Celebrating our 2500th run in the sun!
ON-ON for Oz!

We’ve had flood and worldwide pandemics, but, if you remember, 2020 started with Australia being on fire! We all saw this tragedy unfold on TV with many Australians losing their homes and millions of animals killed or injured. The hash world were moved into action by all this and many chapters raised money for the firefighters and animal rescue shelters. London H3 also did their bit and had collection mugs passed around by Scrumpy over several runs. However, this was all around named storms.

But, we still managed to raise £230. Thanks to one of our Social Sex, Call Girl’s company FTI Consulting, our donation through the company was raised up to £360 altogether.

The donation was split between WIRES and a subsidiary of NSW Rural Firefighters.

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

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<th>Webshite</th>
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<td>24–26 April 2020</td>
<td>World Interhash</td>
<td>Trinidad</td>
<td>interhashtrinidad2020.com</td>
<td>Port-O-Spain H3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5–7 June 2020</td>
<td>Full-Moon-Nash-Hash</td>
<td>Dorset</td>
<td>geoffkirby.co.uk</td>
<td>Hardy’s H3</td>
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<tr>
<td>26–28 June 2020</td>
<td>UK-Nash-Bash</td>
<td>Winchester</td>
<td>hursleyh3.co.uk/nashbash.html</td>
<td>(K)nights of the Round Table</td>
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<tr>
<td>15-19 April 2021</td>
<td>World Interhash</td>
<td>Trinidad</td>
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<td>Port O Spain H3</td>
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<td>25th - 27th June 2021</td>
<td>Jurassic UK Full Moon Nash Hash</td>
<td>Dorset</td>
<td>geoffkirby.co.uk</td>
<td>Hardy’s H3</td>
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<td>2 - 4 July 2021</td>
<td>Interscandi</td>
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<td>19 - 22 August 2021</td>
<td>Euro Hash</td>
<td>Prague</td>
<td>eurohashprague.com</td>
<td>Not a Prague hash event!</td>
</tr>
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</table>
Knickers set a lovely run around Gunnersbury, that included a drink stop at her house, which she is in the process of renovating. KC spotted a South American Charango on the walls, which he had to give a try out. This is a member of the lute family and probably originated in the Quechua and Aymara tribes.

I had my brother and sister-in-law along with me; Crusty Nuts and Hard to Come, who were over from Malaysia on a visit. However, Gunnersbury to Hither Green seemed to be a very hard return journey that took us several hours. - ED
My drug test came back negative. My dealer sure has some explaining to do.
Our Summer hashing season finished for the year with a very pleasant trail set by a new hare for London, My Perfect Cousin, at a new location, a sweet bijou little craft brewery called The Little Green Dragon Ale House. The owner was very welcoming to this joint hash run with Herts. Starting on a warm barmy afternoon, it was dark by the time we got to the On Inn, indicating that the time had finally arrived to leave Mondays behind us and embrace lunchtime weekend drinking as the days continue to get shorter!
When life gives you melons, you might be dyslexic.

"Good news! He’s only dying of regular flu"

A couple of weeks of isolation with the family. What can go wrong?

The science community has figured out that the spread of Coronavirus is based solely on two things.
1. How dense the population is
2. How dense the population is

Before Corona Virus I used to cough to cover a fart, now I fart to cover a cough.

The people who make sanitising gel are rubbing their hands together.

With all this talk of Corona Virus, the people who make sanitising gel are rubbing their hands together.

I went to the chemist today and asked the assistant "what kills the Corona Virus?"
She replied to me "Ammonia Cleaner"
I said "Oh, I am sorry, I thought you worked here"

Yesterday my supply of toilet paper was exhausted. Times are really rough.

I went to the chemist today and asked the assistant "what kills the Corona Virus?" She replied to me "Ammonia Cleaner" I said "Oh, I am sorry, I thought you worked here"

Every disaster movie starts with the government ignoring a scientist

My coworker keeps farting, asking for their lunch and playing on her tablet while I do all the work. I went to HR and they just said ‘leave my grand baby alone.”

"That’s one of our new carts for dieters."
You can’t let a little milestone like your 2500th run go past unacknowledged in some way. The London Hash was very lucky that 20th-22nd September 2019 was a glorious late summery weekend - perfect for three days of festivities.

The weekend consisted of a Friday pub crawl, full day on Saturday with our Trains, Planes and Boats run, and a hangover run on Sunday. Huge amounts of planning and coordination. Many thanks to the LH3 Mismanagement, Catch the Hare and anyone else involved.
The problem with kleptomaniacs is that they always take things literally.
Sit on my lap and we’ll talk about the first thing that pops up.
I told him to be himself. That was pretty mean I guess.
Starbucks says they are going to start putting religious quotes on cups. The very first one will say, ‘Jesus! This cup is expensive!’

With all the effort the Mismanagement had put into our big celebration the weekend before, several of the committee decided to hang up their trainers at the Annual General Piss Up this weekend! The new committee did look quite different, as a result. However, we thanked all the exiting committee members, who have been fantastic long term servants to the LH3 for many years and have earned a rest!

Welcome to the ‘new’ mismanagement of the London Hash House Harriers:

GM
Chi Su

On Sec
Qualified Seaman

RAs
F*cked3Ways,
Kenny, Skylark,
Road Runner

Hash Bank
Not Out

Hare Raiser
Knickers

Haberdashery
Wander Off, Big in Japan

Social Sex
Call Girl, Woof
Woof Woof

Webshite
Skylark, Kenny

Hash Flash & Trash
Chi Su

Hash Cash
Black Hole, King

Hash Stats
Titanic Dickhead
I had a wonderful childhood, which is tough because it’s hard to adjust to a miserable adulthood.

On hearing that her elderly grandfather has just passed away, Katie goes straight to her grandparents’ house to visit her 95-year-old grandmother and comfort her. When she asks how her grandfather has died, her grandmother replies, “He had a heart attack while we were making love on Sunday morning.” Horrified, Katie tells her grandmother that two people nearly 100 years old having sex will surely be asking for trouble. “Oh no, my dear. Many years ago, realizing our advanced age, we figured out the best time to do it was when the church bells would start to ring. It was just the right rhythm. It was nice, slow, and even. Nothing too strenuous, simply in on the ding and out on the dong.” She pauses, wipes away a tear and then continues, “And if that damned ice cream truck hadn’t come along, he’d still be alive today!”

Two married buddies are out drinking one night when one turns to the other and says, “You know, I don’t know what else to do. Whenever I go home after we’ve been out drinking, I turn the headlights off before I get to the driveway. I shut off the engine and coast into the garage. I take my shoes off before I go into the house, I sneak up the stairs, I get undressed in the bathroom. I ease into bed and my wife still wakes up and yells at me for staying out so late!” His buddy looks at him and says, “Well, you’re obviously taking the wrong approach. I screech into the driveway, slam the door, storm up the steps, throw my shoes into the closet, jump into bed, rub my hands on my wife’s ass and say, ‘How about a blowjob?’ ...and she’s always sound asleep.”
This is my step ladder. I never knew my real ladder.
Just burned 2,000 calories. That’s the last time I leave brownies in the oven while I nap.
My boss is going to fire the employee with the worst posture. I have a hunch, it might be me.

We had some pleasant late Autumn rural runs with trails set by old favourites like 'Rib, Humps and Sin Bernard' and hares new to LH3 like Stevie Blunder and Miss Bean. The latter decided to set a live trail, following the way they have set trails abroad for other chapters. Being largely a bunch of old farts, there wasn’t much chance that we were ever going to catch them up and we didn’t. We started the chalk talk by celebrating a rare victory over the All-Blacks with a down down for those arriving in black hash gear.
I think LH3 chose the correct weekend day to have the run. Saturday was very wet and cold and it went to Slash - a Religious Adviser may have been of benefit! Sunday was bright and clear though freezing cold, but surely it’s just that time of year?

The run was from The Brewhouse & Kitchen next to Hoxton Overground. A “P” trail was also laid from Old Street which is how me and Woofs got there. We turned the corner of the street to see a really attractive pub under the railway arches. Orangutan was standing outside looking lost, possibly thinking the place looked too attractive. Inside was a huge selection of mostly homemade beer and some hashers, kept in excellent condition due to the general refrigeration of the pub interior.

Chi Su was back in command again after a week away on sick leave. He had some 2020 calendars to sell. As there were no visitors or virgins he introduced Freeloader, who explained that due to circumstances beyond his control- the late running Circle line and consequently his late arrival at the pub, the run had to be shortened at both ends. Amazingly, nobody was heard to complain. One notable feature of the run was a longish stretch with lots of runners ploughing up and down it, so we were to show off our prowess amongst them. Ho ho ho!

We set off north with loud pitting, along the back, side and front of the Geffrye museum, now closed for maintenance and then made our way clockwise to the canal where we were to show off our prowess. Enough said. From there we went through a park and wound up at Colombia Road Flower Market. It was packed like it always is and rather predictably, we lost the trail because it didn’t go that way. The FRB’s milled around for a while and then after 10 minutes or so, we all at once found the correct route, but not for long. The next check had us milling around again. We were all West Londoners feeling lost and out of place in East London, so as only Optimist knew where we were, we stuck to him all the way back.

After some beers Skylark scratched around to find some miscreants to ply with beer, but due to the quantity donated -5 litres, couldn’t find enough of them. We had a big tin of 5% with a special man proof tap on it. As it wasn’t woman proof as well, I was able to open it and dish out lots of generous portions.

Freeloader had a few drinks as did quite a few others, including Titanic for jumping out the way every time 50 Shade’s phone rang during the run. Apparently it sounded like an old fashioned bike bell and had Titanic hopping round all over the place trying to avoid it. The best award went to Mickey and Tampon. After a tough run for a dog the size of a muff, Tampon needed a meal. 50 Shades anticipated this and had a tiny sized bag of dog food in her bag, some of which she poured out into a bowl and put it on the floor. As I heard it, Tampon might have been next to the bowl having a preliminary sniff at it, mouth open ready to tuck in, but Mickey not being a dog to pass up the opportunity of a feed shot over to the bowl, nudged Tampon out of the way and downed the snack in one mouthful.

Overall the pub was really quite dog friendly, they even put out a swimming pool for Tampon though predictably, Mickey used it as a drinking bowl. Another Down Down went to Optimist for navigation. As Skylark put it, some hashers carry an A- Z, some hashers have a phone and use Maps but Optimist navigates his way round Hoxton quite accurately, by strip bar locations. Who knew he was so keen?

Late arrivals were Mick Pisser from Houston, Texas, whom Juices Flowing had advised not to teach us any rude songs, so he didn’t, yawn; and Contour and Tango who’d been shopping at the market. They were so late we only saw them as we were leaving and then only just. If Woofs hadn’t noticed that Contour was the person staggering along almost completely hidden by the shrubbery he was carrying, we would have. Tango had been shopping at Columbia Road Flower Market and ever the gentleman, Contour loaded himself to breaking point.

Notes about the run - it was fine. Well done hare. Thanks until next time. On on, Knickers.

I can’t believe I got fired from the calendar factory: all I did was take a day off!
I have a dog to provide me with unconditional love but I also have a cat to remind me that I don’t deserve it.

“The Where Are We? Water Down Downs Run”

Being a geographic dunce, I tried and failed to get to Ladbroke Grove. Fortunately, TFL knows that people write what they hear and I arrived at The Eagle at traditional on out time.

The trail had plenty of loops – cut off for those of us who are now slower on trail. We took in Wormwood Scrubs Park and Kensal Green Cemetery before making our various ways back to the pub, only to find that the draught beer was “off” and there was either no barrel to change it for or no one to change it.

This unfortunate state of affairs did not affect Thunderthighs or me – we just ordered bottomless Bloody Marys and prosecco with our brunches. In protest, all the down downs were water.....

As I was eating my lunch at DD time, I shall try to read the RA’s notes

Rambo – hare, Invisible Matt–?, Yorky Porky -?, Lady C – returnee, King – not finding Call Girl on his alphabetical list, Robocop – running backwards, Stevie Blunder and Miss Bean – forgetting Spud’s doggy bags, Knickers for misspelling Ladbroke Grove and Scrumpy for pointing it out (Bickers and Grumpy), Thunderthighs – to water down the Bloody Marys and others I cannot remember or decipher.

Then it was on on down to the next pub for all the beer drinkers!

On On
Thanks for explaining the word “many” to me, it means a lot.
Sunday, Dec. 8, 2019
Run #2508
Hare: Reach Around
Pub: Rose and Crown at Sloane Square
Scribe: Sleek Cheeks

A large-ish pack of 31 or so gathered together at the Rose and Crown in Sloane Square (no, Skylark, not the Rose and Crown anywhere else) in anticipation of a trot through the upper-class mecca of Sloane Square, formerly infamous as the home of the Sloane Rangers. There were no Rangers in sight for this event, however, just a rather lot of hungry pub regulars waiting for their Sunday lunches and giving the assembled hashers the Sloane Square equivalent of the stink eye. For those unfamiliar with the stink eye, just think of the look you might give if Pope decided to change t-shirts in the middle of the pub after the run. Puhleez! But I digress. The hare, Reach Around, gave practically no instructions on the run, except to explain that he had to change the location, pub, pretty much everything after his initial pub choice in Hyde Park Corner decided at the last minute that it did not want the hash business. In other words, they gave us the stink eye. On out! The run cleverly wound around Sloane Square and South Kensington, sailing past notable landmarks here and there. The V&A was spotted. Numerous mews were traversed. Soon we were at Hyde Park, site of the original run. But instead of heading into the park, we skirted along the edges and went into Knightbridge. The most harrowing part of the run, in my humble opinion, was attempting to cross Knightsbridge Road without the benefit of traffic signals. Skylark and his death wish darted right into the frantic traffic, while several of us made ineffectual tries to cross. Finally, the hare made use of his considerable “presence” to stop traffic and get us to the other side. We were rewarded by going down one of the prettiest mews with some tempting pubs. Some of us succumbed to the temptation and were not seen again until some time later. You know who you are, Humpalot. It was after this point where the hare showed a bit of hesitation about the direction of the trail. “I’m not sure this is legal” said Reach, outside of an upscale Waitrose. I immediately realized his dilemma, having set trail last year in this exact spot. The Waitrose in question runs the length of a very small block. So, in the back door, stroll through the store, and go out the front. No problemo. We summoned all of our nonchalance, and began our strolling. Easy peasy, until we came across a clerk mopping up what appeared to be a smashed display of wine bottles. Not wanting to know what happened, but fearing for the worst, we sped up and successfully exited the store. After this it was a relatively straight shot back to the pub. Unfortunately, it was also a straight shot past The Antelope. This proved to be too much of a temptation to the hare, and it was at this point that Reach Around made his excuses and disappeared until much, much later. Back at the pub, the Rose and Crown regulars were tucking into their Sunday roasts (which did look yummy) and the hashers started grumbling about their own missing lunches. What about down-downs?

Where was the hare? Dawn’s Crack could be seen outside the pub on her mobile, attempting to lure the hare away from The Antelope. Eventually, down-downs went on without him. Led by Fucked 3 Ways, visitor Virgin Mobile from Tampa, Florida, Doormat, Onur, and Crash Test Dummy from Istanbul were recognized. Skylark also received notice for going to the wrong pub, as did Rambo for showing up a day early. 50 Shades had to drink twice 1). For being too late for the trail because she was attending a dog Christmas party and 2). For being blonde. Sir Humpalot was honored for getting so drunk at the CLAWS Christmas party he hadn’t remembered paying the pub for the party the day earlier. Kanye drank for also going to the wrong pub and for being the hasher who knocked over the display on his way through Waitrose. This being a political season as well as the Christmas season, Contour was recognized for belonging to all three political parties so was eligible to vote whoever was the majority party. At this point, Reach Around finally showed up, got his down downs, and everyone settled down to enjoy the rest of the pre-Christmas Sunday. Oh, and Tango went shopping. On out.
The person who invented knock knock jokes should get a no bell prize.

The Annual CLaWs Christmas party this year was on Saturday 7th Dec, back in the Paternoster, St.Pauls. This year’s theme was: Monsters
Run 2510
The Springfield Bowls and Social Club, Ealing Common. Joint with Marlow H3
21st Dec 2019
Hares Martian Matron & More On RA Skylark
Pack Size 65
I was raised as an only child, which really annoyed my sister.
I saw a documentary on how ships are kept together. Riveting!

A hot looking blonde walks into a casino and wanders up to one of the craps tables. She looks at the two table handlers and says “I want to bet $25,000 dollars. It’s all the money I have. The only request is that I play topless as I have found that this provides me the most luck at winning.” The two men agree and watch anxiously as the woman unbuttons her blouse, removes it, and then removes her bra. She puts the money down on the table and rolls the dice. As the dice stop, she starts jumping up and down and screaming, “I WON! I WON! I WON!” She gathers her winnings puts the chips in her bag, pulls on her shirt and walks out.

The two men at the table look at each other, one asks the other, “So what did she roll?” The other man says, “I thought you were watching?”

Girl: Baby I am wet.
Boy: Want a paper towel?
Girl: No, I want more than that
Boy: Want 2 paper towels?
Girl: No, baby I want something big and round
Boy: Damn you want the whole roll?
People who like trance music are very persistent. They don’t techno for an answer.
With a lot of “help from my friends” here goes the hash scribe for Jan. 4th 2020.

Cheers! Ana

A sizeable group of hashers and hounds met up at the Roebuck pub in Fulwell - with that combination and the proximity of Bushy Park, was this going to be a deer hunt?

The pack set off remarkably on time at 1pm - how often does that happen?

To no one’s great surprise, after a couple of twists and turns in suburban Fulwell, we entered Bushy Park to our first check. The hare had done a good job in calculating the time it would take for the FRBs to find the trail from each check, this giving the slower hashers time to regroup and the FRBs the opportunity to run an additional couple of hundred meters in largely hapless scouring of the numerous potential footpaths and trails.

A relatively small amount of shiggy and a stream crossing had been incorporated into trail just to keep up traditions.

Having passed through the fenced garden area in the centre of the park, the FRBs were liberally scattered around trying and failing to find the next check....even the hare was unsure where he’d laid the trail but eventually, and having crossed Chestnut Avenue, we were back on course again.

Shortly after exiting Bushy Park, we headed pretty much straight across to the Thames, to where the hare had arranged a drink stop of whisky.

I’m sure that there were several of us who assumed, wrongly, that we’d be just a couple of hundred meters from the home pub - how wrong we were (it turned out to be nearly 3km)! After a down river false trail, we crossed the bridge into central Kingston. Confusingly there was a curved arrow at the bridge end, directing (some of) us toward the river. Much time was spent checking for further marks up and down river before it was decided that the trail MUST go down river, where our groupet eventually picked up the trail again. It seems that the real trail actually went into central Kingston, passed through the market and even entered a church before reaching the river bank.

Once on the river bank, there were still two more checks before we eventually found away to the Brewhouse. This fine boozer had a large selection of beers, sufficient to satisfy all tastes!

Down downs given for following Skylark for a shitty trail,
Fat Bastard for baggage carrying
Chesnut Avenue, we were back on course again.

Just ??? for being a visitor and ended up being named for falling over when running through a church on trail but not suffering injury, due to her now “Broken Airbags”

Scribe

So Fart Ana

Just moved from river upriver as well for being a visitor and ended up being named for falling over when running through a church on trail but not suffering injury, due to her now “Broken Airbags”

Scribe

So Fart Ana

Run 2513
The Roebuck, Fulwell
4th Jan 2020

Hare
Skylark
RA
F*cked3Ways
Scribe

So Fart Ana

Pack Size
35

I once saw two people wrapped in a barcode and had to ask — “are you an item”?
I usually meet my girlfriend at 12:59 because I like that one-to-one time.

A guy’s talking to a girl in a bar.
He asks her, “What's your name?”
She says, “Carmen.”
He says, “That’s a nice name. Who named you, your mother?”
She says, “No, I named myself.”
He says, “Why Carmen?”
She says, “Because I like cars and I like men. What's your name?”
He says, “Beerfuck.”

Two men were talking. “So, how’s your sex life?”
“Oh, nothing special. I’m having Social Security sex.”
“Social Security sex?”
“Yeah, you know, I get a little each month, but not enough to live on.”

Three old men were talking about how much their hands shook.
The first old guy said, “My hands shake so bad, that when I shaved this morning, I cut my face.”
The second old fogey one-upped him and said, “My hands shake so bad, that when I trimmed my garden yesterday, I sliced all my flowers.”
The third old man laughed and said, “That’s nothing. My hands shake so bad that when I took a piss yesterday, I came three times!”
Houdini bangs on the door.
“Why can’t they let us in?”
“Because it’s five to twelve and they open at twelve!”
The Rifleman at Strawberry Hill
Picks up his gun, he’ll shoot to kill.
Houdini bangs on the door again. Five minutes have past.
The Rifleman puts down his gun
and settles down to watch the run.
After the mandatory 40 minutes of gossip, the bags are
stored in the ancient kitchen of the ancient pub.
and Chi Su calls the “On Out”.
Visitors, returnees Smart Arse and Up My Arse are
introduced.
Minge and Tonic has designed the trail, but Sir
Trumpalot has the flour.
“No drink stop—it goes that way” and a sharp right turn
leads us to Fulwell Station.
Along a muddy track between the railway and a golf
course, down to the 313.
The pub is on “Fourth Cross Road”.
If you check the map you will find “First Cross Road”,
“Second Cross Road”, “Third Cross Road”, “Fourth Cross
Road” and “Fifth Cross Road”.
The first check is at the cross roads — we cross the road and
a second check sends us to Laura’s Gate and into Bushy
Park, home of red
deer and fallow deer. On into the park.
Four or five small dogs were chasing up and down, yapping
excitedly. The deer sit unconcerned in the long grass
ruminating contentedly.
In winter, the deer are partial to nibbling the bark of the
trees so carpenters have fixed planks of wood round the
trunks.
Through a metal gate, we are in the water garden.
Through another metal gate and we are out of the water
garden, crossing a football pitch.
Why has the groundsman marked the pitch with blue lines?
Out of Bushy Park, cross the road, down a path to the golf
course.
A golfer tees off, Bhopal follows the ball and loses the trail
-- turn left to the river Crane!!!!
More mud -- Trumpalot forgets which way
Minge went but we’re not far off.
We find the street to the On Inn.

Down Downs
Houdini for banging on the door
Kenny for late R.A.
Pope for usurping R.A.
Bhopal for getting lost on the golf course,
Dingo for mixing up Smart Arse,
Optimist for having two hats,
In Orange for 150 run mug
Rent Boy for being late,
Sleezy for wrong trail,
Hands On and Thunderthighs for something to do with
cider.
The Hash disperses
The Rifleman goes back to sleep.

P.S.
You can find all you need to know about numbers in
“The Invention of Numbers by RHS White”
Check it out on the Web.

regards, Orangutan

I had a visitor one night… he explored my body… licked, sucked, swallowed & had
his fill… when satisfied he left… I was hurt… Damn mosquito!!!
I went to buy camouflage trousers but I couldn’t find any.

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<td>The Coach and Horses, Barnes Bridge</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Hare</td>
<td>Call Girl</td>
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<tr>
<td>RA</td>
<td>Who Killed Kenny</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scribe</td>
<td>Mad Cow</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pack Size</td>
<td>46</td>
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possible 50 to 100K drop in property values were heard. Is there not a more appropriate Euroland bag to remind the locals (such as Rollback) of their second homes on the continent? There was speculation that the flour might not be organic. Having squelched across part of the common we passed the Marc Bolan memorial still adorned with plenty of tributes. A more modern day rock star would surely have driven an armoured SUV rather than a flimsy Mini that would have made short work of the disobliging tree that carelessly got in his way. The hare managed to duplicate a bit of Thursday’s WLH3 run, but no-one noticed as it was so wet that night. After yet more squelching across the common and the usual route via the pond we passed a farmers market that definitely was not competing on price with Lidl, but then this Barnes darling, we must price out those damned chavs. Finally the pack arrived back at the pub to slake their thirst and after due interval the rabble were called to order to witness punishment of the following extremely guilty (with one exception) sinners.

**Rambo** - Dogging (not sure with what species)

**Man Magnet** - Dog pollution

**Pickled Fart** - wandering off somewhere

**Pusseye** - Oversleeping church due to allegedly being kept awake by partyers (one for the Inquisition to rule on)

The Scribe - Shocking **Wander off** by displaying appendage whilst watering a tree on the run

**Fat Bastard** - overtaking **KC** (maybe **KC** had a heavier bag than usual)

**Call Girl** - hare and lowering the tone with Poundland bag

**F***ed 3 Ways** - Dipping his finger in the I Love Pussy Socks

**Scrumpy and Houdini** - had difficulty finding the pub which is all of 200 yards from the station

**No Foreplay** - Went to a running club in search of men!!!!!

2 Returners whose name I could not decipher from the RAs scrawl ON ON

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After what seemed weeks of rain, finally the day dawned sunny and frosty, a good incentive to get a decent sized pack out to run off their Friday night hangovers in the leafy environment of Barnes. As usual the first check was at the foot of the railway bridge and with nothing over the river and not even a nasty back check to piss off the pack it soon became obvious that we would be squelching across the common, the overnight frost having thawed enough to guarantee particularly heavy levels of glutinous shiggy not helped by Frankie depositing an enormous turd totally disproportionate to his body mass, but at least he didn’t choose a railway platform this time. The hare caused considerable consternation to the property owning locals by carrying the flour in a Poundland bag FFS!!! She had a far more appropriate M & S bag to disguise this example of chavdom packaging, but choose to ignore local sensitivities. Mutterings of a possible 50 to 100K drop in property values were heard. Is there not a more appropriate Euroland bag to remind the locals (such as Rollback) of their second homes on the continent? There was speculation that the flour might not be organic. Having squelched across part of the common we passed the Marc Bolan memorial still adorned with plenty of tributes. A more modern day rock star would surely have driven an armoured SUV rather than a flimsy Mini that would have made short work of the disobliging tree that carelessly got in his way. The hare managed to duplicate a bit of Thursday’s WLH3 run, but no-one noticed as it was so wet that night. After yet more squelching across the common and the usual route via the pond we passed a farmers market that definitely was not competing on price with Lidl, but then this Barnes darling, we must price out those damned chavs. Finally the pack arrived back at the pub to slake their thirst and after due interval the rabble were called to order to witness punishment of the following extremely guilty (with one exception) sinners.

**Rambo** - Dogging (not sure with what species)

**Man Magnet** - Dog pollution

**Pickled Fart** - wandering off somewhere

**Pusseye** - Oversleeping church due to allegedly being kept awake by partyers (one for the Inquisition to rule on)

The Scribe - Shocking **Wander off** by displaying appendage whilst watering a tree on the run

**Fat Bastard** - overtaking **KC** (maybe **KC** had a heavier bag than usual)

**Call Girl** - hare and lowering the tone with Poundland bag

**F***ed 3 Ways** - Dipping his finger in the I Love Pussy Socks

**Scrumpy and Houdini** - had difficulty finding the pub which is all of 200 yards from the station

**No Foreplay** - Went to a running club in search of men!!!!!

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Marxist had convinced Brown Nose to assist him (in the absence of Crusher). Basically, Brown Nose was so grateful to Marxist for a lift home the previous evening, after a Burns Night in the Bowls Club, that he would have offered to do anything. He’s not called Brown Nose for nothing!

But Marxist is a very convincing kind of guy, and, in addition to Brown Nose, he persuaded about 15 other City Hashers to show up. So with the extra visitors who were in town to celebrate the 60th birthday of Billy the Fish (Rambo’s wife), and a couple of virgins, it was a very large pack of about 60.

Most people thought we would be heading straight for the Heath, but Marxist led us in a loop, the main purpose of which was to show us some of the real estate of Highgate. And impressive real estate it was, albeit way beyond the price bracket of the average hasher (with the possible exception of the suitably named Marxist).

But we got to the Heath, and strolled (or some of us did) past Kenwood House. The runners were running up and down a bit, except Knickers, who took a short cut. We passed the Old Dairy, visited by Mad Cow, and then came across what was clearly a cross-country race. Not an ordinary cross-country race, but one involving large numbers of sporty young ladies. I believe records were broken, as they sped off very rapidly to avoid the attention of certain members of LH3.

Invisible Matt should have been renamed “King Leer”! But off we went, only to encounter the race later on, above the ponds.

From there it was back to the pub, eventually. Not before a tour of more real estate, including Witanhurst House, the largest private residence in London (other than Buckingham Palace), and George Michael’s former residence. No drink stops at either.

Not far from home, King started complaining about the hills. Clearly, he didn’t know Highgate. This was proven when he managed to lose himself. Eventually, Road Runner went out to look for him and found him still inspecting the real estate at 3:15pm.

Skylark was RA, and his job was helped by the gift of 12 free pints from the pub. Among those called up after the hares were Mad Cow, for being sick (poisoned?) at his own birthday party, Thunderthighs and Squirrel for nursing Burns-induced hangovers, and Mark, a virgin, for wearing such old shoes that they fell apart after a few hundred yards. The visitors were welcomed, and Hedgehog was penalised for refusing to check. The Scots – Rhode Island Red and Pickled McFart – were called up to honour Robbie Burns, and as it was also Chinese New Year, a few people born in a variety of Chinese rat years were rewarded.

More On
The Hash does not do politics. So of course it was coincidence that the hares were dressed in “his and hers” blue polo shirts, with circles of golden stars on the backs. Plus Chi Su wanted a Dutchwoman to do the run write-up (swan song before deportation?). I was almost tempted to do it in Dutch, or in a combination of European languages, but thought that might suggest a lack of respect for British sovereignty.

So let us stick to the hashing story. This was a fairly novel location, the surprisingly green wilds of Tooting Bec. Apparently it was Ryde’s original stomping ground in London, before she discovered the bright lights of Ealing. No District or Piccadilly lines, but a respectable pack size nevertheless, attracted by the promise of shiggy, and possibly a drink stop. There was a virgin, young Richard, lured to the hash by Wander Off (and warned off the more mature Harriettes by More On – he knows). And our own visiting professor Wouldn’t Chew (Dutch) had heard that the Hash was still open to global talent. So she had interrupted her journey from Oxford back to Manneken Pis to give us her ten (Euro) cents’ worth of advice - and to add to her record of real ale tastings (can’t say these Europeans are not open-minded).

Shiggy there was aplenty, even if often cleverly hidden under innocent-looking lush meadows. It was wet underfoot, wet, wet, wet, but the sun was shining brightly. There were lots of families with kiddies, dogs, and school sports teams about. Felt a bit like we were guests at a family outing. We turned left and right, and all over the place, just as a proper hash should do. And did I say it was wet? No particular mishaps, apart from a little gazunder by Skylark, when he found himself on the wrong side of the railway line (explanations for our younger members from More On or from Skylark himself, or even from me, though I don’t know the Dutch equivalent). Back to sodden fields, nearly-lost shoes, and the final trot to the drink stop. This was a retro affair, egg nog, a treat from the sixties according to the hares. It seemed strange to me to celebrate taking sovereignty back by concocting a drink with Dutch Advokaat as the main alcoholic ingredient, but there is no accounting for British whims. There were After Eights as well, for Invisible Matt to demonstrate his woeful lack of acrobatic skills (and earn himself a free beer for the circle).

Back to the pub, and its nice collection of beers. Circle outside, and weather was permitting, more or less. I duly scribbled down all the misdemeanours, but some of them do not make much sense, and didn’t even at the time. Why did Pope get a drink for bullshitting - is that not what he is supposed to do? And what was the convoluted story by Cuntour and Tango about Wouldn’t Chew and a French Comedian? Brexit again? Those filthy continentals… We don’t need those, we have our own Spare Rib, punished for upskirting Wander Off (okay, she was wearing leggings, but you get the gist). Mouthwash had donated artworks (who to and by whom? his own?), and More On just did his 401st “run”.

Time to go, a long way back for some, and many thanks to Ryde and Tablewhine for a fun Hash (en bedankt voor de Advokaat!).

Martian Matron
I'm skeptical of anyone who tells me they do yoga every day — that's a bit of a stretch.

Things porn has taught us:
1. Women wear high heels to bed.
2. Men are always rock hard and ready to go.
3. Women smile appreciatively when men splat them in the face with sperm.
5. Women mean uncontrollably when giving a blowjob.
6. A blowjob will always get a woman off a speeding ticket.
7. A common and enjoyable sexual practice for a man is to take his half-erect penis and slap it repeatedly on a woman's butt.
8. Double penetration makes woman smile.
9. Nurses regularly suck a patient's penis.
10. Women orgasm when men do.

During one of her daily classes, a teacher trying to teach good manners, asked her students the following question: 'Michael, if you were on a date having dinner with a nice young lady, how would you tell her that you have to go to the bathroom?' Michael said: 'Just a minute I have to go pee.' The teacher responded by saying: 'That would be rude and impolite. What about you Sherman, how would you say it?' Sherman said: 'I am sorry, but I really need to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back.' 'That's better, but it's still not very nice to say the word bathroom at the dinner table. And you, little Johnny, can you use your brain for once and show us your good manners?' Little Johnny said: 'I would say: Darling, may I please be excused for a moment? I have to shake hands with a very dear friend of mine, whom I hope to introduce you to after dinner.'

Be like Darth Vader during lockdown:
He wears a mask.
He doesn't visit his children.
He's socially and emotionally distant.
He follows orders.

I made the mistake of telling my husband an early symptom of COVID is loss of smell.
He's taken to passing wind in my vicinity and then when I react, informing me he is helpfully 'performing a health check'. He taught the children the technique. I may divorce him.

Two drunks visit a brothel. The Madam takes on look at them and says to her manager, “Go put inflatable dolls in two bedrooms. These guys are too drunk to notice.” During the walk home one guy says, "I think my girl was dead, she never moved and never made a sound." The second guy says, "I think mine was a witch." "Why do you say that?" asks his friend. "Well, I bit her on the arse. She farted then she flew out of the fucking window!"

My boss texted me, “Send me one of your funny jokes.” I replied, "I'm working at the moment. I will send you one later." He replied, "That was fantastic! Send me another!"
Storm Ciara threw her best at the British Isles this weekend, but it wasn’t really noticeable until later on in the morning. Perhaps that was enough of an excuse for some not to even try and venture out, but the pack slowly gathered at the Brockley Barge, with Pope and BoBo being the first LH3 hashers through the doors. Then on to the Brockley Brewery where we would leave bags and have the chalk talk.

The pack were informed by the Hare that the trail was set the day before. But, trail was still there in a doughy consistency. Importantly, there had been a change of plan as the trail would no longer go past the Gispert Family Memorial, since the Council had closed the Brockley & Ladywell Cemetery for safety reasons. There was going to be a Beer Stop back at the Brockley Brewery, because Mr X wanted a photo of the Hash in a group to send on to the Brockley Society, who are kindly publishing an article on ASI Gispert in their next month’s Newsletter. It was also mentioned that there would be a collection after the Trail for the Australian Wildlife Fire Rescue, with Scrumpy taking around the Ozzy pot. Before the pack headed off, Mr X drew a butt-shaped check. Juices Flowing looked on puzzled until it all suddenly fell into place when she exclaimed, ‘Oh! They look like bottoms!’ There was an early Re-group outside No.80, Breakspear Road, as the hare wanted a picture of the pack outside of No.80, with its blue door hidden behind the overgrown trees and bushes, as this is the birthplace of ASI Gispert. Chi Su caught up and now had a chance to try out his new camera. Then, he shocked the onlooking pack as he handed it over to Sparerib to take another shot with Chi Su in the frame! What? After the last set of photos you’d have thought Chi Su would have learnt his lesson with Sparerib’s somewhat obscure angled shots!

Back in the Brockley Barge, before ending back at the brewery where our bags were, Mr X produced a picture frame and placed it upon its front for the pack to sign the back. With the back signed by all present, pictures were taken as the hash took in the front, which revealed the history of ASI Gispert ‘G’, the hash founder with his connection to Brockley, the origins of the Hash House Harriers, and sadly his death out in Singapore during the Japanese invasion of 1942. The pack now had to wait for the landlord, Cesar, to arrive. Mr X presented the framed story of this little bit of local history close to our hearts. Hands were shaken, pictures taken and Cesar took charge of the framed story which is going to be mounted on one of the pub’s pillars. The hash signatures, with their mother hashes, on the back will now be like a time capsule on the pub wall.

Cesar is a splendid landlord, as Mr X’s earlier attempts at contacting ‘Spoons were falling on deaf ears until Cesar stepped out to help us out. The remaining hash supped up and returned to the brewery where we heard the words no hashers want to hear, ‘we’ve run out of beer!’ We kid you not, the real ale had all been drunk and the staff didn’t know how to change the barrels! So, the pack had to make do with bottles. Sparerib would make sure Mr X was suitably punished in the Circle.

On on,
Mr X
Moses had the first tablet that could connect to the cloud.
Hi Chi Su
If you remember where the Russian girl, who came over from Italy, came from, replace ...斯坦 with the name, otherwise leave it [Kazakhstan - ED]

I couldn't remember the “small lady of slight build”, if you do then replace with her name
Thanks, here goes: [sorry, forgotten - ED]

The P trail led to The Chancellors pub not far from Hammersmith Bridge.
At about 12.15 the On Out was called and the girl from ???istan was introduced.
She was over here from Puglia on the heel of Italy—"But not from the North" cries More On.
Corona is on the mind.

Bhopal directs us to an arrow that points round a nearby corner. Optimist bounds into the lead but its a false trail!
I recall the hash at Highgate—Brown Nose was the hare but not a hundred yards from the On Out we were on a false trail which felt quite odd.
A short way on and Bhopal has another falsey:
- False trail to the left of us,
- False trail to the right of us,
- On to the valley of Death went the brave hashers.

Down the underpass—it’s another false trail.
We’re on a trail of false trails.

Brown Nose, architect of the early false trail in Highgate, had influenced Bhopal’s thinking!

Black Hole comments on the logic of the false trail: “It keeps the pack together”.
A check in an underpass, a few more false trails and we turn left into The Valley of Death.
Headstones lay flat on the ground, it’s Chiswick Cemetery.

Humps is paying homage to “Frederick Hitch”. “He was an important star in the film “Zulu” “, say Humps.

Who are we to argue with such depth of knowledge?
We are soon heading towards the Thames.
There’s a left pointing arrow and Not Out looks puzzled. “Why has Optimist gone straight on?”
He shouts, “Hey, the arrow’s here”, but Optimist shouts back “It’s a false trail” —How does he know? He’s not been down it.
Further on another arrow points round to the left—but the arrow points the wrong way!
That’s it, we’ve hit the Out Trail! All Hail to Optimist!! —he’s saved us going round twice.
Now we are back by the Thames, the Houseboats are in view.
The drink stop (Bhopal’s boat) is not far off.
We climb the metal steps.

Rambo and More On help with the bread and sausages with nibbles and cheese for the veggies.
A small lady of slight build squirts our hand with Dettol.
We chat, time passes.
Then I see Martian Matron taking the lead, followed by Not Out, Big in Japan and the girl from ???istan, back to The Chancellors and the rugby enthusiasts wait to see England beat Wales.

All the best Chi Su, Orangutan
I’m on a whiskey diet…I’ve lost three days already.
The Leap Year gang organised this 9th Leap Year Hash. It was the last large gathering of many different hash chapters before lock down. Thanks to; Bonnie, Sparerib, Optimist, Robocop and Urine - hopefully haven't missed anyone? Can't remember the date off the top of my head.

Photos knicked from Urine - Thanks!