

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 36 Issue 2 June 2013

**Re-Ale
Summer
Games!
2112**
Pages 16 & 17



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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

Greenwich Brewery Trip



Social Sex HDS organised an excellent excursion to the Greenwich Meantime brewery. This was the trip that introduced us to Dirty Bird!



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
19 - 21 July 2013	Full Moon Nash Hash	Okehampton YHA, nr Dartmoor	www.dlh3.org.uk/	
26 - 28 July 2013	Isle of Wight 30th Anniversary Weekend	Haunted Victorian Mansion	http://home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/30_flyer.pdf	Bendover
9 - 11 Aug 2013	Surrey H3 2000th Weekend	Plumpton College, Sussex	sh3OnSec@surreyh3.org	Bonn Bugle
16 Aug - 18 Aug 13	Eurohash 2013	To be held on a ferry between the three venues!	http://eurohash.hopto.org	Man in Black
23 - 26 Aug 2013	UK Nash Hash	Hosted by the Hardy's Hash at Hooke Court, Dorset.	www.geoffkirby.co.uk/Nash-Hash2013/	Geoff Kirby
13 - 15 Sept 2013	ROTT Hash Really Over The Top Hash	Hosted by the ROT H3 in Suffolk, United Kingdom	http://toedsh3-admin.com/rott2013/	
25 - 27 Jul 2014	Brussels 2014	Hosted by Brussels Manneke Piss & Ostende Gonads H3's	http://www.interhash2014.com	Higgins

Hare

RA: Rambo

Run 2110 • The Tichenham Inn
Ickenham • 10th March 2013



Pecker

Mother Hash:
Lae, Papua New Guinea
Year Started:
1986

MUD MUD glorious MUD there was plenty of it though **Rambo** claims his Iver run the previous week was worse. This weeks scenery was better.

Ickenham residents must think their world is collapsing, what had seemed to be a comfortable pleasant secure environment had hosted three hashes in a year and has the spectre of HS2 hanging over it.

Pecker started off innocently enough by running us through peaceful chunks of inter wars suburbia, checks causing the pack to pause long enough for curtains to

start twitching and the provisional wing of the Ickenham Residents Association to start penning letters demanding a reduction in their Council Tax. We then somewhat inevitably reached the River Pinn which features prominently in any vaguely off road run in this part of London.

Reaching the Pinn we swung right and followed it until passing under the railway. Here clearly written in flour the knitting circle were in-

formed of a Very Short Cut Back where we lost **Pilot**, **Eagermount** and **Faggy**. The trail turned left over the river and onto toward Brakespear road. Here we were instructed in large white letters to Take Care when crossing. Following a bridle way the trail climbed steadily before dropping down to New Years Green lane, a narrow, sunken seemingly remote thoroughfare which as usual was awash with water and other liquids (it leads to the local tip and there is a huge maturation plant for manure and com-

post, mere yards away). The trail crossed the lane and joined a footpath taking the now depleted pack into the fringes of Bayhurst Wood. **Peckers** attempts at a relatively dry trail at this point were ignored and the pack cheerfully splashed off along a well established path until again reaching and crossing Brakespear rd and into more shiggy on the fringes of Mad Bess wood. The trail rapidly veered off between the Scout and Guide camp sites (I can't help wondering if having the two sites so close together is a good idea) and onto a footpath down the side of Hillingdon FC, crossing another arm of the somewhat inevitable Brakespear Rd and back into suburbia and nice dry pavements. Half a mile later we hit serious shiggy once again which lasted until we had crossed the manicured and sodden fairways of Ruislip Golf course and returned to the back alleys of Ickenham. Do you know anywhere else in London where you will find a resident sweeping an alley way?

This was a good trail which only required a few more hashers to have made it great. It even showed me

places I had not been to in the 50 plus years I have lived in the area.

The circle was held outside on the pavement in seriously cold and deteriorating weather. **Pilot** sensibly elected to stay indoors to guard the table and bags

Rambo performed the function of RA and awarded dd's to **Bhopal** for getting lost, **Call Girl** for her seemingly miraculous transformation from shabby chic hasher to cat walk glamour, **Chi Su** for keeping his camera dry for yet another run (you need some bigger lenses to really impress the girls) **Eagermount**, **Faggy** and **Chi Su** again for seeking the necessary kit to digitize their vinyl and finally your faithful scribe was awarded a dd of ice cubes with a dash of water as he had considered doing the circle without the benefit of a coat.

Bhopal, **Call Girl**, **Chi Sui**, **Cumming Deer**, **Eagermount**, **Eric the...?**, **Fag end**, **Freeloader**, **Inslide Out**, **Not Out**, **Pecker**, **Pete the Pilot**, **Rambo**.

On On
Freeloader



Scribe



Freeloader

Hash name:
Named after not joining
Kowloon hash after 6
years

Hare

Funky Gibbon

South Harrow

As I gathered my thoughts and gear for the weekend run so did the heavens of wind and rain. Indeed no (or very late) P trail from the station was testament to the hare's attempt to stay indoors till the very last minute. "We thought we had the wrong station" said **Martian Matron**. "We thought the run might have been Sunday" said **Ryde**. But the hashers are made of tougher stuff and a decent pack turned up to enjoy not a drop of rain during the run.

No visitors or virgins but good to see **Longfellow** return to the fold, been so long since he last ran he had to be reminded he was already a member. So **Chi-su's** introduction was brief - nobody made them come - and off we went. Straight up the hill (as in Harrow on the..). "This will be the false trail up the hill" said **Mad Cow** with years of experience and intimate local knowledge and of course totally wrong. Up past the Church and through Harrow school and a chance to stop and admire the lovely old buildings and make snide remarks at the young boys coming out of church straw boaters held with military precision across their chests. As we left the school and headed down the hill into the school playing fields, **Table-whine** noted that the pack had just gained a young boy in our ranks and as the nearest adult: **Who Killed Kenny**, was charged with kidnapping.

Heading across the playing fields I came across (can I say that?) **Whacker**, another local doyen "but we always go this way, then he must have gone that way". We crossed a golfing target range and as I looked down at the scattered balls I got the feeling we might be the target. Certainly a number hashers (even the

RA: Mad Cow

kidnapped kid I'm told) were unfortunate enough to have golf balls shot straight into their pockets, if they are to be believed. But the threat of being knocked on the head with a well aimed ball was enough to distract **Yorky** at that critical moment of diving through the large exit hole cut strategically in the fence and instead ran smack into the wire. The hare later told me that the we have done our bit to reclaim a public right of way and that the golf club had tried to block the hole and told to open it up again. **Yorky** you should sue to highlight the case, then again they could counter sue for public nuisance.

At this point I lead the field (well except **Rambo** and **Bhopal** who were so far ahead as to be frankly unsociable) and while resting on my back in a muddy puddle to allow the pack to catch up I was falsely accused of having fallen on my butt. We headed north at this point but I lost track of where we were. Suffice to say it involved a lot of hills. But we came back to South Harrow down some very nice, long, big housed, posh private roads. So posh that they didn't stoop to provide pavements for the running masses.

Back at the pub the landlady generously gave us free beer for the circle and **Mad Cow** duly punished **Longfellow**, who treated us to a witty improvised poem about the run - but I only remember the bit about starting out with two balls and coming back with three (see earlier ref to thieving hasher bastards on the golf range) - **NotOut**, **Yorky Porky**, **Who killed Kenny**, **Chi-su** and our Hare **Funky Gibbon** for afore mentioned infringements tomfoolery/idiocy and, in **Chi-su's** case, for seeing some real teachers. Then a controversial moment when the RA awarded himself a beer together with **Moron** for a week of breakdowns and presumably being too friggen' old. There were calls of breach of procedure but in vain, the deed was done.

And lastly a special award for **Tango**, beautifully preened in preparation for that evening's blind date (blind I'm told because the evening they met they were blind drunk and have no recollection of what each other looked like) and to **2AM** for having a wet crotch (not sure if these two awards were related).

Thanks to the Hare for a great run and sorting out the weather but poor show for England's rugby stuffing.

On On **NotOut**



Scribe



Not Out

Hare

RA: Sparerib

Run 2112 • The Jolly Woodman
Beckenham • 23rd March 2013

Hot Down South

A h , there's nothing like being all snugly under a couple of duvets on a cold Saturday morning with the snow coming down outside. Of course, I did have pause for thought as I heard my erstwhile lodger **HDS** getting up to go out into the blizzard to lay today's trail, but not enough to get me out of bed...

Luckily, by the time the trail was laid and those intrepid brave hashers willing to leave home comforts had ploughed their way over to our neck of the woods, the snow had abated.

In the end it was a good size pack that were shown some lovely frozen parklands and wooded areas around the Beckenham area that **HDS** had found to lay trail through. Locals like **Vulcan** and **Boggers** puffed up excitedly to be at the heart of the London Hash for a change. A drink stop was cleverly organized amongst the Doric columns of the Grade II listed mansion in Beckenham Place Park - G&T, luvrly..

Now, as far as the circle was concerned, I have to say that **Sparerib** did give me his notes for down downs. However, I'm not sure that the bods who de-

ciphered the Rosetta Stone could have decoded that collection of hieroglyphs. Anyway, who reads this stuff? Tell you what, I'm going to say that **Table-whine** got a down down for accidentally cracking through the ice on Kelsey Park Ponds and losing a leg to an ornamental koi shark and see if anyone notices. Oh, but I do remember one real down down for **Cumming Dear** for over enthusiasm. For him, the struggle through inclement weather and the slippery conditions just wasn't enough of a challenge. So he decided, on leaving 221A Baker Street (he complains about the constant violin playing upstairs) that he would run all the way to Beckenham instead of taking more traditional methods of transport. Yet another mad hasher - perhaps we should organise a mad hasher's tea party?

on on,
Chi-Su



Scribe



Chi-Su

Hare



**Yorky
Porky**

RA: Mad Cow

Run 2113 • The Black Horse
Greenford • 31st March 2013

Sorry for the delay, moving , no internet, and knees and losing job!
The very very late short run report from Easter!

The Black Horse at Greenford was the setting of the trail. The hare was *Yorky Porkie*, as poor *Twin Peaks* was out of commission with a bad back. The Easter bunny's hippy hopped through the bunny trail on a sunny Easter Sunday. The pack set off the lovely run through hill and dale. There were hashers with ears, even with tails! Running through the hoppy trail happy hashers. There was even enough shiggy on the bunny trail. Finally the trail led the pack to the canal and lo and behold there was an Easter treat for the Hash. There was the beer, chocolate, and hot cross buns! There was also Wine there to make *Tango* happy! Onwards to the pub with bellies filled the pack rambled back to the pub to watch the Boat race. The time was near The Hash House Hammies as the sign said, gathered together back at the Pub where the smell of freshly baked bread lingered as *Mad Cow* conducted the ceremonies. And in the mist a hashers was named and rising from the cloud of flower and beer was *Hot Cheeks!* With that the hash left to go ON ON!



Scribe



Run2Eat

Hares



Not Out

RA: Sparerib

Run 2114 • The Old Bull & Bush
Golders Green • 6th April 2013

When a man grows old
And his balls go cold
And the end of his prick turns blue
And it bends in the middle like a one
string fiddle
Then he's been on a hash or two.

So pull up a chair and stand me a
pint
And a tale to you I'll tell
Of a hash that was run
In the afternoon sun
From the Bull and Bush pub on the
hill.

Not Out was the hare
And with his wife so fair
They pondered on what was in
store

Not Out was concerned
Because he had learned
That City had been there before

For the start of our lark
It was Golders Hill Park
And we ran down the path to the
pond
Then through the wood
Just as fast as we could
Up to Spaniards On, On and beyond.

Now **Chi-Su** was hot
But shy he was not
And started strip-tease by the rail
But the pack plodded on
From the Leg of Mutton
And then down to a massive false
trail.

Our hare disappeared,
It was just as we feared,
The drink stop was yet to be done
Past churches and spires
And the houses of Squires
Past the Admirals House went the
run

We came to a road
And the traffic was slowed
When **Lofty** and **Henry** stood firm
Cars came to a halt
It wasn't their fault
The drivers were just made to
squirm

Not Out had a plan
Spare Rib was his man
And he gave him a map of the trail
But just when we need it
Spare Rib could not read it
Not Out's master plan was to fail

The self raising flour
Of that Thursday night shower
Was in danger of spoiling the fun
But someone was sharp
T'was our own **Skylark**
"Plain flour was used on our run!!"

Thunderthighs blew the horn
Sounding Oh so forlorn
And the pack headed up to Kenwood
Your scribe tried some checking
But chalk marks were lacking
He was lost-try as hard as he could

Having lost the hares trail
Near the end of my tale
I suddenly spied Henry Moore
And there it was chalked
Just where the path forked
The Grand National was starting at
four

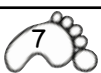
And so to On Inn
To the cheery Hash din
With cakes and good food and good
ale
For providing good fare
Raise a glass to the hare
And that is the end of my tale.



Scribe



Orangutan

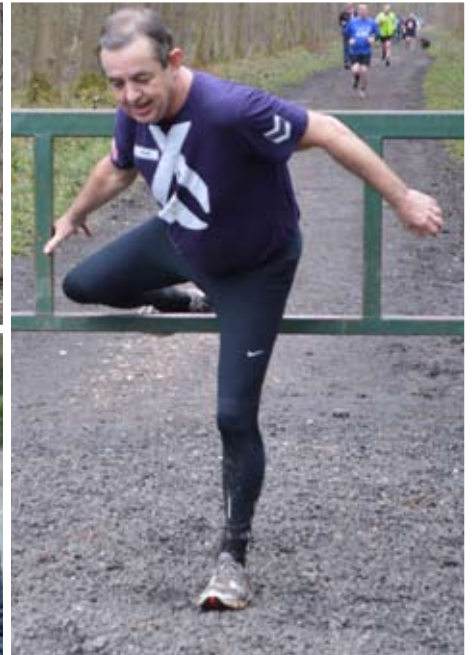


If the shoe fits, get another one just like it.

Hare

Butt Plug

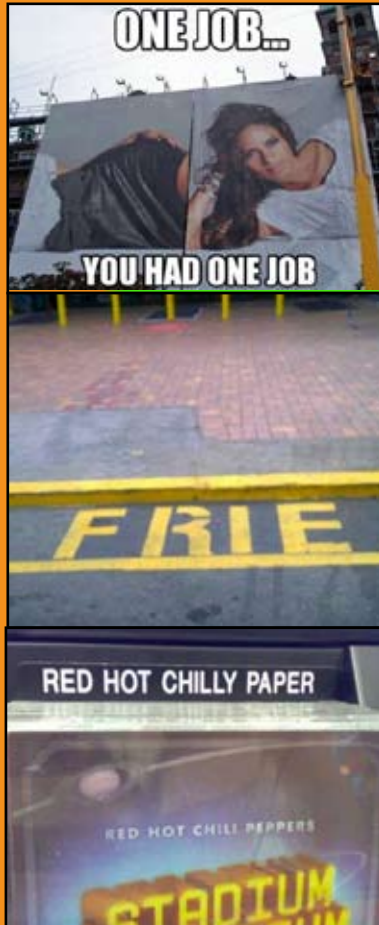
Hash name:
Named after Plug from
the Beano comics



Hash Humour 1

A mate just called me in tears. His wife has left him, taken his prized Bob Marley collection and the satellite dish!

Poor fella, no woman, no sky.

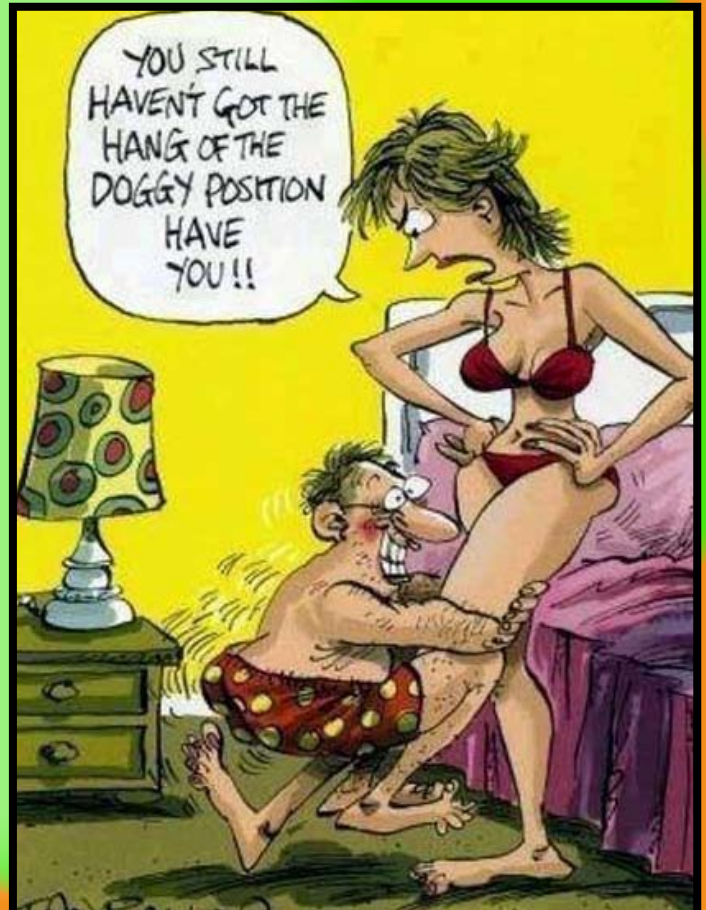


I was in a pub the other night and heard three girls with an overabundance of flesh, talking at the bar. Their accent appeared to be Scottish, so I approached and asked, "Hello, are you three lassies from Scotland?" One of them screeched, "It's WALES, you bloody idiot!" So I apologised and replied, "I am so sorry. Are you three whales from Scotland?" And...that's the last thing can I remember....

Two guys were discussing popular family trends on sex, marriage, and Family values. Bill said, 'I didn't sleep with my wife before we got married, did you?' Larry replied, 'I'm not sure, what was her maiden name?'



A little girl realized that she had grown hair between her legs. She got worried and asked her mom about 'that hair'. Her mom calmly said- "That is your secret place, which we now refer to as "Monkey"... Be proud in knowing that your monkey has grown hair"... The little girl smiled. At dinner, she calmly told her sister- "My monkey has grown hair". Her sister smiled and said- "That's nice, mine is already eating bananas"! Momma fainted....



Hares

RA: Game & Away

RA: Reach Around

Run 2116 • The Shakespeare's Head
Angel • 20th April 2013

**BSC & Going
Commando**



Verse/run notes: with an on-home in a pub called "Shakespeare's Head", the pressure was certainly on! **Hot Down South** was wearing some vivid leggings, with brightly-coloured horizontal stripes. Klacid is the name of an antibiotic, and one of a very small number of words that rhymes with "acid". A Jordanian FNG and her Sicilian fiancé joined us on the run; the lady wearing a vest that featured a fur-lined hood. There was a lovely bit of the run alongside a canal, prompting me to revisit a rhyme I'd used once before, in Singapore.

*This is the time any poet must dread:
I'm about to recite within Shakespeare's Head.
I'm happy to try for your aesthetic pleasure
But as for me, man, that's some serious pressure!*

*The first words to come from my poetic mouth
Are about the leggings of **Hot Down South**.
When my eyes did espy them, I did not feel placid.
Maybe antibiotics I needed, like Klacid.
I wasn't excited -- no, I was quite flaccid,
And I felt i had just dropped some really bad acid.*

*Now if you've a camera, please stop your recordin'
I have to speak now of a nice thing from Jordan.
It's something much nicer than first it appears;
It's fuzzy and warm, and it tickles your ears.
I'm speaking, of course, of Jordanian fur...
And also this hood that is wrapped around her.*

*Ooooh... The fiancée glares, he looks at me pissily
When he does speak, he speaks to me hissily.
I'm talking of something that he regards kissily,
But I guess that's what the men do down in Sicily.*

*I found that this run was nice, not banal
As we all got to run alongside that canal.
Did I speak incorrectly? Should that have been bay-nal?
In that case, I guess that we got to c-anal.*

*That's all I can say, I sure did have fun
On this hash on the streets of Islington.*



Scribe



Longfellow

Hares



Lord Lucan & Lady No No

Mother Hash:

LL: Hong Kong Hash

LNN: KL Harriettes

Year Started:

LL: 1975

LNN: 1995

Venue: 5 Bells in East Finchley;
Hares: **Lord Lucan** and **Lady No No**

Title: In the avenues and alleyways [with apologies to Tony Christie] of Hampstead Garden Suburb

Spare Rib, the RA for the day, showed such confidence in his ability to control the weather that he wore more clothes than anyone else. Speculation before the trail was that we might go to Hampstead Heath or Highgate Wood or maybe even the Hampstead Heath Extension. **Rambo** was there keeping a fatherly eye on his daughter. After **Lord Lucan** made a speech, saying something to do with going backwards and telling us that there would be a drink stop in Cherry Tree Wood, off we set crying No No. We went through the 1st of many alleyways which the hare later told me were really called twitters. The arrows were pointing the wrong way, the trail was clear and usually easy to find. A small pack including your scribe got too far in front so we had a re-group.

Manicured hedges and SUVs were frequently to be seen in this well off part of London. Recession, what recession? A small group got well away from the pack again including **Knickers**, **Bhopal** and myself, going into one twittern after another until salvation came when we found

RA: Sparerib

Run 2117 • The Bald Faced Stag
East Finchley • 28th April 2013

ourselves on Bishops Avenue from where we could see the entrance to the park where we were to have the drink stop but no the hare made us do a loop and come into the park via another entrance. The small break-away pack decided not to wait at the drink stop as we were so close to home and a welcoming pub.

In the circle the hares drank last in keeping with **Lord Lucan** doing things the wrong way round. Before them were visitors **Just Andrew** from Oz, **Rote router** from Japan, **Tickly tart** from Capetown and someone from Boston. **Bonnie**, warming up for his imminent gig at the Eurovision [how can he be in Barnes and at the Eurovision at the same time?], gave **Spare Rib** a down down for greyness. **Naughty Nympho** got one too and **Mick Mac**, your scribe, got one for stupidity for volunteering to be scribe. **Mayumi** and was it **Car say no** also drank. Back into the pub where we frightened the assembled Arsenal fans cheering a Theo Walcott goal against Man U after 1 minute by shouting loudly and with gusto "Offside" on seeing the replay which showed that the goal was indeed offside.

All in all a nice trail of more than 10k lasting 1 hour 13 minutes. As the hare bought me a beer I decided not to go any further into why we did not go to certain green areas.

No No to my next LH3 trail in Barnes.

Mick Mac



Having a fictitious 0S before the real one turned up



Scribe



Mick Mac

Hares

RA: Sparerib

Run 2118 • The Pelton Arms
Maze Hill • 4th May 2013



HDS & Game & Away

Run: 2118

Hares: *Hot Down South & Ms Game and Away*

Pub: Pelton Arms

Date: May the 4th be with you.

Arriving at the Pelton Arms, we were greeted with the usual camaraderie of the London Hashers topping up their fluids before a run, but, in fact, one voice rose above the rest. RA *Spare Rib* was confidently (read: loudly)

assuring the mob that the weather would be lovely for the days run. As a number of hashers had just walked through a spot downpour following the P trail that was almost washed out as a result, we decided that the first down-down would be awarded posthumously a bit later.

The run itself was beautiful, taking us along

the Thames, around past the Cutty Sark to a well-timed regroup at the gem of Greenwich, the Royal Observatory.

The view at the Royal Observatory was spectacular, though it was hard to tell if it was the view or the preceding hill run that left many hashers breathless

Along the run were a couple of false trails that laughingly led to the

sweating FRB's startling a number of innocent bystanders, including a wedding party. Well played, hares.

A turn later, and sharp eyes spotted the original P trail. With renewed vigor (and the promise of a soon to be had beer) on-on was called and we were away.

We collected ourselves at the Pelton Arms, thanking them for their generous donations to the down-downs, the first of which went to a trio of virgins, and visitor *Ooh-La-La*, whom invited all to the upcoming *hash in France*.

Of course, with his prior weather predictions turning true, *Spare Rib* declared his RA duties concluded and rewarded himself appropriately with his second down-down. And (un)fortunately for *He Badgers*, his new pair of shoes was spotted during the run, and resulted in a couple of aromatic down-

downs, the second one filtered through an ever more fragrant teabag.

...On-on

As a holiday treat hares *HDS* and *G&A* organised a hasher tour of the nearby Meantime Brewery, for those so inclined after the run.

What followed was a true hashperience. With the free samples readily imbibed, hashers easily debated among themselves the benefits of the various brewing techniques employed by MB.

2118 eventually wound down with dinner at a local Indian restaurant. It was crowded, it was noisy, and it was fun.

A big thank you from all who attended go to the organisers, hares *HDS* and *G&A*, who went to extraordinary lengths to make the day amazing... and succeeded. Can't wait for the next one.



Scribe



Andrew

Hare



Bonnie

Date: 11/05/2013

Hare: **Bonnie** (aka as Our Beloved Grand Master)

Pub: The Green Man

Location: Putney

I was the Chosen One. Mind you, only by **Spare Rib**... He was betting on support in his battle-of-the-rain-dances with **Bonnie**. **Bonnie**, by the way, is commonly addressed as "Our Beloved Grand Master", or OBG (reminds me of when I lived and worked in the Arab world, where, in case of doubt, a quick "Peace Be Upon Him", PBUH, was thrown in). I am not sure who won in the end (the rain dancing contest, that is). There was a bit of precipitation, and a bit of shine - maybe we should call it a draw.

Back to the beginning. OBG welcomed **Smooth Operator** from City Hash, and "returnee" **Dr. Ain Oil**. **Bully** was conspicuous, with Future Hasher On Board (**Horrible** on reluctant standby in case of emergency). I cannot remember if **Tango** was late - let us assume she was, a fair bet - but it was the new **Tango**, all purple-hooded lycra, and not a bit of hash clothing in sight.

This run was or was not a joint Slash, I am not quite sure. **Rear Admiral** made an appearance, and he does not usually do London

RA: Game & Away
RA: Sparerib

Run 2119 • The Green Man
Putney • 11th May 2013

- but there seemed to be a bit too much running by Slash standards. At an early stage we were almost trampled by serious athletes, clearly no hashers. It seems that the Wimbledon Striders had chosen this very time and location for their training, partly obliterating OBG's flour markings. **Double Entry** was so impressed that she abandoned the hash to follow them.

We made extensive use of Wimbledon Common, with its forests and shiggy, and meandered in great big loops, sometimes on trail, sometimes not. Nothing of particular note happened until we got to the drink stop, courtesy of **Naughty Nympho**. The hashers clearly loved the liqueur and the savoury twists, by and large staying clear of the **Rambo** chilli vodka. Only **Mary Poppins** was seen hoarding the stuff - think she is planning to kill someone? **Oran Utang**, **Game & Away** and **Oktoberfest Hooker** missed the DS altogether.

I don't want to expose the poor readers to all the stuff in the circle, so will stick to the main crimes. **Game & Away** got the

pervert award for coveting **Coming Dear's** tits (don't ask, this was **Spare Rib's** idea) in preference to those of **Hard Core Bomber**. Must have been revenge for **HCB** not doing her maiden run as a hare. **Looberty** was done for thinking two baby legs meant twins (and panicking!), and **Eric** for eating hops during the brewery tour and duly exploding. The best one I think, though, was for **OBGM**, who gets his dubious mail rerouted to **Tablewhine's** address. And he has not even reached his first wedding anniversary... But we have to thank him (PBUH) for setting a shitty trail, and selecting a hospitable if expensive pub. Glass of Sauvignon Blanc, **Houdini**?

Martian Matron



Sparerib shows off his big shiny mug! - for reaching 100 runs



Scribe



Martian Matron

Hares

**Hardcore
Bomber &
G&Away**

RA: Game & Away

RA: Reach Around

Run 2120 • The Bedford
Balham • 13th May 2013



Sparerib's Beginners Lyric corner



FINGER IN YOUR BEER

Melody – Itself

How would, you like, my finger in your ear?
How would, you like, my finger in your ear?
Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely!

How would, you like, my finger in your rear?
How would, you like, my finger in your rear?
Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely!

How would, you like, my finger in your beer?
How would, you like, my finger in your beer?
Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely! Not fucking likely!

Actions: During the song several hashers usually attempt to stick their fingers in the places mentioned in the verse. When the line "not fucking likely" is sung the circle usually puts their beers above their heads and dances in a circle.

Head who said head

*Head who said head, I'll take
some of that.
And we did,
and it was good,
Then there was much rejoicing,
and then we f*cked.
For hours and hours, uprooting
trees shrubs and flowers.
Like vikings with horns on our
head.
Head who said head, I'll take
some of that
Yadda, yadda, yadda.....*

Hash Humour 2

My girlfriend left a note on the fridge, "It's not working. I can't take it anymore. I am going to my Mom's place."

I opened the fridge. The light came on. The beer was cold... What the hell is she talking about?



The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong.

Last month a world-wide survey was conducted by the UN. The only question asked was "Would you please give your honest opinion about solutions to the food shortage in the rest of the world?"

The survey was a huge failure because of the following:

1. In Eastern Europe they didn't know what "honest" meant,
2. In Western Europe they didn't know what "shortage" meant,
3. In Africa they didn't know what "food" meant,
4. In China they didn't know what "opinion" meant,
5. In the Middle East they didn't know what "solution" meant,
6. In Argentina they didn't know what "please" meant,
7. In the USA they didn't know what "the rest of the world" meant,
8. In Australia they hung up as soon as they heard the Indian accent!



The pope has finally lifted the ban on condoms. Training, however, is still required.



This is the transcript of the ACTUAL radio conversation between the British and the Irish, off the coast of Kerry, Oct 98. Radio conversation released by the Chief of Naval Operations 10-10-01:



IRISH	Please divert your course 15 degrees to the South, to avoid a collision.
BRITISH	Recommend you divert your course 15 degrees to the North, to avoid a collision.
IRISH	Negative. You will have to divert your course 15 degrees to the South to avoid a collision.
BRITISH	This is the Captain of a British navy ship. I say again, divert YOUR course.
IRISH	Negative. I say again. You will have to divert YOUR course.
BRITISH	THIS IS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER HMS BRITANNIA! THE SECOND LARGEST SHIP IN THE BRITISH ATLANTIC FLEET. WE ARE ACCOMPANIED BY THREE DESTROYERS, THREE CRUISERS, AND NUMEROUS SUPPORT VESSELS. I DEMAND THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR COURSE 15 DEGREES NORTH, I SAY AGAIN, THAT IS 15 DEGREES NORTH, OR COUNTER-MEASURES WILL BE UNDERTAKEN TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THIS SHIP.
IRISH	We are a lighthouse. Your call.



Some people are like Slinkies... they're really good for nothing



...But they still bring a smile to your face when you push them down a flight of stairs

'Mr Clark, I have reviewed this case very carefully,' the divorce Court Judge said, 'And I've decided to give your wife £700 a week,' 'That's very fair, your honor,' the husband said. 'And every now and then I'll try to send her a few bucks myself.'

Hares

RA: Sparerib

Run 2121 (2112) • Coach & Horses
Barnes Bridge • 18th May 2013

**HDS, Tango
& Trigamist**



Do you remember those primary school sports days? The egg and spoon race, the sack race and the three legged race? And, how the one chance to get close to Dana Beale as your three-legged partner got scuppered when she burst into tears when you asked her?.... just me then.

Well, in a re-invention of the 2012 games, to sort of coincide with our 2112 run (not) our GM put forward a plan to have our own sports day. Various people were co-opted to organise logos, clothing, resources, drinks and in the case of Sparerib his very own set of stocks!

We were made to feel very welcome at the Coach and Horses again. HDS put on her best school marm voice to organise us around the trail Tango, Trigamist and herself had hared to the various events. We held the circle in the park near the on-in, which included the naming of Swing Low and Beastie Boy, before heading back to the pub for some sandwiches and a disco in the evening. Great fun had by all, but where was Dana Beale?





Hares



Double Entry & Shuffle Cock



*I'm not a good priest, but the hare should repent
For trail that's so long, set just after lent.*

*I'm not the judge - I'm merely the sentry,
But I fear for the soul of dear Double Entry.
Today she did add to her sinning invent'ry
She may be smitten with a case of dysentery
And may have to go off an live in Coventry
And though it may take her the rest of this cent'ry
She ought to start now and begin her repent'ry.*

*That's what I thought -- then we stopped for a drink.
And all of her sins are forgiven, I think.*

*Oz Moses, Fuck-ah-we: two lovely Australians
Who came here to join our joys bacchanalian.
Her figure suggests that she is mammalian,
But they were so distant, they could have been aliens.*

*We had, for a while, a morbid prognosis
On the date of arrival for Mr. Oz Moses.
So far was he back, with Mrs. Fuck-ah-we,
They had to show passports... as they entered Malawi.*

*Two point three miles after leaving the Plough,
We chanced on a herd of more than one cow.
While some chewed their cud and others did shit
One sturdy young bull had latched on to a tit.*

*An adult I am; my reactions I've mastered,
But I had to exclaim to him, "You lucky bastard!"*

*I'm glad that I ran with hares and the hounds, oh,
In this lovely neighbourhood just north of Hounslow.*



Notes: a lovely drink stop in Double Entry's (and Shufflecock's) back yard. I have to apologize for horribly mangling the pronunciation of "Coventry" to fit the sentry/entry rhyme, and I must confess that "repentory" isn't a word at all... though there is no doubt about what it means, I suspect. The lady Australian's name was "Fuck-ah-we", as in, "Where the fuck are we?" This is significant only because I suspect I will never have the opportunity (or need) to rhyme anything with Malawi. Ever again. On the other hand, I've also rhymed "Ghana" before, so there's hope that I'll get the entire continent eventually.

The herd of cows was there, and the youngster having a drink... well, I can't be sure that it was a bull, but the verse worked better for that assumption.

One final note: I'm not sure that I actually recited the third line of the second stanza ("invent'ry"), though it was certainly composed. That sequence of seven rhymes was one of the hardest I've had to memorise. It also means this might have been the first verse I've ever done with an odd number of lines.



Scribe



Longfellow

Hare

Orang Utan

Mother Hash:
Malacca
Year Started:
1977

London Hash Run 2123, Bank Holiday Monday 27 May 2013 at 12 noon (ish)
Pub: The Harrow, Cheam
Hare: **Orang Utan**

Some of you may not be aware that the real name of **Orang Utan** is Anthony Aloysius St John Hancock, and that he lives at 23, Railway Cuttings, East Cheam. Before emerging as a teacher of mathematics in faraway schools, **Orang Utan** and his good mate Sid James featured on the wireless in a show that ran from 1954 to 1959, and later transferred to the relatively new medium of television.

So it was good to visit some of the haunts of Mr Hancock, and to see the locations used by the East Cheam Drama Society. First among these was Nonsuch Park, a deer hunting park established by Henry VIII. Indeed, most of the run was in Nonsuch Park, and although deer were noticeably absent, there was a plethora of virgins and visitors. Actually, there were only five, including the hare's son and his partner (the son's partner, that is) and **Mary Poppins's** sister and her partner (the sister's partner, that is). But we should be grateful for small mercies, especially as three of them didn't drink so saved us money on the down downs.

Having circumnavigated the park, we deviated to the south, a bit like swallows in the winter, although not quite so far. It was here that we encountered the Railway Cuttings, and we tarried a while to enjoy a spot of refreshment in the form of a drink stop. The hare had been saving the leftovers from his summer holidays, and provided some weird concoction generally restricted to the alchemists of Eastern Europe who experimented with various forms of distillation in their efforts to identify aqua vitae. The beverage offered to us - Marasquin from Croatia - never quite caught on in the off-licences of Cheam (or anywhere else for that matter) and so John Smiths was more popular.

Back at the pub we settled down comfortably. The range of beers was good, and food was available, albeit delivered slowly. For this reason the start of the circle was delayed for some time. To be more specific, the start of the circle was delayed until **Mad Cow** had dined.

Since I was only asked to be the scribe after the proceedings were

over, all I was given was **Mad Cow's** demented scribbblings, in handwriting that would put a traditional GP to shame. But based on a combination of these scribbblings, and my declining memory, down downs were given to the hare and a variety of lost souls. These included **Reach Around**, **Hot Down South** (who had left, so lookalike **Martian Matron** was roped in), **Marxist** (for using public transport), **Daffy** (for pimping), **Bare Behind** (for finishing a 100k walk), **Scrumpy** (for being **Scrumpy**) and visitor from KL **Crusty Nuts** (for wearing a St George's Day shirt and being the brother of **Chi Su**). There may have been others, but it was beginning to get cold so there was pressure to get back into the pub.

Where some people stayed for some considerable time.

More On



Scribe



More On

Hare

RA: Sparerib

Run 2125 • The Porter & Sorter
Croydon • 3rd June 2013

Eric the...



and finally....a word from our sponsors....

zzzzzzzzzz
zzzzzzzzzz
zzzzzzzzzz
zzzzzzzzzz

