

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 37 Issue 1 March 2014

**St.
Andrew's
Day**

Pages 11

**CLaWs
Party**

Pages 13



LH3 Hash Contacts

Grand Master

Paul "Bonnie" Tylor
lh3gm@londonhash.org

Hon Sec

Ging Gang Goolie
lh3onsec@londonhash.org

Edit Hare

Clifton "Chi-Su" Alden-Jones
chi-su@hotmail.co.uk

Hare Raiser

Naughty Nympho
lh3hare@londonhash.org

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

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

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

Blasts from the Past



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
13-16 Mar 2014	Interhash 2014	Hosted by the Hainan H3 in Hainan, China.	http://www.interhash2014.com/	
23-25 May 2014	40th Anniversary	Hosted by the Bicester H3 in Bicester, UK.	http://www.bicesterh3.org/	
6-8 June 2014	Danish Nash Hash	Hosted by the Arhus H3 in Arhus, Denmark.	http://www.ah3.dk/nashhash2014/index.php	Helle Hansen
18-20 July 14	2014 Commonwealth Hash Weekend	Glasgow H3	http://www.glasgowh3.com	Hughie
23-24 July 2014	Pre-Lube to Brussels 2014	Hosted by CLaWs	http://brussels.londonhash.org	Yorky Porky
25-27 July 2014	Brussels 2014	Hosted by Brussels Manneke Piss & Ostende Gonads H ³ s	http://www.interhash2014.com	Higgins
27-31 Aug 2015	Nash Hash 2015	Oxford Hash	http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/	

Hare

Pussyfoot

RA: Sparerib

Run 2143 • The North Star
Finchley Road • 23rd Sept 2013



Hares

**Three Beers
& Goldilocks**

RA: Sparerib

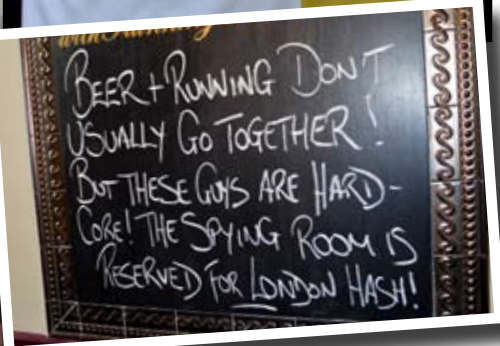
Run 2144 • Sir Richard Steele
Chalk Farm • 30th Sept 2013



Hares



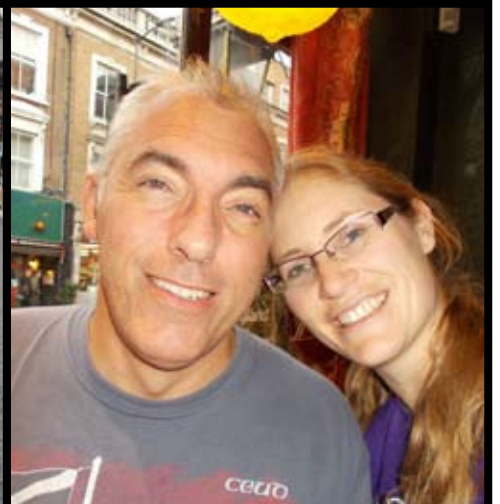
Naughty Nympho & Bonnie



Hare



Hot Down South



Hares



**Eric &
Scatman**

dogs. One hit a poor little dog right in the face. She was later named "**Money Shot**" for this random act of cruelty (although "**Strap On**" was also briefly considered for her leg contraption).

Coming out of Hyde Park, the trail snaked

always keep an eye on our bags, and those of our fellow hashers.

Down downs were awarded to the hares for setting a wet, shitty trail; **Bear Behind** for retrieving **Tango's** lost handbag (minus wallet and phone unfortunately, but with keys); **Chi Su** and **Marxist** for being leftie, socialist trouble makers; **Hard Core Bomber**

for being a racist, fascist police officer; and **Eric** for being an "unacceptable".

Orangutan was awarded with his 50 runs tankard, and advised to get a life. **Kate** was named **Money Shot**, and the naming was sanctified with copious amounts of flour and beer being thrown at her head.

On on! **Naughty**

Date:

19th October 2013

Pub: The Allsop Arms

Hares: **Eric** and **Scatman**

It was a cold, wet, gloomy type of day but this did not deter a relatively large pack assembling at the Allsop Arms near Baker Street. Non LH3-visitors included **Carrot Fungus** from Belfast, **Doc Cock** and **Semen Stains** from CH3, and our GM's best man and his missus, **Two Timin' Hymen** and **Bumper**, from Brasilia H3. We were also graced with the presence of visiting GM **Mouthwash**, newly returned from intensive undercover language training in Russia. Just visiting, or spying for City?

We set off in the drizzle, following enigmatic instructions from the hares to check everywhere for markings - the ground, trees, the sky...

The trail led us around Marylebone and into Hyde Park. **Chi Su** took the opportunity here to gather chestnuts, presumably for roasting over an open fire later. **Reach Around** was heard complaining about a hangover of a dubious nature - unknown quantities of alcohol and other random substances consumed the night before. Returnee **Kate** decided it would be nice to throw balls at small

its way through the Bayswater area, past the soon to be doomed Whiteleys, the lovely church of St Mary Magdalene, and along the canal path towards Paddington. We passed St Mary's hospital where homage was paid to the statue of a hasher drinking from his new shoes. I recall LOTS of false trails and back checks, before finally making it back to the pub.

Back at the pub, bags were retrieved and merry-making commenced. However, an unfortunate incident cast a sombre shadow over affairs when it was discovered that some opportunistic thieves had made off with **Last Tango's** bag. Let this serve as a reminder to



Scribe



**Naughty
Nympho**

Hare

RA: Reach Around

Run 2148 • The Wentworth Arms
Mile End • 26th October 2013



Skylark

A grey and dreary sky greeted the pack as we arrived slower than usual (thank you, weekend Underground engineering works!) at The Wentworth Arms to start the day's run. Dreary enough, in fact, to have us 50% short of our promised hare quota as it was left to **Skylark** to mark this lovely A-B trail, where we had been promised some large checks along the way to a craft microbrewery experience, but no-one else knew exactly where the brewery would be. Well, maybe not strictly no-one - **Fat Bastard** had made it clear that he (and his convenient bag-storing car) had been engaged under false pretences, with the erroneous assumption that he was only driving 10 minutes from his house to Hampton Wick. A clue? Maybe.

So the pack set off, led by **Reach Around**, who, impatient at the drawn out start to the hash, had urged us all to get moving and beat the rain. Hang on - as RA wasn't the rain his problem and his fault? No matter as we ran through a drenching shower for all of two minutes, which was to prove the only significant rain for the whole of the run. Following this brief downpour we found ourselves guided into Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park, where **Skylark's** flour came into its own. The problem for the pack was that not all of the flour had been laid yet, as our route through and around to the southern exit of the park took us across our own route at least twice. Note to hare: big flour arrows do not rub out very quickly when you need to replace them with arrows going in the opposite direction!

A short detour alongside the rail line and the businesses underneath its arches led the pack to Mile End Park,

through artificial football pitches and out to a check by the skate park and karting track. A slow search led only to one thing - a back check back under the railway. Cursing the hare we looped back around the stadium, along the canal and then up onto a very green bridge. What was that we could see down and to our right? Why it was the pub we had started from - 25 minutes and 2 miles to go 100 yards if that. Such a circuitous route proved very helpful for the latecomers, as **Yorky Porky** and a visitor (without a name, but over from Chile) caught their way up to the pack as we reluctantly checked downhill from after the bridge.

The next section was a fairly straight stretch up the canal, at least for **Thunderthighs** and the remaining few SCBs. The FRBs had a different obstacle to handle; a narrow (not to mention damp and slippery) wooden path by the Mile End Ecology Pavilion, water on both sides. A minor miracle had us all safely over with no big splashdowns, although **Orangutan** did manage to make a bit of a meal of the dismount. Back on the canalside proper, and then a brief false trail down the branch marked to Hackney Wick (was that a clue?) before the relief of a more recognisable Hash destination as we made it into Victoria Park, mostly in one piece. A straight route across the park and the largest check any of us have likely ever seen (around the whole base of the Burdett-Coutts fountain) warned us to shortly expect some more typical **Skylark** trail, and we were not disappointed. Into the kids playground, over the rope walk, up the stairs and down the slide. Easy for most hashers, but oddly enough not for **Skylark** himself who decided to try going down head first and got himself stuck.

Out of the park and we knew the end would have to be in sight, although the pack, once again, couldn't find the trail. "Follow the FRB" cried **Chi-Su** (no, not something I've often heard from him either) as we legged it down the canal again, downhill all the way to a big left turn opposite the Olympic Stadium and the very welcome sign of ON INN on the towpath. Across the road, in and down to the Crate Brewery in Hackney Wick for our choice of their IPA, Porter or

Best. Only one minor thing wrong; apparently our Hare had neglected to inform the establishment of our impending arrival.

Of course, all this proves is that **Skylark** is officially incapable of organising a piss-up in a brewery, and our RA made sure that fact was pointed out as the circle started. Two Italian virgins (whose singing prowess was not up to our expectations) and a visitor from Birmingham were shown the ropes before the usual recriminations began. A Catch the Hare RA (who shall remain nameless) was castigated for dereliction of duty the previous week in order to go on a pussy hunt (as organised by his wife). **Fat Bastard** was rewarded for his driving support with an oversized jug of water, while **Knickers** conveniently helped out on the beer side after having opted for a ride over a r*n. GM **Bonnie** was commiserated with regarding his impending diet with a 'last' beer, and while there were a few other down downs handed out, only those who can read the RA's handwriting will ever know for sure what went on. And after that voluble circle, for many an extended session of sampling the local craft produce continued, only to be followed by a circuitous route back (thank you, weekend Overground engineering works!)



Scribe



Blood Stained Clothing

Hare**Chi-Su**

Run 2149 Sat Nov 2nd

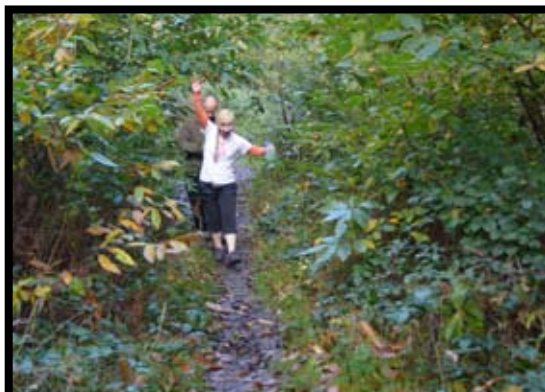
The Swan at West Wickham

The Pack: **Action Man, Bhopal, Beggars, Chi Su, Freeloader, Ging Gang Goolie, Hands On, Hot Down South, Knickers, Last Tango, Lofty, Mary Poppins, Me So Horny, Money Shot, Nookie, Not Out, Orangutan, Pete the Pilot, Pussyfoot, Pyles, Rambo, Ryde, Skylark, Sparerib, Tablewhine, Testiculator, Thunderthighs, Unacceptable, Waiting for Anal.**

On a slightly drizzly November lunchtime, the hash arrived at The Swan pub in West Wickham. By the time On-Out was called the weather was dry. We left the pub and ran meanderingly down the aptly named Corkscrew Hill and then veered past the pitch and putt ground in the direction towards Addington. The trail veered into a wooded area and the pack spaced out. Calling out for a change was necessary in order to effectively follow the pack; it was great hearing the sound of On-On echoing through the trees. The trail then led out of the trees into middle-class suburbia. I personally was in lazy mode and thankfully **Ging Gang Goolie** was happy to join me. We ended up a good way behind the pack as we chatted more than jogged. The trail brought us back into the pub via the High Street. I'm sure a bit of shopping would have been considered if the rain hadn't made reappearance.

A good few pints were downed whilst we waited for the rain to subside and then the pack was called to circle in the car park at the side of the pub. Unfortunately, I thought that I would have plenty of time from the pack being called to the circle to the lazy hashers actually circling up and so thus nipped to the nearby Sainsbury's to pick up some groceries. Unfortunately I underestimated the speed and efficacy of the hash and therefore cannot write much about the Down-Downs that followed; except for the one that I had for arriving at the circle with a few full, orange carriers. Nonetheless, the **ChiSu** (the Hare / Edit-hare) cannot complain too much about this as they did contain the necessary ingredients for his Sunday lunch.

It's fair to say, a good day was had by all. On-On. **HDS** x

**Scribe****HDS**

Met a beautiful girl down at the park today. Sparks flew, she fell at my feet and we ended up having sex there and then. I love my new Taser!

Hare



How named:
It was felt he was under
the thumb waiting for
his wife Inslide Out.

Cumming Dear



Okay, I've only myself to blame. Since making it the Edit Hare's duty to select a scribe I completely forgot to set one for this run. Compoundingly, I've also not obeyed my own scribing rules here. I've made no notes, listed no down downs or attempted to write the report soon after the run. I write this, therefore, from the cold Siberian wasteland that is the **naughty step**.

This was a wet and miserable day and various sodden and misshapen hashers turned up at what was a small but very pleasant pub in Greenwich. Immediately we took over one side of the pub completely and turned it into a marketplace. Our new haberdasher **Run2Eat**, pictured provocatively above, laid out all her new hash jewellery and hash socks, alongside **Chi-Su's** hash calendars. For a period of time it was like the first hour of the January sales as hashers clambered over each other particularly for the jewellery.

Cumming Dear, newly ensconced in Greenwich and newly enrolled into the cult of fatherhood, had laid a good trail that hadn't been washed away, and it was a run of various horrors (see left) and parents of hashers, with **Inslide Out's** family along for the fun.



Scribe



Chi-Su

Above: Bully and Looberty's horrors **Simples** and **Tadpole** are joined by **Inslide Out's** daughter Anna, sadly hidden (rubbish hash flash) and yet to get a hash name - **Cumming Out** a possibility?

Hash Humour 1



A Car mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of a car when he spotted a well-known cardiologist in his shop.

The cardiologist was there waiting for the service manager to come and take a look at his car when the mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey Doc, want to take a look at this?"

The cardiologist, a bit surprised walked over to where the mechanic was working on the car.

The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked,

"So Doc, look at this engine. I opened its heart, took the valves out, repaired or replaced anything damaged, and then put everything back in, and when I finished, it worked just like new.

So how is it that I make £30,000 a year and you make £800,000 when you and I are doing basically the same work?

The cardiologist paused, leaned over, and then whispered to the mechanic

"Try doing it with the engine running."

A Testimony to True Friendship
A man brings his best mate home for dinner unannounced at 5.30 p.m. after work. His wife screams at him as his friend listens in, "My hair & makeup are not done, the house is a mess, the dishes are not done, I'm still in my pyjamas, and I can't be bothered with cooking tonight! What the hell did you bring him home for?" "Because he's thinking of getting married.

I asked my girlfriend what movie my dick reminded her of... She replied, "Chicken Little"

*Jack and Jill went up a hill,
So Jack could lick her candy,
Well Jack got a shock and mouthful of cock,
'Cause Jill's real name was randy.*

A true story from Mount Isa in Queensland ... Recently a routine Police patrol car parked outside a local neighbourhood pub late in the evening. The officer noticed a man (Luke Sandery) leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk. The man stumbled around the car park for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing. After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles. The man managed to find his car, which he fell into. He was there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off. Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night). Then flicked the indicators on, then off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights. He moved the vehicle forward a few metres, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as some more vehicles left. At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road. The Police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrol car, put on the flashing lights, pulled the man over and carried out a breathalyser test. To his amazement the breathalyser indicated no evidence of the man's intoxication. The Police officer said "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the Police station - this breathalyser equipment must be broken." "I doubt it," said the man, "tonight I'm the designated decoy" ..



Hare



Eric

There's a man looking shifty, he must be past fifty
with the seat of his pants coloured blue.
At an age when a piddle just results in a widdle
But that's **Eric** our hare "Och the Noo"

Now **Eric** looked dour with his chalk and his flour
His handsome visage red and flushed
But he would not fail to lay a good trail
For here was a man we could trust.

So drink up your beer and a tale you will hear.
It's a wonderful saga to tell
Of a hash that was run in the afternoon sun
From the Porter and Sorter Hotel.

The group was all there and was asking the hare
to show us a blob of his flour.
So a blob white and round **Eric** placed on the ground
before shouting "Awn-Awn you great shower".

On to the first check where **Trig** said "What the heck"
"the trail should go on over there".
But no he was wrong, with a weird Scottish song
"To the right not the left" said the hare.

So **Eric** bellowed "Now cross over the road!"
and over the road we all went.
Just for a lark we went into the park
And on up the path at a sprint.

With no more ado just a Scots "Och the noo"
We went down to South Croydon Station.
Knickers went past and then coming up fast
Was the pride of the whole Scottish Nation.



Over a bridge to a check by a hedge
and we wondered which way we should run.
But **Skylark** was there, with his hand in his hair
he said "Hashing straight on would be fun".

Then down to the road past the sports field we strode,
To find **Eric** was way up ahead.
"Never you fear, it's a false trail up here
"To the left up the hill" **Eric** said.

Watch out for the Tram look both ways if you can,
and the trail led us into Lloyd Park.
Spare Rib and **Chi Su** having not much to do
were just thinking of beer before dark.

I followed the **Matron** of Mars through the mud
and came out from the hedge in the shadow.
But what's this I see but a cool S.C.B.
from both **Moron** and **Pete** in the meadow.

and what a surprise, it's a sight for sore eyes.
Walking there on the path through the field.

Mary Poppins and co.
H.D.S and **Tango**.

Their short cutting trick was revealed.

The trail was concealed but led out from the field
to the roads of the Croydon suburbs.
F.R.Bs carried on, way in front of **Hands On**
who skipped daintily over the kerbs.

To the Porter and Sorter to take in some water.
Spare Rib got **Skylark** to dance Mambo.
Hashy Birthday to **Eric**, Hashy Birthday to **Pete**
and down-downs to **me**, **Pile** and **Rambo**.

Lest we forget a fine Harriet,
Road Rooster I think is from Asia.
A down-down of beer just for turning up here
which she downed with the style of a Geisha.

My tale is now done and we all had some fun
and the Hashing tradition survived.
To show running and drinking is better than thinking
to solve all the problems World Wide.



Scribe



Orangutan

How named:
Named in Maleka because
he was considered an
endangered species

Hare



Run2Eat

Your scribe was asked to write up the r*n an hour or so after returning to the pub, so his recollection of the r*n itself is limited. With this caveat I will begin.

This being St Andrew's Day, the theme was of course Scottish, with around half the hash actually having taken note and responded accordingly. The trail was well marked, at least at the start, and this was commented on by several hashers, with only a few curmudgeons complaining of lost trail towards the end. Someone commented that the hare was "bossy" and this was clearly not a reference

to the full-on "boss" Scottish outfit. But then the same person went on to call the RA bossy, and a few more besides, so these comments should not be taken seriously.

The hare **Run to Eat** decided to spice things up with a few fish hooks, that only the

most conscientious

took seriously (of the rest most probably had no idea what they were supposed to do anyway). There was apparently a booby check and even a circuit round a race track that **Cumming Deer** certainly ran, but probably no one else was that stupid; certainly not your scribe who by this stage was limping with a pulled calf muscle. There were also some scenic and historic stops so we should now much more knowledgeable of east end philanthropy, the seal trade and Sherman tanks; information that will be immensely useful in his hashing life henceforth.

In the circle, the RAs near-

ly came to blows about who to start, the more ample **Reach Around** being the winner and **Spare Rib** coming second (2 AM apparently keeping his head - down). All agreed the trail was too short and too Scottish and the Hare was punished accordingly. A competition was held for the best male and female Scottish outfits.

Bulldozer, Martian Ma-tron, Run to Eat lined up for the harriets and **Bully** was duly elected most Scottish-looking. For the Hashers **Chi Su, Fat Bastard, Eric, Cumming Deer** and **More On** stood up and **More On** was elected with an additional vote for **Tadpole**, who did not stand up, and **Bully** nominated to take his down down (perschecution, shurely? ed).

Down Downs were given to 3 visitors. "The German" was called back into the circle, with only one undiplomatic rendering of the cheerful ditty "Two world wars and one world cup" by a person unnamed, and because he had generously passed out bananas to the pack at the start, named "**Das Banana Boot**". **Chi Su** was then given a down down for inappropriate singing. Someone noted the

familial similarity between **Eric** and **Reach Around**, **Scrumpy** suggested this be tested with a swimwear competition but the idea was so revolting that the pack rejected it. Finally **Yorky Porky** was considered to be dumb, and punished accordingly, for taking on the task of organising the Brussels pre-lube and Eurostar hash.

And so to finish on an appropriate note for the occasion, a recently discovered poem by Rabbie the bard himself:

There's nane that's blest of hasher kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man,
Count them all upon the trail
Hashers and Harriets are all the sae' man.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
But wha Ken seeks before his life may end
is a Barbie to share his care, man.

Then catch the hashers as they fly,
Wi' Down Downs as ye ought, man.:
For happiness is found in beer
Though they come not when they ought, man.

Mouthwash



Scribe



Mouthwash

Mother Hash:
City H3
Year Started:
December 1999

Hare



Optimist

Run 2154 Southwark
The Mad Hatter
Hare Optimist

We met at The Mad Hatter pub in Southwark. Once a hat factory but a double reference to Alice in Wonderland. So our theme could have been glue sniffing but instead it was hats,

and a fantastic array was on display, though being so close to Christmas, there were many a Santa wanabe.

Optimist briefed us on his run and we headed off to the charming little community streets around Waterloo East with its period worker's two-ups-two-downs. You could just imagine the flag waving and street parties as the Hun bombed from overhead. Yours now for £1m each!

We wiggled our way down towards the Imperial War museum, once round the grounds and under the imposing super dreadnaught 15-inch naval guns. With a range of 16 miles these little beauties could take out any hash meeting within the M25, whichever way the **skylark** flew!

We carried on to the Archbishop's Park round the sports ground and, in sight of Lambeth Palace, straight up the backside of Waterloo station through lower marsh. A tricky false trail under the arches and on to a regroup. Something wrong - not many runners arrived. Was it

the false trail, did we miss a loop? Who knows, but too chilly to stand around pontificating so, by overwhelming majority, on on.

One block short of the Mad Hatters I very nearly led **Orangutan** and **Legs** round again but was rescued by **Martian Matron** shouting "Oy, that's the out trail, pubs here".

Mad Cow RA'd the circle and by the powers invested in him etc etc christened Tim Quinlin '**Chicken Legs**' on account of his rather tight leggings, lambasted **Laura** for her running style and failure to stop at a Jewellery stall in the market, massacred **More On** for not knowing when to stop his laughing policemen impression, chastised **Caboose** for confessing that he came on the run because it was the cheapest in London and squashed **Skylark** for calling on a ref to award a "final penalty" ?

Thanks **Optimist**. Splendid run on a splendid day

NotOut.



Scribe



Not Out

CLAWS party 2013
Theme: Children's TV



Hares



Last Tango & Reach Around

Run write up for Saturday 14 December 2013
Hyde Park Corner
The Star in Belgravia
Hares: **Last Tango** and **Reach Around**

Dawn came and went, still no sign of the second hare who was running (not that she does too much of that) slightly late. Not even enough time for a pick me up and get me going bucks fizz in the Lanesborough.

The hares managed to communicate, one telling the other to wait outside the German Embassy. Only where is the German Embassy? Anyone any good at flags?..Tango definitely wasn't she was waiting by the Spanish Embassy. Not Deutschland über alles after all.

And so the trail was set. The hares found themselves on the pub doorstep dead on the dot of 12:00, plenty of time, but there was a major glitch apart from the doors not being opened. In her haste **LT** forgot her make up bag. **Martian Matron** looked totally bemused when asked if she could help out.. **Naughty Nympho** obliged with eye liner and mascara. **Hot Down South** produced this wonderful huge bag of tricks and **Tango** disappeared off in 7th heaven and returned just in time, transformed.

And so the run got under way.

Around the streets of London's Belgravia, Kensington, Chelsea, Fulham. We did not get to Spurs or Arsenal or QPR for that matter, why would we? Passed loads of embassies including the Argie one, pity about Las Malvinas.

Lots of underwear shops and clothes

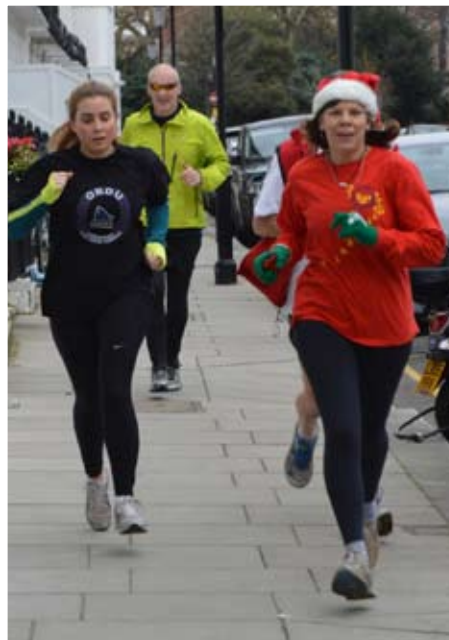
to put over the sexy black lace and suspenders. Its Christmas but were the hashers armed with credit cards, prepared like Boy Scouts should be, of course not, so no shopping on route, not even at Stella McCartneys shop which had dead naff clothes in it anyway and we let them know in no uncertain terms, you would have thought the salesman might have washed out the chalk comments.

The hares got confused with their Scottish Churches, worried about confusing the pack as much as **Tango** was, she kept seeing the same one over and over again. **Reach** was a tad rude about her sense of direction and insisted it was a mosque, only for a total stranger to say No that is Cadogan Hall, well they all look the same after a while.

There was an oyster stop on the Kings Road, pity LH3 did not go to the expense, the pack almost missed the Christmas market they were in such a hurry to get back to the pub.

As you all might know our illustrious GM has limited the number of drink stops, well £1 does not go very far, so we had a cocaine snifter stop instead, in keeping with current affairs, by the Saatchi Gallery, Nigella was not impressed with Charles' artwork and as she has since divorced him and decided she is better off SINGLE she was not in residence -having fun elsewhere.

Passed the Michelin building for lobster and the Ismaili Centre, another mosque. How many times can a co hare say NON do you think? Plenty of times I can assure you. Non to drawing a picture of old MO himself, non



to sniffing coke, non to drinks in the Lanesborough, something about hash attire and bikes parked outside, he didn't need to worry the staff would have parked it for him.

Passed Harrods and Harvey Nichols as you can see this was a well reconnoitred trail.

Back to the pub via a sighting of Winter Wonderland which turned out to be the only sighting. Let it not be said that London Hash House Harriers is an old hash and not into fun but could we get them out of the pub.....

Down downs were an adventure in how many can you cram into the smallest cellar, well that avoided the Harriets being taken for high class Belgravia dames, I'm sure there was a few episodes of Secrets of a Call Girl based in the area. Down downs went to the usual sinners er I think.

All in all a typical hash.



Scribe



Last Tango

Hash Humour 2

A man is alone in an airport lounge. A beautiful woman walks in and sits down at the table next to him. He decides because she's wearing a uniform, she's probably an off-duty stewardess.

So he decides to have a go at picking her up by identifying the airline she flies for, thereby impressing her greatly. He leans across to her and says the British Airways motto: 'To Fly. To Serve'.

The woman looks at him blankly. He sits back and thinks up another line. He leans forward again and delivers the Air France motto:

'Winning the hearts of the world'. Again she just stares at him with a slightly puzzled look on her face.

Undeterred, he tries again, this time saying the Malaysian Airlines motto: 'Going beyond expectations'.

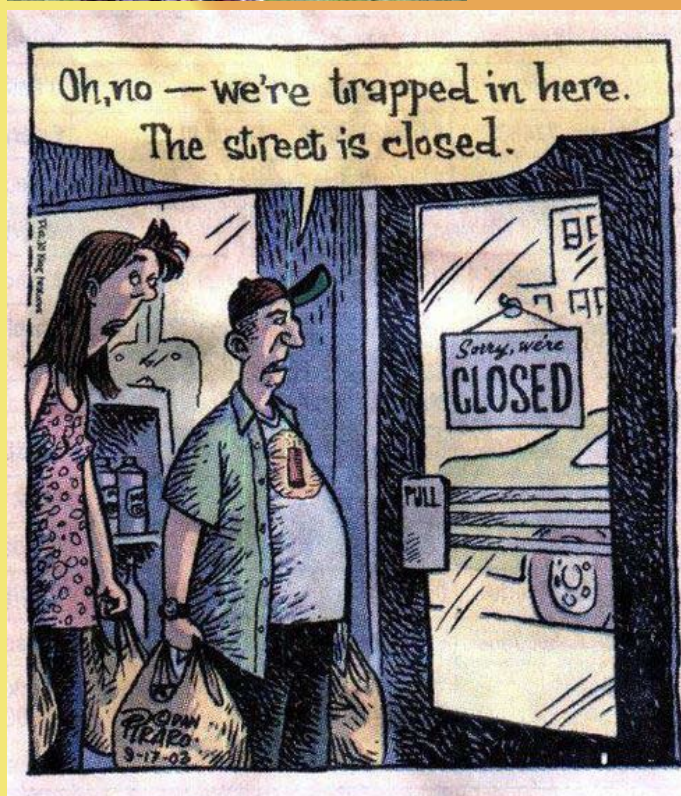
The woman looks at him sternly and says:

'What the f*** do you want?'

'Ah ha!' he says

"Ryanair".***

A German guy approaches a lady of the night. 'I wish to buy sex viz you.' 'OK,' says the girl, 'I'll charge £50 an hour.' '..ist goot, but I must varn you, I am a little kinky.' 'No problem,' she replies cautiously, 'I can do little kinky.' So off they go to the girl's flat, where the German produces four large bedsprings and a duck caller. 'I vant zat you tie ze springs to each of your hans und knees.' The girl finds this most odd, but complies, fastening the springs as he had said, to her hands and knees. 'Now you will get on your hans und knees.' She duly does this, balancing precariously on the springs. 'You vill please to blow zis kwacker as I make love to you.' She finds it odd, but figures it's harmless (and the guy is paying.) She finds the sex is fantastic, as she is bounced all over the room by the energetic German, all the time honking on the duck caller. The climax is the most sensational that she has ever experienced and it is several minutes before she has enough breath to say, 'That was totally amazing, what do you call that position?' 'Ah,' says the German .. 'zat is ze.... * * * * * Four-sprung Duck technique'

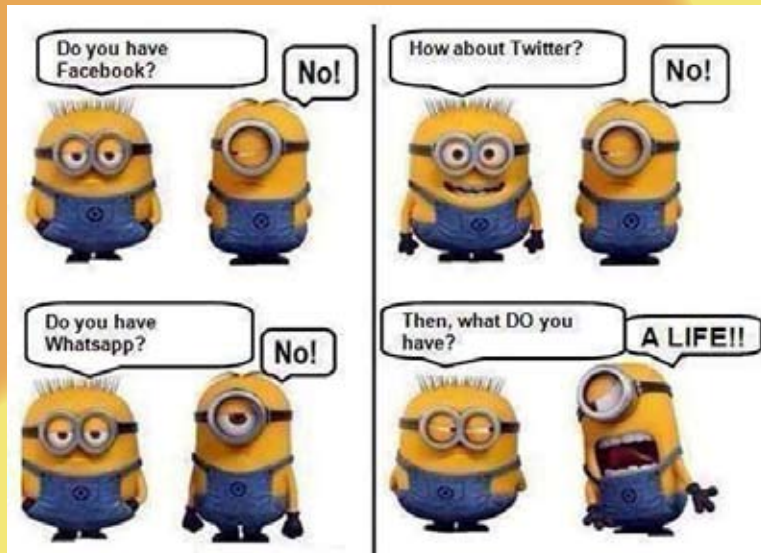


I told my dad to embrace his mistakes.

He cried. Then he hugged my sister & me.

Carlos has 300 candy bars. He eats 295. What does Carlos have?

Diabetes. Carlos has diabetes



Hares



More On & Martian Matron

Run2 Eat measured @8.85 km.

In true London hash style, the run started promptly at 12.40. Our illustrious hares who normally run with Marlow on Sundays persuaded 11 Marlow hashers to join us for our pre Xmas bash, who together with **Katoy Boy** from Saigon and **Just Paul** from the Manneke Piss, Brussels plus a few returnees brought our pack officially to 54 determined to avoid the Christmas shopping melee. A few non running hashers later added to our gathering making it one of the largest London groups for many a moon.

We wended our way round parks and bits of grass soft underfoot from recent gifts from the heavens bestowed by the great hasher above. Lots of checks and shortcuts kept our mixed ability group together, though front running **Knickers** confided in your scribe that she did a mile and a half loop, and untypically short cut to find us again again. It was only by having to catch a plane and leaving at 3.30 that she avoided a down down.

After about an hour enjoying the locale on a sunny Sunday afternoon, one day after the December solstice we arrived at a drink stop, to celebrate that from now on till June the nights will start to get lighter, (or maybe something to do with Christmas/ pagan festivities) where mulled cider with **More On's** special recipe, awaited us along with lots of mince pies.

Less On, son of **More On**, had to prevent his young son from overdoing the mince pies, and gallantly ate half the youngsters 23rd pie, (ok slight exaggeration, but never let it be said the facts should impede a good story) . **FB** your crown is still

in tact.

Following our run and drink stop we slowly reassembled at the Springfield Bowls and Social club. Rebellion beer specially laid on by **More On's** good offices at only £2.70 a pint together with a broth welcomed us, with a vegetarian option available.

In most cases the running part is the main part at a hash even if less than half the event. Today, despite an expertly laid hash the post run entertainment and food eclipsed a well set and longer than average hash run. Our attempts to criticise the trail consisted of too perfect, no hills, and a bit long did not prevent the traditional refrain of 'Shitty Trail' to accompany their first down down **Spare Rib** leading the singing as RA

Usually, down downs start with the hares, but on this occasion **Testiculator** had this honour. Turning up at 1 pm he wrongly assumed that the run would visit the seat in memorial to **Hairy Fairy**, who with 280 London runs to his name, died prematurely. A slightly serious note as we observed a silence for departed hashers led by **Bonnie**.

After the above down downs there followed a record number of down downs, starting with **Steve**, GM of Marlow. Marlow does not give hash names, but has an active chapter, and a few London hashers are regulars there.

Next to drink were our non Marlow visitors, then returnees, **Foreskin**, **Condom**, **Femidon**, **Less On**, **Pyles**, before **Naughty Nympho** suffering from plantar fasciitis and alcohol withdrawal, gave hers to **Bonnie**. **Spare rib**, **Double Entry**, **KC** and **Horrible**, followed for other misdemeanors.

Tania from Marlow and **Eric** had some issues questioning their honesty, and other hashers **Tango**, **HDS**, **2 AM**, **Ken** from Marlow, DDs also for lost property, **Marxist** who had lost bags, scarves, hats etc continued this drinking game.

Chi Su, **Gill** OBE Marlow did something but no idea what, I was punch drunk with all the down downs.

Yorky Porky, **Condom**, **Ken** or was it **Steve** drunk again as Marlow's ex GM's.

Lastly **Game and Away** for leaving the UK for about the 8th time, although she suggested later she might not leave for another month.

After 30 plus down downs we

resumed eating and drinking.

At this point the party really started. **Martian Matron** on the piano, **KC** on a Mandolin, **Bhopal** and **2 AM** leading a Christmas sing song, giving out song sheets for everyone to join in.

I had to leave as Monday is a working day, but many still remained after 6.30.

Well done to our hares, and all others who helped in making this the best pre Christmas party I can remember.

On! On! **Marxist**



Scribe



Marxist

Mother Hash:
London H3
Year Started:
1980

Hare



**Reach
Around**



Apologies to Going Commando &
Blood Stained Clothing but sadly
there's no record of Run 2157 at
The Shakespeare's Head,
Angel on 29th December 2013

Run 2158 • The Silver Cross
Charing Cross • 1st Jan 2014

Hare



Bonnie



Hare



Rambo

Run

2159 - Hare

"Rambo" - Feltham - Pub, "The Bee Hive."

This wet and windy afternoon, the pack headed to the hinterlands of zone 6 to partake in another cross "cuntry" epic "race" or otherwise known as a "Rambo Trail".

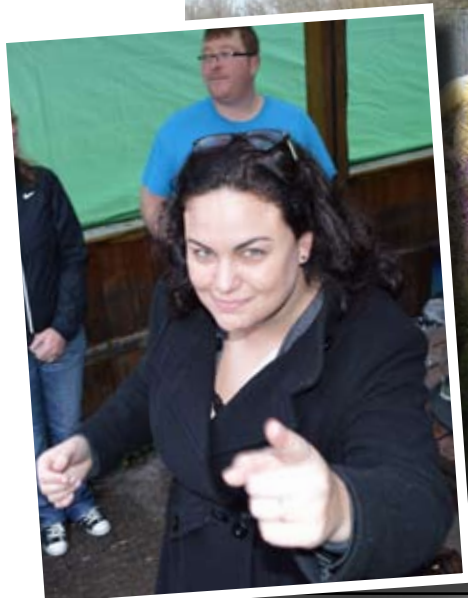
The beer wench behind the bar was heard to say, "I didn't know this lot was coming today," as she stood back to the amazing sight of 20 plus strapping athletes, and then "Eric the ..." walked in.

The pack made off from the pub shortly after 1230hrs, it was dry in the heavens but the ground was saturated from the recent deluge. We were promised a mainly off road run and that is exactly what we got. A few streams were traversed, a few slippery muddy slopes conquered, it made us feel like true athletes. So much so that one of the pack, "Anal Invitation" was extremely disappointed that he did not win the run! Huh? He was suitable rewarded

with a drink in the circle to cheers from the crowd. The Hare "Rambo" got a charge for setting a run that was too dry, not! "Pete the Pilot," (was a FRB this run!!!) and "Black Hole" somehow managed to avoid getting their feet wet, apparently they picked up a tip from the Hare and were quoted as saying, "We got given a tip to go down that way." "Freeloader" attempted one of the stream crossings but managed to hone in on a 3 foot deep hole and was also rewarded with a drink to assist him recover. "Mic Mac" had the audacity (cheek) to ask Thunderthighs to help him cross a stream and complained that he had bloody legs after the run. "Butt Plug" for lost property even though he claimed the hat and gloves left behind at a previous run were not his. Now LH3 have been

threatened by "Game and Away" in the past that it was definitely her last run before heading back to the US, but she keeps coming back. She and "Hard Core Bomber" were presented with their Hash Wedding Album, given a drink and told to "Fu@k Off," hopefully we won't have to spend any more on her! "Oyster Snapper" for being a returnee. "The Optimist" got brought into the circle to commemorate the recent passing off "Phil Everly," apparently the latter looked like the former. "Pickled Fart," seemed to think that women had bottoms for the sole reason of being wanked, sorry spanked! Too right! On On to the next run in Sudbury.

Put together by "Hard Core Bomber"



Scribe



Hardcore Bomber

Love may be blind, but marriage is a real eye-opener.

Hares



Simple & Tadpole

Run 2160 Sunbury, Saturday 11th January 2014

A to B was the modus operandi of this trail, and A to B (via Z) is how the story goes.

Being the second Saturday of the month this run was a joint LH3 and Sl'ash production.

Considerably better weather than the previous week saw blue skies and had put a spring in the step (apart from those who had been on the North Thames pub crawl with **Eric** the day before). Dreaded signalling trouble though delayed a good number of the pack who were arriving by train. Early arrivals, however, were **Ryde** and **Table-whine**, showing much keenness in getting to the Grey Horse before 11:30 it was reported.

For the rest however it would be 12:30 before the 1st train arrived, and there were some on the train behind, so drinks were ordered in.

Gradually the pack grew, and would see a Taxi with **Last Tango**, **Action Man** & **Knickers** bring in the last of those known to be stuck around Kingston. Hares today were **Simple** and **Tadpole**.

In the finest hash tradition **Simple** had spent most of the morning at a party (his priorities clearly in the right place) and had

RA: **Testiculator**

Run 2160 • The Grey Horse
Sunbury • 11th Jan 2013

been loaded up with lots of sugary treats; leaving **Tadpole** to provide some leadership in the family. Joining us today was a visitor from somewhere, but your scribe doesn't recall seeing him at pub B. Keeping to the finest hash traditions the GM

then welcomed all to the gathering, said some wise words and handed over to the hares.

Like it or not, we did eventually set out and experienced a good deal of déjà vu from last years' trail with some notable exceptions.

Mud though was the hares' downfall - finding pram wheel marks going in both directions provided sufficient forensic evidence that was going to be a false trail.

Not that such information was clear to **Rambo** who was off across the fields checking in the wrong direction until he found that everyone else was going the other way.

Only by this time the lead hare considered his work done, and dozed off delegating the remainder of the trail to **Bulldozer**. Rains over the previous two weeks had left the ground soft, but not too challenging; the River Thames however was running at a fast pace and had risen sharply up the banks - the trail sticking to the footpaths as we

headed to the end. Quality Streets were provided as the pack collected the bags from the car, and then on into The Phoenix for some energy recovery drinks. Satisfied hashers were soon ordering food, while others took to the garden to watch the river race by until it was time for the circle.

Testiculator stood in as RA and dispatched down to the hares and then to a rabble who failed to take heed that Sunbury was outside of the travel card zones.

Unsure how much they would get charged, this included **Eagermount** and **Not Out** (our hash finances hopefully remain secure).

Very annoyed at the transport system was **Thunderthighs** who read out the catalogue of delays and issues for her journey that had seen a final arrival three hours after the run should have started. Which then brought out stories from **Bear Behind** (walking) and **K.C.** (buses) having their own issues in finding pub A - a down down for our seniors was duly dished out.

Xerosis is an abnormal dryness of bodily tissues, and it was some abnormal dry tissue (in the form of dried worms/lava/grubs - I have no note of what they were) that were presented to **Looberty** and family who then proceed to eat these delights along with some members of the crowd.

Yet again we said our farewells to **Game And Away**, but this time she really is due on a flight the following day, so received some chocolate brownies from the child-slave kitchen chez **Rambo**. Zooming into the final stage of the day, the circle was wrapped up more food and drinks were ordered before the pub crawl began.

And that brings us back to.....
Beer.



Scribe



Testiculator

Hare

Yorky Porky

RUN 2161 18/01/2014
Hare Yorky Porky
The Crown, Northolt

So, after all the years of perverse enjoyment on Beijing HHH trails designed to demonstrate their song's phrase: 'dodging the shit and trash' your scribe often finds it a new pleasure to be on a LHHH run where the best views, scenery and hostelry in its illustrious eponymous City are routinely featured. This anticipation was at any rate his incentive for venturing out to the far flung realms of Northolt from the security of his home territory in South London. I'm sure on my old regional map this far north west was just marked: 'there be dragons'. However some 25 other hashers were also eagerly assembled in the warmly welcoming hostelry 'The Crown' as the sun made an unfamiliar appearance to add to the sense of promise.

Well, no dragons were encountered but the sense of the exotic was soon apparent as the new pyramids of North West London came into view after only a few paces of the run. At this striking vista some devious thoughts about what happened to that old hasher called 'Pharaoh' came to mind before the

RA: Reach Around

prosaic truth was timely revealed by our esteemed and erudite hare **Yorky Porky**. These imposing 'tumuli' were not human burial mounds at all but the final resting site of the irreplaceable London landmark, the old Wembley Stadium towers. Far from being an ancient cultural relic they are apparently the personal legacy

of that leader of an already bygone age, Tony Blair and the economics of Wembley Borough Council - politics on the Hash but it's an ill wind....

Whether hares are commonly the victims of Freudian phallic phantasies or not if there's a climbable erection within a run's range it's a fair bet that the trail will be set to lead up it/them. So with the looming presence of these aforementioned structures Yorky's was no exception. After the questionable wisdom, in the current monsoon conditions, of crossing the flood plain of the Grand Union Canal and its aquatic feeders we were obviously going to be heading up and down the even slipperier and wetter slopes of these verdant burial edifices. For those of the pack less frictionally challenged the summit views of London were fit to rival those from Primrose Hill enjoyed on an earlier LHHH outing - a specific reference to the appealing quality of LHHH runs mentioned earlier.

Further aquatic adventures followed, seriously testing the instruction thoughtfully positioned in the first of several parks to be entered: 'No Swimming Allowed'. The appropriately named **Tadpole** appeared oblivious to the Herculean efforts of his mater



Bulldozer and **Skylark** to keep him dry and ship shape in the spectacularly humid conditions. Floats would have worked better on his pram than wheels. After some traversing of thankfully flat and fortunately flood free urban Northolt as well as a few crossings of the A40 and other very untraffic-free major trunk roads by an assortment of bridges and car dodging we arrived at the 'better late than never', generously resourced drink stop almost within site of the end of the run. If your legs didn't end up the same colour as the ground you were running on you hadn't really run. This assertion our illustrious RA proved convincingly, since although he'd appropriately ordained the conditions overhead he was obviously unable to do the same for those under foot and by arriving squeaky clean

later even than **Tango** he had obviously contrived to miss the entire expedition, except for the drink stop. This might have helped to explain some intriguing down downs such as **Marxist** offending poor unfortunates by appearing 'stark, bollock naked' attempting to dry himself off under a hand dryer.

180 runs was recognized for **Bhopal** and 840 runs for **Pete the Pilot**.

On On, **Pyles**

Scribe

Pyles

Mother Hash:
Nairobi H3
Year Started:
1987