

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 44 Issue 1 September 2022



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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

Hashing during lockdown

My thoughts on hashing in COVID. It could have been much longer but this should hopefully suffice:

Although I've enjoyed hashing for close on 20 years, its importance really moved up a few notches during COVID. As the first lock down dragged on and the weather improved, my better half (**So Fart Ana**) suggested we lay a LH3 trail and see who turned up. The GM agreed that it'd be an official hash and rules were agreed so that hashers set off as they arrived at the start (to avoid bunching), that checks would be short and were not to be marked through - to provide a level of challenge to the later runners. At the end of the day, the pub I'd selected, and which had been serving from the door, closed just as we were arriving, because the landlord wanted a shower and to have his lunch! We ended up moving off to the Grapes in Limehouse, where a loose gathering of 18 hashers enjoyed a several socially distanced beers. Contact with real people again!

A couple of hashes later we were 'introduced' to the City East End pod (aka **Eels**). During the winter of 2020/21 all hashing came to a halt for a while during the Xmas lock down, until a small number of Eels took up the trail again on a 'mild' Tuesday evening in February. The running was fine but sharing a few cans whilst hidden from the rest of world, might be called "character building", as we'd get so cold. Both of these hashes provided essential social contact and helped keep me as close to sane as any hasher can be.

OnOn,
Qualified Seaman

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contact
10-13 November 2022	World Interhash	Goa, India	goainterhash2022.com	contactus@goainterhash2022.com
2-9 April 2023	Interbash / Hash Cruise 2023 7 hashes and 7 bike hashes.	Sailing from Barbados to Grenada, Bonaire, Aruba, Curacao, Trinidad and return to Barbados	hashcruise2020.simplesite.com/452608296	
15-18 June 2023	Pan South America Hash	Hosted by Brasilia H3, Brazil	soam2023.gototheshash.net/	
17-20 August 2023	EuroHash	Baarlo, Netherlands	www.eurohash2023.eu	Neptunus - Euro-Hash2023@gmail.com
25-28 August 2023	UK Nash Hash	Hosted by Yorkshire H3 in East Riding, Yorkshire	www.facebook.com/groups/2459956690724259/	
1-10 September 2023	UK Nash Hash Postlube Cruise	9 nights departing from Dover	hashcruise2020.simplesite.com/452760552	
28 February - 3rd March 2025	Postponed Philippines Nash Hash	Bauang La Union Philippines	https://hashrego.com/events/luh3-philippine-nash-hash-2025	Andrew Dzurissin Dz130fe@hotmail.com



Bang! Covid hit. Ran the last Malacca hash before Malaysia closed down. No tourists. Borders shut. Only essential food shopping. Police everywhere enforcing MCO (Movement Control Order). Consulate advised me to GTFO while I could as they didn't know how things would play out.

So there I was back in Surrey after 38 years away. Strange and familiar at the same time.

But hashers are a hardy breed and as soon as the lockdown was relaxed it was time to think about setting for LH3.

Carshalton and Wallington sit on chalk uplands and the River Wandle flows off them and all the way to the fabulously named Wandle Delta. I actually hiked Carshalton to the Thames along the Wandle but that was too far for an A to B hash run right? Well yes for most, but **No Foreplay** ran all the way FROM the Thames down to Wally to start my run, which navigated through Carshalton past The Hope and the Nest, home of Carshalton Robins, and up one leg of the Wandle and back down the other.

Weather was kind and a very relieved **Alice** heard the FRBs coming down The Park to the drink stop and bag drop a km into the trail at the house.

All bags were piled into a Postman Pat alike red garden trolley and wheeled to the B, by the picturesque Carshalton Ponds. Except for **Chi Su's** which had a mind of its own and jumped out into the kerb on the way there and sat there forlornly until rescued by a very relieved **Alice** and **Chi Su**. Lucky it's a nice neighbourhood and not like Richmond or Brentford...

Trail ended up being a bit longer than expected but that didn't faze racists **Qualified Seaman** or **Bobo** who came home first. As the pack sauntered in, off they went for beers in the village and soon our little patch of grass by the ponds was lively with post run banter and beer, forbidden treats for so long.

Legends **Belly Dancer** and **Sir Wanda** were DFLs but did complete the whole trail not the walkers' cut out.



Run 2539

Wallington

12th Sept 2020

Hare

Alice

Scribe

Alice

Pack Size

28





Run 2541
AGPU
26th Sept 2020
Springfield
Bowls and Social
Club,
Ealing Common
Hares
Chi Su & Not
Out
Pack Size
45

Welcome to
the 'new'
mismanagement
of the London
Hash House
Harriers:

GM
F*cked 3 Ways

On Sec
Qualified
Seaman

RAs
Scumpy, Kenny,
Sir Humpalot,
Road Runner

Hash Bank
Not Out

Hare Raiser
Woof Woof Woof

Haberdashery
Juices Flowing,
Big in Japan

Social Sex
Call Girl, 50
Shades, Brown
Nose

Webshite
Skylark, Kenny,
Sir Humpalot

Hash Flash &
Trash
Chi Su

Hash Cash
Parson's Nose,
Black Hole, Down
Underwear

Hash Stats
Titanic Dickhead

I think most people have heard of **Higgins**, world travelling hasher from Brussels. But, he has another name **Master of Disaster**. That's what we were on 31st October 2020!

Being Halloween, fancy dress was preferable and many, many hours of reccing had taken place, to no avail!

The 31st didn't bode well. I knew I had to be up early to meet at 8.30am so hadn't slept very well. Having arrived at the bus stop at 8am, I was surprised to see so many people milling about. On enquiry, there were no buses due to a police incident taking place and the main road was blocked. What to do? I found a mini cab office who were instructed to get me to Tottenham Hale ASAP.

Down Underwear arrived on her bike, not a mountain bike, as I was to set the shorter trail and she the longer. At the time there didn't appear to be a problem with the weather. The trail was set in flour along the canal, through a park and the Jewish area to the dividing point.

I gave **DUW** my extra bag of flour and she set off on her bike, not a mountain bike, to mark the FRB trail whilst I carried on setting the SCB trail to the drink stop area. There had been a slight drizzle in the air but nothing like the deluge that suddenly began as **DUW** subsequently joined me. It was then we realized that the marks from the station to the canal would be washed out, but there was no time for me to reset the trail and return to the drink stop in time for the first runners though, so we agreed I should stay where I was unsuccessfully sheltering under a tree. **DUW** said that she would go home to get her car so there would be some where dry to host the

drink stop (a ridiculous idea in hindsight) and she would park in the car park 200 yds from where I was standing. Shortly, more impending doom appeared a single magpie, one for sorrow. He had his eye on the flour blobs but I needn't have worried as the storm was now biblical and shortly all the flour would be washed out anyway. As I waited, still carrying two bags of drink stop and gear, I was keeping my eye on the car park for **DUW's** car. At the same time, I was thinking about the trail and in particular a steep slope into a copse with an exit to the drink stop. I was also worried about **DUW** as after 30 minutes of me getting sodden her car still hadn't turned up. Desperation made me go to try and divert the trail down to the copse, but I needed have worried as the deluge had already done that. There was no trail! Panic stations, again. By this time I was freezing as well as soaked and still carrying two bags of drink stop but suddenly heard my mobile ring. I took it out of my soaked bum bag but the screen was just flashing MOTOROLA and I couldn't make it work. I went back more than a mile to the SCB/FRB diversion to place the last of my precious commodity only at junctions. Just then my mobile sprung back into action and on several other occasions. I was able to leave a garbled message of panic on **DUW's** unanswered phone. By now, I was getting a bit worried as she wasn't on a mountain bike! Having returned to the drink stop area and still no car, I decided to go the pub following the trail through the wetlands that **DUW** had just reset. Oh dear, the second trail had washed away. Suddenly, my phone rang again. It was

Airhead lost on trail. She informed me that some were lost, some had already gone to the pub, and some had even gone back home! As I got near the end of the trail **DUW** turned up, wetter than me, covered in wet flour, i.e. dough, and having fallen off her bike three times, the latter into a ditch and had to be retrieved by a member of the public. It wasn't a mountain bike, remember! It took her weeks to finally get rid of all the hardened on dough. But, before she decided to go home and change she informed me that after she left me at the drink stop to reset the trail to the station and get her car she realized like me that there was no trail to be seen at all, so she had cycled back to the diversion point resetting as she went. It was only subsequently we realized that neither of us had reset the trail from the station to the canal, hence lost hashers. A lesson to be learnt!

This was the height of Covid and two tables had been booked at the pub. Four harriettes said they lived in a flat share and **Chi Su, Marxist** et al confirmed they were from a local gay commune!

I think **Woof Woof Woof** and **Please Sir** were the first to venture outside but eventually we were all asked to move outside as too much fraternizing between tables was taking place. Luckily, we were allocated large tables with heaters above. I sneakily handed out tots of Greek suma, Greek (not Turkish) Delight and cheese biscuits that I had baked in the shape of feet and hares.

Sorry, I've no recollection if we gave down downs but for those brave souls who attempted our run many thanks.

on on,
Thunder Thighs

Run 2546

The Ferry Boat
Inn,
Tottenham Hale
31st Oct 2020

Hares
Down
Underwear,
Thunder
Thighs

Scribe
Thunder
Thighs

Pack Size
20



An interesting day under the Heathrow flight path. **Martian Matron** and I decided to drive to Hatton Cross as we wanted to be back home in time to watch a rugby match. But the first thing we saw as we drove in was **Humps** locking up his bike. Having told us we could start at any time after 11:00, it was just as well we didn't try to begin until just after 12, as there wouldn't have been any trail before then.

The first, romantic, part of the trail was back towards Hounslow for half a mile along the side of the A30. The wet and miserable conditions, and the spray from passing trucks, just added

to the romance. I consoled myself with the thought that had

we gone the other way we could have gone all the way to Land's End. And I also started thinking, as one does, about the development of London in the interwar years, greatly facilitated by the construction of the major arterial roads, like the A30 the A4 and the A40, which encouraged the growth of new consumer industries and suburban sprawl.

But back to the run. We turned south, on to the River Crane walk. As **Martian Matron** had sped away from me at the start, it was here that I sighted the only other runner I saw on trail. **Kenny** (and dog) found flour, and although our conversation only consisted of "Are you" and "On On", it was reassuring to see that others had not stayed in

bed because of the adverse weather. But in a flash **Kenny** had disappeared. So I continued along the River Crane, which I have to say was rather scenic (for Feltham, at least). I knew **Pope** was not far behind, because he'd started sending WhatsApp messages, and pictures of checks. He even said he thought he'd seen me at one point. Indeed, he probably had, but when we left Donkey Wood at Baber Bridge I spotted a Jet petrol station and picked up a nice cup of Americano, before returning the 50 yards to the bridge.

I guess this was the point that **Pope** passed me, but of course he didn't realize that. I just thought of him getting frustrated by the fact he couldn't even catch up with me. But as I finished off my coffee, I discovered that the River Crane had been linked to the River

Colne by the (man-made) Duke of Northumberland's River. These rivers powered various industries, notably gunpowder production in and around Donkey Wood. And the various mounds in Donkey Wood were originally constructed to mitigate the impact of any unwanted explosions (of which there were many).

Baber Bridge is, believe it or not, a Grade II listed building, constructed by the engineers of the County of Middlesex in 1798. There has been a bridge there since Roman times, when it was part of the road between Brentford and Staines.

But I digress. I continued along the Crane River, but started worrying about how long the trail would be, so I peeled off and headed

back towards home. Not before passing through the North Feltham Trading Estate, another romantic zone containing a varied mix of mainly Heathrow-related small units, but also a major recycling centre. Originally, this area was a large complex of magazines and other hazardous buildings, in which gunpowder was packed in oak barrels and transported by horse drawn wagons along the Staines Road to Isleworth, where it was loaded on to sailing barges on the Thames.

At that point I joined Green Man Lane, passed the Green Man pub (closed unfortunately), and got back to Hatton Cross station just before 1:30. **Humps** had very kindly sent me the What3words clue for the drink stop (number.cross.teach for the record), so I was a bit surprised to see him about 15 minutes later in a bit of a rush to get his bike, get some beer and set up the drink stop. By that time **Pope** had already WhatsApped to say he had lost the trail and was heading to Hatton Cross (hopefully aided by the picture of an aeroplane about to land I had just sent everyone).

An interesting trail! And **Martian Matron** even arrived in time for us to get home for the rugby (although she skipped the drink stop). I'm still not sure how many did the run – I guess that apart from the two of us, **Pope**, **K4**, **Kenny**, and **Giving Head** were the only other runners. But I probably missed some, given that people set off at different times.

Thanks to **Humps**.

More On

Black Death
Hash,
Hatton Cross
Station
14th Nov
2020

Hare
Sir Humpalot



all the way to
Land's End

Hash Humour

A bishop and a preacher wanted to earn money for the building expansion program of his church. He had heard there was big money in horse racing, so he decided to purchase a horse and enter him in the races. However, at the local auction the going price for horses was too steep and the preacher ended up buying a donkey. The preacher figured he had the donkey, he might as well enter it in the race. The next day the donkey came in third. The racing form's headline the following day read, "Preacher's Ass Shows." The preacher was so pleased with his donkey that he entered him the next day also. The donkey won. The newspaper's headline read, "Preachers Ass Out in Front." The bishop was so upset with this type of publicity that he ordered the preacher not to enter the donkey in the races anymore. Then, the headlines read, "Bishop Scratches Preacher's Ass." This was too much for the bishop, and he ordered the preacher to get rid of the donkey. The preacher decided to give the animal to a nearby convent. Next day's headlines read, "Nuns Have Best Ass in Town." The bishop fainted! He informed the nuns to get rid of the animal. So they sold it to a farmer for \$10.00. Next day the paper read, "Nun Peddles Ass for Ten Bucks." They buried the bishop the next day. The paper read, "Too Much Ass Responsible for Bishop's Death."

BOY GEORGE SINGS



Now that I'm getting older, I remember all the people I lost along the way. Maybe a career as a tour guide wasn't such a good idea.

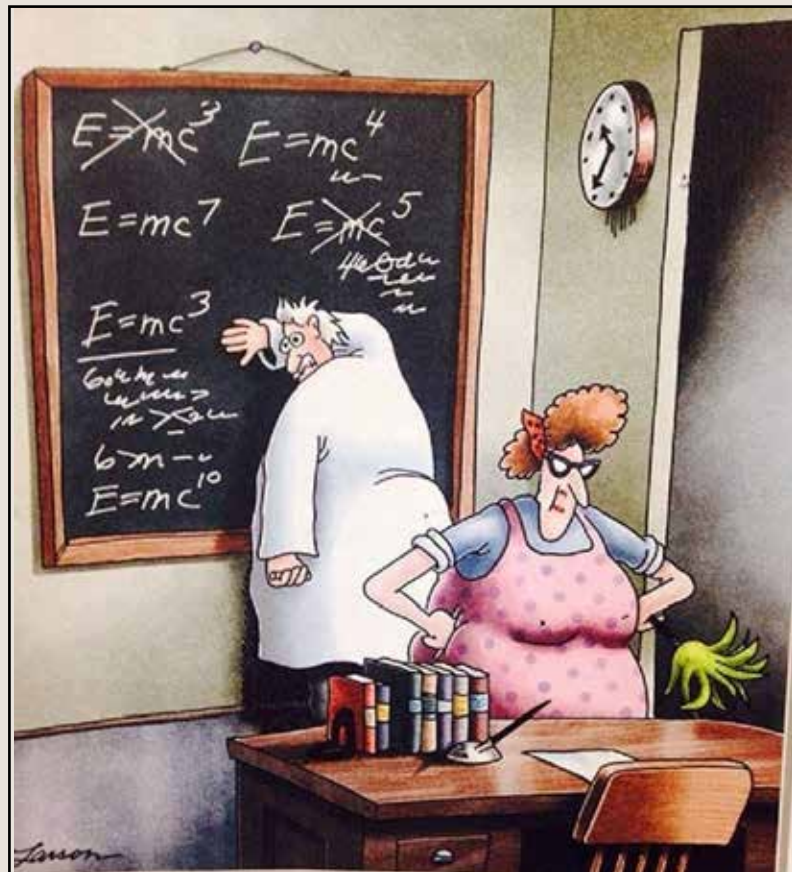
Never break someone's heart. They've only got one. Break one of their bones instead. They have 206 of them.

My 9-year-old son has started to ask awkward questions about the human body. I guess the closet wasn't the best place to hide it.

WHY THERE AREN'T A LOT OF MALE PROSTITUTES:



Cyanide and Happiness © Explosm.net



"Now, that desk looks better. Everything's squared away. yessir, squaaaaaaared away"

When I said you'd lost your mind, I didn't mean you had to go look for it!

My Grandpa said, "Your generation relies too much on technology!" I replied, "No, your generation relies too much on technology!" Then I unplugged his life support.

Contest in a girl's college: write a short story which contains religion, sex and mystery. Winner's story: "Oh god, I am pregnant, I wonder who did it."

"what's your favorite position in bed?"
near the wall so I can use my phone while it's charging



A wealthy 60-year-old man shows up at the country club with his new smoking hot 22-year-old wife.

His friends are amazed. "How did you convince her to marry you?" "It's simple", he said. "I lied about my age".

"Did you tell her you're 50?", they reply. He shakes his head.

"40? There's no way she believed you!" He shakes his head again. "How old did you tell her you were, then?"

He smiles and says, "85".



Do I believe in safe sex? Of course I do. I have a handrail around the bed.

The perfect day (in lockdown)

We never set out to have the perfect day, and only decided that it was when it was nearly over. And what got me going was the Radio Times. We took out a reduced-rate subscription at the start of the first lockdown, thinking that if we were not going out we at least ought to know about what we could watch when we were in. So last night we saw in Radio Times that the film "The Perfect Storm" was showing on Paramount Network. We've seen the movie (well worth a watch), but it was the title that got me thinking of what constitutes the perfect day.

Now I recognise that it might not be everyone's idea of the perfect day in lockdown, but for us it will take some beating. Start with breakfast – nothing much, just fresh orange juice, Weetabix and tea. But every Saturday we make a point of getting some interesting reading material, in the form of the Guardian and the Financial Times. So we sit at our dining table with the papers spread out and exchange comments and irritations about what is happening on the news front. There was no time to get past the news pages, as we had to get the bikes out and set off for Barnes Bridge.

An inclement sort of day, but it is January after all. We arrived at Barnes Bridge ready to start at 12:30, as instructed. Met **Castrato** (sheltering in a telephone box studying the various adverts before he realized it was not a What3words hash). Then I set off with **Kenny**, who quickly caught up with **Martian Matron** and disappeared into the distance to do the whole trail. I peeled off before Chiswick Bridge and headed south (remember I had been given a map) and picked up the trail next to Beverley Brook, and followed it back home. Reached Barnes Bridge about 1:45, nipped round the corner to the High Street to pick up a warming Americano, and then met **Humps** struggling to get his bike up and over the bridge with two panniers of beer. So my contribution to the run was to lay a flour trail to the drink stop.

Some nice banter and chat, a couple of beers, a fruit pie and a bag of crisps, but we were beginning to feel a bit cold in the easterly wind whistling off the river, so decided not to hang around any longer and to pedal back to Ealing. But we do appreciate how important the BD is to our sanity. (And yes, I hear you say, they'd be totally bonkers otherwise).

We warmed up quite a bit on the bike ride, but still felt a whisky mac was in order when

we got home. Quickly followed by a large bowl of warm home-made soup, with fresh sourdough bread. One of the things we've been doing in lockdown, like many others no doubt, is spending more time in the kitchen, so earlier in the week we had experimented and made a soup, the main ingredient of which was Jerusalem artichokes (which are not artichokes and do not come from Jerusalem but from Waitrose). Delicious, and if anyone wants the recipe we can send it. (It does include a generous splash of cognac).

Then back to the papers, with music in the background and a bottle of wine on the table. We listen quite a lot to a radio station called Cheap Radio, available on myTuner. This station plays songs and tunes from the 1920s to the 1950s, without any chat or adverts. Just music. And wonderful music it is too.

A bit of food preparation - an oriental marinade for chicken drumsticks (recipe available) which took no time to prepare. We'd decided earlier that we didn't want a big cooking session on a hash day, so just put the drumsticks in the oven, the rice cooker on, and cleaned a few beans. Ate a very tasty meal at about 8:45, and finished in time to move out of the dining room to watch Mrs Brown on TV. May be regarded as lowbrow by many, but we are lowbrow and proud of it. Not many comics (other than Billy Connolly) can

keep four or five story lines going at the same time.

And then, of course, it was time to watch the news on BBC, followed by the review of the papers. Both these programmes allow me to spend time abusing the telly, which makes them more enjoyable (perhaps less so for **Martian Matron**). After that, The Perfect Storm was still on, but we opted for match of the day. Five minutes of the three wise men was enough. It was then we discovered – thanks again to Radio Times – that Sky Arts was showing a documentary on the Mamas and the Papas, a group we were familiar with from our youth (and much appreciated). Great music – something for you to catch up on.

And I may have forgotten to mention that at some point in our perfect day we moved over to malt whisky and port (one of us on whisky and the other on port!). At 00:15 we were tempted to carry on with the Beach Boys, but decided it was better to call it a day. The perfect lockdown day!

More On



*warm home-made
soup, with fresh
sourdough bread*

To rain or not to rain, that was the question today. After the washout of our last trail on 31st Oct 2021 **Down Underwear** and I didn't want this repeated. The R.A worked his magic. Although I'd walked the trail again **D.U.W** was the main hare. I was just the moral support. She had pre set the trail the night before but also got up at the crack of dawn to recheck the markings.

29 hashers turned out for the

trail including visitors **Please Sir, Stand in Shit, Fireball, Over the Top and My Favourite Cousin**. A good number despite other hashes being held on the same day. The trail was set as a straight run i.e. no checks. **BoBo** was the first out and the first back to the wonderful, secluded, shady drink stop venue, in an area called The Paddock alongside the river and pub. On offer was red, white and rose wine, plus water,

sparkling of course. **Love Deuce** chose the latter, needed after a heavy drinking session with **Stayover** the night before.

Master Baker surprised us with a large selection of his wonderful cakes. All managed to find a seat at the table in the busy pub garden and a good time was had by all.

Run 2554

1st May 2021

The Ferry Boat Inn,
Tottenham Hale

Hare
Down
Underwear

RA
Skylark

Scribe
Thunder
Thighs

Pack Size
25



"So, if you're his best friend, then why is he always peeing in your drinking water?"

"Have children while your parents are young enough to take care of them."



A priest, a minister, and a rabbi want to see who's best at his job. So they each go into the woods, find a bear, and attempt to convert it. Later they get together.

The priest begins: "When I found the bear, I read to him from the Catechism and sprinkled him with holy water. Next week is his First Communion."

"I found a bear by the stream," says the minister, "and preached God's holy word. The bear was so mesmerized that he let me baptize him."

They both look down at the rabbi, who is lying on a gurney in a body cast. "Looking back," he says, "maybe I shouldn't have started with the circumcision."



Run 2580

The Springfield
Bowls and
Social Club,
Ealing
Common.

16th Oct 2021

Hare
Skylark

RAs
Sparerib &
Sin Bernard

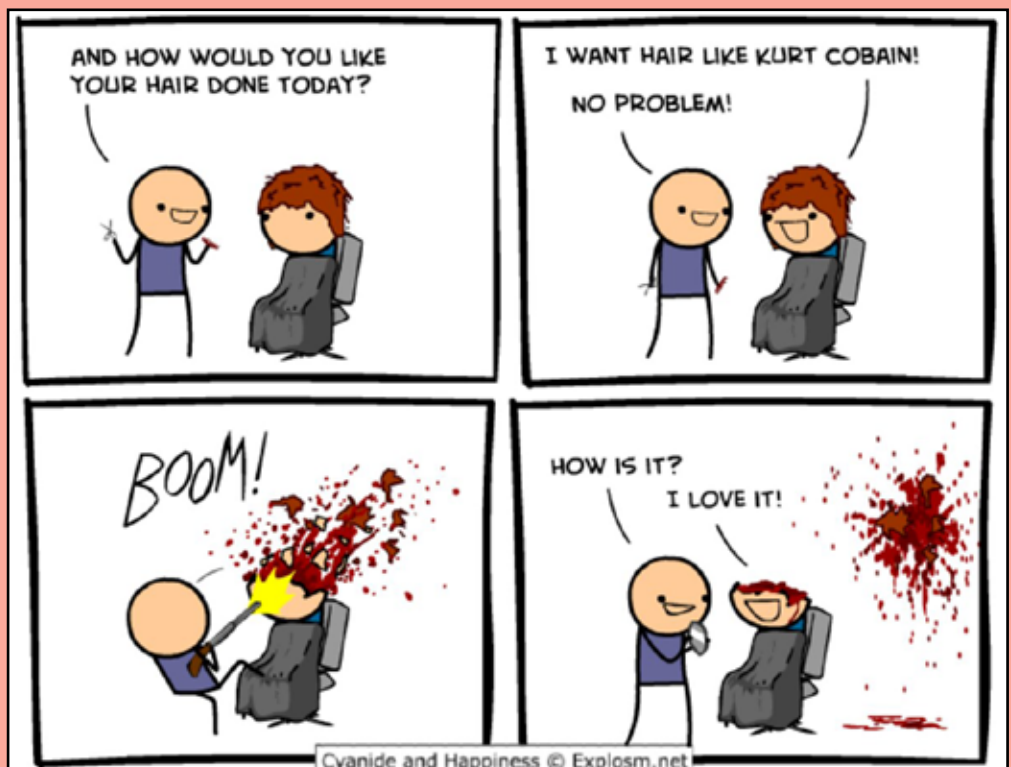
Pack Size
60

A
celebration
of the
wedding
between
Skylark and
Belches
with
Wolves

Hash Humour

A wealthy man was having an affair with an Italian woman for a few years. One night, during one of their rendezvous, she confided in him that she was pregnant. Not wanting to ruin his reputation or his marriage, he paid her a large sum of money if she would go to Italy to have the child. If she stayed in Italy, he would also provide child support until the child turned 18. She agreed, but wondered how he would know when the baby was born. To keep it discrete, he told her to mail him a postcard, and write "Spaghetti" on the back. He would then arrange for child support. One day, about 9 months later, he came home to his confused wife. "Honey," she said, "you received a very strange postcard today." "Oh, just give it to me and I'll explain it later," he said. The wife handed the card over and watched as her husband read the card, turned white, and fainted. On the card was written "Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti. Two with meatballs, one without."

Meanwhile at your Moms house....



A lady told me about the Dwayne Johnson rule. It consists in that, in order to determine if a comment is appropriate to say to a woman, first you must ask yourself, "Would I be comfortable saying this to Dwayne Johnson?" If not, don't say it.

I thought this was a good rule. So, I told her, "Your chest is f*cking epic!"

Run 2582
30th Oct 2021

The Whittington
Stone,
Archway

Hare
Sthweetheart

RA
Sir Humpalot

Pack Size
56

*Halloween
Hash and
Sthweet-
heart's 25th
anniversary
of hashing*



Ever Decreasing and Increasing Circles

A reasonably sized pack, including **Lofty's** new hash hound **Leo**, congregated in a shelter outside the very "foodie" pub and our Glorious Leader set the pack off in the cold rain and drizzle. Your RA's magic eventually worked (well it was fine when I left home) and the rain stopped, even if the sun struggled.

With paths, lakes, rivers and canals in seemingly every direction the hare made the most of them in laying a loopy trail. Unfortunately much had been washed away and the co-hare, misremembering a turn, laid a couple of arrows which resulted in the walkers being on a very short loop and the runners running in all directions – apart from the sensible few who "followed the hare" – often the best advice.....

Several litres of excellent mulled wine made for a jolly and warming drink stop before we returned to the pub which would only serve us in our garden tent; partly made up for by free down down beer, ginger beer and prosecco organised by PN.

DDs to the hares, visitors – **Moomin Mounter** (City) and **Hot Pretender** (Bergen), **Bobo** who got lost on the return from the drink stop, **Master Baker** for his muffins, **Freeloader** for losing (or having had stolen) his cards the previous week, **Reach Around** and others to use up the beer !

Then we all went to warm up in Wetherspoons (booo !) and got home rather too late.

Run 2586
27th Nov 2021

The Feathers,
Rickmansworth

Hares
Juices Flowing
& Parsons
Nose

RA & Scribe
Scrumpy

Pack Size
28



Hash Humour

A man is like a snowstorm. You never know when he's coming, how many inches you'll get, or how long it will last.



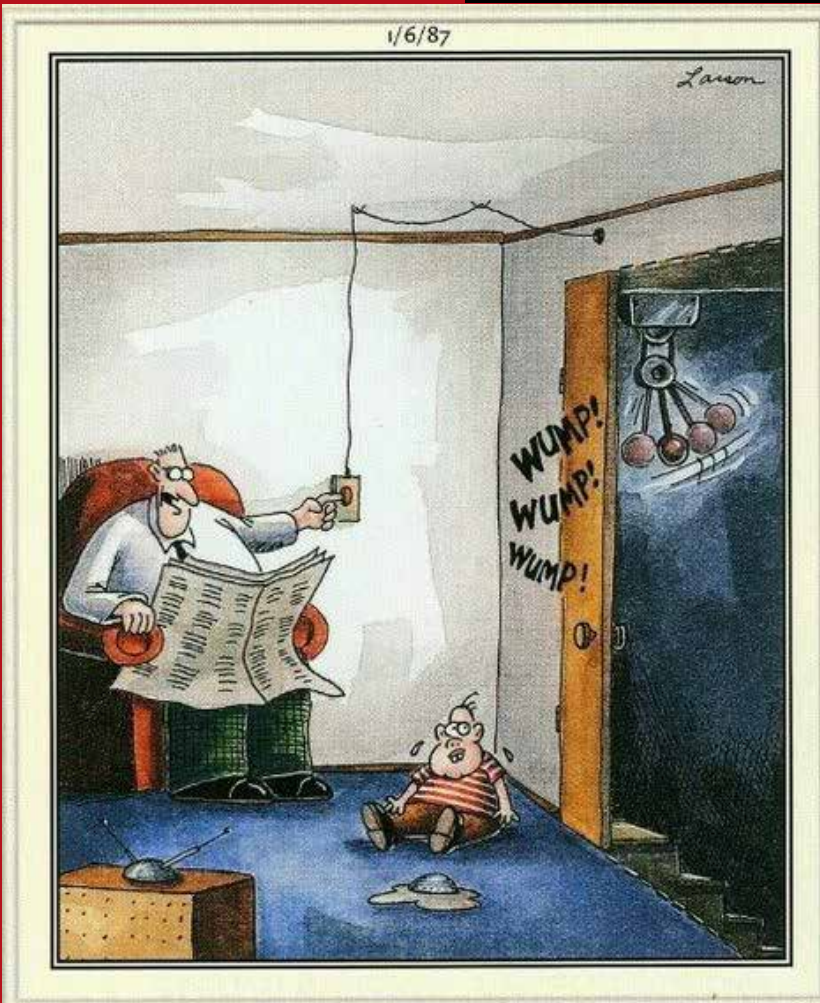
During his first visit to the farm, Shawn learns the difference between a cow and a bull...



In a tiny village lived an old maid. In spite of her old age, she was still a virgin. She was very proud of it. She knew her last days were getting closer, so she told the local undertaker that she wanted the following inscription on her tombstone: "Born as a virgin, lived as a virgin, died as a virgin." Not long after, the old maid died peacefully, and the undertaker told his men what the lady had said. The men went to carve it in, but the lazy no-goods they were, they thought the inscription to be unnecessarily long. They simply wrote: "Returned unopened."

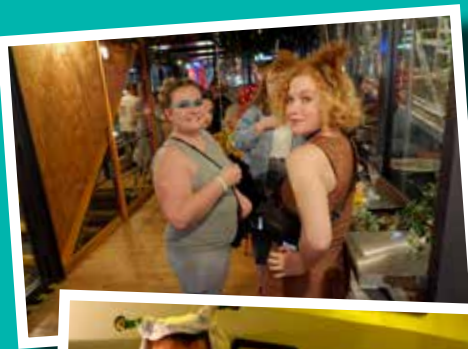
If you were born in September, it's pretty safe to assume that your parents started their new year with a bang.

**Fe = Iron.
Male = Man.
Fe + Male = Iron Man.
I have been having sex with Iron Man.**



"Uh-oh, Donny. Sounds like the monster in the basement has heard you crying again. ... Let's be reeeel quiet and hope he goes away."





*The Annual CLaW's
Christmas party*



Note to diary; do not stand right next to the RA at the On Out circle when a scribe is about to be nominated!

And so the hashers of LH3 Christmas run assembled, as is the norm, at Springfield Bowls Club Ealing Common, the club house of which was decorated with a multitude of flashing lights at different phases of synchronicity! This included a Xmas tree which was bestowed with so many decorations and baubles the branches were hardly visible, though the tree had a distinct tilt to the left!

Slightly concerned about breaking the folklore of removing decorations at the end of 12 days of Xmas as on my return to the club a few days ago the tree was still there with distinct tilt!

Now to the run;
On a dry but overcast day with temperatures relatively mild for the time of year in total about 45 runners including some 7 from

Marlow Hash (slightly down on their usual numbers) and several visitors including **Eunuch & Goldfinger** from Milton Keynes, **Less On**, (**More On's** son) and **Vibrator** plus others.

The run headed out towards Ealing Common and along Baillies Walk alongside the Ascott allotments through St. Marys churchyard visiting Lammas and Walpole Parks, up Barnes Pike and then heading back.

Towards the end of the run hashers were getting increasingly vocal on the whereabouts of the drinks stop which had been confirmed earlier.

However mounting fears were immediately quashed when nearly at the bowls club entrance the trail led us into **More On's** garden the DS, phew!

Mulled wine and mince pies were provided. **Beetroot** was heard to ask "where is the drink stop?" clearly unbeknown to him, he was already at it!

So hashers returned to the club bar in dribs and drabs where Rebellion beers of two types were available; Overthrow and IPA.

Soup and a purse (don't you just hate voice translators?) were provided. The Circle was ably run by **Scrumpy** with many down downs, one to **Beetroot**.

The Marlow RA also contributed.

To finish, quiche, ham and cheese.

Drinking and merrymaking continued culminating in the traditional singing of 12 days of Christmas. On this occasion any hashers who have ever run with Marlow hash were invited to the choir thereby swelling the numbers of singers to more than were in the audience!

The drinking and merrymaking continued, no doubt for hours after the time this scribe left!

On on
Optimist

Run 2589

The Springfield
Bowls and
Social Club,
Ealing
Common.

18th Dec 2021

Hares
Martian
Matron &
More On

RA
Scrumpy

Scribe
Optimist

Pack Size
47



*Mulled
wine and
mince pies*

This write-up probably doesn't bear much resemblance to the run as I didn't do much of it and I didn't stay for DD's.

January 1st started clear, warm and sunny outside. Inside it was a bit befuddled as I had a hangover from being hellbent on getting as much French fizzy wine down my throat as possible. The house was tidied, breakfast eaten and then it was time to go out into town for the annual New Year's day LH3 run at The Victoria, in Victoria.

We've used that pub for many years now and they always seem to welcome and accommodate us very well. The hare, **Doormat** was optimistic and happy about the trail which he'd set, so all seemed to be well. I asked prior to setting out how the trail was and he said it was fine but was non committal, saying only that it took 4 hours to set.

A good crowd gathered and not long after 2.30pm we shuffled off outside to the front of the pub for the hare talk and the on out. **F'd Three Ways** welcomed all to the run, then handed over to the hare. Again **Doormat** was non committal about the run, saying only that it was set in flour with lentils mixed in and that there was a drink stop from the boot of his car at the end. **Doormat** always does that, gratis.

We set out towards the first check just by Beeston Place. That was quickly broken by the FRB's, so off we trotted to Hyde Park, Paddington, Queensway, Marble Arch, Queensway, Kensington Palace, The Natural History Museum, Sloane Street, Sloane Square, Orange Square and then the on in. I short cut across the bottom of Hyde Park before heading back past The V&A for most of the on in. I covered 7K+ and thought that was long enough on a slight hangover, thank you very much.

Doormat, bless him thought the rest of the pack that dutifully followed the whole trail needed much more of a cure, so they got a full 14K! The more sensible ones that short cut still did more than 12K!

Many got back to the pub and complained vociferously to whoever would listen. Many muttered and complained quietly, but everyone had an uncomplimentary view. The polite consensus was that **Doormat** has done his stint as The New Year's Day hare. He's had quite a long run at it and needs to give way to the next hare in line. Apparently, this year someone did offer, usually nobody does, but as I'm not hare raiser any more so it's not my problem.

I believe the drink stop was attended as the majority of the pack stayed out for quite a long time, I may be wrong; they might have been still out on the run.

I left the pub at 3.30pm, well before the DD's but the RA sent me her list.

Hares : **Doormat** and **Crash Test Dummy**
 50 Runs (glass tankard)
Doormat
 300 Runs (photo montage) and birthday – **Black Hole**
 Naming ceremony for **Not Contagious's** mad sons : **Connor** (who snitched on his father last week) "**Golden Snitch**" and **Alexander** – who likes to be competitive in everything "**Beater**"
 Anniversaries of hashing : **For Sale Or Rent** (27 years) and **Last Tango** (21 years)
Half Baked – our visitor from CityH3 for being a Pied Piper and leading the children astray (past the end pub!)
Penis Envy and **Kotex** – for surviving Covid locked down in a tiny flat.

On On,
Knickers.



Run 2591

The Victoria,
 Victoria

1st Jan 2022

Hare
Doormat

RA
Scrumpy

Scribe
Knickers

Pack Size
 33

It is said that one volunteer is worth 10 pressed (wo)men and although I volunteered in the circle to be scribe, I immediately forgot, only remembering 3 days later. Here goes!

The previous week at Hampton many hashers caught Covid from a Barnes hasher, obviously he was unaware of his positive status at the time. But, at WLH3 last Thursday in Richmond numbers were severely depleted, the smallest pack for years and the same thing happened today. Many regulars were missing, living on Paracetamol.

We set off past the old Ealing Studios into Walpole Park. Before long, I saw a boy about 6 or 7 years old trying to kick pigeons. Being an animal/bird lover, I immediately shouted very loudly, 'Stop! you mustn't kick animals!' and the boy duly stopped. However, I then found myself being firmly castigated by the father saying that his son was only playing. Cobblers!

However, my animal husbandry didn't stop there. Shortly



Run 2596

The Castle,
South Ealing

5th Feb 2022

Hare
Who Killed
Kenny

RA
Sparerib

Scribe
Thunder
Thighs

Pack Size
28



after, I rescued **Teddy, Kenny** the hare's dog. He'd got separated from **Bhopal**, only by 50-60 yds but due to his deafness and failing eyesight (**Teddy**, not **Bhopal**) poor **Teddy** didn't know which way to turn, so I gathered him up and handed him over.

We ran through several more parks, many roads and round an ancient cemetery only to end up in another for a well stocked drink stop, which included several cartons of wine and a variety of crisps. **Kenny** quickly snatched up all the empty packets for someone to make them into blankets for the homeless! The mind boggles! There was so much booze the possibility of getting drunk was high. I left the pub after 2 glasses.

There was a big rugby match on TV Scotland vs England, so all eyes were on that.

However, there was time for a circle at which Down Downs were presided over by **Sparerib** as R.A.





Run 2599

The Dukes
Head,
Putney

26th Feb 2022

Hares
F*cked3Ways
& Road
Runner

RA
Sparerib
Scribe
Master Baker

Pack Size
35



Not exactly Shakespeare but it's short!
I was appointed scribe
Even though I tried to hide
From the Duke's Head off we ran
Along the streets as fast as we can
Ploughed through the mud
After the recent flood
Drink stop had lots of rum
Glad that we all come
Not much more to say
Cos' the trail was really shittay
Spare Rib was the RA
A visitor was **Sailor, Gay**
I'm A Douche sang us his song
About a dog who felt his schlong
Kotex got his pants returned
Put them under his kilt unlike Rabbie Burns
Big in Japan has run two hundred times
And come up with new hash designs
The hares got on their knees
Because it was their birthdees
Made a cake upon their heads
With beer and flour and beer and eggs
Next week's hash is not at the Palace
It's Wallington with your hare **Alice**

Another landmark run No. 2600!

Who **TFI Alice** our hare at Where TFI Wallington our venue?

To answer this, I turned to a work colleague who lives there. I asked her if she would join us for the run. She said "have fun (not much) in poor man area Wallington while I take a walk in posh Hampstead". Bit harsh, she only moved there for the smart schools!

Wallington seems to have derived from the old English word 'tun' meaning settlement and 'Weala' meaning Foreign or Welsh! No wonder **Murphys**, **Chi-Su**, and **Crusty Nuts** looked so at home in the pub.

So, quick trip down from London Bridge and the Star just round the corner from the station. Easy.

30 hashers turned up but no GM. So we kicked off headless. Will there be a drink stop asked **Thunderthighs**? Yes, when **Alice** decides where it will be. Stay close to the hare I think.

First part of the run was around the streets. Although we were introduced to it by the hare, for reasons of avoiding being washed out by rain, all the on ons and checks were drawn vertically on walls. Such planning and precautions did of course ensure it never really rained, although bringing a brolly may have had the same affect. It did however make the first few checks a challenge, and the confused masses were left looking lost. Then we got to the greenery and the chalk gave way to shredded paper. Back to our roots! and **Optimist's** eyes lit up when he managed to put two pieces together and read the word 'bank statement'. The crowning part of the run though was the delightful Beddington park, originally a deer park from the 14th

century. The river Wandle runs through under ornate bridges, lovely lawns and a dramatic dove cote, that wouldn't be amiss as a corner tower in a Bavarian castle. Steadfastly built to withstand all, including doves presumably, as no entrance was apparent.

A G'n'T drink stop on the roadside after we left the park (to avoid parkie by-laws perhaps?) and a bag of mini cheddars each, both went down nicely. Then On Inn to the pub.

Which was very friendly and very reasonable. Slight issue running out of real ale, but the Guinness good and a fresh barrel of Hobgoblin when the Landlord appeared later on helped. And after the extortions of Putney, a downdown bill of £11-50 is not to be sniffed at.

The circle in the back terrace was RA'd by **Road Runner** who called out the following for misdemeanors:

Visitors and Returnees – **Murphys** and **Noisy F#cker, Kenny** (blaming **Teddy**) and **Chi-Su** getting caught short on trail.

Testi- as a look-a-likey on **Titanic's'** birthday **Parson's Nose** – caught with technology on trail.

Murphys – for supplying blue and yellow ribbons to show solidarity with Ukraine, or possibly just an IKEA promotion

Noisy F#cker for mixing up the **Chi-Su twins**!

Double-0 for making the end of the run.

Road Runner for being a white Knight helping **Thunderthighs** across a stream.

Thank you **Alice**, a great run and Wallington is back on the map. Although maybe the Doomsday Book's valuation was a bit overstated at £1 10s 0d.



Run 2600

The Star,
Wallington

5th March 2022

Hare
Alice

RA
Road Runner

Scribe
Not Out

Pack Size
35



*fresh
barrel
of Hob-
goblin*

Run 2602
19th March 2022

The Ferry
House,
Island Gardens

Hares
So Fart Ana &
Qualified Sea-
man

RA
Sir Humpalot

Scribe
Thunder-
thighs

Pack Size
36

Well, the forecast was right, a lovely sunny, bluesky day for a run around docklands. The Ferry House public house was an old fashioned cosy pub and we were made most welcome. There was a large turn out with just one visitor from Austin, Texas called **Shit Dick Ass Balls**, and a Scottish virgin called Andrew. The pack was set off by **Humps** after being given a chalk talk by **Q.S.**

The trail included riverside walkways, wharves containing ancient wooden workings, lot of high rise modern architecture, the Lotus Chinese restaurant/shop on a boat, then into a surprisingly green area with a petting farm containing lots of spring lambs. Eventually, we arrived back at the empty pub and we were greeted with a selection of lovely fresh sandwiches provided free by the landlady, in addition to **Master Baker's** selection of cakes and biscuits.

After the Down Downs RA'd by **Sir Humps** he handed over to **Thunder Thighs** who was trying to make money for Ukraine by auctioning off some of her hash regalia. Sadly, her shirts were too small for most hash men so it was a slow start. There were no takers even at 25p! And, **Rambo** was heard to shout, 'Jane, have you thought this through?!' But, as hashers were becoming more inebriated cries of £5, £10 were heard. **Larry** ended up wearing the Butt Pirates top from **TT's** run in Tiuwana, after a San Diego Red Dress run, but subsequently admitted he had to take it off for the bus home! TT's bright jazzy coloured running pants caused a stir too and they ended up with and eventually on **ShitDickAssBalls**.

We had been unaware that the landlady was from Ukraine, but when she heard about the auction she kindly gave us two boxed decanters, left uncollected by the previous landlord, to be included. Cries of £40 and £100 were heard - they went to **Sir Humps** and **Boy Blunder**. The grand total was £249, a valiant effort and we've heard since this could be matched by a hasher's employer.

As hashers began to drift away the pub began to fill with 'real' Eastenders who informed us they often have lock-ins!

Notably, the last ones in the pub included, **ShitDickAssBalls** and **Just Andrew**.

A great trail, a great pub, great hospitality. LH3 must return.

On On,

Thunder Thighs

Traveling through the country, an old couple drives into a gas station. The attendant asks the old man, "Where you folks from? I know everybody in this town." The old man says, "We're from Nebraska." Hard of hearing, the old lady nudges her husband. "What did he say, papa?" The old man answers her, "He asked us where we are from." "Oh," replies the old woman. The old man tells the attendant to fill up the tank and check the tires. When that's all done, the attendant tells the old man, "You know, the worst piece of ass I ever had was from Nebraska." The old lady nudges her husband once more and asks, "What did he say, papa?" The husband replies, "He thinks he knows you, mama."

A lady sitting in the dentist chair told the dentist, "I would rather go through the pain of child birth than have you drill in my mouth." The dentist replied, "Well, you had better make up your mind so I can adjust my chair."

A mom texts, "Hi! Son, what do IDK, LY and TTYL mean?" He texts back, "I don't know, love you and talk to you later." The mom replies, "It's OK, don't worry about it. I'll ask your sister. Love you too."

"Under quarantine, marijuana is legal and haircuts are against the law. It took half a century, but hippies finally won."

Accidentally went grocery shopping on an empty stomach, and now I'm the proud owner of aisle seven



On the overground train to the hash, I noticed all these maskless people staring at me. Perhaps it's the subject matter of my hash shirt that's attracting them, better glance down and check. The shirt in question was from South Sydney; luckily not one of Rong Jon's current designs, phew! Inside the pub there was the usual melee of haberdashery, bags and the 'quick one before we go.' Mismanagement got us out front, welcoming one and all: returnees, visitors and hardcore, all mingling. In strides the hare, Moses-like, arms outstretched holding aloft The Chalk he had used on the trail. So the marks were explained and off we set on a steep uphill path along the A4006 into Roe Green Park. Turning down Slough Lane, Pope and I headed into Silver Jubilee Park to find a false trail confusing the pack.

Waiting until 'On' was called we caught up to **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** and crossed the playing fields together. Aside the Brent Reservoir we found **Brown Nose** and **Fucked 3 Ways** setting a stiff pace in the sun. Streets eventually led up into Fryent Country Park where we found **Qualified Seaman** calling us on. The trail to the top was rewarded with a lovely sight – a drink stop, with all manner of treats waiting for us. Here we gathered, under a lovely blue sky, chatting away, delighting in the freedom we've missed. Eventually, it all went downhill as we wandered back to the pub, beer on our minds, for some at least. **Humps**, inexplicably, had CAMRA vouchers left and was passing them out like confetti. What a hero he is! Abbot, Doom Bar and Augustinian all took a hit as we enjoyed the price along with the atmosphere. Religious observance was called and everyone who deserved it, got a down down; even the hare was praised. Eventually, thoughts of journeys and transport disruption returned. So, finishing our drinks we headed On-Out.
words by **Smartarse** On-On!

Run 2603

JJ Moons,
Kingsbury

26th March 2022

Hares
Big in Japan,
Not Out &
Optimist

RA
Road Runner

Scribe
Smartarse

Pack Size
47



Run 2606
16th April 2022

The Adam &
Eve, St. James
Park

Hares
Contour, Last
Tango &
Skylark

RA
Who Killed
Kenny

Pack Size
63



Run 2608
2nd May 2022

Traitor's Gate,
Tower Hill

Hare
Bhopal

RA
Who Killed
Kenny

Pack Size
55

Wren
Churches
trail



Run 2610
14th May 2022

Ludlow Away
Weekend

Hares
Not Out,
Skylark & Call
Girl

RAs
Sir Humpalot
& Who Killed
Kenny

Pack Size
50

*Away
weekend
included
a bash
on the
Friday and
a Catch
the Hare
run on the
Sunday*



Having had a good practice run back in March raising some much needed money for the conflict in Ukraine, **Thunderthighs** decided to return to the Ukrainian-run Ferry House pub situated in Island Gardens. It was a perfect day for the event with plenty of sun and everyone turned up full of hashy joie de vivre.

I have to say that **Thunderthighs**, who should win the prize for the most scribe write-ups in this issue of the On Paper, had written up this day as well. However, it has sadly gone missing. **TT** always submits her copy beautifully handwritten, so there is always a fear of this happening. So, these are the three-month-later, half-remembered ramblings of the editor.

We had a good size pack with several visitors and out-of-towners joining in. Most had turned up in Ukrainian colours, as requested.

Optimist was the main driving force with



Run 2611
21st May 2022

The Ferry House,
Island Gardens

Hares
Optimist &
Thunderthighs

RA
Scrumpy

Pack Size
36

*Ukraine
Support
hash event*



the trail and he surprised us early on by taking us under the river through the Greenwich foot tunnel to Sarf London. Jaunts through Greenwich Park and across Blackheath into Lewisham were well laid and fun. A DLR took us back to the pub. After the usual Circle, RA **Scrumpy** handed over to **Thunderthighs** for her fund-raising auction of various items, including some of her extensive hoard of hash memorabilia from her many years of hashing. With the good cause, happy atmosphere and copious flow of booze, bids were generous and extravagant. Our lovely landlady again donated some extra items to increase the grand total.

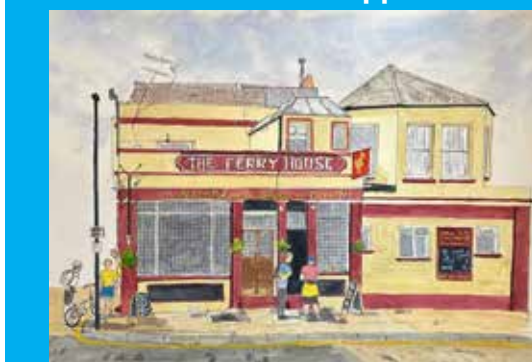
People kept arriving throughout the afternoon, including **Tight Squeeze** who surprised us with a beautifully sung Ukrainian folk song that was very moving.

Well done **Optimist** and **Thunderthighs**



for a great event and to the pack for their generosity - **Editor**

P.S - Hashers donated an amazing £1,279 to our Ukrainian Appeal. With company matching, this increased to a whopping £2,243. Most of the money was donated to the UNICEF Ukraine Appeal.





Hash Humour

*I'm not saying spelling is important,
but I'm saying spelling is important.*



"I feel awful that
the magic trick went horribly wrong."

A man joins a soccer team and his new teammates inform him, "At your first team dinner as the new guy, you will have to give us a talk about sex." The evening arrives and he gives a detailed, humorous account of his sex life. When he got home, his wife asked how the evening went and not wanting to lie, but also not wanting to explain exactly what happened, he said, "Oh, I had to make a talk about yachting," his wife thought this a little peculiar but said nothing more and went to sleep. The next day she bumped into one of his new teammates at the supermarket and asked, "I heard my husband had to make a speech last night. How did it go?" His mate said smiling, 'Oh, it was excellent! Your husband is clearly very experienced!'. The wife looked confused and replied to his mate, "Strange, he has only done it twice and the second time he was sick."



Man: "Hey baby, what's
your sign?"
Woman: "Do not
enter."

**You know you're
getting old when your
wife says, "Honey, lets
run upstairs and make
love," and you answer,
"I can't do both."**

**I had sex with a
Chinese woman last
night. It was great,
but an hour later I was
STILL horny!**



Three babies are in their mother's womb. One of them says, "I want to be an artist so everyone knows what it looks like in here." The next one says, "I want to be a swimmer because I get so much practice in here." The last baby says, "I'm going to be a hunter because if that snake comes in here and pokes me again, I'm going to chop that thing in half!"



Run 2613
4th Jun 2022
Turners Old Star,
Wapping
Hare
Kanye
RA
Scumpy
Pack Size
52

*The
Queen's
Jubilee
Trail*

Run 2618
2nd July 2022

London Beer
Lab Taproom &
Nano Brewery,
Brixton

Hares
Invisible Matt
& Penis Envy

RAs
Road Runner

Pack Size
30



Hare: **Pope**
Visitors: **HK**, **Playboy Choo**,
Bird Brain who just moved
to London and **Double Entry**
made her come.

A virgin **Joe** who was tricked
by **The Nigerian** into coming
to the hash with the pretence
of the blues festival.

I was a walker with **Bear
Behind** and we went on our
merry way, picking up others
from behind on our way. We
had sunny lovely weather
and a trail through posh
homes, parks, and into the
woods. **Rambo** past us at
a point where the SCB trail
split and he took the short
SCB trail, naughty boy.

Scrumpy led the
proceedings:
Bear Behind gets a down
down for her 100th run the
tankard is in transit.
A charge to **Kermit** for
playing real time Frogger
with the north circular traffic.
almost becoming a squashed
frog.

Knickers and **Standard
Deviant's** flight from Luton
to Switzerland took a
diversion to Heathrow.

2AM can barely remember
that his birthday was
Wednesday, and he can't
remember which Wednesday
or what day it is.

Airhead got her waist length
hair cut off to give to the
children, not sure they can
eat all that.

Rambo thinks he has a
birthday soon.

Smart Arse delivered the
Pan Africa bags to **Airhead**,
Martian Matron, and
MoreOn (still no signs of
Aprils Interhash bags). He
then handed a flash drive
full of questionable porn to
Spare Rib.

And with that a band
of "special" hashers
followed the B trail to the
blues festival where more
merriment was had.

OnOn

Run2Eat



Run 2622

The Kings Arms,
Ealing Broadway

23rd July 2022

Hare
Pope

RA
Scrumpy

Scribe
Run2Eat

Pack Size
43



Now is the winter of RUN
2623's London Hash
Made glorious summer by
this sun of Barnes
And all the clouds that lour'd
upon our Coach and Horses
In the deep bosom of the
parks buried
Now are our browning trails
with victorious nettles;
Our bruised arms hung up
for another swig;
Our stern "On-On" alarums
changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful shiggy these
delightful pleasures.
And now, instead of
mounting too many false
trails
To fright the souls of the
fearful virgins and visitors
Call Girl capers nimbly in our
circle
To the lascivious pleasing
of a much deserved down
down.

Much shiggy to be had
on this trail....through
cemeteries, parks and fields
of Brown. Passing **Fucked 3
Ways** childhood family home
and **Bucks Fizz's** own Marc
Bolan's Memorial.
The drink stop was filled with
High end Gin and Tonics to
quench a sunny days thirst.

Charges: 6 pints 1 cider were
had
Just Craig - very vocal -

unusual for a virgin to scream
like that

The Nigerian - sticky hands
comatose after last week's
run

Masterbaker - pocket
in his shorts looked like a
colostomy bag

Blunder - forgot his phone

Qualified Seaman -
overachiever found every
check when a FRBs wanted a
breather

Blooded. Seen shopping in a
ladies clothes shop

Sweetheart - marked all
the checks through like an
overachieving bastard
Saw the hare at her car
needing help to set up the
drink stop but just ran to the
drinkless stop

Freeloader - walked the trail
last night, then given map
but still got lost

Fucked Three Ways
disappearing to his parents
house in town and local pub
for a roadie pint

Miss Muffet 100th- cider

Beetroot - glasses

Announcements:

The Nigerian - Ealing Beer
Festival announcement

Pete The Pilot Joint Hash
with SLASH in Bexley Sept
10th

With a closing hash go in
peace.....



Run 2623

The Coach and
Horses,
Barnes Bridge

30th July 2022

Hare
Call Girl

RA
Sir Humpalot

Scribe
Sthweetheart

Pack Size
29