
and I thought it a bit of a
mouthful.
The rhyme wouldn't fit
So I short it to **Slip**
Slip from Ruislip looked
quite playful.

G.M gives a shout

Come on guys "On Out"
He gives an "On Out"
many times
Visitors, virgins,
Barrels and Firkins
Don't know what it means
but it rhymes.

Guys over from Lagos all
here for the trip
Delightful **Dilichi**, daughter
of **Slip**,
Lady from Turkey
and someone quite shirty
tries to give **Chi Su** some
lip.

We're up to check one
Woof Woof says straight
on
and **Queen Barge's** hat
goes flying.
They're hot on the trail
Like a con out of jail
I couldn't keep up but I'm
trying.

Checks 2, 3 and 4
are straight on as before
No turning to left or to right
Ask **Black Hole** "where to?"
He says to Leedoo
Front runners are all out of
sight.

Lagos is crowded and its an
island
so its difficult to find a
straight line.
I guess our hare, **Slip**, was
having a fit
when he found a straight
line called Victoria Street.

He liked his straight Ons,
but every straight line
has to end at some point.

Soon we were in Ruislip
Wood
and we hit a tree, you see.

The trail then turned left
and I ran into a lecture by
Freeloader
as to why the trail should
eventually turn Right
as we went by the Ruislip
Lido.

But there's always two ways
round a circle.
After planks of wood
crossing streams
and plenty of shiggy
we find a large lake
its the Lido.

The word came from the
Latin
Litus means shore
like littoral for seashore.
Its not the sea, but check 7
you see.
Our **Slippery Customer**
from Lagos
cunningly sends us down
the road
and not over the grass, but
through an estate
over wet pavements.

I meet **Three Beers** who
tells me that the centre
of gravity of **Goldilocks**
needs to be lowered as he's
toppled over and twisted
his ankle.
But now we are off trail.
At the end of the road is a
muddy path to a field that
looks inviting. There's a boy
in the field practicing on his
motorbike. I ask him if he
has seen some shagged out

runners but he says "no".
Mad Cow appears. "Its this
way" he says:

In that field of hay, **Mad
Cow** knows the way
We discover he's been
there before.
We're all out of breath
and he turns to the left
but can we all trust that he's
sure?

Through Churchfield
Gardens
Our attitude hardens
South Drive, Brickwall and
Greenway.
Big in Japan
Along with her man
Thinks he has led us astray.

But have faith in **Mad Cow**,
he's getting close now
We'll be at the pub very
soon.
Victoria Street
and who do we meet?
The hashers have got to the
Moon

Respect to G.M, respect
him I say
Hash Flash and Hash Ed
combined.
Hare for the day
In a relaxed kind of way,
Get boozed up and he
wouldn't mind.

This man of all talents, Edit
and Flash,
its over to him with the
story.
of hashing songs
and stories of wrongs
in the circle of down downs
and glory.



Run 2382

28th October 2017

The Castle
North Acton



RAs

Blood Stained Clothing &
Sparerib

Hares: **3 Beers & Goldilocks**

Scribe: **Lofty**



The London hash was visiting a part of London we have hardly been to in the past - North Acton. The area was picked by the hares **Goldilocks** and **Three Beers** as they thought the area had not been represented by the hash.

The pub was very handy across the road from the tube. The Castle Pub was built in 1938 to serve the

surrounding industrial area, which has been replaced by new housing, offices and hotels. Out of interest it was one of the last pubs to be built in 1938, due to a long campaign of opposition by the local Temperance Movement.

Not sure what the Temperance Movement would make of it as the pub had been decorated for Halloween. Several hashers had don scary bloody looking make-up on their faces for the occasion.



The GM duly called the hash together at the normal London time 12.30 and after introductions the hash duly toddled off on a nice sunny autumn day. After some wearing in and out of industrial sites and housing we evidently arrived at the greenery of Wormwood Scrubs. Whilst on this area the hash had to look out for low flying mobile aircraft and drones.



After a perambulation up the A40 the walkers managed to find the drink stop where the hares had kindly waited for us. Just when we were about to leave **Rambo** late as usual arrived for a drink. Then a short walk or run back to the pub.



Downs Downs were duly dished out by **BSC** and **Sparerib** (dressed up a jester, trust he took the make up of his face before going home). The usual misdemeanours, hang-overs, the hares, visitors and virgin. **Goldilocks** was given his 100 runs mug and **Testi** had nothing for 250 runs. Then **Ryde** took us back to the AGPU, when leaving to go home **Tablewhine** was unable to find his jacket. Unfortunately his jacket had the house keys, so **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** were homeless wondering around Ealing, late at night. The cat fairy did provide a key so they managed to get in their house. The story has a happy ending as said jacket was returned to **Tablewhine** as **Sir Humpalot** had purloined it.



The pub was very generous with the beers, the run was good, the drink stop was welcome, but the area was not very picturesque.

Lofty

Run 2383

4th November 2017

The Plough and Harrow Hammersmith



RA

Sparerib & Blood Stained Clothing

Hares: **Bhopal & Hands On**

Scribe: **Optimist**



The hash convened in The Plough & Harrow Hammersmith a WetherSpoons inside a contemporary Mausoleum like structure inside the pub! However far from being dead this hash run was alive and kicking with 46 hashers including some from City Hash

The GM **Chi Su** introduced us to visitors "**King**" and "**Squeezed Orange**" from Jordan hash and we all looked over them!

The weather was overcast, having just rained the roads, pavements and fallen leaves were wet.

So the pack set off and immediately found itself going down Down Street, this couldn't last. After some residential streets the trail headed over Hammersmith Bridge and onto the Thames towpath towards Putney. Already some 8 checks completed as the pack turned westward across Castelnau.

Soon the trail was lost with no "on" apparent despite much searching. The hare "**Hands On**" was surprisingly hands off and no where to be seen.

Eventually the "on on" was found and the pack cut westward through to the River Thames. At the end of Suffolk road the SCBs headed north the FRBs south to go around the nature reserve.

Back to the moorings of **Bhopal's** boat for an excellent DS where mulled wine and wine gums were on offer with a backdrop of boat crews rowing and an imminent low tide.

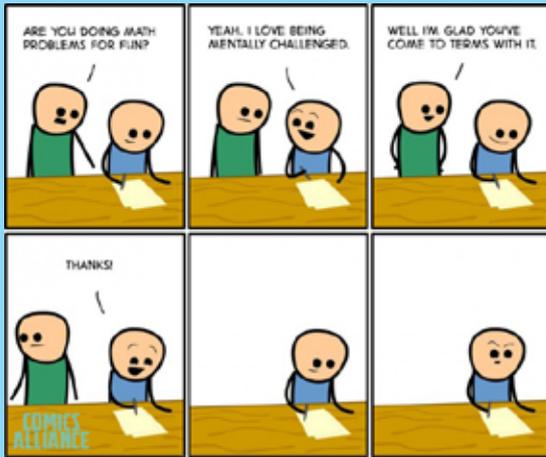
Back at the H&P, as the circle was inside the down down songs were sung Mezzo Piano. The Scribe became temporarily distracted whilst trying to resolve his missing chicken balti as well as difficulty hearing!

DDs noted were; **Optimist** and **Sir Humps** heard discussing sweaty sausages (undercooked sausages offered at WLH3 DS)

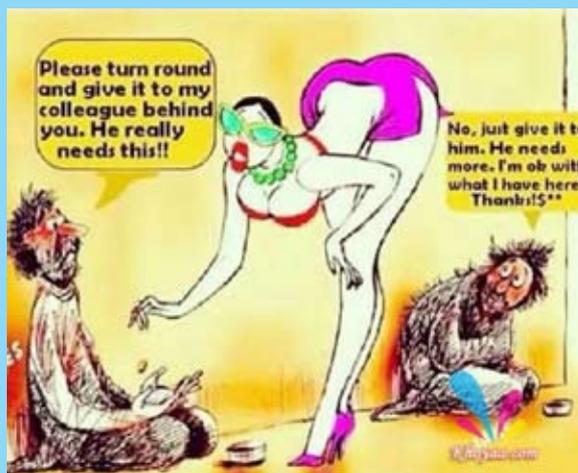
Woof Woof Woof mistaken arrow on trail
Optimist fooled as checking chicken when the trail went through a gate that appeared padlocked but wasn't
Something around **Try Doggy** (CH3) and **Woof Woof Woof!**
Reach and **Orangutan** something to do with a milkshake and coming in a jar.



Hashy Humour



Your best friend is the one that will hold your hair out of the way after a night of hard partying.



Conscience

An elderly Italian Jew wanted to unburden his guilty conscience by talking to his Rabbi. "Rabbi, during World War II, when the Germans entered Italy, I pretended to be a Catholic and changed my name from Levy to Spumoni, and I am alive today because of it."

"Self preservation is allowable, and the fact that you never forgot that you were a Jew is admirable," said the Rabbi. "Rabbi, during the war, a beautiful Jewish woman knocked on my door and asked me to hide her from the Germans. I hid her in my attic, and they never found her."

"That was a wonderful thing you did, and you have no need to feel guilty."

"It's worse, Rabbi. I was weak and told her she must repay me with sexual favors, which she did, repeatedly."

"You were both in great danger and would have suffered terribly if the Germans had found her. There is a favorable balance between good and evil, and you will be judged kindly. Give up your feelings of guilt."

"Thank you, Rabbi. That's a great load off my mind. But I have one more question."

"And what is that?"

"Should I tell her the war is over?"

Run 2384

11th November 2017
The Express Tavern
Kew Bridge



RAs

Who Killed Kenny
& Sparerib

Hares: Kaff!r & KC



Scribe: Action Man



This London Hash House Harriers run was a joint run with Slash and resulted in a good turnout of more than 40 runners. Before the run started **KC** attempted to describe the trail he had laid to the pack and an inquisitive pack set off not having a clue what he had just said.

The weather was overcast, and the temperature was 9°. As it was a joint run, London & Slash, so we had two hares that set a trail where everyone started together and then split and this was when the problems started. **KC** was the Hare for London and **Kaff!r** was the Hare for Slash.

At the first check which was over the M4 from Gunnersbury Park a trail was quickly found, however this turned out not to be the London trail, but the Slash On-In trail.

Much chaos ensued with London being unable to break the following check. The FRB's assisted by Hastings visitors **Bush Squatter** and **Cliff Banger** eventually headed to the North-Eastern side of Gunnersbury Park exited on the North Circular and ran down Popes Lane back into the park and ran

around the circumference and finally found trail exiting the park in Lionel Rd N. How the trail got there will remain one of the great mysteries of the Hash. Of course, **KC** spluttered and stated, "you should have known that my trails always break to the left didn't you search left". Of course, the pack had searched 360° and found absolutely nothing. **Knickers** with her font of local knowledge had been urging the front runners to head for the gate on Lionel Rd from the start, but she had been informed by myself that the trail couldn't exit there as the arrows I had seen at the first check came from that direction, not knowing at that time that this was the In trail of Slash.

The run continued through South Ealing Cemetery past the walkers who were inspired by well recovered heart attack victim **Marxist**, it then went down Ealing Rd and ran back along the river to the Express Tavern. With all the checking the FRB's ran around 10.6 kilometres and this was covered in just over one hour.

In the resulting Down-Down session **KC** and **Kaff!r** were sung the normal rendition of Shitty Trail which was

well and truly deserved.

The Down Downs had been extensively delayed since there was a complicated voucher system run by the pub (which hardly anyone knew about). Those that had a voucher and collected a certain number of stamps on their voucher got a free beer for every voucher they completed, so the down downs ultimately proceeded with free beer paid for with vouchers quite late in the afternoon.

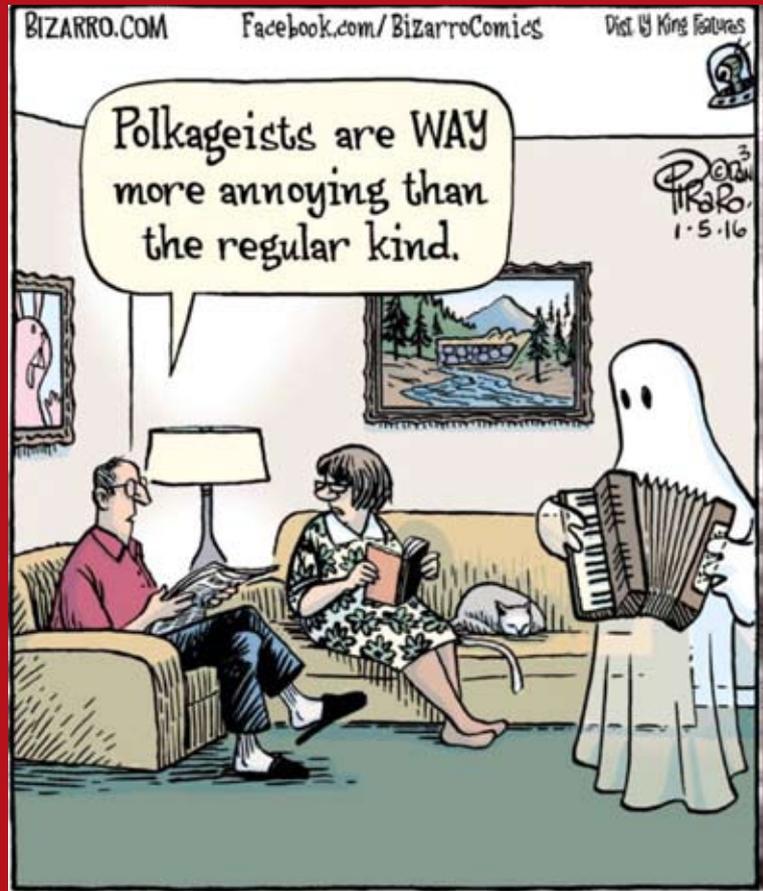
KC was continuously down downed for not only setting a trail which was impossible to follow, but also for having this new hash rule of "my checks only break to the left"!!! The Jordanian **King** and his **Queen (Orange Squeeze)** appeared again and ran as strenuously as they had the previous week.

Reach (who I believe is to be renamed **Stretch**) and **Dawn's Crack** were down downed for appearing sober at the start of the run.

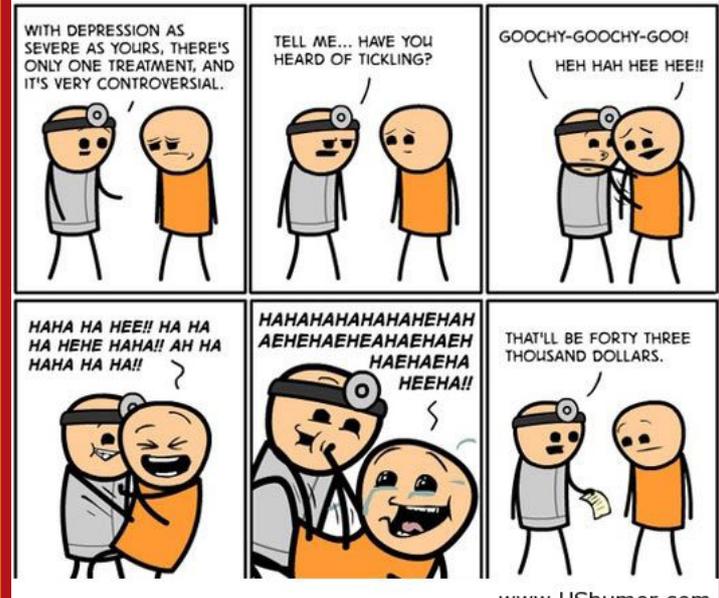
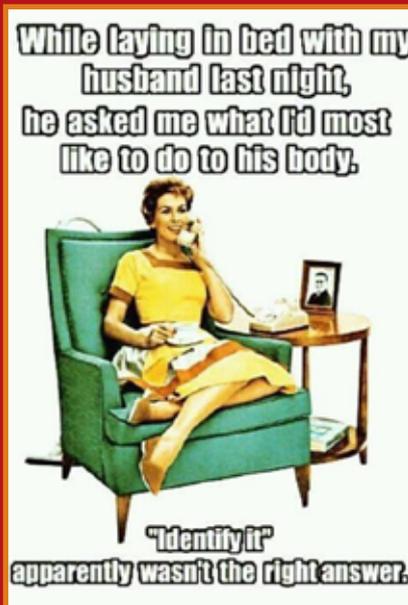
An impromptu poll was held by London and Slash and it was decided to set a trail on the Saturday prior to the Claws bash on December 2nd, 2017 at 17:15 from Farringdon.



Hash Humour



A small boy asks his Dad, "Daddy, what is politics?" Dad says, "Well son, let me try to explain it this way: I'm the breadwinner of the family, so let's call me Capitalism. Your mom, she's the administrator of the money, so we'll call her the Government. We're here to take care of your needs, so we'll call you the People. The nanny, we'll consider her the Working Class. And your baby brother, we'll call him the Future. Now, think about that and see if that makes sense." So the little boy goes off to bed thinking about what Dad has said. Later that night, he hears his baby brother crying, so he gets up to check on him. He finds that the baby has severely soiled his diaper. The little boy goes to his parents' room and finds his mother sound asleep. Not wanting to wake her, he goes to the nanny's room. Finding the door locked, he peeks in the keyhole and sees his father having sex with the nanny. He gives up and goes back to bed. The next morning, the little boy says to his father, "Dad, I think I understand the concept of politics now." The father says, "Good, son, tell me in your own words what you think politics is all about." The little boy replies, "Well, while Capitalism is screwing the Working Class, the Government is sound asleep, the People are being ignored and the Future is in Deep Shit."

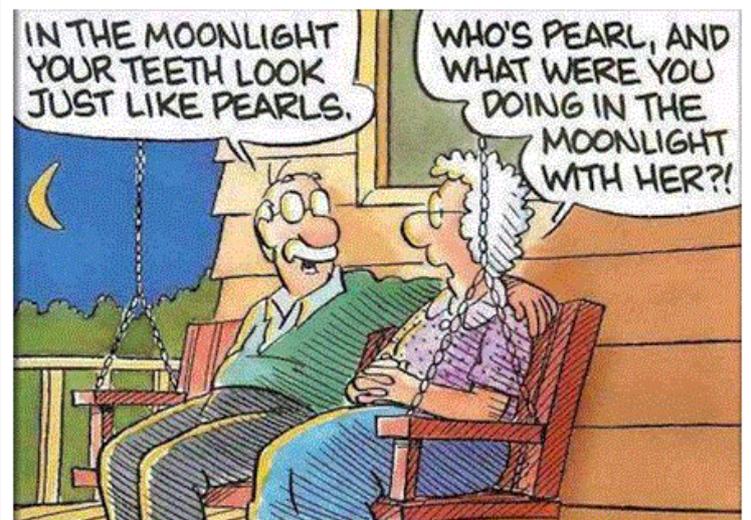


Despite A level results of A, B, B, A I can't find an employer to take a chance on me.

This morning I saw a midget escaping from prison, he scaled the wall and as he came down he sneered at me and I thought, 'well that's a little condescending'

I nearly had my car damaged by a council salt wagon running me off the road.

"You idiot" I shouted, through gritted teeth.



Run 2386

25th November 2017

The Coach & Horses
Ickenham



RA
Yorky Porky

Hare: **Mad Cow**



Scribe: **Pyles**



Who knew West Ruislip had such a high pub density that a last minute switch could be made with barely any change to the 'p' marks? Evidently the Tichenham at Ickenham's loss was the Coach and Horses gain.

So it took a Wetherspoons landlord finally to take a stand for our safety against the risks we for so many years didn't know we were running from all those deviant hashers who keep turning up with explosive devices in their bags. Thus our ever resourceful hare **Mad Cow** was obliged to switch landlords from the seriously careful to the seriously carefree prepared to host a wedding and a hash together - and a good time was evidently had by all.

Probably nothing to do with the unfortunate clash with the '12 Beers of Christmas' run there were zero visitors and despite predictions of 'abundant shiggy' and the 'bring spare shoes' advice the eager pack soon set off under blue skies into the remoteness of the aforementioned

realm of zone 6. Hopes of the shiggy being compromised by a lingering frost were soon dashed and the trail slithered on past a 'Groundforce', (?!), bridge over apparently no obstacle in a field linking nothing into the foreboding blackness of a BR tunnel. The tunnel was not as long as it looked and would not have been so black had it not included a bend, prompting the question: if you have to build a short tunnel under a railway line why magnify the cost with a change of direction half way through? Aside from the engineering mysteries of north west London the route included the delights of the 'Celandine Trail' and skirted the medieval Pynchester Moat and the even older and deeper river Pinn obviously in the interests of making the most of any seriously shiggy shiggy. By this time the sound of **Thunder Thighs'** hash horn was fading into the distance and your scribe was so focused on not missing a rewarding DS that he missed the sighting of the apparently impressive Tudor edifice of Swakeley House

altogether. Sampling whisky macs the DS was in danger of fading into an alcoholic haze, but sweets for the children was definitely memorable and couldn't this happen more often, (the sweets that is)?

So this was a spare the shiggy on the On Inn floor spare shoe sets run. Somehow **Optimist** had so pissed off **Kenny** that **Yorky Porky** had to be stand in RA. As **Optimist** was by the time of the circle dutifully wearing his shiggy free squeaky clean spare shoes that were consequently conspicuously new, **Yorky** had to make sure he received the appropriate down down. It was not turning out to be **Optimist's** day by the look of things. The hare was rewarded for the run's shiggyness among other things your scribe, thanks to the memorable DS, can't remember and the rest of us commended for keeping the pub commendably shiggy free. A late arrival was **Rambo** but he was running so fast he barely picked up any shiggy anyway. On on, **Pyles**

Run 2388

9th December 2017

The Richard 1
Greenwich



RA
Sparerib

Hare: **Black Hole**



Scribe: **Sleek Cheeks**



The day was cold, bright, and beautiful but the promised P trail was nowhere to be found from the Greenwich DLR station. After some aimless milling around, I encountered returnees **Hard Core Bomber** and **Game and Away**, who were doing their own aimless milling. We joined forces and eventually managed to find The Richard 1, where we joined several other hashers aimlessly milling, the above-mentioned pub being closed. But no matter, the pub eventually opened and the pack assembled. Hare **Black Hole** gave virtually no instructions, and the pack was off, up-hill and down-hill, until we reached Greenwich Park, where there were more ups and downs. It was all good, however, because the sun was shining. It is amazing how a sunny day makes a good trail into an outstanding one. The regroup at the

top of the hill made for a memorable view.

Crimes on the trail included the American visitors **Palm Pilot** and **Spanks**, who, unable to open the latched gate at the Rose Garden, declared it locked and sent the pack in search of marks. Apparently there are no such things as latches in their part of the USA. **Thunderthighs** had an Alfred Hitchcock moment when she was attacked by a large bird (raven, crow, rook?) while she was running across a field. Apparently she has had such problems in the past, prompting thoughts of bird abuses.

Down the trail went into the village and past Christmas markets and shops, which caused the pack to split into two groups—shoppers and drinkers. **Contour** had an existential crisis, being a drinker, whereas **Tango** is, of course, a shopper.

Sanity prevailed and he headed to the pub.

After a suitable amount of time, the RA **Spare Rib** presented down downs to **Black Hole**, the hare; visitors **Palm Pilot**, **Spanks**, **Needs a Beer**, and **Just Daniella**. Guest RA **Game and Away** recognized **Chi Su** for tripping and going the wrong way on trail, and the American visitors for not knowing how to open a gate. **Chi Su** gave down downs to the returnees and a tea bag down down to **Palm Pilot**. Other down downs for **Needs a Beer** for past misdeeds, **Thunderthighs** for getting shat on by a bird, **Juices Flowing** for being a health tourist, and **Contour** for lost property, i.e. **Tango** shopping.

No other crimes being reported, the pack got down to the serious business of drinking, eating and enjoying the rest of the day. On, **Sleek Cheeks**



CLaWs Party 2017



Run 2389

17th December 2017

Springfield Bowls and Social Club
Ealing Common



RA
Sparerib

Hares: **Martian Matron & More On**



Run 2390

23rd December 2017
The Charles Holden
Colliers Wood

RA
Sparerib

Hares: **Sparerib & Just Sarah**



Scribe: **Doormat**



How did I get caught for the Scribe, well accident of fate, wrong place at the wrong time as they say!

In the beginning there was The Angel, The Angel tube station in Islington and cannot be more convenient, on the Northern Line route direct to Colliers Wood, "easy pizzy"! The use of my BA American Express card, more air miles for I hope the Fiji expedition and the InterHash the last weekend in May. I hope to see some of the London hashers there, promoting Fethiye H3 for the InterHash 2020. You are right, I do have strange dreams, stands every chance of winning (hmmmm!).

Anyway, where was I, as yes, Colliers Wood and the "P" trail, no point, the Hares had chosen the pub well, in view of the tube station. Due to the efficiency of London Underground, I got to the pub 30mins early but the pub did not open until 12 noon. A bit of banter with the staff and off to Sainsbury's ATM, loot for the beer and HashCash. On the way, dumped by the side of the Istanbul Restaurant were old Turkish style cushions, I took note! On the way back checked with the restaurant staff, they were rubbish! I like recycling things, so went to work, did the business and carried the cushion covers to the pub and stored in their marquee. So, I have diverted you again to another story, they will go in my cedar wood cabin at my small estate near the Antalya Yayla Yolu, mountain road towards Antalya, Seydikemer, near Fethiye, south Turkey! I am the Hare on Sunday 14th January from my house, Melekler Evi, "The Angels House" in the olive groves. So if you just happen to be passing, look for it on Google Maps. No doubt the RA will give me free beer as well so I will be doubly happy!

So the pub open and fine ale served, the hounds bating to be on their way, circle called! To keep the high standard of the Hash as low as possible, now we do not want to make a name for

ourselves for efficiency but here we go!

The Introductions given by our new GM, I am sure he was aching to take the position on, who said take one pace back at the AGPU and **Chi Su** was just a fraction slow, need your ears checked **Chi Su**!

The Hares, **Spare Ribs** and **Just Sarah** called in, description given of the marks and off we went! Passed the Istanbul Restaurant! Please note that! Pass the Istanbul Restaurant, cross the road near Sainsbury and into the trail proper!

My jogging shoes still recovering from the West London hash on the Thursday, still caked in mud well another layer went on, a double dose of shiggy now. Quite a mixed run through park land, on boards to cross over the marsh land. An impromptu holding check, so, the great GM, pulls out figs, did you know that fresh figs are an aphrodisiac! You eat the whole thing skin and all, it works believe me! Crash Test Dummy had a very nice time! Opps, digression! So, he offered a fig, just like the snake saying yes, take an apple from the tree, came with a sting, **Doormat**, well done you are The Scribe, caught without paper and pen, disaster, what "c**p shall I write this time! So just checking my records, actually the GM was right, I have not written Hash Crap since 2012, I have dodged well!

So onwards, nice country side, credit to the Hares (better say that), cosy up to the RA! Then out of the parks and into the suburbs, through the winding roads and to the pit stop, mulled wine and the choice of many things, Xmas decoration style

chocolates, chocolate roll cakes, mini rolls and would you believe it, yes, mince pies, I could not resist, so delicious, a second one and a third one, dam, let's make it a set of four! Yes, waddled back to the Charles Holden pub. I was quite concerned; I thought that **Just Sarah** and **Spare Ribs** were fattening me up for the pot!

All counted back, only lost half a dozen! Ahhh arrived. The 19th hole (Oh no, she hasn't arrived has she!), the ON INN, all achieved, ale flowing. Ohhh no, no kitchen in operation, the land lady looked at these poor starving hashers sheltering from the cold, maybe I can tempt you with a small selection, fish and chips, sausages and mash and another one I did not take note of! **Krystal Tits**, mentioned the portion of fish and chips were too much for her, OK, Gentleman **Doormat**, not a problem, the remainder will sit nicely on my four square mince pie!

Circle Up was called and the Down Downs handed out to the deserving ones!

Hares = **Just Sarah** and **Sparerib** to the tune of "shitty trail"! Virgins = none but a hasher shouted, "Am I a virgin, on my second run? He got thrown out, such insolence, really!

Visitors = **Krystal Tits, 6 of 9, Montreal H3,**



Randy Pandey, Old Coulsdon H3,
Mike Mac, GM of "The Belly Hash"
 – Brussels Euro Legless Leap Year,
 yes, OK every four years! Similar to
 the Lundy Hash, is there one over the
 August bank holiday I asked the GM,
Tablewhine, well maybe was the
 confirmed reply!

Late = **Contour** and **Creme Brulée** –
 to the tune of Ten Toes up!

Others = **Sparerib**, charge by

Optimist – Farting on a lap at the
 Bowls Club at Ealing last week, Pew!

Woof Woof Woof – taking on his
 name for chasing seagulls in the park.

Pyles – Hazlemere back and forth
 To the tune of "Opps their a fairy"!

Naming! - **Just Sarah**

A bit of a ruckus, Take your glasses
 off, handed to **Sparerib**, going to hit
 but **Sparerib** said NOT!

Quite a few suggestions for her name
 but inconclusive, The RA's decision,
 The RA is always right and carries
 a pack of four aces with him, beats
 anybody hands down and so next
 week. We wait biting our fingers to
 the excitement to come!

Some suggestions, **HoHoHo** and a
Bottle of Rum, Rum Deal and a few
 more!

Late Late =

Last Tango – Hair appointment
 (I think I have heard this one
 before!), nice tint!

Kenny – Train
 bugged!

Contour –
 What is

different with **Last Tango's** hair?

To the tune of "Why were they born
 so beautiful!"

Other =

Chi Su – use of an ordinary name
"Just Susan"

To the tune of Bad Bad Bad, no, No,
 NO!

Returnee – **Crusty Nuts**

To the tune of "He's all right"

Next weeks run =

London H3 Run No.2391 Saturday
 30th December, The Ferry Boat,
 Tottenham Hale on the Victoria line.

2018 Calendars on Sale! **Chi Su**
 mentioned that my birthday is not
 listed on it as they did not know it!
 Well, for the record it is 9th October
 (1950), that makes me 33!

Apré' Hash!

And so the chat continued over quite
 a few beers consumed!. I got caught
 in **Woof Woof Woof's** pack, **Creme
 Brulée, No Fore Play** and the
 odd floaters in and out of
 the conversation. True
 to form WWW
 started to
 mention

BUTTER and its qualities! The
 differences of smoothness or
 roughness of different lubricants for
 use in a specific part of the body
 during a "close encounter"! So
 maybe a sub name for WWW, The
 Lube Quality Project Controller!

Creme Brulée with, No, there is no
 porn on the Internet!

And so everybody departed the pub.

Ryde and **Tablewhine** assisted me
 with my cushion covers, naughty
 photos were taken in various poses
 on the tube train! To be viewed later!

The end of a lovely day, well done
 the Hares!

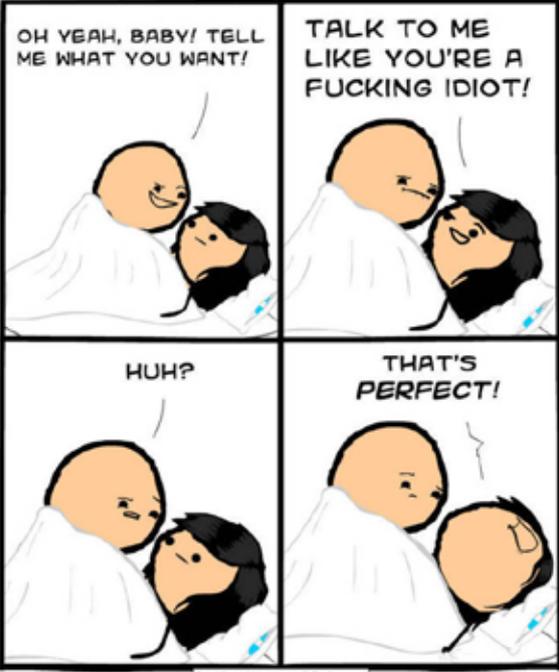
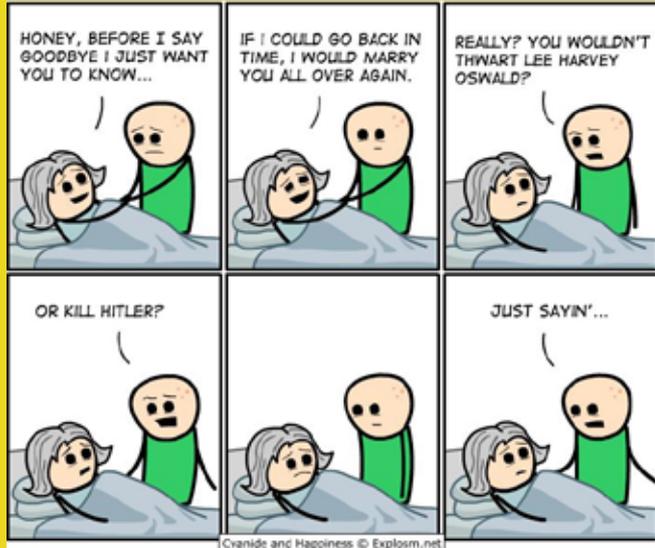


Hash Humour

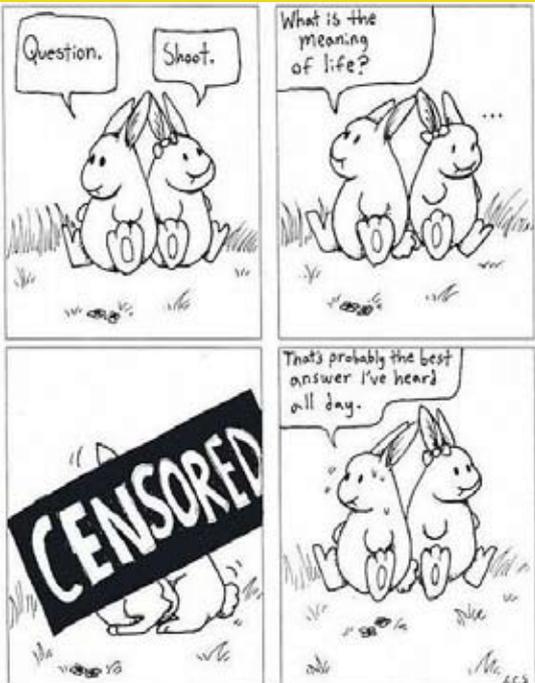


A man went to the doctor's office to get a double dose of Viagra. The doctor told him that he couldn't allow him a double dose. "Why not?" asked the man. "Because it's not safe," replied the doctor. "But I need it really bad," said the man. "Well, why do you need it so badly?" asked the doctor. The man said, "My girlfriend is coming into town on Friday; my ex-wife will be here on Saturday; and my wife is coming home on Sunday. Can't you see? I must have a double dose." The doctor finally relented saying, "Okay, I'll give it to you, but you have to come in on Monday morning so that I can check you to see if there are any side effects." On Monday, the man dragged himself in; his arm in a sling. The doctor asked, "What happened to you?" The man said, "No one showed up."

A man walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "hey, will you give me a free beer if I show you something amazing you've never seen before?" The bartender says, "sure, but it'd better be good." The man reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a hamster. He sets the hamster down on the bar, and the hamster runs along the bar, jumps off the end, turns a somersault in midair and lands on the piano. He then proceeds to play the piano beautifully. The bartender says, "Wow! That was incredible! Have a beer." The man finishes his beer and says to the bartender, "hey, if I show you something else amazing that you've never seen before, will you give me another free beer?" "If it's as amazing as the hamster, sure," the bartender replies. So the man reaches back into his coat pocket, and pulls out a frog. He sets the frog down on the bar, and the frog begins to sing beautifully. The bartender is again amazed, and gets the man another beer. As the man is drinking his beer, another man rushes over and says "Holy shit, a singing frog! I'll give you \$200 for that frog." The first man says "Deal!" and sells him the frog. The bartender walks over and says, "not that it's my business, but that was a singing frog, for heaven's sake. Why would you sell it for only \$200? You could have made millions off of it." The man says, "nah, don't worry. The hamster's also a ventriloquist."



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."



Run 2394

13th January 2018

The Lamb
Surbiton



RAs
Reach Around
& Sparerib

Hare: **Skylark**

Scribe: **Not Out**



Surbiton and **Skylark's** welcome-home run. Fast train out of Waterloo, short walk from the station and we arrived ten minutes before the pub opened. The Lamb, and what a delightful pub it was. A CAMRA pub of the year, fine ales, family run and friendly. As we set off I heard the landlady asking "shall I put on some soup and rolls for everyone when you get back. You'll all be hungry". Nice. 50 hashers. A big pack and I was right at the back as the GM was giving his pep talk, so clearly missed some key instructions. Something about an archaic formula: 1404 x ragamuffins + Gold <> 1 good hasher. (I'll let **Orangutan** prove that one up). I have to confess, not being appointed as scribe until after the run, I have no idea where the run took us. I did see a number of

river crossings, a cemetery, croquet lawns, the Trotters' yellow Reliant Robin outside Mandela House and a good splashing of shiggy. **Skylark's** humour and not hearing the intro did land me and **Big in Japan** in some trouble. Trails chalked 'S' and 'L' did not mean 'Short' and 'Long' rather '**Skylark**' and '**Lofty**' or 'Lost' depending on who you asked (**Rambo** and **Mad Cow**). We only twigged what was going on after our 'S' trail went off in the wrong direction and finished at a dead-end blocked by a rather stagnant pond. It didn't stop **Rambo** though who said to me afterwards "Oh you missed the allotments then". Yes well, I suspect the smell of that water will linger long after I get over missing the allotments! The pack got berated by an angry local Northerner (?) after climbing over the graveyard fence and running down a private road. Though quite what she was doing on Thames Water land on a Sunday wasn't explained. Giving the whippets a run I suppose. Note to hare: nothing wrong with exit

gates. A fair few river crossings, one with a 'just about make it' jump which if you fell short would neatly skin your favourite shin. **Car Say No, Giving Head, Naughty Nympho and Minge and Tonic** wisely de-shoed and waded the crossing rather than risk the shin and **Minge** looking a bit annoyed when **Sir Humpalot** strolled up to her on the far side and asked her why she hadn't just walked over the bridge some 50 yards upstream. And talking of heroic knights, or rather the lack of in the hash, as I turned around the next corner, my goldfish memory having just wiped itself clean. I chanced upon **Reach, Blackhole, Tablewhine** and **Sparerib** on the far side of another crossing. They quickly convinced me that it would be easiest to cross the stream by sitting astride a narrow pipe crossing it some 5 feet above the water level. Well of course I threw myself at the pipe and who wouldn't heed the advice of such a group of distinguished, hash seasoned gents (gosh nearly typed c#nts then by

mistake, lol! fat fingers). It was only the interjection of our noble GM that saved me from a dunking. "You could always try the bridge around the corner!" Sudden flashback and just in time as I was that close to kicking off across the pipe of doom. Thanks guys. My punishment for being unimaginably gullible: scribe for the day. Back at the pub we circled up indoors and gave beer to welcome our many visitors and returnees, including **Murphy's** who'd come all the way from Cardiff for the day and **Cliffbanger** and **Cyclops** who thought they were virgins for some reason. And last of all but very importantly **Just Sarah** was christened **Sin Bernard**. Hoorah! Welcome back **Skylark**. If it takes another trip around the world to set such a good trail, we can't lose you fast enough!



Run 2395

20th January 2018
The Viaduct Tavern
Hanwell



RA
Who Killed Kenny

Hare: **Rambo**



Scribe: **Skylark**



It's nice to see committee members growing into their roles on London hash. We watched and shivered on a cold and wet Saturday afternoon outside The Viaduct public house as **Kenny** confidently took charge of the circle. Charges were delivered with clarity and confidence, such as **Pope** – the original hare – having to bail out of haring duties due to tendon trouble (rumour says it was gout), and **Rambo** for taking over and setting another mud run. An accusation aimed at the RA that she had totally mismanaged the weather for run number 2395 was artfully deflected onto **Woof Woof Woof**. As the trail started he was heard to loudly comment 'at least it's not raining'.

Rain it did, but at least it held off until after we had tackled some severe fence climbing which nearly saw **Castrato** castrated.

After the fence climbing and some kicked out trail by St Mary's Church the flour had us heading onto Brent Valley Golf Course. Here words were exchanged with an angry golfer who had taken offence to **More On** straying from the path. Other hashers who strayed from the trail included **Skylark** who couldn't resist a quick play in a children's playground and a go on the slide. Bear in mind that by this time the slide had been soaked by a steady drizzle of rain and had turned itself into a waterslide. **Skylark** came off the end of the slide so

fast that he nearly didn't manage to stop before getting a wooden post wedged between his legs.

Doggedly we stuck through the cunning twists and turns that **Rambo** had wound into the rich over-hashed tapestry of this popular corner of West London for the promise of a drink stop. Some of us found it, and shivered we did as we sipped mulled cider by the canal-side near The Fox public house.

Back in the pub, **Kenny** was seen peddling out-dated running porn (old issues of Runners World) while sporting a couple of home made moon boots – plastic bags over her shoes. This innovation we suspect had cost her all of ten pence. As I remember

it from the circle, the moon boots didn't develop into a charge and the running porn accusation was neatly deflected onto **Knickers** for once being a centrefold in said publication.

All in all we enjoyed a well thought out trail rounded off by a well-run circle. Oh and the pub was generous by donating two jugs of ale before we set off. Yep, you read that right. Due to some misunderstanding, two free jugs were plonked down in front of a table of hashers who promptly imbibed this unexpected freebie. Water down downs in the circle would have been appropriate, but when enquiries were made as to whom the guilty parties were fingers were pointed in all directions.



Run 2396

27th January 2018

The Wrestlers
Highgate

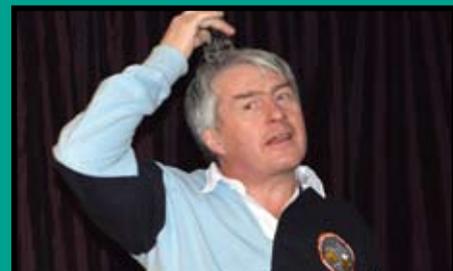


RAs

Sparerib &
Who Killed Kenny

Hares: **F*cked 3 Ways & Marxist**

Scribe: **C*ntour**



It took surprising little encouragement to get Last Tango to come to the run up in the opposite corner of London to her new riverside dacha. However, the best laid plans go astray when faced with the so called "timetable" of the Overground from Richmond. So having (as usual) just missed the only train for half the morning and then arrived at Gospel Oak at about the time the pack should have been leaving the pub, desperate measures were called for, (a quick Uber up the hill). Not helped by the fact that the Uber driver, no doubt distracted by the sight of the George Michael Memorial mudbath had to drive down every road in Highgate before we were able to direct him to the right establishment.

Clearly the pack had not been encouraged by the persistent drizzle that was enveloping the top of Highgate hill, and were lingering in the bucket, no doubt awaiting an improvement in the weather (or the arrival of spring)

Having realised that they might die of old age before the weather improved, the pack set off through Highgate, down Fitzroy Park and into Hampstead Heath. No great surprises on this run, down the east side of the heath, a slog up Parliament hill, back up the west side past the bathing ponds and up to Kenwood house, out the north east corner of the heath and then back to the pub. Apart from the mud and completely losing the trail at one point, and having to wait for the hare to point us in the right direction, there was very little to report on the run.

The front runners were fortunate to get back to the pub before the weather really set in, the back markers were less fortunate – at least those without an umbrella.

Having enjoyed the ale and hospitality of the Wrestlers for some time, it was time for the down downs, so the pack reluctantly left the warmth and comfort of the pub to huddle outside in the rain under the scant shelter available.

Down Downs:-

1. Hares – **Fucked 3 Ways and Marxist**
2. Visitors – **Shitty Shitty no Bang** from Oregon, **Tie me up Buttercup** and **Woof** from Korea and **Don't be Racist** from somewhere else.
3. **Last Tango** – for being early (yes really!)
4. **Berthless Boatie** – for phone abuse on the hash.
5. **Kaff!r, Qualified Seamen, Mad Cow** and **Buttercup** – for Beer abuse
6. **Ham Salami Bacon** – for more phone abuse – having noted that the trail looked like a drawing of a cock.
7. **Fucked 3 Ways** for laying the trail while extremely hungover.
8. **Kenny** – for not wanting to RA
9. **Ryde** – for mudsurfing on trail
10. **Just Harriet** – because **Spare Rib** could not think of a name for her.
11. **Kenny** and **Optimist** – for having had a mirror fitted in the bedroom.



Why isn't phonetic spelt the way it sounds?

Answer: Your final answer should always be 1089. Then you subtract 9-1 to get the lucky number 8