

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

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Celebrating our 2500th run in the sun!



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Many thanks to all who sent in jokes or photos for this issue.

Download the colour version from the website <http://www.londonhash.org/hashtash.php>

This magazine is private & confidential and for members of the London Hash House Harriers

ON-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

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contact
24-26 April 2020	World Interhash	Trinidad	interhashtrinidad2020.com	Port O Spain H3
5-7 June 2020	Full Moon Nash Hash	Dorset	geoffkirby.co.uk	Hardy's H3
26-28 June 2020	UK Nash Bash	Winchester	hursleyh3.co.uk/nashbash.html	(K)nights of the Round Table
15-19 April 2021	World Interhash	Trinidad	interhashtrinidad2020.com	Port O Spain H3
25th - 27th June 2021	Jurassic UK Full Moon Nash Hash	Dorset	geoffkirby.co.uk	Hardy's H3
2 - 4 July 2021	Interscandi	Tallinn		DNH
19 - 22 August 2021	Euro Hash	Prague	eurohashprague.com	Not a Prague hash event!

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



Run 2493

The Bulls Head,
Gunnersbury

2nd Sept 2019

Hare
Knickers

RA
Who Killed
Kenny

Pack Size
39



Run 2495
9th Sept 2019
The Rose and
Crown,
Hyde Park Corner

Hare
Woof Woof
Woof

RA
Sparerib

Pack Size
30

*Actual spotted
birthday card!*



OH FUCK!
YOU'RE
FUCKING
OLD
YOU OLD
FUCKER!

*Pope's
60th
Birthday
run*

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!



Run 2496

The Little Green
Dragon Ale
House,
Winchmore Hill

16th Sept 2019

Hare
My Perfect
Cousin

RA
Mr X

Pack Size
30

Hash Humour



"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.



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



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

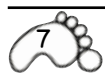
Every disaster movie starts with the government ignoring a scientist

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.'



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"

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.



Last night, I played poker with Tarot cards ... got a full house and 4 people died.

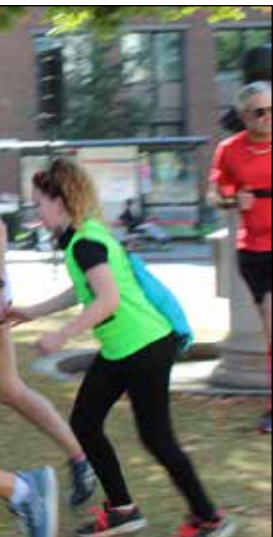
We returned to a previous LH3 theme for our Saturday trail, covering three forms of transport, as well as feet. The Trains, Planes and Boats run gave us a tour of docklands.



Run 2497
The Paternoster,
St. Paul's
21st Sept 2019
Hares
Road Runner,
Qualified
Seaman, Chi
Su
RAs
F*cked3Ways
& Sparerib

Pack Size
107





Sit on my lap and we'll talk about the first thing that pops up.

The 2500th Celebratory Weekend finished with a hangover Sunday Run. Catch the Hare had requested to look after this one, as this was their usual time of the month and they did a splendid job!



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!



Run 2498
The Coach &
Horses,
Barnes Bridge
AGPU Run
28th Sept 2019
Hares
Chi Su, Not
Out & Big in
Japan
RA
F*cked3Ways
Pack Size
61

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
Knicks

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'll just assume neither of you have any bread? Okay cool

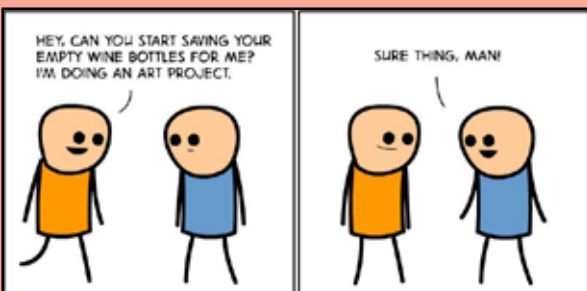


child spits out food

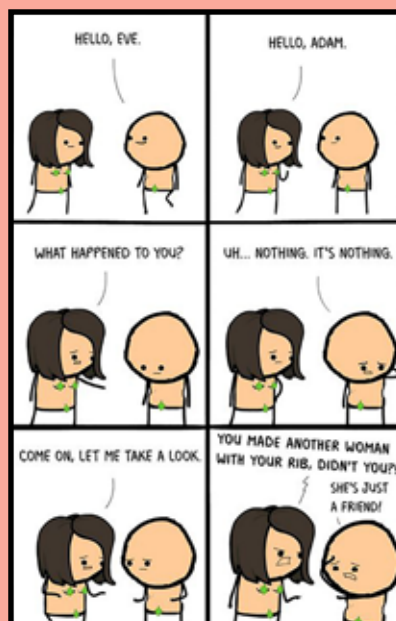
mom: 'Hey! We don't spit. If it's in your mouth, you swallow.'

dad raises eyebrows

mom: 'Shut the fuck up.'



ONE WEEK LATER...



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 girls were comparing boy-friends. "Mine's the best," said the first. "I call him Seven-Up because he's 7 inches long and he's always up!" "Oh yeah," exclaimed the other, "I call my boyfriend Jack Daniel's because he's the best hard licker there is!"

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."



Run 2499

The Plough,
Southall

5th Oct 2019

Hares
Double Entry
& Shuffle Cock

RA

Skylark
Pack Size
39

Run 2500

The Victoria
Tavern,
Loughton

13th Oct 2019

Hare
Smartarse

RA
Mr X

Pack Size
25

Run 2501
The Viaduct,
Hanwell
19th Oct 2019
Hare
Sir Humpalot
RA
King
Pack Size
20





Run 2502

The Hare and Hounds, Osterley

26th Oct 2019

Hares Stevie Blunder & Miss Bean

RA

F*cked3Ways

Pack Size 36

Run 2505

The Black Horse, High Barnet

16th Nov 2019

Hares Sparerib & Sin Bernard

RA

Skylark

Pack Size 27

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 year?

The run was from The Brewhouse And 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 puffing, 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 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.

Run 2504
10th Nov 2019
The Brewhouse & Kitchen,
Hoxton
Hare
Freeloader
RA
Skylark
Scribe
Knickers
Pack Size
34

"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

Run 2506

The Eagle,
Ladbroke Grove

Hare
Rambo

RA
Skylark

Scribe
Scrumpy

Pack Size
34





Run 2507

The Ship,
Mortlake

30th Nov 2019

Hare

K4

RA

Sparerib

Pack Size

38

-

Run 2508

The Rose &
Crown, Sloane
Square

8th Dec 2019

Hare

Reach Around

RAs

Skylark &
F*cked3Ways

Scribe

Sleek Cheeks

Pack Size

31

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 Sloane Square
equivalent of the
stink eye*





The Annual CLaW's 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



Run 2511
28th Dec 2019

The Mitre,
Richmond

Hare
Buttplug

RA
Skylark

Pack Size
38



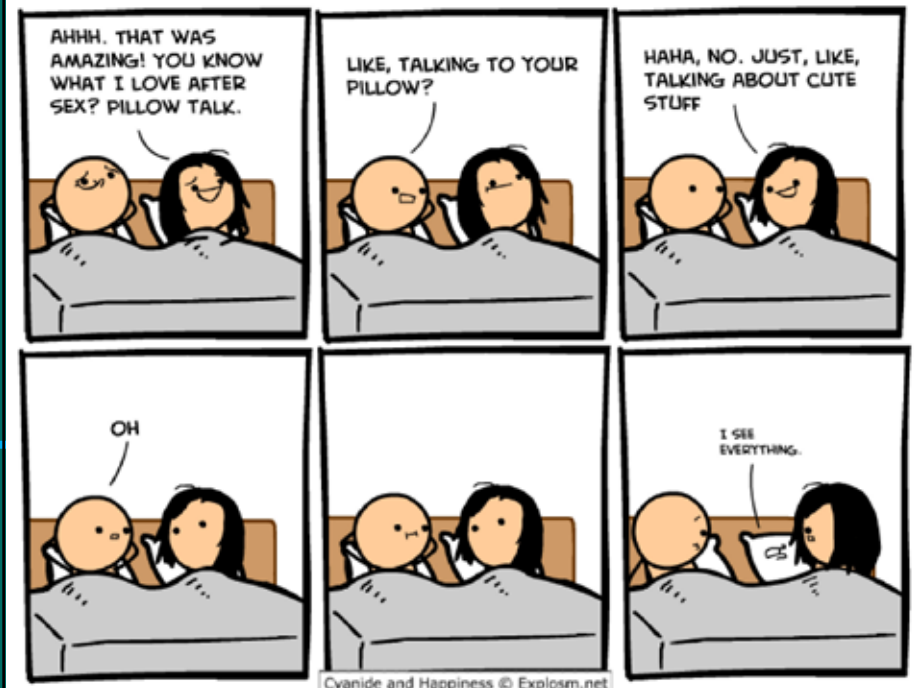
Hash Humour

Hey babe, just thought you should know there's a confirmed case of corona in our neighborhood

holy shit, you're kidding



what the fuck is wrong with you?



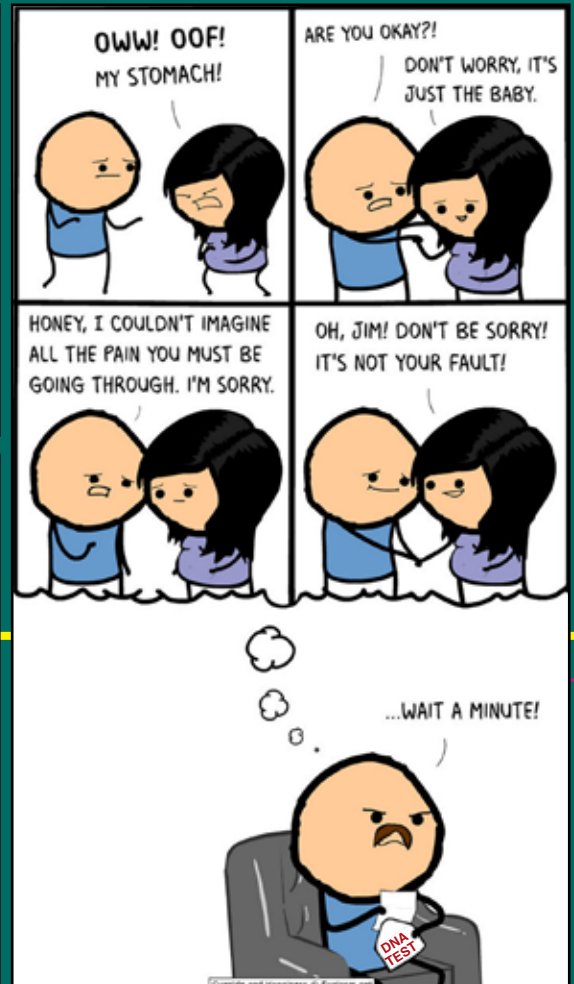
I STOPPED USING OUR SEX DUNGEON AFTER THE WIFE CHAINED ME UP THEN WENT TO BINGO...



Me trying to figure out how "wash your hands" translates to "buy alllll the toilet paper".



A hot looking blonde walks in to 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 where watching?"



They thought "CLI" (Christian Life International) alone wouldn't signify a church, so they added the cross. Magnificent.



A woman is having a hard time getting her tomatoes to ripen so she goes to her neighbour with her problem. The neighbour says, "All you have to do is go out at midnight and dance around in the garden naked for a few minutes, and the tomatoes will become so embarrassed, they will blush bright red." The woman goes out at midnight and dances around her garden naked for a few minutes. The next morning, the neighbour comes over to the woman's house and asks the woman if her tomatoes have turned red. The woman says "No, they're still green, but I noticed the cucumbers grew four inches!"

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 sumthing big and round
 Boy: Damn you want the whole roll?

Run 2512
1st Jan 2020

The Victoria,
Victoria

Hare
Doormat

RAs
Skylark and
Sparerib

Pack Size
42



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

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**" **Skylark** for his hashy burpday **Fucked 3 Ways** for incorrectly calling out **Knickers** for returning a cocktail to the bar, when the real culprit was **Last Tango**. **Ooooooh** for being so focused on listening to heavy metal on her earphones that she followed a completely innocent jogger and ended up off trail. **Double O** accompanied her, because if one **Ooooooh** drinks, all **Oooooohs** drink. **Bhopal** for running through the Drink Stop without stopping. **Not My Choice** for checking out both sides to entire block and confidentially announcing there was no trail there, when the trail was clearly visible on the first corner marked with a big arrow. **Humps** and **Marxist** for arriving to an A to B run in bicycle/car.

After the circle and on return to the bar, we were rather surprised to be met, shortly thereafter, by the just arrived **Lofty**.

Return travels home were long for most hashers, due to the hare not having checked whether the very local Surbiton station would actually be operational on the day....which it wasn't!

Run 2513

The Roebuck,
Fulwell

4th Jan 2020

Hare
Skylark

RA
F*cked3Ways

Scribe
So Fart Ana

Pack Size
35



Hash Humour

There was a young Whore from near Kew Who filled her Vagina with Glue. She said with a Grin... "If they pay to put in, They can pay to get it out Too!"



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 fogley 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!"

Experts recommend keeping your daily rituals even while working from home



Online Store: Thanks for the order. We're going to tell you it'll get there by tomorrow, but it won't really come 'til next week.
Guy: Perfect, could you also email me once every 12 hrs for the rest of my life?

Jesus do?" Then, I pretend to be dead and disappear for three days.

the fuckening
When your day is going too well and you don't trust it and some shit finally goes down. Ah, there it is...**the fuckening**

Whenever I'm in trouble, I think, "what would

Houdini bangs on the door.
 "Why can't they let us in?"
 "Because its 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**



Run 2514

12th Jan 2020

The Rifleman,
Strawberry Hill

Hares
Sir Humpalot
& Minge and
Tonic

RA
Pope

Scribe
Orangutan

Pack Size
34

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 out 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

Run 2515
18th Jan 2020
The Coach and
Horses,
Barnes Bridge
Hare
Call Girl
RA
Who Killed
Kenny
Scribe
Mad Cow
Pack Size
46

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 slithered 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 disobligng 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 slithering 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



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.

Run 2516
25th Jan 2020

The Wrestlers,
Highgate

Hares
Marxist &
Brown Nose

RA
Skylark

Scribe
More On

Pack Size
60

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



01/02/2020 (le lendemain du Brexit)

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

Run 2517
1st Feb 2020

The Wheatsheaf,
Tooting Bec

Hares
Tablewhine &
Ryde

RA
Fucked 3 Ways

Scribe
Martian
Matron

Pack Size
37

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 nogg, 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".

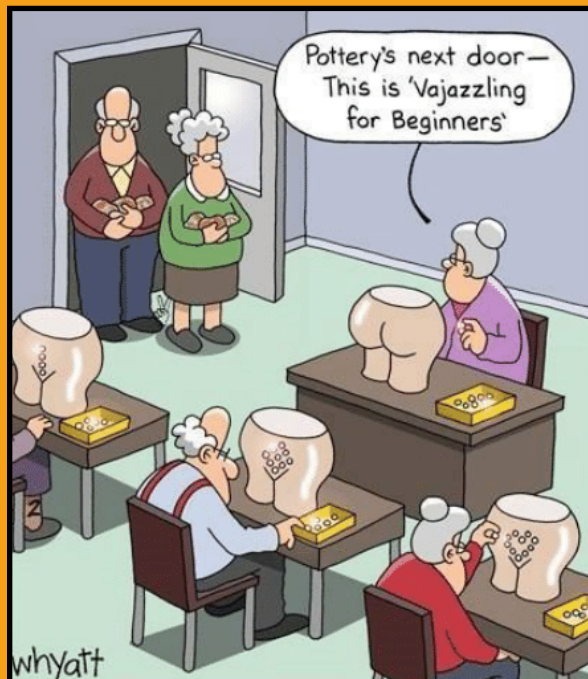
Time to go, a long way back for some, and many thanks to *Ryde* and *Tablewhine* for a fun Hash (en bedankt voor de Advokaat!).

Martian Matron





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.'



There's a new sex position called the "Parcel Force." You can stay in all fucking day and nobody cums!!

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.

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.



Early Facebook

- 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
 4. Women enjoy having sex with middle aged men
 5. Women moan 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. Woman orgasm when men do.

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!"

Run 2518
9th Feb 2020

The Brockley
Brewery,
Brockley

Hare
Mr X

RAs
Sparerib + 2

Scribe
Mr X

Pack Size
22 plus 25
from other
hashes for
this joint run



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 Barge, 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, Breakspears 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**

mounted
on the
pub's
pillars



Run 2520
22nd Feb 2020
The Worlds End,
Finsbury Park
Hares
Fucked 3
Ways & Road
Runner
RA
Road Runner
Pack Size
43

Hi Chi Su

If you remember where the Russian girl, who came over from Italy, came from, replacestan 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 it's 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**



Run 2522
7th March 2020

The Chancellors,
Hammersmith

Hare
Bhopal

RA
Pope

Scribe
Orangutan

Pack Size
39



On to the
valley of
Death
went the
brave
hashers.

Run 2523
15th March
2020

The Castle,
North Acton

Hare
Des Res

RA
Pope

Pack Size
28





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.

