

# ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 41 Issue 2 August 2018

Thunderhighs  
reaches 1500

Page 12

Camping in Hook  
Norton

Back Page



Celebrating Boggers Pages 6 & 7



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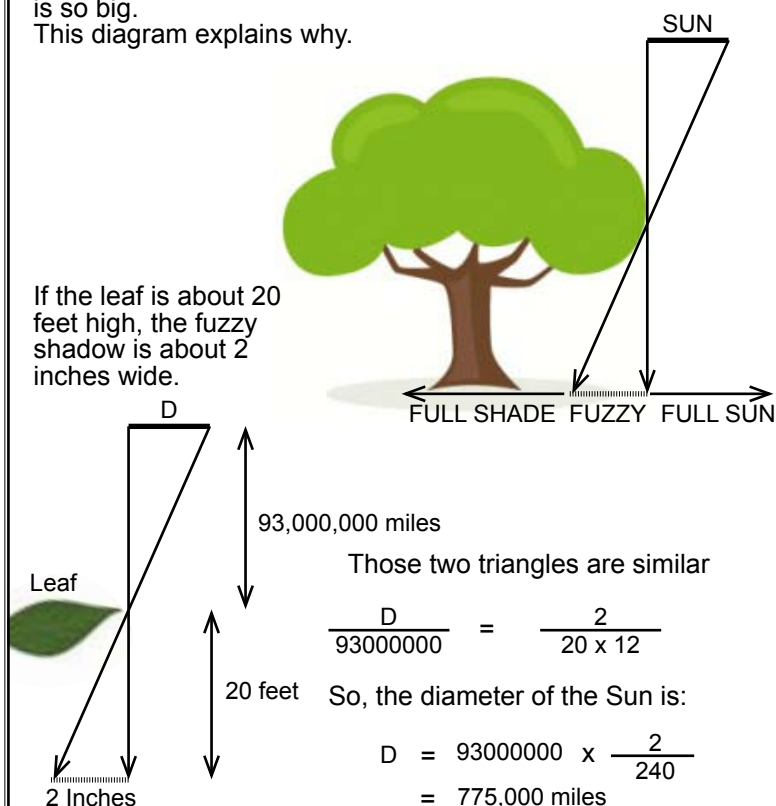
Send items for this mag to the edit hare above.  
Many thanks to all who sent in jokes or photos for this issue.

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

Most people know that the Sun is 93 million miles away - but how many know how big it is? Here's a quick way to find out. When on the hash trail, have you noticed that the shadows of the leaves on the ground have a fuzzy edge? We are taught that light travels in straight lines, so how come we don't see a sharp edge for the shadows? The answer is that it's because the Sun is so big. This diagram explains why.



## Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
8 - 12 Sep 2018	Train Rumble to Mother (PRELUBE)	Take the train from Bangkok to Kuala Lumpur, several hash runs along the way.	<a href="http://gotothehash.net/rego/Rego-motherhash_train_rumble.pdf">gotothehash.net/rego/Rego-motherhash_train_rumble.pdf</a>	
14 - 16 Sep 2018	80th Anniversary	Hosted by Mother Hash in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.	<a href="http://www.motherhash.com/80thanniversary/">www.motherhash.com/80thanniversary/</a>	Hardy Boy
21 - 23 Sep 2018	Mekong Indochina Hash	Hosted by the Nha Trang H3 in Vietnam.	<a href="http://www.mekonghash2018.com">www.mekonghash2018.com</a>	GE for Registration
28 - 30 Sep 2018	13th Birthday	Hosted by the Fethiye H3 in Fethiye, Turkey.	<a href="http://www.fethiyeh3.com/events.php">www.fethiyeh3.com/events.php</a>	JGM - Fred (Doormat) Roissetter
28 - 30 Sep 2018	Oktoberfest Hash Weekend	Hosted by the Munich H3 in Munich, Germany.	<a href="http://www.munich-h3.eu/index.php/2018-oktoberfest-hash-weekend">www.munich-h3.eu/index.php/2018-oktoberfest-hash-weekend</a>	
24 - 26 May 2019	2345th Trail	Hosted by the Bicester H3 in Bicester, UK.	<a href="http://bicesterh3.com/45th-years-of-bicester-h3-and-our-2345th-trail/">bicesterh3.com/45th-years-of-bicester-h3-and-our-2345th-trail/</a>	Cheesy or iSaw
23 - 26 Aug 2019	United Kingdom Nash Hash	Hosted by the Caledonia H3 (combined Scottish Hash Clubs) in Scotland	<a href="http://www.uknashhash2019.co.uk">www.uknashhash2019.co.uk</a>	uknh2019@gmail.com



What do you get when you combine a penis, a potato and Kim Jong Un?  
A dictator



# Run 2399

17th February 2018

The Pipe Major  
Dagenham East



RA

Sparerib

Hare: **Unacceptable**

Scribe: **Scrumpy**



Run 2399: Saturday 17 Feb 2018  
"The Missing Boroughs Run"  
Dagenham East, The Pipe Major  
to Hornchurch, The Railway  
Hare: Unacceptable  
Scribe: Scrumpy  
Pack: 26

Our diligent Hare had realised that **LH3** were in danger of reaching their 2400<sup>th</sup> run whilst breaking the Trades Descriptions Act with their slogan of "**Running All Over London**". To rectify this, the trail covered both of the London Boroughs which were missing from our Hashtory\*: Barking & Dagenham and Havering. We gathered at The Pipe Major in the warm sun, (*true! – even I took my coat off*), before bags went into the Hare's car and we set off at the "usual time" with **Knickers** in the role of trail marker as the Hare had to drive from "A" to "B".

An early FRB trail took some to a river crossing though some then ran back again to the shorter trail. Unfortunately some SCBs followed trail, before **Knickers**, the FRBs and a few SCBs came back from the river view – and so ended up doing the rest of the trail in full and many of the checks before they were caught! The trail continued, mainly through parks and nature reserve paths before the final suburban finish. It seemed that the marker's map had a deliberate error as **Knickers** declared the trail was "this way" despite several hounds calling trail in the other, correct, direction. This resulted in **Thunderthighs** very nearly beating **Knickers** to the Railway pub!

**Down downs** were awarded to **Unacceptable** and **Knickers**, as above.

**Weeny Schnitzel** who had thoughtfully hoovered up his farts outside **Sparerib's** door, (*you read right*)

**Ryde** for falling in the river and **Tablewhine** for turning back, **Skylark** for tact (*never!*)

**Titanic** for greeting **Skylark** by demanding missed subs from his return home run.

**Black Hole** for record correct checking, and **Dawn's Crack** for

running without a hangover.

**Psychodelic** collected his lost property from Nash Hash 2017 – without poles and tent pegs he might have had problems this summer.....

**Chi Su** received a "with thanks" t-shirt from **King** and **Weeny's** birthday was honoured in traditional style.

On On

*\*This assertion has not been checked by your scribe.*





# Run 2400

24th February 2018

The Duke's Head

Putney



RA

Sparerib

Hares: **F\*cked 3 Ways & Road Runner**



**T**he London Hash House Harriers has reached yet another milestone! - 2400 runs! So, here was an excellent opportunity to dress up with your favourite hat and have a run around Putney on a crisp, but bright and sunny day.

Sadly, nobody bothered with the hat theme, so we didn't get the expected wacky array of headwear. As you can see, this isn't quite true and there were some excellently

crazy examples of the millener's art.

**Glad Rags** had brought along blown up numbers to mark the occasion and brought those out at a tasty drink stop. For those who hadn't got the memo on the hat theme there were balloon hats being made, but **Juices Flowing** had gone the extra mile and customised her hat for the H3 with the run number. The pack size exceeded 50 for the second time this year.

on on - Ed





# Run 2401

3rd March 2018

The Conservative Club  
Southall



RA

Who Killed Kenny  
& Sparerib

Hare: **Ryde & Tablewhine**

Scribe: **Reach Around**



Chi,

It kinda scans. You really need to know 'Bandiera Rossa' to get the tune.

'On on, ye hashers, towards redemption,  
On on, ye hashers, towards the pub.  
On on, ye hashers and ye harriettes,  
On on, to Southall, to the Con Club.

London Hash House Harriers will triumph still,  
London Hash House Harriers will triumph still,  
London Hash House Harriers will triumph still,  
We'll drink the Tories' beers 'til we're completely ill.

And Happy Birthday to the Hare that day,  
To **Tablewhine**, to **Tablewhine**,  
His trail laying, with his wife **Kathy**,  
Would surely shine, would surely shine.

London Hash House Harriers are very still,  
London Hash House Harriers are very still,  
London Hash House Harriers are very still,  
We claim to be selective but drink any swill.

Our GM, **Chi Su**, on that fateful day,  
Got his bus pass, got his bus pass,  
And those evil, scheming Tories.  
Can kiss my ass, can kiss my ass.

London Hash House Harriers ran up a hill,  
London Hash House Harriers ran up a hill,  
London Hash House Harriers ran up a hill,  
We put far too much money into their cash till.

Then the comrades went for a curry,  
And their arses, they did singe, they did singe.  
**Sparerib** had the shits, as did **Sir Humpalot**,  
And so did **Skylark** and poor old **Minge**.

London Hash House Harriers triomferá,  
London Hash House Harriers triomferá,  
Evviva l'alcolismo e la curryhouse.'

Reach



Q: What do you call a Norwegian prostitute?  
A: A Fjord Escort



# Run 2402

10th March 2018

The Greyhound

Keston



RA

Bonnie

Hare: **Trigamist**

Scribe: **Last Tango**



Boggers memorial Run #2402

Hare: Trigamist

Pub: The Greyhound, Keston

(note the Leeds colours!)

On a bright cold sunny day hashers, friends and family congregated in darkest Kent and formed the Leeds United Kent branch of the supporters club: suitably attired in blue, white and yellow. And what a pretty sight it was (for hashers).

The gathered hash family included several members of the late **Boggers'** family, including **Nookie**, his brother **David** and family who joined in for their first hash.

Now everyone thinks that HHH stands for Hash House Harriers, but in **Boggers'** case it does not. As his brother explained in his eulogy it stands for Hope, Humour and Heart. He had **Hope** – well we all know what that was for (that Leeds would win the Premiership and the Champions League, and that hope never died.) He was always hoping for a big win – and missed out by 4 days on their 5-0 win over Burton. Such a pity.

**Humour**: did anyone ever see him without a smile on his face (apart from when **Tango** became GM and the hash started late!)

He was even known to have done a hash in a green burqa on St Patrick's day!

He had a big **Heart**: he loved people, life, hashing, Leeds United and **Nookie Bare**. And that love never died.

It was heart-warming to see **Nookie**, **David** and the children join us for what after all is a children's past-time, following blobs of flour over fields and hills, across streams, along beaches, up mountains and into bogs.

**Trigamist** set a trail through the mud and fields around Keston, down to the appropriately named village of "Nash", back up to Keston Common, and then round several boggy wooded areas to the drinks stop near the pub. After a lengthy drinks stop he brought us back over the Common and into the Greyhound.

**Down downs:**

There were lots of stories about

**Boggers'** exploits at the foreign office.

Did you know that he single handedly stopped the Russians marching into Vilnius with his diplomatic prowess (at least according to **Bonnie**) There were stories about his time in Turkey and Pakistan. He taught Imran Khan all he knew about cricket (apparently). He was best mates with Recep Tayyip Erdoğan.

There was a solo down down for "If one Leeds United supporter drinks, all Leeds united supporters drink".

**Nookie** had a down down for looking after **Boggers** and for her wonderful hospitality.

And to finish off in the inimitable words of Martin Luther King: "I had a dream" (the night after he died): - I dreamt of **Boggers** last night. We were at Elland Road. I was dead pissed off with him because he was in the grandstand with the red carpet, hospitality and Tetleys and I was in the basement (we're poor ooop north). I don't know whether Leeds United were winning because I couldn't see anything. Then **Contour** woke me up going to the toilet.

On **Boggers'** last hash trail from Victoria we spoke of going to Elland Road

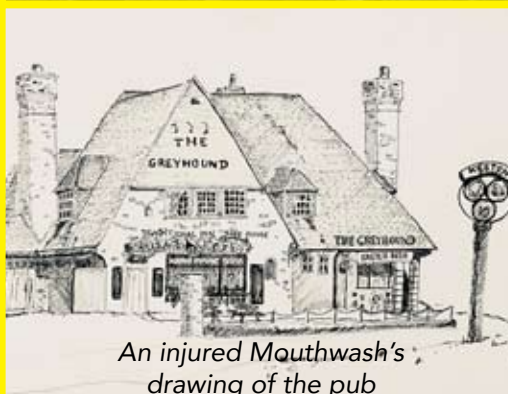
HE DID

Like the three H's he will never die in our memories.

And finally, if you are ever at Elland Road, there is a plaque for him in section A of Bremner Square at the LUFC ground.









# Run 2403

17th March 2018

Springfield Bowls Club

Ealing



RA

Who Killed Kenny

Hares: **Kenny & Optimist**



She followed her husband to the public house. "How can you come here," she said, taking a sip of his pint of Guinness, "and drink that awful stuff?" "Now!" he cried, "And you always said I was out enjoying meself."

Paddy wins a load of money on the pools. He asks his mate Murphy if he fancies going on the piss in London with him.

Well they arrive in London at this huge hotel. They're put up on the 10th floor. Off they trot on the piss and get back to the hotel about 2 o'clock in the morning. Paddy decides he wants to go for a swim.

Murphy is a bit miffed and asks "where the bloody hell can you go swimming at this time"

Paddy says " We can go in the Thames in our skiddies (underpants)"

Paddy then looks out onto his balcony and sees it's been raining; looking down at the shimmering road he shouts to Murphy "Oi -- the Thames is down here -- look!!!"

At that Murphy rips his clothes off revealing his Y-fronts sprints onto the balcony and dives off. SPLAT!! Straight into the road below.

After about five minutes he manages to pick himself up and shouts up to Paddy who's about to dive off the balcony. "Move over to the left a bit, this is the shallow end 'ere!!!"

An Irish bloke goes to the doctor and says "Dactor, it's me ahrse. I'd loik ya ta teyhk a look, if ya wood".

So the doctor gets him to drop his pants and takes a look. "Incredible," he says, "there is a £20 note lodged up here". Tentatively he eases the twenty out of the man's bottom, only to see another £10 note appear. "This is amazing" exclaims the Doctor "What do you want me to do?".

"Well fur gadness sake teyhk it out man" shrieks the patient. The doctor pulls out the tenner and another twenty appears, and another and another and so on...Finally the last note comes out and no more appear. "Ah Dactor, tank ya koinldy, dat's moch batter, how moch is dare den? The Doctor counts the pile of cash. "£1990 exactly."

"Ah, dat'd be roit." says Paddy " I knew I wasn't feeling two grand."





## Run 2404

24th March 2018

The Roebuck  
Belsize Park



RA  
Sparerib

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



Scribe: **Run 2 Eat**



Hares: **Big in Japan** and **Not Out's** birthday run.

A sunny Saturday in Hampstead and the GM welcomed the pack.

**Chi Su** handed **Run2Eat** a packet of shortbread for being Scottish coming down from the frozen north. As this was the day the union joined ie Scottish surrender to the English.

Of course after being handed a yummy package of shortbread I ate one, hence with my mouth full I could not protest to be scribe!

We **Lost Tango** to the charity shops. As she was saying she had her card and cash on her at the start, poor **Contour**.

Of course the pack loved the Whisky Mac, and delicious Indian goodies that were provided at the DS. I have never seen hashers so quiet as they were all munching away.

**Big in Japan** listened for the first time the song **Big in Japan** by (Alphaville)

The RA **Sparerib** took us through the presentations. He claimed he was innocent and never fucked up on trail. Haha total BS! Porky pies !!!

A big Hash welcome to the Visitor: **Shop n Fu(k**, from Ben Franklin Mob H3 in Philly

The two virgins!

**James** and **Vicky** from Enfield, as they went to Enfield Hash Wednesday and **Linford** made them come.

Returnees

**Lonely** and **Back Door Boy** got a song or combo songs, grunts and groans by the mentally challenged Hash choir of idiots moaning.

**Sir Humpalot**, for having **Tablewhine** looking out of his arse like an oracle of where future trails will be. For me it was like a disturbing Shining throwback. The appropriate song was sung!!!

**Kenny** for going to bed early to get it over and done with quickly!!

**Chi Su** grooming **Fucked 3 Ways!!!** And thinking he has a big one!!!

**Optimist** and **Kenny** for cycling to the station, ok it was just from Hampstead. **Optimist** squealing like a pig. They assumed the position and for once **Kenny** beat **Optimist!**

Lost property!!!! **Harriet** for loosing

a shoe and **Shop and Fu(k** for going to get it but not wanting to get the shoe. He also thought he could swim in the women's pond because he couldn't understand the sign. No men no women no dogs punctuation missing.

**Minge** for loosing her masher on trail?!? Wtf?!? Been down **Sparerib's** shorts. I would wash, bleach, or burn it before it's used on food.

**Testiculator** for child abuse. For knocking **Nathan** with mud!!!

**Giving Head** for carpet burns on trail!!!! Now that is a talent!

The pack had a Boat race for the Oxford Cambridge boat race. The winning team of Oxford Leader: **More On Vicky, Run2Eat, Contour**

The losing team of Cambridge Leader: **Ryde James, Harriet, Caboose**

With their bellies full and their liver's damaged the pack went off into the sunset.

Onon and happy trails

**Run2Eat**

Sent from Run2Eat's iPhone please excuse typos and spelling as I'm a Harriet.



## Run 2405

31st March 2018  
The Royal Oak  
The Oval



RA  
Pope

Hares: **Boy Blunder**  
& **Bear Behind**



Scribe: **Mouthwash**



*"In a world of voluble hates, he plotted to make men like, or at least tolerate one another" <sup>1</sup>*

Hashing is a not normally considered a game of two halves; it would be a poor hash that ended like that. But this time it was a case of two trails. And hunt the hare.

The designated pub, one well-known to the hare, otherwise London's troll-in-chief, was in fact closed, we think because the landlord could not be arsed to get out of bed, though the hare was blissfully unaware. Fortunately for the pack the GM arrived first and quickly assessing the situation decided to set a trail from the Beehive to another hostelry known to him and a short walk away. At The Royal Oak we were welcomed with open arms by the kindly landlord Mike.

There was no hare at the start of the trail so the pack set off on a wing and a prayer and thankfully found some chalk. Your scribe can say little about that beyond what he was told as he was injured. The trail went through the Vauxhall pleasure gardens (nice for some) and on to the America Embassy (not nice for the President) where the presence of hashers set off an alarm. There was a llama stop, but no sign of a llama. There was a troll stop, but no sign of the troll (not even under Vauxhall bridge where he is known to lurk).

There was a drinks stop, at **Bear Behind's** abode, where there were drinks and birthday cakes, much to his surprise, your scribe found.... the hare, relaxing with a beer. Gradually the pack drifted in and after some birthday snacks and liquid refreshment drifted out again, but not before **Fucked Three Ways** set off the smoke alarm either because he was too tall, too hot or just too steamy. All in all an alarming day. However, there was no trail from the drinks stop because....the hare was still relaxing with a beer. Eventually he was prevailed upon to set the rest of the trail so that the SCBs would find their way back, though stopping into a premium store for a beer on the way back.

Perhaps a moment of hubris for our hare, normally so critical of others' failings. **Blunder** thought he was just the curse of pubs; he admitted the last 3 pubs he visited closed the following week; this time the pub got its revenge in early and closed before he got there. But, in the words of the bard, all's well that ends well and the pack had a very pleasant time enjoying the sunshine of the pubs back yard.

Down downs  
For the the organ grinders **Knickers** and **Chi Su**, but not the monkey **Blunder**  
Birthday girl **Bear Behind**.

**Bhopal**, for his 300th and also received a fancy photograph from **Chi Su**.

**Chi Su** another DD for not giving The RA **Pope** his reward for 500 DDs.

**Woof woof woof** who raced **Pope** to the pub.

**Knickers** for doing 15km before the run.

**Blunder** for borrowing money from RA to buy beer at a convenience store.

**Testi** and **Chi Su** DDs for not giving him a co-hare. Rebound!

**Slippery Arse** – visitor.

**Slippery Arse's** friend for saying she had been staying in Pope's Hole.

**Black Hole** for charging people twice for the run.

**Blunder** and **Fucked 3 Ways** for being too hot and setting off the smoke detector.

**Thunderthighs** for suggesting that the RA gives out smaller pints.

**Mouthwash** for stating the obvious. Visitors – **Wooden Chew** and **Short Plank Tramp On Me**.

The People who went to the market and bought pies - **Fucked 3 Ways** (again).

**Woof Woof Woof** for being Bulgarian (a crime, apparently, in the RAs book).

**Blunder** as the Troll he was not there when required in the tunnel

1. Trevelyan on Stanley Baldwin





## Run 2406

7th April 2018

The Green Man  
Putney Hill



RA  
Sparerib

Hare: **Bonnie**



Scribe: **Skylark**



The full stop is a punctuation mark that marks where the reader should stop for a breather, and in that way is very similar to a check mark on a hash trail. **Bonnie** set a very enjoyable run number 2406 from The Green Man, Putney Heath, which wound it's way around some very green, and in places very wet, parts of the heath and Wimbledon Common with an excursion into the streets of Roehampton, but was only seasoned with an occasional

sprinkling of checks. Your scribe, to be true to this trail and its lack of breathing spaces, will be providing the same number of full stops (breathing spaces) as could be found on the entire trail. Fortunately, for those with respiratory issues, the trail was quite short. There was a very good circle, presided over by **Sparerib**, in which down downs went to **Chi Su** for getting older – down downs were administered through a mouth full of marsh

mallows, much to the amusement of everyone other than **Chi Su**; our two German nationals, **Weeny Schnitzel** and **Crème Brulee** we said a sad goodbye to (**Testi** commented that finally Brexit was showing some benefits); and **Skylark** was admonished for running the trail twice. So, there you have it, that was run write-up for trail number 2406, and if you thought it a bit short then just do a **Skylark** and read it again.





## Run 2407

14th April 2018

The Starting Gate  
Wood Green



RA  
Sparerib

Hare: **Thunderthighs**



Scribe: **Sparerib**



With the GM making me scribe when my space bard doesn't work this happens  
Another milestone for our illustrious **ThunderThighs** making it to 1500 runs  
With the pack assembled our GM in his not so clever wisdom named me as scribe  
Our hare promised 2 drinks stops and she didn't let us down. With the RA providing  
Perfect weather and introducing our visitors to the hash we set off on a merry loop  
Right at the beginning to allow the walker to get a head of the runners very devious  
Of our hare and it took a while for us to realise this but very soon we were back on  
track but this time it was uphill and more up and more up but then along an old rail  
Line where we had our 1st drink stop and a lovely view of London the drink stop was  
Some greek fuel like alcohol was passed around with some Turkish delight I do  
Believe a couple of hashers thought this alcohol was water and took large gulps  
Only to nearly choke on this rocket fuel hahaa after a few hash flash photos the pack was  
sofagain on trial down hill and past the house of notorious serial killer  
Dennis Nielson the pack then continued on down to the bottom of Ally Pally only  
For trail to go back uphill to the 2nd drink stop where wine cheese and other snacks  
With the pack well watered and fed it was a slow jog back down to the pub for more  
Liquid refreshments once everyone was back and all settled down the circle was  
Called for down downs which were as follows by the great **Sparerib**. lol





## Run 2408

21st April 2018

Windsor Castle  
Carshalton



RA  
Sparerib

Hare: **Orangutan**

Scribe: **F\*cked 3 Ways**

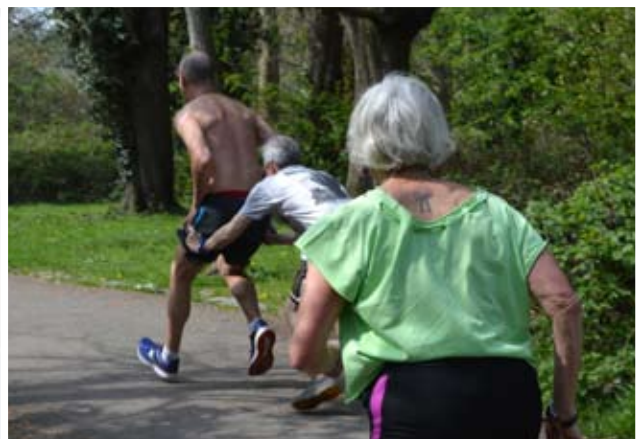


Now meet the King of the Hashers, oh! Carshalton VIP. **Orangutan** was our main man, with a pack of thirty three. he took us to the Windsor Castle, not too far out of town, but some were late, we had to wait and get some more drinks down. So do-be-does **Reach** wore new shoes. wait, was meant to rub out the chorus bit - not send. It's wrong cos **Sparerib** gave me the wrong note haha

So, it continues after "more drinks down" Anyway, enough of that foolishness. let's get to the heart of the issue. the dangers of bouncy castles. Before the circle, several of the slightly younger Hashers (read: the ones with their own hair and teeth) decided somewhat foolishly to test this strange anti-gravity contraption. Physically booting the younger children off it, **Wanders Off** and **Road Runner** demonstrated the effects of static electricity and gravity to a stunned crowd. They were rewarded with down downs. Then came the adults. It should be noted at this point that I don't much care for **Sparerib**. This is largely because that twat gave me notes of down downs from the wrong week, to confuse my hash report. However, Kharma was swift, brutal, and wearing a headband. As **Sparerib** assailed the inflatable plastic fortress, prepared to wow us with his "mad skillz ", kharma, or more accurately **Skylark**, barrelled in and tested the exact limits of the RA's physical limits, by breaking his Rib. Everyone laughed. it was great.

Hare: **Orangutan**  
RA: **Broken Rib**  
Drinks stop: generous  
Visitors: some. Mostly for the marathon.  
Returnees: maybe.

think that's about it  
"tested the exact limits of the RA's bodily capabilities"







Run 2409 • Hare: **Mick Mac**



Run 2410 • Hare: **Bhopal**



Run 2411 • Hares: **C\*ntour & Last Tango**





# Spring Fling

Whatever rocks your boat!

Usually the three London Hash chapters meet up at Christmas, but this year we tried a new social event on 5th May. Hashers spent a lovely balmy evening floating down the Thames. The organisers brought good beer and quality street food that helped make a great and memorable night.





## Run 2412

21st May 2018

### The Black Horse Greenford



#### RA Who Killed Kenny

#### Hares: **Juices Flowing & Parson's Nose**



#### Scribe: **Yorky Porky**



Returning hares **Parson's Nose** and **Juices Flowing** brought the Houston weather with them, albeit a bit less humid, for a run from the wonderfully situated Black Horse in Greenford. A small but select gathering braved the 25 mins on the central line from Oxford Circus to the depths of zone 4, with **Fucks Fat Bastard**, sorry **Fucks Fat Blokes** a visitor from Shanghai joining the crowd of regular and semi-regular LH3ers. With the old GSK and United Biscuits buildings being demolished the hares led the pack up toward Sudbury Hill, before taking us to Tir Chonaill Gaels ground. At this point the pack could have short cutted the whole trail to the drink stop, after all we knew we had to cross the canal, and could see the bridge, but Hordsenden Hill loomed in the distance, and there was no way that was going to be missed out on such a nice evening. A slight detour round Greenford Green, led us to Horsenden Hill park, where several loops finally led to the top, well not quite the top. The check near the top, led us in a looping way down, however **Rambo**, in his wisdom decided that the trail really should have gone to the 'proper' top and promptly went to the trig point and down to the golf course. The front runners came across the Gruffalow trail and a rather large wooden Gruffalow that several people commented resembled the hash troll, **Boy Blunder**. It was decided that a group photo was needed so the pack waited and waited for the GM, who failed to show up. **Knickers** was then given a phone by **Woof Woof Woof** to take a picture with, but it seems unless it's a box brownie, she has no clue how to use it. Several aborted attempts later finally a picture was taken and the pack headed off again. Heading back through the fields, the smart hashers decided that doing a big loop round the edge of the field was a stupid thing to do, but as ever the less smart followed **Woof Woof Woof**, to do 3 sides of a square rather than just the one. Heading back over the canal, for some reason the hares had decided

that we should run away from the pub! The only reason anyone actually followed this part of the trail was because it was marked as a Drink Stop. Rounding the corner, we were greeted by a pile of rubbish, and **More On** and **Juices Flowing** pouring out a traditional winter's drink of whisky mac (this scribe thinks the hares were trying to get rid of things from their drinks cupboard). A botany lesson for **Woof Woof Woof** kept the pack waiting for **Parson's Nose** to finally turn up with **Lofty**. The pack then headed back along the canal to the delights of the lovely beer garden. The new landlord was very generous with beer for down downs, so most of the pack were duly punished. The aforementioned **FFB** for being a visitor, the hares for being returnees as well as hares, **Pecker** for being a returnee and also for forgetting he wasn't working that day, so really had no excuse not to turn up, to mention just a few. All in all a very pleasant run from a great summer hash pub.





# Run 2413

28th May 2018

The Queen Elizabeth  
Chingford



RA  
Sparerib

Hare: **Unacceptable**



Joint runs with other hash chapters can be a bit hit and miss, in my view. London H3 has turned up to starting locations only to find that the other chapter has already gone and when we get back they've already had their circle and cleared off! On the other hand, **Martian Matron** & **More On's** Christmasy run from the Springfield Bowls Club just wouldn't be the same without the Marlow hash's '12 days of Christmas' party piece.

This joint run, however, with Essex H3 and Essex All Saints H3 was a complete hoot! **Unacceptable** was our co-hare and it was a sunny, green and highly entertaining run with 2 drink stops, 3 if you include the water trough! There was a 'base camp' set up before going uphill and some successful mud slinging at one of the drink stops.

There was drinking through socks and shoes, a present for **Quickie** from an absent **Thunderthighs** and some back to back action.

**Ham, Salami Bacon** manfully struggled through serious hay fever and a serious hangover for post-hash drinks with **Sparerib** and **Chi Su** before he finally had to throw in the towel and stagger home. - Ed





# Run 2414

2nd June 2018

The Bell  
Tadworth



RA  
F\*cked 3 Ways

Hare: **Rambo**



We've been encouraging hares to consider throwing in the odd Saturday run during our Summer season this year. **Rambo** was the first to put his head above the parapet and set a Saturday run. He was worried about numbers and plugged the run on Faceache, but the pack size exceeded 30, so it was a great Saturday debut with a similarly sized pack a couple of days later for the Monday run.

The run was set in Tadworth, a stop away from Epsom and, guess what, it was Derby day! The trains were packed with the sounds of champagne corks, horsey laughter and feathery fascinators. Some groups seemed to polish off a couple of bottles before they even got to the race track!

The Bell was just far enough away to have missed the dressy types and we had the pub largely to ourselves, and there were even sausage rolls left by the time we got back to the pub. It was a lovely sunny day through glorious countryside and included a stop at The Sportsman for a halfway pint.

The circle included two back to backs for two pairs: **Goldilocks** and **Road Runner** for Jesus hair and **3 Beers** and **Sparerib** for costume connections as both were wearing snoods.

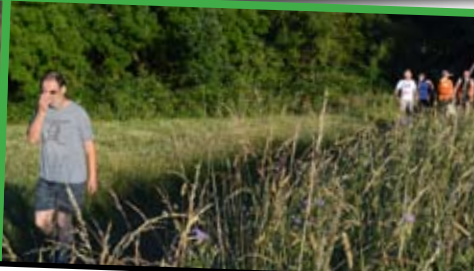
**Dawn's Crack** almost got re-named **Money Shot**, but managed to resist. Overall, a great day. - Ed







Run 2415 • Hares: **3 Beers & Goldilocks**

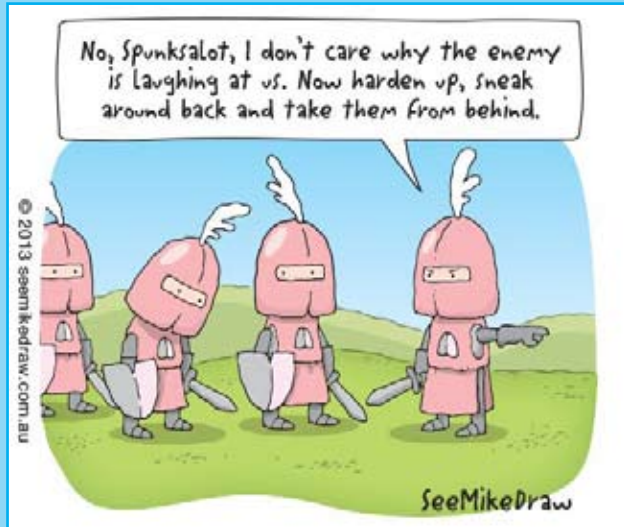


Run 2419 • Hares: **Mouthwash & Scrumpy**





# HASH HUMOUR



A young woman started work in a small English village chemist shop. She was very shy about having to sell condoms to the public. The chemist was going on holiday for a couple of days, and he asked if she would be willing to run the shop on her own. She had to confide in him her worries about selling condoms.

"Look," he said, "my regular customers don't ask for condoms, they either ask for a 310 (small), a 320 (medium) or a 330 (large), the word 'condom' is never mentioned."

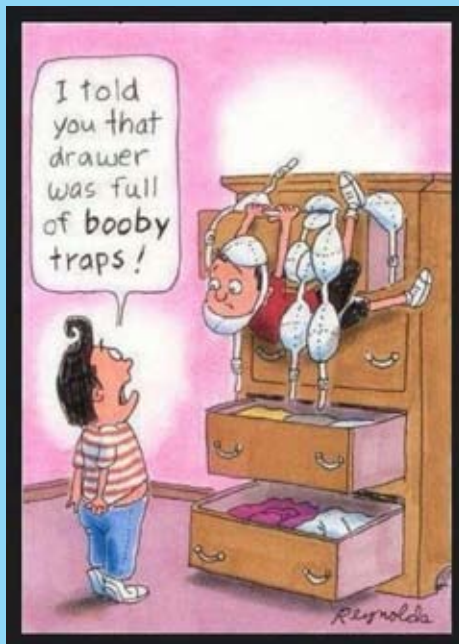
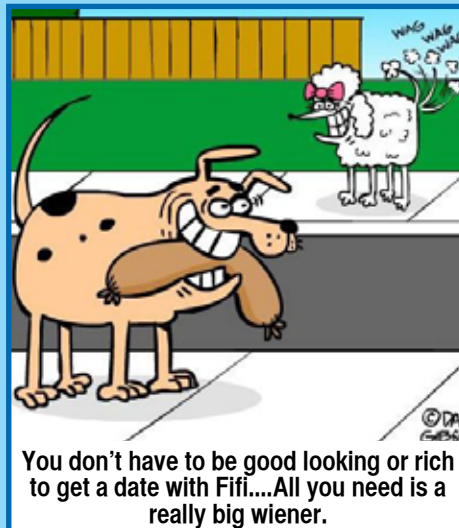
The first day was fine, but on the second day a large black guy came into the shop, put out his hand and said "350 please". The girl panicked. She phoned the chemist on his mobile and told him of her predicament.

"Go back in and check if he has a bucket hanging between his legs," her boss told her. She peeped through the door and saw the bucket hanging between the guy's legs.

"Yes!" She shouted down the phone, "he's got one hanging there!"

The boss replied, "Well, go back in there and give him £3.50..... He's the window cleaner."

A guy walks into a doctor's office with a lettuce leaf sticking out of his arse. Doctor says, "Hmmm, that's strange." The guy replies, "That's just the tip of the iceberg."



## Things the Movies have taught us

The ventilation system of any building is the perfect hiding place. No one will ever think of looking for you there and you can travel to any other part of the building you want without difficulty.

If you need to reload your gun, you will always have more ammunition- even if you haven't been carrying any before now.

Once applied, lipstick will never rub off - even while scuba diving.

The Eiffel Tower can be seen from any window in Paris.

Medieval peasants had perfect teeth.

It is not necessary to say 'hello' or 'goodbye' when beginning or ending phone conversations.

You can always find a chainsaw when you need one.

Spacecraft in outer space will make a great racket and explode with a bang, vacuum or no vacuum.

Any person waking from a nightmare will sit bolt upright and pant.

Television news bulletins usually contain a story that affects you personally at that precise moment.

It is always possible to park directly outside the building you are visiting.

All bombs are fitted with electronic timing devices with large red readouts so you know exactly when they're going to go off.

If your town is threatened by an imminent natural disaster or killer beast, the Mayor's first concern will be the tourist trade or his forthcoming art exhibition.

If staying in a haunted house, women will investigate any strange noises in their most revealing underwear.

Any lock can be picked by a credit card or a paper clip in seconds - unless it's a door to a burning building with a child trapped inside.

All grocery shopping bags contain at least one stick of French bread.



## Run 2416

11th June 2018

### The Bishop's Finger Farringdon



RA  
Sparerib

Hares: **Knickers  
& Sleek Cheeks**

Scribe: **Woof Woof Woof!**



Pretty good size pack had gathered at the Bishop's fingers pub in West Smithfield to enjoy yet another "typical" British summer hash day/night of 2018 when we heard the usual, a bit squeaky, GM's "circle on".

The visitors introduced themselves: **Full of Cream** from New Jersey, **Love Sex** from Hereford.

We were in for a treat with a trail along the lovely small streets and alleyways of the City of London. The run took us through the Smithfield market only to immediately hit the first FT, of many more to come later as it turned out. From there we passed next to Barbican station, and further east through Bunhill Burial Fields. At this point after the forth FT **F\*cked Three Ways** was asked by the innocently smiling co-hare (**Knickers**) how was the trail. Very understandably, the answer was "witch". In total, the trail had about a dozen FTs. However, all brilliantly planned and marked which kept the relatively big, for LH3 standards, pack of 33 well together. Further the trail took us through a small lovely green park in Clerkenwell, the small streets west of Farringdon road all the way down to Chancery Lane and then back to the pub.

The pub was generous with the down down beers. **Sparerib** was in charge of the circle. After "Not enough FTs" and a down-down for the hare (**Sleek Cheeks**) and the co-hare (**Knickers**), free beer had **F\*cked Three Ways** and **Road Runner** for leaving unacceptably early the previous hash (which I am absolutely sure had nothing to do with the late RA's dinner). Next in the row were **Black Hole** and **Optimist** for being twins, and just to prevent any fantasies or speculations, it had something to do with wearing the same t-shirts and shorts. Not sure about what kind of fantasies can provoke the next down-down though. It was **Chi Su** and **Sleek Cheeks** after being spotted playing with a rubber medical glove. Free beer also had **Woof Woof Woof** because of **Henry's** special cooling down suit. Absolutely expectedly the down-down glove ended up on the **Sparerib's** head, which was well documented by our brilliant hash photographer.

On On  
**WWW**





# Hash Humour



## A Woman's Prayer

Dear Lord,  
I pray for:  
Wisdom, To Understand a man.  
Love, To forgive him and:  
Patience, For his moods.  
Because, Lord, if I pray for Strength  
I'll just beat him to death.



A guy walks into a pub and sees a sign hanging over the bar that reads: CHEESEBURGER: \$1.50 CHICKEN SANDWICH: \$2.50 HAND JOB: \$10.00 He walks up to the bar and beckons one of the three exceptionally attractive blondes serving drinks. "Can I help you?" she asks. "I was wondering," whispers the man. "Are you the one who gives the hand jobs?" "Yes," she purrs. "I am." The man replies, "Well, wash your hands. I want a cheeseburger."



A farmer goes out and buys a new, young rooster. As soon as he brings him home, the young rooster rushes and screws all 150 of the farmer's hens. The farmer is impressed. At lunchtime, the young rooster again screws all 150 hens. The farmer is not just impressed anymore, he is worried. Next morning, not only is the rooster screwing the hens, but he is screwing the turkeys, ducks, and even the cow. Later, the farmer looks out into the barnyard and finds the rooster stretched out, limp as a rag, his eyes closed, dead, and vultures circling overhead. The farmer runs out, looks down at the young rooster's limp body and says: "You deserved it, you horny bastard!" And the young rooster opens one eye, points up at the vultures with his wing, and says, "Shhhh!, they are about to land."





## Run 2417

18th June 2018

The Cock  
Cockfosters



RA  
Sparerib

Hares: **Lofty  
& Road Runner**



Scribe: **Mr X**



Early arrivals found that there may be three hand-pumps on show on the bar top, but only one had an Ale - London Pride! But, it was the attitude of the staff that got to those purchasing - if you are peed off when continually being asked to top them up so each was a statutory pint being paid for, pull it properly in the first place!

Those who thought that they would get a chance to see some of the England v Tunisia match were going to be disappointed as there were no TVs.

In the back garden **TDH**, **Chi Su**, Chi Su's brother **Crusty Nuts** and partner **Hard to Cum** were sitting out on this warm slightly sultry evening.

The Herts contingent were ready to go, some like **Ewok** were surprised when **Lofty** explained that London don't start on time, with the norm being a minimum of 15 minutes past the hour [& the rest! - Ed].

With a football tournament taking place there wasn't expected to be a large turnout, **Knickers** arrived before this ensemble moved out to the front of the pub where they would find a few more waiting there patiently, including a newbie who turned out to be Tunisian.

**My Lil'** finally calmed as the circle was called, with **Chi Su** welcoming the pack to London's 2417 R\*n and **Mr X** to the Herts 1801 & **Mouthful** to Enfield's 229th.

**Lofty** went into her 'Chalk Talk' and introduced her assistant hare, **Roadrunner**, who would look after the Long Trailers.

Without further ado, the pack were ushered further up Chalk Lane to the main Cockfosters Road, which as the football had kicked off was not as busy as it normally is.

The trail progressed along the tarmac drive to take the hash by the 'Duke's Monument' - the first of three the trail would pass.

**Chi Su** was on hand to capture action shots including **Mr X** r\*nnng from out between the trees, and there are those who believe that Herts hashers don't r\*n! This area seemed to have an abundance of flies, which for the likes of **Zing-a-Long-a-Max** must have been a

'veggie nightmare' as hashers spat out these unwelcome pests.

There was a good view back down the channel to the stately pile that is Trent Park house. Later in WWII this house was used as a special prisoner-of-war camp, the 'Cockfosters Cage' for captured German generals & staff officers. They were treated with hospitality and special rations of whisky. Listening devices captured important information to gain an insight into the minds of the German military elite.

Back at the pub, we found **Sparerib** and **Linford** huddled scrooge-like over **Sparerib's** mobile watching the football in an almost empty bar. It was 1-1 by this time and the second half had just kicked off.

It was quite a while before the Keenies were all back, the last one being **Rambo** who was at least another 15 mins behind the rest of the FRBs! As the pack settled down, **Porno Rican** & **Frothy Butt Slut** joined the fray, having made their way up through London from their home hash in Texas. They were asking for directions to **G's** birthplace and family memorial in Brockley, as they were planning to go and pay their respects.

When it came to the circle, **Sparerib** would RA for London, while **Mr X** would take care of things for Herts. After the hash was toasted, R\*n numbers announced, **Sparerib** had to get in 'Our hash has done more r\*ns than yours' in a playground-like taunt. **Sparerib** kicked things off. The hares of **Lofty** and her assistant **Road Runner** were called forward and rewarded for this historical (and pagan ritual) trail. Also, out were **Crusty Nuts** and **Hard to Cum** (both of whom were now sporting newly purchased LH3 shirts). **Optimist** was out, then we had the Texan visitors, with the latter two present, the hash songs were vastly improved [with a couple of new ones to note down, **Mr 'Rib'**! - Ed].

**Sparerib** didn't seem to trust **Mr X**. He knew that there was a special down-down awaiting him. But, he need not have panicked as **Mr X** produced a glass of JD & coke in a Jack Daniels glass for **Sparerib** to

keep and add to his collection of Jack Daniels memorabilia.

**Chi Su** was out for asking to copy **Mr X** H4 R\*n Report, after admitting he had axed three quarters of the previous joint run! [haha-did the same this time too! - Ed]





# Run 2420

2nd July 2018

The Grosvenor  
Pimlico

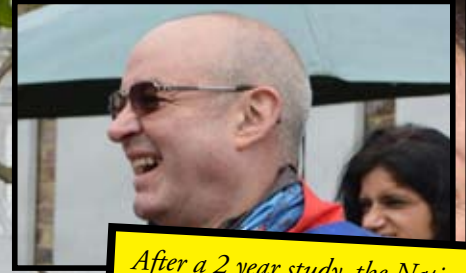


RA

F\*cked Three Ways

Hare: **Crusher**

Scribe: **Chi Su**



England sports fans were still surprisingly interested in the World Cup because we were still in the competition and looking forward to England vs Columbia the following night.

That said, **Crusher** (aka **Titnav** etc) decided to remind us that other sports are available and organised a Wimbledon-themed run from the lovely Grosvenor pub in Pimlico. Many hashers were suitably dressed in whites, sporting headbands and the occasional MacEnroe style wig.

**Crusher** set a good scenic trail around the river and it was a joy to have a hare that could easily sprint to the front when needed. We had a good Pimms drink stop.

A couple of days before this trail we had had a pub crawl curry around Shoreditch organised by **Glad Rags** and **S\*ck F\*cker**. Some American visitors that had joined us for a good curry also attended this run. **Crusher** had also pulled along some City hashers.

**F\*cked 3 Ways** took on the RA duties tonight, much to the detriment of **Wanders Off**, who ended up getting done for about 4 down downs and had to stagger off in a hurry after the circle.

Besides the Americans we also had an infestation of Swansea Jack hashers, who happened to be up in the big smoke. They kept trying to palm on their GM **Murphy's**, but we had to politely decline as the hash was still trying to understand the point of the GM they already have.

While out one morning in the park, Andy Murray found a brand new tennis ball, and seeing no one around it might belong to, he slipped it into the pocket of his shorts. Later, on his way home, he stopped at the pedestrian crossing, waiting for the lights to change. A blonde girl standing next to him eyed the large bulge in his shorts. "what's that?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with lust. "Tennis ball," came the breathless reply. "Oh," said the blonde sympathetically, "that must be painful.... I had tennis elbow once."



After a 2 year study, the National Science Foundation announced the following results on recreational preferences:

1. The sport of choice for unemployed or incarcerated people is: basketball.
2. The sport of choice for maintenance level employees is: bowling.
3. The sport of choice for blue-collar workers is: football.
4. The sport of choice for supervisors is: baseball.
5. The sport of choice for middle management is: tennis.
6. The sport of choice for corporate officers is: golf.

Conclusion: The higher you rise in the corporate structure, the smaller your balls become.







**Run 2421**

8th July 2018

Henley

Hare  
Lonely



RA  
Pope





## Run 2422

9th July 2018

The Richard I  
Greenwich



RA  
Sparerib

Hare: **Black Hole**



Scribe: **Knickers**



A wonderful warm evening for a scenic run around Greenwich Park.

**Chi Su** rounded up the pack a bit before 7.30. **Black Hole** croaked our instructions - too much shouting at the football on TV.

The pack was very small starting out but in the usual way, increased to double as the evening wore on. There were no visitors but **Trig** showed up in a weary state after a 3000 mile cycle through eastern Europe and The Black Sea. He didn't run, instead he walked with **Drainoil** to the nearest pub?

Why was the pack so small, the area is easy to get to, it's not far from central London. Is it too far east? I hope not as we have two more coming in north east London. There were four frb's, me and **Woofs**, **Not Out** and **Cuntour**. I can't comment on the rest of the pack, I wasn't there.

**Black Hole** set some good shortcuts which held the pack together for the checks and an early regroup at the Meridian viewpoint.

We ran through the rose garden, a flower garden and up and down the hill many times. After we'd exhausted every permutation of the park we did the Vanborough streets and met **Uranus** cycling up the hill to go home. He cycled half way down again to chat but we couldn't tempt him to join us so he cycled on.

Finally we went to the river front, past The Trafalgar pub and on inn. How many years since we were at The Trafalgar? Would that have been the last time we had the Kit Villier's late award?

The run was 8K according to my watch, the perfect length. It was pretty, well set, included several false trails and some nice stretches for running. Even better, **Black Hole** avoided Blackheath; in my opinion a very boring area to run around. Late comers included **Rambo** as usual and **Doormat** en route to home in Turkey after a swift circuit of the world.

The evening was a bit fresher than we've been used to, I think it was only about 25°C, still hot enough to raise a heavy glow, but comparatively cool enough to almost

feel a chill.

The pub kept it's beer well and the wine was suitably chilled so we were all happy.

**Sparerib** conducted the Down Downs but had a hard time giving them away as we were all so quiet and well behaved. **Black Hole** got several, deservedly but **Doormat** gave the best one to **Woofs**. He'd been to a winery in Virginia named **Woof Woof** and brought back two corks. Top that!





Run 2423 • Hare: **Reach Around**

Caption competition?!



My granny was recently beaten to death by my grandad. Not as in, with a stick – he just died first

Drug use gets an unfair reputation considering all the beautiful things in life it has given us like rock 'n' roll and sporting achievement

I always thought Trojan was a bad name for a condom brand because of course the Trojans were a people whose lives were ruined when a vessel containing



little warriors unexpectedly exploded inside their city walls

Jokes about white sugar are rare. Jokes about brown sugar, Demerara

I love Snapchat. I could talk about classic card games all day

If you don't know what Morris dancing is, imagine eight guys from the KKK got lost, ended up at gay pride and just tried to style it out



People who use selfie sticks really need to have a good, long look at themselves

Does anyone find it ironic how a program aimed at old people is called Countdown?

Not only will America go to your country and kill all your people, they'll come back twenty years later and make a movie about how killing your people made their soldiers feel sad



# Run 2424/2425

21st & 22nd July 2018

Hook Norton  
Away Weekend



RA  
Who Killed Kenny

Hare: **Optimist**



Hares: **Tablewhine & Ryde**



Thanks to our wonderful Social Sexes, hares and other organisers for a fab camping weekend in Hook Norton, home to a picturesque brewery and beer festival.

