

# ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 38 Issue 2 Sept 2015

## Towel Day?

Page 5

## Gold, Silver &....Tin

Page 7

## Discovering Burgess Park

Page 12 & 13



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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

## Notes from Abroad

*I was a silent guest at a meeting of the Trustees of the Hash Heritage Foundation recently, as my brother Crusty Nuts sits on the board. Other Trustees include CheeBye, one of only three remaining hashers to have attended every Interhash. (Our very own Drainoil and Philthy Phil from Jakarta being the other two.) This is the group who have been entrusted with building a new Hash House on Kuala Lumpur land leased to the hash community by the Malaysian government. The original hash house was demolished decades ago, but it is planned that the new one will include a hash museum, bar, accommodation and function rooms on the one acre site.*

*Despite having working architectural drawings and planning permission the project has often stalled, and this committee is largely now made up of new members determined to make it happen. The more pragmatic amongst them keep reminding that there just isn't enough money to finance the project but others, Crusty Nuts included, take a more 'Field of Dreams' approach - 'if you build it, money will come'. So, the decision was made to work in stages and raise funds for each stage in succession. Funds already exist for Stage One - all the ground work - and it is expected that work will start very soon.*

*The big event everyone is working towards is the Mother Hash's 80th Anniversary in 2018, and with several Mother Hash members on the trustees they would dearly like to have a new Hash House built by then.*

*Lets hope that this time dreams will come true and the worldwide hashing community will have their own humble beginnings finally honoured. - Ed.*

*For more information go to [www.thehashhouse.org](http://www.thehashhouse.org)*



The original 'Hash House' in Kuala Lumpur, circa 1938

## Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
25 - 27 Sep 2015	Pan Asia Hash Pondi 2015	Pondicherry, India	<a href="http://panasiapondy.com/en_GB">panasiapondy.com/en_GB</a>	Lord Krishna
5 - 8 Nov 2015	Vineyard Hash #23	Forrest Resort (near Sofia) Bulgaria	<a href="http://www.bembeltown.de/VineyardHash">www.bembeltown.de/VineyardHash</a>	
22 - 24 April 2016	Belgium Nash Hash	Antwerp, Belgium	<a href="http://www.bmph3.com/BNH/2016/">www.bmph3.com/BNH/2016/</a>	Yark Sucker
17 - 2 May 2016	Interhash 2016	Denpasar, Bali	<a href="http://www.interhash2016.com">www.interhash2016.com</a>	<a href="mailto:info@interhash2016.com">info@interhash2016.com</a>
29 Apr - 01 May 2016	UK Alternative Interhash	Edinburgh - TBC		Oral Sex
15 - 17 Jul 2016	Berkshire 2016 Weekend	Henley on Thames. Details to follow.		Slapper
24 - 26 Feb 2017	Gold Rush Nash Hash 2017	Ballarat, Victoria, Australia	<a href="http://goldrushnash-hash.com.au/">goldrushnash-hash.com.au/</a>	

**Run 2234** 11th May 2015  
**T J Duffys**  
**Northfield**

**Hare: Pope**



**Scribe: Contour**



**RAs: Sparerib**

when the London hash assembled in Northfields for a splendid run organised by no other than our very own **Pope**. Some thirty hashers assembled in the venue, straining to be unleashed (or was it straining to hear the GM over the noise of the traffic?) as **Pope** explained the intricacies of his own particular brand of West London trail markings.

The run set out through Blondin Park, down to the Brent river – and along to Elthorne Park.

There a wedding ceremony was held by the RA in the bandstand for the newly-weds: **Ryde** and **Tablewhine**. A considerable

amount of flour and beer(!) was involved.

**Down Downs**  
 Several were given out to various random individuals, including: -

The Scribe – **Contour**. For being the scribe.  
**Pope** – shitty trail and too many canals.

There were three virgins on the run -  
**Jude** from Northfields  
**Sue** from Richmond  
**Emily** from Lewisham

All were given the option of phone a friend, ask the audience, or a song.

• **Jude** clearly had no friends, and was wise enough not to ask the audience, so gave us a rendition of “I’m getting married in the morning.”

• **Sue** gave us a knock knock joke which I didn’t get – should have asked the audience.

• **Emily** has clearly been to too many Xmas parties – and gave us a joke straight out of a cracker.

One visitor was present – a harriette from Albuquerque **Likes it in the Face** who, when pushed, declared that London is the better hash.

**Soufflé** - returner.

Hash proxy. **Three Beers** for **Call Girl** who had her trousers inside out.

Ex GM **Bonnie** got a down down - something to do with not being legal to drive?

**Tablewhine** and **Ryde** for being Mr & Mrs Tablewhine.

**Emily**. Had a moment with **Soufflé**. Said he’s a man who could really show her the way.

**Goldilocks**. Responsible for **Sparerib** doing the DDs, due to being too hung over.

Last down down went to **Pope** after QPR got shafted 6-0 by Man C.

‘Twas a night before Christmas  
 – long before Christmas

newly-weds: **Ryde** and **Tablewhine**. A considerable



One day God came down and said to three guys that the less you cheat on your wives the better the cars you’ll get in heaven. So the first guy went to heaven after cheating on his wife 67 times and he got a Mercedes. The second guy went to heaven and had cheated on his wife 2 times and he got a Ferrari, then the third guy went to heaven and said that he had never cheated on his wife and he got a Bentley. Then one day the third guy was all sad and depressed and the first and second guys asked him what was wrong and the third guy said, “I saw my wife the other day” and the first guy said “yeah, so” and the third guy said “ she was riding a skateboard.”

*A man checks into a hotel on a business trip and was a bit lonely. He thought, “I’ll call one of those girls you see advertised in phone booths when you’re calling for a cab.” He popped into a phone booth near the hotel and found an ad for a girl calling herself Erogonique, a lovely girl, bending over in the photo. He copied the phone number and returned to his hotel. When back in the room he figures, “What the heck, I’ll give her a call.” “Hello,” the woman says. She sounded sexy. “Hi, I hear you give a great massage and I’d like you to come to my room and give me one. No, wait, I should be straight with you. I’m in town all alone and what I really want is sex. I want it hard, I want it hot, and I want it now. Bring implements, toys, leather, whips, everything you’ve got in your bag of tricks... We’ll go hot and heavy all night; tie me up, cover me in chocolate syrup and whipped cream, anything you want! Now, how does that sound?” She says, “That sounds fantastic, but you need to press 9 for an outside line.”*

A little boy asked his mother: Mummy, why are you white and I am black? Don’t even ask me that, when I remember that party..., you are lucky that you don’t bark.

Man to friend: ‘I read a survey that said half the men in the UK masturbate in the shower, and the other half sing.’  
 ‘Do you know what they sing?’ Friend: ‘No I don’t.’  
 Man: ‘I thought you wouldn’t.’



# Run 2235 18th May 2015 The Duke on the Green Parsons Green

Hare: **Hedgehog**



Scribe: **Goldilocks**



RA: **Goldilocks**

Iwo Jima, Chosin, Khe Sanh, Grenada, Baghdad, Kandahar, Ramada and now Parsons Green. The United States Marine corps arrived in force at London Hash 2235 in the form of **Hide the Dragon, Shane** and **Cody**. Astonishingly rather than contravene article six of the Geneva convention our American visitors were friendly and the only terrorism of the

local populace that happened was when **Cody** showed off his USMC tattoo causing several Harriets to come over all giddy. They even kindly sponsored the down downs at the bubble football the following week by paying in advance and not turning up on the day.

**Hedgehog's** fine trail lead the pack through parks of eels, Souths, and hurled hams before being sabotaged in a Bishop's menu. No culprit was found but **KC** was duly punished on the grounds of conveniently being there to blame. Despite this sabotage the trail was clearly enjoyed

by **Knickers** and **Kebab** so much that they missed a turn and decided to do a full lap of the park just for the joy of running - obviously such a deviation from the principles of hashing was duly punished in the circle. In the interests of balance punishment was also dished out to **Sparerib** for being both a short cutter and **Sparerib**.





## Towel Day Run

Those of us without better things to do on a bank holiday Monday ventured into the champagne socialist territory of Islington, there was no evidence of red flags at half mast after the recent election as the locals had realised they could now escape the mansion tax for at least the next 5 years. Hashers curious to improve their knowledge of The Hitch-Hikers Guide To The Galaxy awaited expectantly to have their minds broadened (surely an oxymoron on a hash). Sporting towels (were we going swimming in the Grand Union canal or gate crashing a sauna party?) The pack set off through the gentrified streets of Islington safe in the knowledge that we would not be trampled upon by a local fox hunt. Within an indecently short space of time we came upon the first drink stop in a leafy square, some sort of mulled cider concoction designed to warm up the pack on the standard chilly bank holiday weather. Fortified by this we continued to pound the streets, alleyways and squares of Islington whilst avoiding the environs of the Emirates stadium if only to annoy Mouthwash. Soon a savage thirst had built up and fortuitously a welcome BS sign beacons us into a trendy canal side pub so that we could thoughtfully sweat all over the locals swigging overpriced craft beer and tapas. A beer later the pack were coerced into leaving the pub by the promise of another drink stop.

Soon we were educated (despite the absence of the usual blue plaque) in the location of a new place of pilgrimage, the residence of the late lamented Douglas Adams, who the f\*\*k is he I enquired? The creator of the above named TV series was the answer, how could there be such ignorance in the world? Personally I blame the education system, no wonder the country is in decline! Continuing with the theme of gentrified streets and squares (the local council estates are cunningly disguised less the champagne socialists' property values be adversely affected) we came across yet another leafy square with a welcome DS stop already populated by a bunch of short cutting barstewards fearful the booze might run out. No such problems there as a lethal combination of gin, vodka and tequila only mildly diluted by some sort of juice was liberally dispensed with the accompaniment of cup cakes and pimento stuffed olives, beer just wouldn't do for a drink stop in Islington darling! With blood alcohol levels restored to hash like levels we lurched the remaining few hundred yards to the on inn pub.

It transpired that the pub normally does a pound off on Mondays, but not on bank holidays. No-one had told the bar staff that until **Pyschedelic** somehow managed to mention this in the hearing

of the bar staff. Cue **Rambo** with a long and loud diatribe about the hardship of having to fork out another quid. As you would expect he found sympathy to be firmly between shit and syphilis. Soon it was time to drag the pack out for (in some cases) well deserved down downs, the list of criminals was as follows.

### 3 Beers - hare

Virgins - **Nick** AKA The Boy From Brazil, **Marco** and one other I forget

**Run To Eat** - having various dressings on her knees and denying it was carpet burn

The Scribe and **Hands On** due to lack of Douglas Adams "knowledge"

**Skylark** - Star Wars kit on a HHGTTG run

**Foreskin** - robbing a child of its sweets

**Pyschedelic** - surviving drowning

**Minge and Tonic** - foreplay with dog

**Pyles** - losing his freedom pass

**Miss Muppet** - stealing 2015 nash hash t shirt

**Bhopal** - replacing **Bonnie** as rain god

**Mouth Wash** and **Scrumpy** - matching 14 year old hash towels

ON ON, **MAD COW**



**Run 2236** 25th May 2015  
**The Alwyne Castle**  
**Highbury & Islington**

**Hare: 3 Beers**



**Scribe: Mad Cow**



**RA: Blood Stained Clothing**





# Run 2237 1st June 2015 The Devonshire Arms Earls Court

Hares: **Contour & Tango**



Scribe: **2AM**



RA: **BSC**

## Chi Su,

I'll swear I don't remember being appointed, but was it at Earl's Court about 2-3 months ago? If so I'll rack my brains....

I can remember the P trail being set in cartoons of wine glasses and, on finding the bar had been reserved for 'Roger', I discovered that was **Contour's** normal name (always thought he looks a bit like a Roger). Oh and the pub had beers at £3 a pint as a Monday offer, which is always a good thing for the hare. Memories of the trail itself merge with so many of the other trails we've done around Notting Hill, Gloucester Rd, South Ken etc. In fact, as we ran round the hare had to do real-time deleting of some previous arrows pointing in the opposite direction - I do seem to recall running past queues of well dressed concert goers as we passed the Albert Hall. I'm afraid the rest of the trail, and the down-downs, and the evening, are lost to the annals of history and £3 beer.

On On **2AM**





The Mighty Hasher in the sky  
Looks down on us with kindly eye.  
He gives us weather cool and fair  
Except when **Bonnie** is the hare.

**Chi Su** gave me the honour of writing up my own run, which started from the Hope pub near Carshalton Station and so it behoves me well to keep my comments as totally objective and as impartial as possible.

As it turned out, run 2238 from the Good Ship Hope became one of the all time great, epic hash runs of the 21<sup>st</sup> century and will have people talking about it and remembering the occasion for years to come.

It was an Odyssey and an Iliad of hashes rolled into one.

The Good Ship Hope stands proudly on the East side of West street which runs North to South and South to North under the railway bridge at Carshalton Station.

Two train loads of hashers assembled at 7.15 pm and visitors **Cum-O-Flage** (from Oregon), **Nasi Lemak** and his daughter **Ellesse** were initiated into the mysteries of chalk and flour.

The On was over the road and so the nose to tail stream of noisy traffic came to a halt as hundreds of athletes sped across and down the narrow path.

After 3 minutes or so, they came to the first check but such was the eagerness and excitement of the pack that it split into numerous splinter groups, many of which got lost in the maze of paths and byways that lay ahead. The main FRB group followed **Knickers** who had spotted my signal to the On which led past Carshalton Athletic football stadium. The subtleties of the checks, loops and false trails that followed whittled the FRBs down to **Goldilocks**, **Knickers**, **Not-Out**, **Chi Su**, **Cum-O-Flage** and **Nasi Lemak**. It was time for a re-group! With visiting Lady Mattress, **Lego Lass**, covering up the rear, they made their way across the St. Helier Open Space to the Leisure Centre.

David Weir was one of our heroes of the 2012 games with four gold medals in the 1500, 5000, 800 and marathon wheelchair events and so what was once Sutton Leisure Centre is now the David Weir Leisure Centre.

The hare had used his boundless charms on Katy, the manageress of the Centre, who arranged for the gates to be unlocked when we arrived and allow the Hash onto the track.

What an impressive sight!!! Our Hash Heroes took to the track like frogs to water.

A special committee was formed to award the honours. Lap of Honour Awards go to:

**Goldilocks**, **Not-Out**, **Cum-O-Flage**, **Nasi Lemak**.....GOLD  
**Lego Lass**, **Testi**, **Chi Su**.....SILVER

**Unacceptable**.....TIN

Much as we would wish to award solid medals to the deserving athletes, until we find a generous sponsor, these awards will remain "Medals of the Mind".

The trail led on to Tooting and Mitcham football stadium, to Bennett's Hole and then followed the river Wandle to the Drink Stop.

The Drink Stop was arranged by Phillipa who served deserving Hashers with Croatian Maraschino liqueur.

From the Drinks Stop we followed the Wandle to Grove Park but the exit from Grove Park was through a gate upon which was a sign saying "Keep the Gate Locked at all Times". The conundrum of going through a gate that was always locked could not be ignored by any self-respecting hare and as the gate was left open, the trail accordingly went through. By the time of the run, the gate was locked but FRB ingenuity triumphed and somehow surmounted the obstacle.

Back at the pub, **Goldilocks** assumed his role of Religious Adviser and judiciously administered appropriate punishments to any wayward hasher found guilty of a crime. The punishment of course, was half a glass of beer.... at one gulp.

*Offender:*  
*Crime:*

*Offender:*  
*Crime:*  
*Offender:*  
*Crime:*  
*Offender:*  
*crime:*

**Knickers**

not completing  
the lap of honour  
**Cum-O-Flage**  
being from Oregon  
**Nasi Lemak**  
not hashing enough  
**Ellesse**  
smiling at **Goldilocks**

The Hare was congratulated on pulling off a spectacular show and was rewarded with half a pint of beer.

It was a proud moment in Hashing history!!

Hashing high and Hashing low,  
Hashing fast and Hashing slow,  
The Mighty Hasher in the sky  
Tries to keep our Hashers dry  
But not when **Bonnie's** Hash goes by.

**Run 2238** 8th June 2015  
**The Hope**  
**Carshalton**

**Hare: Orangutan**



**Scribe: Orangutan**



**RA: Goldilocks**



"I've told you the story of when I flagged a bus down with my tit, right?"

**OVERHEARD IN LONDON**



# Run 2239 15th June 2015 The Adam and Eve St James Park

Hare: **Bonnie**



Scribe: **Please Sir**



RA: **BSC**

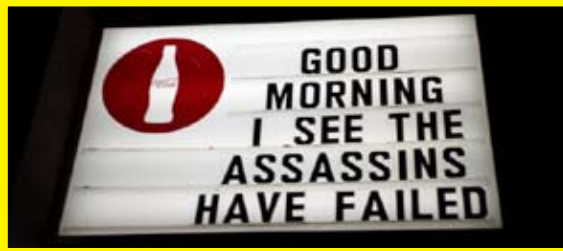
I don't suppose any of you would relish an after work fire drill. Well, I did on this date as I work only 5 minutes walk from the Adam & Eve (in the big house where Brian May did his thing on the roof recently) and had 90 minutes to kill. I didn't even mind doing it again as my colleagues cocked it up first time. I was a "visitor" for the drill so you can't blame me. After the second attempt we were one short in the rollcall. A colleague who was told to hide in the ladies loo wasn't found by those searching, so she technically burnt to death. Not that she looked that displeased.. Anyway, I digress. (What colour-Ed) Despite being in a Royal borough there was no sign of such buildings during the first part of the run, nor any greenery. Being a dedicated member of the knitting circle I only followed the trail as far as my place of work - The Royal Mews, built in 1825 after . . . . . (That's enough showing off- Ed). **Tango** and another hashar followed the trail but I weighed up the options, 5 minutes or 20 minutes back. No contest really. Shame the trail missed "The Prisoners" house from the 1960's series which was nearby. The only hashers I saw on trail after that were **Knickers** and **Skylark** sprinting home but denying they were racing. Well, you decide. I did hear that the trail I missed went past parks, palaces, peaks, pedestrians, ponds, falls, footpaths, fowl and fountains, or did I just imagine that. (Yes, as with most of this - Ed) When **Bonnie** asked his missus **Naughty Nympho** what she thought of the run, she replied, "Just like your wardrobe darling, rather dull and not enough checks!" When

asked for his views, **Rambo** simply replied, "No complaint". Forgive me for forgetting the surprise visit from Super Chief Commanding Inspector **Sir Robert Beckton**, late of this parish (What? - Ed) and occasional star of R4 interviews, who followed The Pet Shop Boys instructions to "go west" many moons ago. On On to down downs. **Laura** from (K)nottsville TE, **F\*ck\*ng Deep Hole** and **Slippery C\*mm\*r** from Lagos, **Mad Cow** for insect bite complaints, **Tango** for a late e-mail, the RA for calling forth for a non present **Irian Jaya**. A 100 run tankard went to **Naughty Nympho** (Took 10 years !! - Ed) and a glass one for 50 runs to **Road Kill**. **Please Sir** BPSO

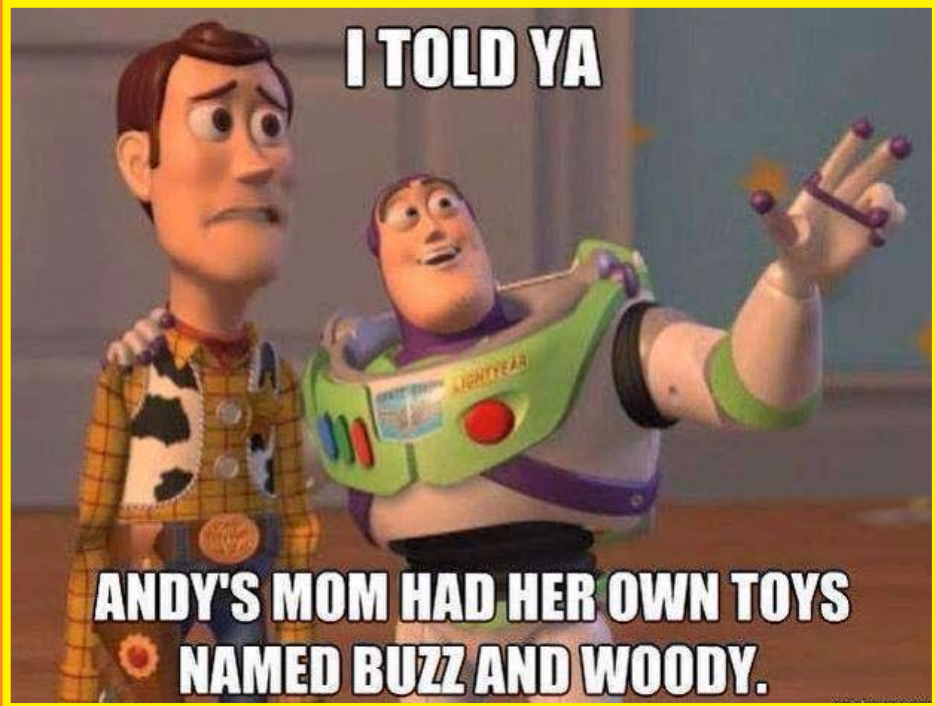




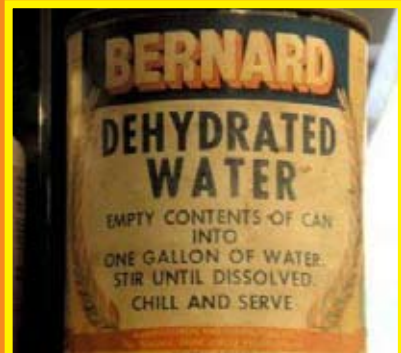
# Hash Humour



A charity pantomime in aid of Anti-Gay Paranoid Schizophrenics descended into chaos yesterday when somebody shouted 'He's behind you!'



Essex girl in bed with her boyfriend says, 'How dare you call me a slapper, get out of my bed right now and take your fucking mates with you'.



I was at Tesco this afternoon, when a lady dropped dead in front of me, I felt really sorry for her - she had just bought a Bag for Life.



Teacher says to little Tommy 'Why weren't you at school yesterday?' Tommy says 'My grandfather got burnt' Teacher says 'Badly?' Little Tommy says 'Yes, they don't fuck about at the crematorium.'





# Run 2241 21st June 2015 The Cockpit St. Pauls

Hares: **3 Beers & G'locks**



Scribes: **Run2Eat & TDH**



RA: **Sparerib**

Treasure Hunt run.

The lovely hares brought the sunshine, as **Bonnie** was no where to be seen.

The stand in GM of **Sparerib** introduced the run. Then proceeded to be so flatulent it shook the pack to the core. With that we decided to take off to escape!

**Reach Around** announced that he gave **Love Deuce** a sore bum by riding her hard around London.

The first team back was last year's champions who gave up after 2:00. **Marxist**, **TDH**, and **Chicken Legs** and took it upon themselves to protect the bar and wait and wait for the rest of the pack while having their fill of cheese and pies.

**Scrumpy** broke her ankle and went home at 15:00. The first real team back was **Crack of Dawn's** team called 'Crouching Grandma Hidden Cucumber' with **Beau Geste** & **Just William**. The last team rocked up after 16:00.

Last I heard **Fat Bastard** was wandering back and forth around London lost. I left to live up to my hash name to eat cake at 15:30. As **TDH** failed with his eidetic memory. I have decided to make this part up. **Sparerib** claims that he with **Knickers** won the trail. However I have it in good authority that the hares along with most of the pack were so

wasted at this point that anything I say you will believe. Lots of beers were drunk, lots of down downs were done. I'm sure that **Chi Su**, **Whack Sabbath**, **Crouch End Tiger**, did something naughty on trail, at least getting lost. Onwards to the next one. We will be prepared, if we can remember to. On On **Run2Eat**

Hi Chi Su, I believe **R2E** was asked to do write up for the Treasure hunt run.

However she left early and missed the circle, so here goes. hopefully this helps fill in the missing blanks.

Down Downs were awarded to the losing and winning teams. The top 3 teams got small prizes such as hash t.shirts and other hash memorabilia.

Team that came last with just a very few correct answers: 'Fat Red Rooster' (**Marxist**, **TDH** and **Chicken Legs**).

Winners: 'The Winners' (**Whack Sabbath**, **Sparerib** and **Knickers**)

2nd: 'Crouching Grandma Hidden Cucumber' (NOT to be confused with **Crouch End Tiger** who was in another team)

(**Beau Geste**, **William Margalis** who is a visitor and **Crack of Dawn** who is a City hasher)

3rd: 'The Deadly Doris' (**Black Hole**, **Chi Su**, **Freelander** and **FB**).

Thanks to the Cockpit pub for laying on assortments of delicious nibbles.

Cheers and on on, **TDH**.





After being summonsed to the Carpenters Arms, Marble Arch a motley crew of hapless hashers turned up including a visitor from the USA **Just William**. Eventually an initial circle was formed after much protest from many beer guzzling hashers. During this initial circle we were given a brief explanation of the run signs which no one but me took on board and we were given an impromptu demonstration of naughts and crosses. Then we were off on a jolly jaunt around the streets and mews of the Marble arch area which many of us found very amewsing! After a few interesting checks we made our way tentatively into Hyde Park which proved to be more than just a stroll in the Park. **Rambo** of course was a front running b.....d and looked

very much at home in the Park. I had to dissuade him from jumping into the Serpentine Pond! As it was getting dark and a few interested heads kept bobbing up from behind the bushes we made our way back to the Carpenters Arms where there were a few groans and much whining from disgruntled hashers as more beer was gulped down. A circle was formed and there were well deserved punishments handed out to a few miscreants for various offences against the ancient and honourable order of hashing. This run proved to be very interesting combining tarmac with grass with some hashers returning with grass burns on their knees! The circle was closed and hashers made their way to the comfort of the bar. On **Beau Geste**

**Run 2242 22nd June 2015**  
**The Carpenters Arms**  
**Marble Arch**

**Hare: Naughty Nympho**



**Scribe: Beau Geste**



**RAs: Bonnie & Sparerib**





# Run 2243 29th June 2015 The Victoria Borough

## Hare: **Run 2 Eat**



## Scribe: **Houdini**



## RAs: **Goldilocks & Reach**

Emerging from Borough station a little early for the run on a steaming hot summers evening, there was no sign of the P trail to The Victoria. Suddenly out of nowhere "REACH AROUND" appeared on his bicycle, having ridden all the way from the Peak District! that takes some doing...respect! As a good RA he had everything under control!, not only the Mediterranean type weather (Goldilocks also take a bow) but the P trail.

Having been in touch with RUN TO EAT, our illustrious hare for the evening REACH AROUND gave me instructions as to how to get to the pub, and set off on said bike marking the P trail, an urban mile or so distant.

The Victoria was duly located, various hashers were in their natural habitat sat outside the pub, pints in hand! CHI-SU ostentatiously arrived in his Audi, no menial public transport for he! The landlord and landlady of the Victoria were very welcoming & friendly, even one of the regular punters having enquired of our business for the evening made a point of welcoming the hash to the pub.

Even before the run started there was stuff going on! ORANGUTAN was selling his wares to 3 BEERS! 2 weighty tomes about MATHS he has penned (books to you and I) were exchanged for a shiny blue banknote. Who needs Amazon!

LAST TANGO gathered the pack around, the guests introduced, amongst whom were HILLAR & ALEX KLANDORF-father and son (Virginia)& FINGERLICKIN' (Brooklyn)

Chatting earlier to Fingerlickin he informed me that he was an employee of Goldman Sachs (emphasis on GOLD), so I was anticipating that not only was he going to buy the whole pack a round of drinks, but I was fully expectant that he would purchase the pub by evenings close with some loose change in his pocket!

RUN TO EAT introduced the trail and stringently reminded us that we had to obey the Green Cross Code at all times! We set off and ran past various shops/residential tower blocks/maisonettes, and even a few business start ups! (I'm hip n happening with the yoof)

A curious local 5 a side team roared on their encouragement ON ON as we raced(!)past.

It had to happen! In spite of RUN TO EAT'S warnings we ran towards a small Green with busy roads either side, Zebra/Pelican crossing was ignored by the pack and we wandered aimlessly across the road in search of the on on, rather like lions across the Serengeti! Our hare was not best pleased!

I recall the only one to use the zebra crossing correctly was hey "JUDE" SIRR, one can only assume she was re-enacting the cover of Abbey Road!

Thereafter the pack gradually got strung out as we went up and down concrete staircases and walkways (it was like training for Rocky) around the local housing estates.

Eventually we happened across Burgess Park, a new one on me, but oh what a lovely open space! BUTTPLUG, CALLGIRL and HOUDINI got lost, but not too lost! The SHARD in the distance acting like a giant golden signpost!

We arrived back at the pub to see most of the pack sat outside slaking their thirst. Inside the pub, Wimbledon was on the box, Claire Balding presenting, CALLGIRL exclaimed how much she loved and adored her! The rest of us were bemused! ROADKILL & WACKER gave a quizzical look as if to say "YOU MUST BE JOKING"!

So to the circle, RAs REACH AROUND & GOLDDLOCKS started proceedings, the main theme being the transatlantic alliance!

FINGERLICKIN & the KLANDORFS (junior and senior) were duly given down downs, a note was sang to our American cousins (the one about putting the whole lot on a bonfire!)

Klandorf Senior then shocked the assembled circle by announcing that he was in fact a CANADIAN! cue applause from the pack!

The RAs then summoned our hare RUN TO EAT to the circle because of her rather authentic Mid-atlantic accent! She vehemently denied such an accusation! Scotland forever she roared!

No one had realised amidst all the revelry

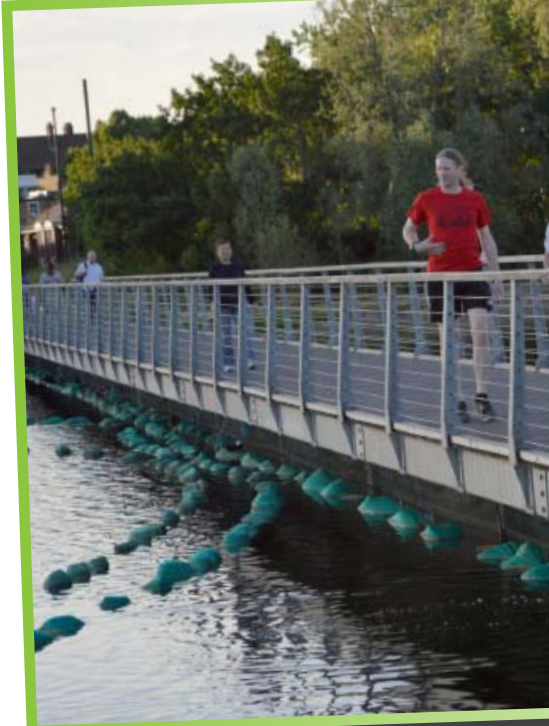
that 2 of our members hadn't yet returned from the run!

In the gathering gloom, ORANGUTAN ran in like a man who'd just crossed the Sahara, straight into a down down! TITANIC followed soon afterwards loudly complaining that the trail was far too long! He was observed by your scribe having a well earned ciggie at another establishment up the road later in the evening!

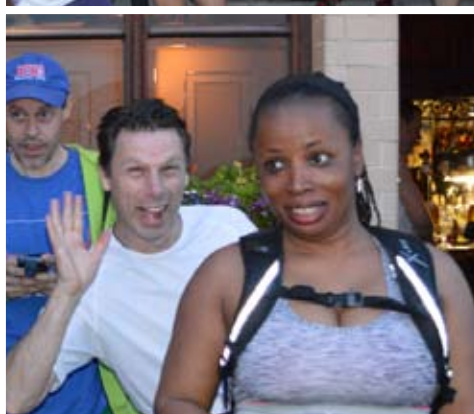
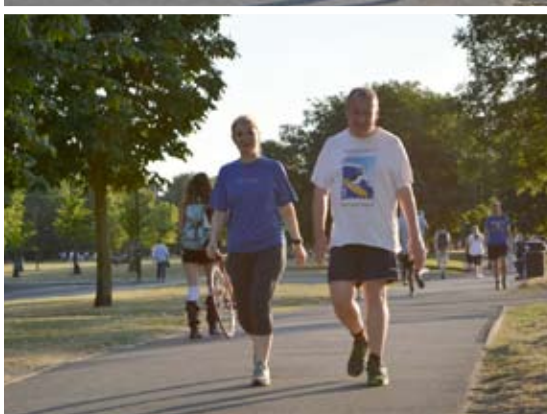
All told a terrific trail from our hare, well done RUN TO EAT, and great post match entertainment from the RAs.

ON ON

NB: other guests/returnees in the circle MILES DESTON & DOZYLOCKS!









Despite the encouraging weather some 30+ hashers were to be found gathering expectantly inside the justly popular Holly Bush watering hole. The landlord had made a special request to avoid disturbing the neighbourhood as the building next door is apparently a private residence. Of course there was also some disruption for the peaceful locals enjoying a quiet drink on a sunny Monday evening but this was short lived given there was all that wonderful Heathland waiting to resound to the calls of 'on on', 'R U?' 'checking', etc, from our intrepid pack keen to set off in search of the ever anticipated drink stop. However on the wilds of Hampstead Heath drink stops are difficult to organize. A drink stop was not to be. This was also no typical Holly Bush run as there was no Heath either until we had completed an impressive tour of the streets of quaint artisan cottages that make up the surroundings of this famous open space. 'It's difficult to tell whether they're castles or houses' was heard to be remarked by one obviously new to this part of north London. Of course they're the 'Englishman's home' was the reply. For those still thirsting for the phantom drink stop the run passed dangerously

close to the 'Old Bull and Bush' of old time music hall fame after eventually exploring some charming, less familiar parts of the Heath covered in picturesque oak trees and other quite dry vegetation. Another famous pub the 'Spaniard' was also bypassed as this memorably dry run steadily picked up, 'Pied Piper' like, numerous stray late coming Hashers, including 'Sparerib' and guided all back to base. The HB's upstairs dining room provided space for the circle safe from any chance of the singing disturbing the illustrious surroundings. 'Beetroot' from Norfolk was welcomed although he wasn't required to sing a song, tell a joke or show a body part. However a joke was provided by **Pyles** in imitation of a custom found at some Hashes around the world and f y i is repeated here:  
'An EU committee is set up to decide on the number of condoms that should be contained in a packet. The Swedish representative suggested five: one for every working day of the week. The French member suggested seven: one for every day of the week. The Italian ventured nine: five plus two for Saturday and two for Sunday but the Englishman wanted twelve: one for every month of the year.'  
On on, **Pyles**

## Run 2244 6th July 2015 The Holly Bush Hampstead

Hare: **Black Hole**



Scribe: **Pyles**



RA: **BSC**





# Run 2245 13th July 2015 The Duke of Edinburgh Brixton

Hare: **Bushwacker**



Scribe: **Its Fine Bos**



RA: **Reach & Goldilocks**

## Planes, trains and automobiles.

This run hared by **Bushwacker** had a good show, starting from the Duke of Edinburgh in Brixton. A number of hashers including **Tablewhine**, were almost wiped out by homicidal automobiles (red lights apparently standing for a matador's cape). The run took us through the landmarks of Brixton including the 30s Lido in Brockwell Park- home to the 'Brockwell Icicles' who brave the cold waters on winter mornings- obviously haven't heard of hashing!

There were some lengthy checks and false trails leading into prisons and the Brixton Windmill (built in 1816 and used between 1902 and 1934 as a flour mill).

**Screwloose** guarded the bags in a cosy Wendy-hut at the bottom of the pub's huge garden (seriously - could have

hosted a beer festival) the food was large in this joint- with vegi-burgers the size of cauliflowers and burgers that could feed a family.

The circle which, despite the requests for it being a toned-down and quiet affair, was punctuated and mostly drowned out by the roar of trains and airplanes every few minutes.

Down downs - The visitors and virgins (one who turned out to be faking it!) **Screwloose** (in thanks), **Run to Eat** (for being to quiet), **Huge Gash** (maybe just to find out how she was named) and **Bushwacker** (well - for the shitty trail of course).

**Legs**, who is returning to Norway, said goodbye in style - sharing chocolate love and aquavit.

on on, **Its Fine Bos**





# Hash Humour

A husband had to leave his wife for 3 months while he attended business in Africa. To prevent her loneliness and to lower the temptations of her being unfaithful he gave his wife a magic dildo before he left. The reason it was called a magic dildo was because no matter where the wife was all she would have to do is say, "magic dildo" and then the place she wanted the magic dildo to be and it would appear there.

Well a week after her husband left the wife decided to give the magic dildo a try. She left it in the garage and then went up into her bed and said, "magic dildo, vagina." Instantly it appeared where it was called and satisfied the wife. The wife was very excited about her magic dildo and started to use it every where. She called to it at work when no one was looking, in the wooded part of the park, at the movie theater, when she was dancing, everywhere. No matter where she was it would appear and make her squirm with pleasure.

One day on her way to work the wife hit bad traffic. She looked up ahead and saw there was an accident and realized it would be a while and decided to call the magic dildo. The wife was feeling really confident and called out "magic dildo, vagina." She became overwhelmed and hit the accelerator slamming into the car in front of her. As it turned out that car was a cop.

The cop came up to the car seeing the woman squirming and suspected she was on drugs.

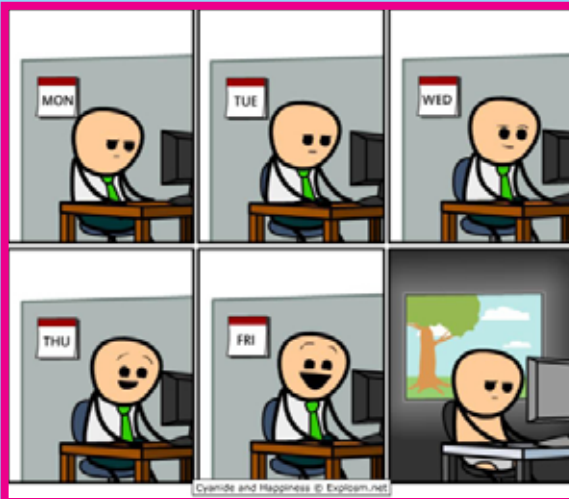
"Get out of the car now and put your hands on the hood!" The wife tried to comply but ended up just falling to the pavement. The officer was quite alright and asked the wife what she was on. The wife told him "Officer I'm not on any drugs, my husband gave me a magic dildo and its causing me to lose control!"

The officer, not buying it, simply replied "Magic dildo, my ass."

You reach down and rub it, then slide your perspiring fingers into the holes, and lean in and thrust, and that's how you bowl a bowling ball.



ROTTEN CARDS



## FAILED EXPERIMENT



"I didn't really want the house, but my husband fell in love with the view."

Three guys go to a ski lodge, and there aren't enough rooms, so they have to share a bed. In the middle of the night, the guy on the right wakes up and says, "I had this wild, vivid dream of getting a hand job!" The guy on the left wakes up, and unbelievably, he's had the same dream, too. Then the guy in the middle wakes up and says, "That's funny, I dreamed I was skiing!"

A couple have just had sex. The woman says, 'If I got pregnant, what would we call the baby?' The man takes off his condom, ties a knot in it, and flushes it down the toilet. 'Well,' he says. 'If he can get out of that, we'll call him Houdini.' (see pg 12 - ed)

A woman wearing nothing but a t-shirt



- ✓ Sexy
- ✓ Playful
- ✓ Cute

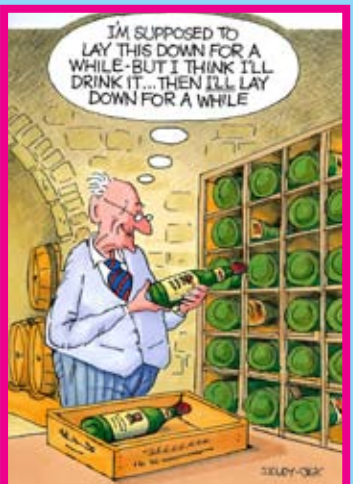
A man wearing nothing but a t-shirt



- ✓ Penis looks like a sea cucumber poking out of a wizard's robe
- ✓ Pretty much the most awful looking thing in the history of awful looking things

When I was in school I was told:

PUSSY was a CAT  
SEX meant GENDER  
BITCH was a FEMALE DOG  
DICK was a NAME  
BANG was a SOUND  
RUBBER was an ERASER  
ASS was an ANIMAL  
SCREW was just a TOOL  
HEAD meant a PART OF BODY  
BALLS meant a ROUND TOY  
NUTS meant DRY FRUIT  
69 was just a NUMBER  
& Then I came across all you dirty fuckers and my education was ruined.



A redhead tells her blonde stepsister, "I slept with a Brazilian...." The blonde replies, "Oh my God! You slut! How many is a brazilian?"



**Run 2246** 20th July 2015  
The Kings Arms  
Ealing Broadway

Hares: **Ryde & Tablewhine**



Scribe: **Chi Su**



RA: **Goldilocks**

Sadly, I can't write loads about this pleasant run on a balmy summer's evening in Ealing Common, as I wasn't able to stay for the circle this time and couldn't find a suitable scribe to press gang into service. The big event of the day was the celebration of **2AM**'s birthday, so I hope that was suitably acknowledged, possibly with flour and eggs in true hash style. As ever, **Tablewhine** and **Ryde** were a safe pairs of haring hands, neatly linking up the nearby parks into a circular run and providing a welcome drink stop. I make this the third run they've been involved with this year already, so cheers for all your efforts guys!





# Run 2247 27th July 2015 The Cock Tavern Oxford Circus

Hare: **Houdini**






Scribe: **More On**



RA: **Goldilocks**

Run: Number 2247

Hare: Houdini, ably assisted by Horrible.

This run started in mid-afternoon, when I received a text message from **Houdini**. It had been so long since he'd done a London run, that he'd forgotten the markings. (Ed. Either that or it's yet another case of alcohol-induced dementia.) Anyway, I brought him up to date with the sign for a check , a false trail , and the on on , but apparently he didn't have a lot of chalk so decided to use R2D2 markings anyway.

These differ from those used in London in that they are applied sporadically (sometimes not at all) and – probably because running in Hampshire is not the same as running in the centre of London – there appeared to be some confusion at road junctions and in the parks.

A good-sized pack (waists as well as numbers) left the newly-refurbished Cock Tavern on Great Portland Street, crossed Oxford Street and headed through the shops of Mayfair, where of course the usual suspects engaged in a bit of window shopping. When the pack headed towards Hyde Park, your scribe decided to head south down Park Lane, and did his own bit of window shopping outside the Dorchester, where the playboys of the Arab world had parked a variety of cars, including a gold-plated Range Rover, McLaren, Ferraris and what I was told was a Pagani Zonda. I tried to explain to the owners of these vehicles that they'd be much better off spending their Monday evenings on a hash run. I failed.

A quick stroll past the Saudi Embassy on Charles Street led to Berkeley Square, where there was no nightingale but there was **Horrible** with bottles of mixed apple juice and Wyborowa, left over from Eurohash. This was served to the masses, and eventually to **Martian Matron**, who had returned to Oxford Circus at the start of the run when she failed to understand the R2D2 markings and so was running late.

Unlike **Tango**, who had been on time for once (but in her haste forgot to bring the 100 run mugs, which earned **Contour** a down down). The pack of 46 included a good number of old farts, who clearly find

it easier to use their bus passes to get to the centre of London than to distant venues nearer the M25. As well as **Tango**, we had the GMs of City and West London (**Wacker** mumbled something about the Queen being dead and long live the King). But it's good to know this year's CLAWS party is already being planned (5 December, I believe).

Returnees included **Robocop**, **Effing Shakespeare**, **Charlatan**, and **Knockers** from Oman, and we had a visitor from Dhaka (**Bashir Ahmed**) and **Santina**, a Gerlady from Fort Lauderdale.

A few people appeared in "look where I've been" T-shirts with an eagle on the front, given out at a recent event in Krakow, and were duly rewarded. Unfortunately, we couldn't reward **Car Say No** for buying a London shirt and then having to stand on a chair so she could see herself in a mirror. (Ed. Perhaps we just couldn't see her in the crowd when she got off the chair.)

We did reward the hare for his efforts, and **Horrible** his co-hare, as well as **Reach Around** for thinking that birdshit was a usual trail mark with R2D2 and calling On On. **It's Fine Bos** was given a drink for leading **Reach** around. I didn't understand this as I thought he was doing the leading around, but what happens on trail certainly doesn't stay on trail, so make of it what you will.

And we gave a drink to a newcomer called **Jude**. There was a proposal to call her Na na na na, but lots of people didn't get it so she's just called **Hey** (for now). Finally, we must recognise **Janella**, our hash-friendly landlady, who looked after us well in a private upstairs room.





Despite the long climb up from Richmond station this pub is always a popular choice, a friendly Gastro pub with a good selection of real ales literally a stone's throw from Richmond Park. A substantial pack gathered in the pub car park, and despite a good proportion of its mass comprising of **Fat Bastard** and **Reach Around** there were about thirty other hashers as well, including a pretty young visitor from Virginia, USA, called **Kelly**, her real name, but despite her lack of a Hash sobriquet she has previously hashed in the States, so any jokes about a virgin from Virginia can only be torturously contrived.

The Pub takes its name from a popular song of late eighteenth century that eulogises a young lady who lived on a house at the top of Richmond Hill, on the face of it then it would appear to be an appropriate name for a pub at that precise location. However it turns out that the Richmond the song alludes to is not in Surrey, but 250 miles away in Yorkshire, which has its own Richmond, which in turn, even has its own hill, also called Richmond Hill. The coincidences are so remarkable that, as I waited for the run to start, as a West London Hasher I could not help but speculate that, in this parallel universe, there might even exist another Richmond Clique. If that is indeed the case, and if they were ever to come face to face with their Southern counterparts would these two elites get on like a house on fire? Or just ignore one another in a pique of mutual exclusivity? Or could it even create some sort of catastrophic anomaly in the space time continuum that could end both universes? Anyway I shall leave you with these profound metaphysical questions whilst I get back to the run.

Our Hare, **Rent Boy**, in his pre trail talk, assured us that we were to be spared the cliché of a run down the ridge of Star and Garter Hill (or the adjacent terraced gardens) to the riverside, to enter the park through Petersham Gate and the predictable return up through the Park, a route which every Hare who sets a trail from the top of Richmond Hill for the first time seems condemned to follow in the sadly delusional belief that their chosen route is a masterpiece of variety and originality.

The trail entered the Park through the main Richmond Gate before plunging down the Hill to Petersham Hollow and the first check. Were we just going to do the Petersham loop, only the other way round? No, thankfully, the check broke the other way, to our left, and we all slogged back up the hill, skirting the grounds of Pembroke Lodge before the trail led us through Sidmouth Wood. The path through the wood, until very recently, had tunnelled through a Rhododendron

jungle. This has now all been completely cleared. A favourite of Victorians who introduced it from its native Himalayas, it has now fallen from floristic favour and considered a noxious invasive species, an illegal immigrant, environmentally, and, perhaps, even a politically incorrect, an embarrassing reminder of our colonial past, now expunged from the wood leaving a few lonely birch trees either side of the path supplemented by freshly planted saplings protected from marauding rabbits by plastic tubing. Cleverly weaving to the right and way from Pen Ponds on exiting the wood the trail took us towards Isabella plantation and skirted its perimeter until were looking down on Pen Ponds from the other side, from the lower slopes of the curiously named Spankers Hill wood. Apparently it has borne this name since the Regency period, though what perversions were perpetrated there to give it such a title have been lost in the mists of time.

**Ryde** later observed, as she watched from this vantage point the matchstick figures of the pack, running in a strung out line in the distance, silhouetted by the setting sun against the vast backdrop of Pen Ponds and Richmond Park, that it put her in mind of a Laurie painting. Who says that accountants have no souls?

Herds of startled fallow deer scattered before us as we crossed Queen's Ride above the White House Ballet School and then Sawyers Hill road into Conduit wood. The distant steeple of St Matthias Church beacons us to or exit from the park through Cambrian gate and back to the pub.

A pleasant romp that made the most of Richmond Park in all its mid-summer glory.

Back at the Pub a circle was eventually convened on the terrace behind the pub by Goldilocks Our Hare and visitors were awarded their customary down downs as were a handful of sinners, myself included. After the circle I got into an extended session with the hare and others and I cannot even remember what my own misdemeanour was, let alone everyone else's.

On On, **P.F.**



**Run 2248** 3rd August 2015  
The Lass O Richmond Hill  
Richmond

Hare: **Rent Boy**



Scribe: **Phickle Fart**



RA: **Goldilocks**





The relatively recently revamped Express Tavern makes for an ideal hashing pub, being less than 10m from the nearest station (saves on P-trail chalk), and sporting no less than 10 real ales of varying strengths, and a fine selection of 5 ciders. All this plus a picturesque garden out back. What more could we want? We welcomed two UK visitors - **Roadrunner** and **Robin** (what, no Batman!) - and a couple of returnees including your humble scribe. (Note to self: do not put your hand up to acknowledge your returnee status at the same time as the GM is asking for volunteers for scribe duties.) And so it was on towards the river, then along the picturesque Strand on the Green area of Chiswick, with an appropriately cunning mix of false trails and checks set by our devious hare, **2AM**. He must have been doing something right, as for much of the first part of the trail the SCB walkers were leading the way, with the FRBs scattering in various random directions. On the way we passed by several of Chiswick's notable hostelrys, such as the Bell and Crown, and City Barge. Now follows a shameless plug for a forthcoming Currently Unnamed North Thames Hash trail hared by yours truly, which will offer the discerning beer connoisseur the opportunity to actually drink at each of these delightful establishments, and several more, at a much more civilised pace. But I digress. Back on the trail we were starting to loop back dangerously close to our starting point. Surely our hare was not intending to set such a short trail? No, he was not, but that did not prevent a

significant portion of the pack from spying the Express Tavern a short distance down the road and deciding that it was time to make a start on those 10 ales rather than completing the intended trail. It was therefore a much depleted pack that pressed on across the A4 and into the wilds of Gunnersbury Park, before eventually emerging again to recross the main road and head on down to the river and back to Kew Bridge. Naturally, on arriving back at the bar we were not entirely surprised to find well over half the pack in the garden and already draining their first pints. Time then for the circle ably officiated by RA **Goldilocks**. The usual down-downs were awarded to our hare, **2AM**, for a 'not bad' trail, to our visitors **Roadrunner** and **Robin**, and assorted returnees. Penalty down-downs were awarded to three of the many short cutters (sorry, I forgot the names, but you know who you were!), though it seems to me somewhat unfair that these dedicated drinkers should be awarded for their transgression by being offered even more free drink. It is worth noting that the down-down songs were somewhat muted on this particular evening as we were sharing the pub garden with the pub's regular Quiz Night, and being the sensitive, considerate and sophisticated bunch that we are, the decision was taken to town down some of the coarse language that one occasionally finds in hash songs. Luckily **Bonnie** seemed quite adept at adapting songs on the fly, so we were treated to such classics as: "Why was he born so beautiful .... he's not very useful to anyone... he's a pain in the hind-

**Run 2249** 10th August 2015  
**The Express Tavern**  
**Kew Bridge**

**Hare: 2AM**



**Scribe: New Balls Please**



**RA: Goldilocks**

quarters...etc". Final award of the evening was to **Mary Poppins** (in absentia) who has earned a tankard for notching up her 100th run with the London Hash. The award and associated down-down was received on her behalf by **Orangutang**. Post-circle conversation was facilitated by the need to sample more of the 10 ales on offer at the Tavern, but sadly I only got as far as three. But I'll be back!

On On, **New Balls Please**



In 1872 the Welsh invented the condom using a length of sheep's intestine. However, in 1873 the English somewhat refined the idea by taking the intestine out of the sheep first.

