

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

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Away in
Norfolk

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A proper
AGPU!

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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

*If you've hashed with LH3 for more than a couple of years you'll remember **Hot Down South**, who moved to Beijing, met **Private Golden Shower** on the local hash, married him and has now given birth to **William Chiu**, born at 23:10 on 2nd February 2016, weighing 8.69lbs and was 19" long. You might guess from these figures that the Chiu family now live in the States.
Congratulations to you both!*



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
22 - 24 April 2016	Belgium Nash Hash	Antwerp, Belgium	www.bmph3.com/BNH/2016/	Yark Sucker
17 - 2 May 2016	Interhash 2016	Denpasar, Bali	www.inter-hash2016.com	info@inter-hash2016.com
29 Apr - 01 May 2016	UK Alternative Interhash	Edinburgh - TBC	www.edinburghh3.com/social-away-events.html	Oral Sex
15 - 17 Jul 2016	Berkshire 2016 Weekend	Henley on Thames. Details to follow.		Slapper
16 - 18 Sept 2016	The Really Over The Top 2016	In the Lumpy bit of Lincolnshire (i.e. the Wolds)		Smutley / Toed
21 - 22 Sept 2016	Vectis Lunatic FMH3 - The Great North South R#n	Isle of Wight	home.clara.net/longwood/iwhhh/index1.htm	P-Rick 07812 038796
24 - 26 Feb 2017	Gold Rush Nash Hash 2017	Ballarat, Victoria, Australia	goldrushnash-hash.com.au/	

Norfolk Camping Weekend - August 14th/15th/16th - Salhouse Lodge Inn and campsite.

There is a saying "It's Normal for Norfolk", or N4N, which was allegedly devised by doctors at the Norfolk & Norwich hospital to categorise some of their more 'intellectually challenged patients'. Debate continues as to whether the London Hash brewery tour and camping weekend, helped to increase or decrease the collective IQ of the county.

Being a Cambridgeshire gal, from the border with Norfolk, of course I knew all about Norfolk. It had Bernard Matthews' "bootiful turkeys", the Singing Postman crooning about Molly Windley, who smoked like a chimley, in his song "Hev yew gotta loight boy?" and a Norfolk Broad is a term of endearment for a local woman. What I didn't know was that there is a brilliant campsite in Salhouse, with a pub on the site and a great little brewery within hashing distance. What more could a hasher wish for? Well apart from masses of good food and a boat trip – and we had that too - heaven!

About 20 or so hashers left the smoke on a Friday afternoon, some, like me, soon found that they had no signal on their mobiles, so had to resort to good old fashioned road maps. Others travelled by train, and spent the whole trip hidden behind a newspaper to avoid having to talk to *Mad Cow* on the journey, didn't they "*Who Killed Kenny*"? By the time I arrived at the camp site, it was apparent that a number of hashers had already discovered the difference in exchange rate, and that one of their London pounds is worth twice that in Norfolk, and were sampling the cheap beers at the campsite pub. Pizzas at the tents, or posh meals in the pub restaurant were the supper options. *Skylark* went for neither of these, having worked out that if he had a piece of everyone else's pizza, he would end up having a bigger supper than anyone else, for free!

Bhopal and I had volunteered our tried and tested camping breakfasts for the weekend but *3 Beers* and *Goldilocks* had other plans for us, so when *Call Girl* offered to help with breakfast little did she realise that she was going to be left with the lot. *Bhopal* and I had a couple of boats to pick up in Wroxham, the town where every single retail outlet belongs to Roys (of Wroxham), even the McDonald's is badged as Roy's McDonald's. *Bhopal* got the bigger boat, but mine had a fridge and a toilet, so I didn't care that his boat went faster. What was more worrying was the almost throwaway line I got from the boat company as we were about to depart 'Oh, by the way, there is no reverse steering on these boats!' Hence, to the amusement of the hashers waiting to be picked up at the mooring point in Salhouse, it looked as though I was doing

a twenty point turn rather than reversing into the quayside, but finally I managed to hit it!

Did you know that, although the Norfolk Broads look natural, they are man-made, the result of inundated peat diggings? All I can say is that peat diggers lived in very beautiful, and expensive houses.

Anyway, on to Ranworth for the hash trail. *Bhopal's* crew discussed philosophy and history, while mine tucked into the beer/wine fridge. What were *Mad Cow*, *Bonnie*, *Beau Geste*, etc thinking of? There was plenty of time for philosophy later, after a few beers!

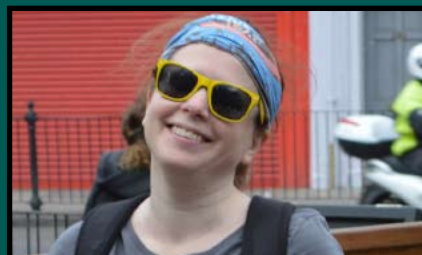
Goldilocks set a great trail in Ranworth, where we seemed to circumnavigate the church at least four times, and finally arrived back at the picturesque thatched roofed Village Hall, where *3 Beers* was waiting with the most amazing picnic lunch. The circle, RA'd by *Beau Geste* and *Bonnie*, awarded the hare, also *Last Tango*, *Miss Muffet* and *Lofty* for being lost on trail, despite never having been out of sight of the church. It turned out *Lofty* and *Miss Muffet* were enjoying a cup of coffee in a nearby café. *Tango* was just lost. Other down downs went to *Butt Plug*, for something to do with his tent, *Skylark* for his free pizza that night before, *Last Tango* and *Horrible* for organising their other halves to put up their tents and *Houdini* and *C*ntour* for being lackeys. *Beau Geste*, the posh glamper, staying in the pub, rather than camping (mind you, rumour had it that his shower was very popular with the harriets later that day). *Call Girl* was downed for her kindness to the wasp that she carefully deposited in the bushes, whilst most hashers were swatting and stamping on them with murderous intent. *Who Killed Kenny* was punished for her *Mad Cow* avoidance and *Martian Matron* had a 69th birthday upside down down.

Back on the boats we were faced with a reverse exit (remember 'no reverse steering'), so both boats were walked out by their crew. *More On* and *Goldilocks* agilely jumping on just before I managed to wedge my boat stern and bow against two moored boats. *More On*, *Houdini* and *Goldilocks*, again to the rescue, shoved the stationary boats out of the way. After that the journey back up the Broads was event free, apart from the 'pissing boat' ahead of us – *Bhopal's* crew had obviously found their beer on the journey home. Fortunately, it was all too small to be photographed.

On our return to the campsite we discovered that a party of motor bikers had arrived. How long can two people spend talking about the mechanics of a motor bike? I'm glad that hashers don't have equipment to discuss, when there are beers to be drunk. Mind you, when the bikers

Norfolk Away Weekend 14th-16th August 2015

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



Scribe: **Ryde**



RAs: **Beau Geste & Bonnie**



did finally leave their beloved bikes they had organised a live band and a charity draw in the pub. How many prizes did you win, **C*ntour? Bonnie** also proudly presented **Naughty** with her share of the 'his and hers' bikers' T shirts that he won. After such an eventful day, I slept really well that night, with the entire breakfast kitchen, including a camping fridge, kettle, cool boxes, and I can tell you **Tablewhine** is a lot quieter than that lot (but he was tucked up in bed in London, having to work that weekend). The Sunday trail went from the campsite to the fabulous Woodforde Wherry brewery, passing **More On** and **Beau Geste** enjoying a tea stop on route (surprisingly **Lofty** and **Miss Muffet** missed this little café). We were treated to a brewery tour, along with some Germans (who had no sense of humour). Sunday roast followed, in the brewery pub restaurant, and a circle in the garden, RA'd by **Butt Plug**. Many thanks to **3 Beers** and **Goldilocks** for organising such a fantastic weekend. ON! ON! **Ryde**

Actually, this poem sums up the Saturday jaunt on the Broads quite well:

SATURDAY AT WROXHAM

by Alan Hunter

*The river's packed from dusk till dawning,
From Wroxham Bridge right down to Horning.
The sails are set, the wind is wanting,
Right, you lubbers! Start off quanting!
Ah, but there's wind on Wroxham Broad;
Aye, and there's traffick. What a horde!
There's no right side and no wrong side,
Just a weak side and a strong side;
Plough down dinghies when you're merry,
But always give way to a wherry;
Gently, gently, with the paint
You might think it's tough. It ain't!
Remember, if you wouldn't bruise her,
That there's no brakes aboard a cruiser,
And if the worst comes, in your durance
Thank your stars that there's insurance.
The wise man spends his afternoon
On Wroxham Broad, for he knows soon
The breeze will drop, and leave his mast sick
At Salhouse, or at Woodbastwick.*



With Europe's biggest street party in full swing a few miles away in Notting Hill, Europe's saddest Bank Holiday drinkers were in evidence at the The Village Inn, Rayners Lane. They looked even sadder when the Hash arrived, and cast unwelcoming and glassy stares in our direction.

With **Mad Cow's** blessings ringing in our ears, the size 22 pack set off through the north-west quarter of the boredom community bedroom community that is Rayner's Lane. Estate agents call it West West Harrow to make it sound a bit more interesting.

After three quarters of a mile we entered the verdant woodlands fringing Yeading Brook. This watercourse was no more than 6 inches deep, and is only a "potential river" at this point – which is presumably why **Mad Cow** warned us of "potential river" crossings. In fact the brook does not become a river until it joins the River Crane at Hayes. (Who knew there were so many rivers in London?)

While this scribe, not for the first time, checked in the wrong direction, the pack headed south across the tube line and ran into the Roxbourne Rough, which is not the nickname of the local hoodlums, but a nature reserve visited by herons, green woodpeckers, fly tippers (allegedly), and on this occasion Harriers.

Passing through the Rough, and entering the main part of Roxbourne Park (where unlike the Rough, nature is not preserved) we said hello again to our old friend Yeading Brook and another potential river crossing which again proved to be unnecessary unless you checked in that direction. The trail followed the brook southwards, and bordered the Roxbourne Miniature Railway, and then tracked back north again on the other bank of the brook. No getting away from that potential river, or this increasingly dull write-up.

Finally after a few more thrilling residential streets we reached a nondescript alleyway where **Mad Cow** announced the drink stop. As we supped our refreshments **Mad Cow** strangely (or perhaps not strangely for him) peered through the net curtains of the adjacent house and pondered aloud whether the children were in bed yet. Lest the Old Bill be called, we drained our plastic cups and made quickly for the On Inn.



Run 2254 31st Aug 2015
The Village Inn
Rayners Lane

Hare: **Mad Cow**



Scribe: **Hedgehog**



RA: **Wacker**



Run 2255 7th Sept 2015
The Starting Gate
Wood Green

Hare: Thunderthighs



Scribe: Wacker



RA: Reach 'n G'locks

Is 70 the new 50?

Monday 7 September and **Thunderthigh's** (TT) 70th birthday run. A veritable who's who of the London hash fraternity (the usual drunks and miscreants) turned out in force to join the TT celebrations. TT showing the signs of aging that only 25,500 days on planet earth can do set the standard early. Let's confuse hashers less familiar with North London bandit country by marking the trail from miles away in Wood Green. Totally understandable female logic when the slightly more obvious (at least to hashers under 70) Alexandra Palace Station was right across the road from the pub. As the expectant pack assembled before the run TT confused things even further as she thrust a raffle ticket into sweaty expectant hands. What was the winner going to get - a night in the cloak room with TT - or perhaps a second prize of two nights with TT. Anyway why was ticket number 69 not on offer? The circle was called to order by the RAs (combined age under 70) and all was revealed (metaphorically speaking) by TT as we learnt the pack could look forward to at least 3 games stops and 2 drink stops as part of the birthday frivolity. Off went the pack with the over 70 contingent using their age and experience (some call in senility) to short cut up the hill and into the grounds of Alexandra Palace. A quick games stop came at Blandford Hall - aptly named as TT had already consumed the contents of the spin the bottle competition- leaving the eventual winner to settle for some old Greek nut delicacy from TT's larder. On On and up around Alexandra Palace for

another game and then up again onto the disused railway line for a welcome break on what was becoming the **TT** marathon with a combined game and drink stop (though this was only after TT was rummaging in the bushes with two young male hashers trying to find the drink stash). By this point the front runners had gone front running thereby leaving the rest of the pack to enjoy double shots of vodka jellies. By now the dusk had turned to dark and the strung out pack decided what goes up must come down Muswell Hill. A cunning left loop back through Alexandra Park playing fields left time for one final ouzo drink stop in "Doggers Glade". Back at the pub after this TT marathon the festivities continued with the traditional consumption of alcohol and the very welcome addition of hash 70th food. This was somewhat tempered for those slow or infirm as the usual hash degenerates led by **Rambo, KC** and **Reach Around** using the 70/20/10 formula (70% of everything goes onto our plates leaving less than 20% for the last 10%) though the day was saved by 70th birthday cake for the starving slow coaches to enjoy.

Down Downs were awarded of course by the dynamic duo of **Reach Around** and **Goldilocks** to our heroine **Thunderthighs** as hare for her epic run. Who'd have thought one of three score + ten could set such a long and fun run. Clearly 70 is the new 50. The Front runners who missed all the fun, games and drinks were rewarded for their stupidity (too many to name but including the usual stupid ones - **Rambo, Its Fine Bos, Knickers & Hedgehog**). **Giving Head** was allegedly returning from Budapest (but more likely from Doggers Glade). It was great to see **Mouthwash** back and Front Running (such stupidity earned his well deserved down down). Other hashers who graced the circle included **Tash** (with no name), **Its Fine Bos** again and **More On** for scaring everyone as the new LH3 pin-up on the cover of "On Paper". And of course finally TT again for being LH3's longest reigning harriette - hashy birthday - ***K you!!



- Blackfriars • Hoop and Grapes
- Skylark with help from Bhopal
- Sunny and Warm
- Pack - respectable numbers

We gathered outside the Hoop and Grapes on a pleasantly warm sunny early autumn afternoon for the not quite a hash, more of an orienteering event which was extra to the usual London hash due to it not following the usual rules. It was a "not a hash, more an orienteering event" without a number.

Why were we outside when we could have been inside drinking? Because the landlord had a hangover from the night before and wasn't in any hurry to start his day. Why were **Chi Su** and **Run to Eat** already inside but couldn't unlock the door to let us in? Had they been there since the night before? These questions and many more were left unanswered through the course of the afternoon.

Eventually a rather surly landlord allowed us inside and we started on the very serious task of drinking pints of beer. Well at least some of us did, others wanted to keep a clear head so that we could be the best at the quiz and win. (No names here.) We got ourselves ready but had a wait for **Skylark** to turn up so he could tell us what to do and set us off.

Skylark duly turned up and busied himself with something. He then handed out sheets of paper with the rules of the run printed on them, which seemed well written and concise and I at least thought were easy to understand. As time was getting on we suggested that we should start the run but **Skylark** said we must wait for **Tango** to turn up as she was GM. We all protested that we hadn't got that long, but the delay was enough time for **Contour** to come puffing into view. **Contour** explained that **Tango** wasn't far behind but she was being delayed by having to carry a very heavy handbag. Ah yes, we believed that. Shortly afterwards she in turn puffed into view and shortly after that we were deemed ready to be given the next set of instructions before being allowed to leave.

We straggled outside to the front of the pub where it was far too noisy for either **Tango** or **Skylark** to make themselves heard so we straggled through to the back yard of the pub where it was a lot less noisy. **Tango** welcomed all, including some visitors and handed over to **Skylark** who told us what we needed to know about the run.

We were told to organise ourselves into teams of three, except **Rambo** who was a team by himself. Each team was given a bottle top. We had to follow a pre marked trail (like a hash) to the start of the run where we were to collect a map in exchange for the bottle top. We had 90 minutes from when the maps were given out to get round as many churches as we could and correctly answer

a question about each from a choice of four answers. A correct answer equalled one point. An incorrect answer equalled minus one point. A minute late back, rounded down, equalled minus one point. Obviously the team with the most points won.

Skylark pointed us in the right direction (for the hash bit) and we started off. He started off a little later and didn't know who was in front of him, so when he caught up with **Action Man** and asked where I was and was told in front, he sped off like a rocket. Pity I was behind. The maps were marked with streets and churches only; no street names, no tube or rail stations, just streets and churches, (the orienteering bit).

I can read a map but I've never done orienteering before so I asked my team mates, **Action Man** and **Sir Humpalot** if they could do it. **Sir Hump** could a bit but from experience I know that **AM** can't at all, so at the risk of a severe tantrum I took over the map reading. The teams all went their own way only occasionally meeting up.

Skylark, **Bhopal** and **Izzy** provided drink stops outside different churches but my team only sampled 2 of them. We made it back to the pub first, with 4 minutes to spare having ran round 23 of the 30 churches, including one cathedral and answered 20 questions. Of the 20 answers we answered 3 incorrectly, and got a total score of 15 making us joint 4th. I'm not sure how we only managed 15 points, but that is how it turned out. However, the good news is that because of some rule which I've forgotten we were awarded 3rd prize.

The competitive teams all arrived back to the pub within a few minutes of the cut-off time but the others meandered back at their leisure, but all enjoyed themselves enormously and were in fine spirits when they got back.

Chi Su acted as Hash Flash and was kept very busy with **Tango** and **Contour** outside St Paul's cathedral which they thought was an excellent wedding venue. They had various poses in various locations outside the cathedral until the cathedral venue for hire sign was spotted whence it started all over again. **Chi Su** and **Contour** were apparently willing enough but **Tango** got bored and was caught staring lovingly at a wine bar instead of **Contour**.

The afternoon was still pleasant and warm so we all stood outside the front of the pub and exchanged stories. There were a couple of new girls and **Mad Cow** could be heard desperately trying to impress them as to what a posh lot we were by telling them that one of our number had a double barrelled name and went to Roedean. Unfortunately she no longer hashed with us but that was beside the point. Down downs were held at the back of

Run 2258 26th Sept 2015 Hoop and Grapes Blackfriars

Hares: **Skylark & Bhopal**



Scribe: **Knickers**



RA: **Mad Cow**

the pub with **Mad Cow** presiding with his usual combination of acerbic wit and insults.

The visitors from Beijing were punished including **Fecking Shakespeare** and ???.

Mouthwash had a beer for not dying from his heart attack.

Tango had a whole half pint of beer, and drank it, for hogging the camera outside St Paul's along with **Contour**. (Are we to hear bells soon?)

Its Fine Boss as her SA team lost to Japan at Rugby.

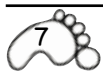
The quiz winners were **Ryde**, **Table Whine** and ??? with 20 points, well done; I think they got beer tokens courtesy of the landlord. The second prize went to another group and yours truly's team got the third prize of a bag of second hand board games. **Sir Hump** was very happy to take the really heavy one home leaving **AM** and myself with two very lightweight boxes which have unfortunately been recycled before I got the chance to open them. There were lots more d-d's but by the time I got around to finishing this write-up I couldn't remember who got them and I certainly couldn't read **MC's** shorthand.

The afternoon continued pleasant and a good crown stayed on in the pub to drink the place dry.

Thanks go to **Skylark** for a tremendous job organising the event, with special mentions to **Bhopal** for technical support and **Izzy** for the drink stop outside St Paul's.

On-On,

Knickers.





Hash Humour



I WAS STARING AT THIS
till I realised it was a hula hoop

A guy goes to a supermarket and notices a beautiful blonde who waves at him and says hello. He's rather taken aback, because he can't place where he knows her from, so he asks, "Do you know me?" To which she replies, "I think you're the father of one of my kids." Now he thinks back to the only time he has ever been unfaithful to his wife and says, "Oh my God, are you the stripper from my bachelor party that I laid on the pool table with all my buddies watching, while your partner whipped me with wet celery and then stuck a carrot in my butt?" She looks at him levelly and replies, "No, I'm your son's maths teacher."



If you didn't get "Luck Be In The Air Tonight"
The internet has probably ruined you.



When you leave a man at home alone with his baby.



'THE FRENCH AND GERMAN ON THIS CUP
LOOKS QUESTIONABLE'



Day 17: I have gained the flamingos
trust



wanted:

A tall well-built woman with good reputation, who can cook frogs legs, who appreciates a good fuchsia garden, classical music and talking without getting too serious. But please only read lines 1,3 and 5.

Run 2264 31st Oct 2015 The Roebuck Vauxhall

Hare: **Boy Blunder**



Scribe: **Daffy Dildo**



RA: **Pope, Beau Geste & Sparerib**

In the absence of the hare, whose sporadic p-trail (mostly set in the cycle path on the A202 Harleyford Road from Vauxhall station) had led us to the pub – which is soon to be closed and turned into yet more luxury flats – we set off in search of the out-trail.

We were somewhat confused by the “T” symbols, which we assumed to be falsies, but a quick phone call to the aforesaid hare ascertained that on Planet Blunder these actually signify the start of the out-trail (being a T for Trail as opposed to a P for Pub) in place of the traditional (but too old-fashioned for **Blunder**) hash symbol of the chalk arrow accompanied by the words “ON ON”.

The trail took us south on

Carroun Road and then right onto Fentiman Road, and before long we were heading west on Nine Elms Lane, before doing a U-turn to bear east along the riverside to Vauxhall Bridge.

The trail then continued alongside the river to Lambeth Bridge, where **Mic Mac** was convinced that “the hare’s got to go right sooner or later”, but no, the trail continued along the river to Westminster Bridge.

The trail then crossed the river to the Elizabeth Tower (formerly known as the Clock Tower) and turned left past the Palace of Westminster, passing St Stephen’s Entrance,

and thence back to Lambeth Bridge, where the hare finally appeared and treated us to a sip stop with copious amounts of wine and crisps.

The in-trail then took us over the bridge, straight down Lambeth Road and then right on Kennington Road, with a detour through Cleaver Square onto the A3 Kennington Park Road.

We then took a stroll around Kennington Park itself, before heading back down the A3 and turning right on Claylands Road back to the pub.

The down-downs were conducted on the terrace at the side of the pub, with **Blunder** as hare being the first to take his medicine.

The two virgins from UCL

had left straight after the trail, so could not be called in, but hopefully we will see them again soon.

Next up were our three visitors from Oslo – **Moby Dick**, **Missing the Dick** and **Simply Red**.

Natasha was called in by **Pope** to be named, having told him earlier that she had not been named yet because she only comes spermadically. Her name was therefore proposed to be **Spermadical**, which then became **Spermadic** and then somehow - due to the hash’s legendary mature and sophisticated sense of humour - metamorphosed into **Sperm Addict**. The flour and beer were duly applied to **Natasha**’s forehead as she knelt, and she then drank her down-down and arose as **Sperm Addict**.

Beau Geste then took over as RA, calling in **Scrumpy** to receive her tankard as an award for completing her 50th run, followed by **Hands On**, who received a t-shirt for completing 200 runs.

It’s Fine Bos was called in for being the hash model and having her photo taken on trail, and then it was 2am’s turn for gate-crashing a wedding and making a nuisance of himself.

Little Bear was given a down-down for abandoning the hash to go to the ladies’ at Young’s Riverside pub and then treating herself to a Ram Rod and Special instead of resuming the trail.

Stretch was called in for a birthday down-down, having travelled up to London from Bristol via Milton Keynes, picking up **Ring Peace** en route, to celebrate the 43rd anniversary of his birth with

London Hash.

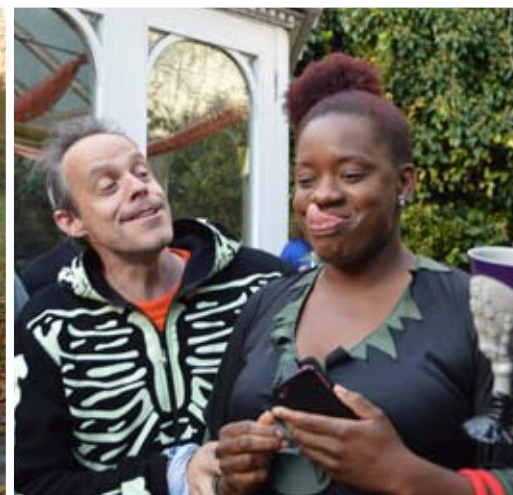
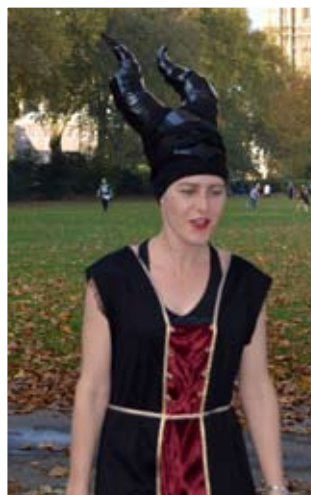
Spare Rib then took over the circle to call **Little Bear** back in, this time to ask her to repeat her earlier trick of touching the end of her nose with her tongue in a vain attempt to remove a blob of barbecue sauce. **Skylark** was also called in for having proposed to **Little Bear** immediately upon witnessing this spectacle.

Blunder then requested **Daffy’s** presence in the circle in order to thank him for his exceptional good sense in having the presence of mind to phone him to ask for an explanation of how to find the start of the trail. **Blunder** also apologised profusely for his unprecedented fuckwittery in using non-standard markings for the out-trail and then not having been present at the opening circle to explain them. Unfortunately, **Blunder’s** humble apology was all but drowned out by the noise of the flying pigs hovering overhead.

Stretch then called in **Ring Peace** to thank him for sharing a bed with him the previous night, so that he woke up on his 43rd birthday to find a 50 year old man in his bed.

And finally, **Little Bear** was called in for a third time for having mistaken **Ring Peace** for **Blunder** for the first ten minutes after her return to the pub.

It then remained only for Last **Tango** to remind the pack that the following Saturday was the AGPU, whereupon we all headed back into the previously almost empty pub to find it full of rugby fans, due to there being some rugby match or other on the big screen.



The Annual General P*ss Up!

Well, if you're hoping that this scribe can shed any light on the proceeding that took place on 7th Nov you are very sadly mistaken. Wtf??!

It was a very eventful and chaotic catastrophe from start to finish...in fact we were all slightly unhinged some days before the AGPU when our current GM **Last Tango** announced that we would be welcoming German TV on to the Hash to film some scenes to do with fitness! In addition, a phoney war of manifestos had rained down on the hash community for a few weeks. This was started by **Boy Blunder** handing out manifestos declaring himself a candidate for GM which was countered by an orange manifesto from **Tango**. As we arrived into the surreal environment of The Magic Garden we were again subjected to a third manifesto from a third but mystery candidate, though the pledge to 'Sack **Reach Around** as RA' did give a big hint. While the 50 odd hashers searched in vain for their sanity **Last Tango** introduced us to **Ulli**, the German TV star, to whom she awarded an honorary LH3 t-shirt. That was kind of the last we saw of him and his cameraman as it turned out they really only wanted the hash as extras in the background.

The run itself was a nice jaunt around Battersea and the river and included two, yes, TWO drink stops! The only negative was a couple of park police who tried really hard to convince **Goldilocks** that he had poisoned the flour and that we were in fact following a trail of dead canines. The conversation stopped when **Goldilocks** told them, "you're very silly people, so I'm going to stop talking to you now", and loped off into the sunset.

Back in the Magic Garden things went from bad to worse when **Last Tango** started handing out some weird graphics she had commissioned from **Window Dressing** representing various hash committee posts (see next page). This was followed by a handout to all listing the various positions with possible names. Immediately, we all thought that this was a ballot slip and started scratching around for pens to vote. It wasn't meant to be a vote but the two RAs in counting up the results used this as a great excuse to vote themselves off the committee and the pack followed course by voting off others.

In the end, no one really knew exactly who had actually been elected onto the new Mismanagement until some days later when **Hedgehog** came to the rescue post event

and published the definitive list. So, without future ado I announce the 2015-16 LH3 Mismanagement!

GM
Last Tango
Hash Bank
Not Out
Hash Cash
Hands On
Beer Stalker
Cumming Dear

Hash Stats
Titanic
Dickhead
Hare Raiser
Naughty
Nympho
Webmaster
Skylark

On Sec
Hedgehog
Edit Hare
Chi Su

Assistant Edit
Hare

It's Fine Bos
Hash Flier (new position)
Window Dressing

Haberdasher
Contour
Hash Dealer/
Hash Mule
Big in Japan
Car Say No

RAs
Goldilocks
Beau Geste
Blood Stained Clothing
Hash Snitch
(new position)
Kenny

Run 2265 7th Nov 2015
The Magic Garden
Battersea Park

Hares: **Last Tango & Contour**



Scribe: **Chi-Su**



RAs: **Goldilocks & Reach**

Song Meisters
(new position)

Ryde (non-committee member)

Reach Around (non-committee member)

Social Sex

3 Beers

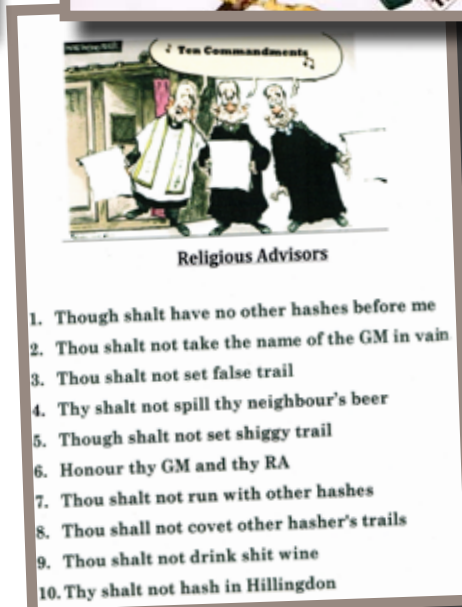
Spermadic

Going Commando

Hash Publicity/Social
Media sub group

3 Beers, Spermadic, Hedgehog, Naughty Nympho, Chi-Su and Cumming Dear





After much publicized heavy rain for the whole of Saturday I was surprised to find a reasonable pack waiting at the Coach and Horses, a short walk from Syon Lane train station. The rain was just trickling as we gathered outside for the start of this joint run with the SLASH. Our newly re-elected GM **Tango** decided to set new standards by making announcements under the shade of a brightly coloured umbrella, compensating for the grey clouds! Where are the decent RA's when you need them? The hares, **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** sent us off in the direction of Hounslow, with a check right on the corner of Spur Road and London Road, the pack scattered in all directions. After much waiting, a faint call was eventually heard just above the din of the traffic, just past the Green School to the right into Quaker Lane. The trail carried on straight over a railway bridge and straight on to Northumberland Avenue then right and to the end of Roxborough Avenue, where there was a small lane out of the housing estate, which took us to a crossing point on the A4. Having successfully negotiated the A4, the trail took us straight on and right into a housing estate. However, after much fruitless looking for trail we returned back to the main road. Somehow the trail headed west parallel to the A4 through Jersey gardens out the other end, then headed north towards Osterley Park. Before reaching Osterley House the trail

veered right into parkland adjacent to the lakes, round the lakes and then out into Osterley Lane.

At the T junction would the trail head right? (surely the obvious route as the trail would be a bit shorter!). No, the trail went off to the left, up over the bridge over the A4, then right through a cultivated field and out the other end, eventually coming out into Tentelow Lane. After some hanging around we found the trail heading eastwards, through some woodland then through Osterley Sports Club, eventually going through a small housing estate into Windmill Lane. The pack then headed north towards 3 Bridges, dropping down to the Grand Union Canal, where it headed towards Hanwell. The trail crossed one of the locks into some grassland, where we have run many a time. It was now raining quite heavily, as we reached the previously publicized drink stop. The hares went looking for refreshments that they had obviously concealed quite well. So well in fact, that they had problems finding the stash. Thankfully they managed to find the couple of bin liners with drinks.

The run resumed eventually, for the short distance back across the canal to The Fox pub.

The Circle was held under a small marquee in the beer garden, as the rain was still p*ssing down. Down Downs went to **Ryde & Tablewhine** (The Hares), **Emma** (Virgin), **Chocolate Starfish**

Run 2266 14th Nov 2015
The Coach & Horses
Syon Park

Hares: Ryde & Tablewhine



Scribe: Kaff'r



RAs: Testi & Bonnie

(Returnee), **Marxist**, **Thunderthighs**, **Gobbledick**, **Tango** (for losing keys) and **Contour**. Unfortunately I may have forgotten a few because I am guilty of leaving doing this write up for too long.

OnOn, **Kaff'r**



After the epic hash in Epping Forest last week (sadly no record - Ed), it was refreshing to be invited on a tour of the housing estates of Southwark and Bermondsey; not a squelch of mud, just clean, hard paving stones.

The pub "Simon the Tanner" is at the end of Long Lane in Bermondsey. According to Wikipedia, Simon the Tanner was Simon the Shoemaker, a one eyed old man who lived in Cairo in the tenth century AD and who was able to settle a dispute between a Jew and a Christian by moving a mountain. This is where we met for **Run 2 Eat's** tour of the housing estates. Our brightly coloured hare, in green, red and blue, gathered us outside and demonstrated how to draw an eye on the pavement with ten swift strokes of the plaster board. The eyes were to indicate a stop to admire the view.

At 12.30 the pack of 25 or so, including tall and lanky **Don**, visiting from Baku, jogged off in the direction of the hare's left elbow to the first of the housing estates on the tour.

At 1 p.m. on the dot, we passed St. James Church (built in 1829), which peeled us on with a single toll of one of its ten bells, forged at the Whitechapel Foundry from the cannons seized from the French at the battle of Waterloo in 1815. Then on into a park where we were regrouped at a strange check that said, in chalk, "1 lap, **Skylark**, 3 laps 1 mile". We stood mystified until **Skylark**, seizing his chance for glory, jumped up and started to lap the park. In the excitement of the moment, **George** from Bulgaria followed him.

Having admired the demonstration laps, we set off for the next estate. Did we cross Jamaica Road? Soon we found ourselves jogging along Thames Wall and on rounding a corner we suddenly came upon the cast metal statue of a lady with a spade. It was Ada Salter, just back from planting roses. She was the wife of Doctor Alfred Salter who sits on a metal bench waving to his daughter Joyce, leaning by the wall. Alfred Salter was born in 1873 and qualified as a doctor at Guys Hospital in 1896. He and his wife devoted their lives to helping the poor and poverty stricken in Bermondsey. Their daughter Joyce died, age 8, of scarlet fever in 1910. Alfred was prominent in local politics. Ada was appointed Mayor of Bermondsey in 1919. She died in 1942 and Alfred built the Ada Salter Rose Garden as a tribute to her. He died in 1945.

The group of statues at the Thames wall is called "Doctor Salter's Daydream", designed by Diane Gorvin.

And so, on to the next estate and we notice a row of carved elephants on the rail of a balcony. Of course, it's the start of Elephant Lane! Our colourful hare beckons us over the road to what looks like the entrance of a gentleman's loo. At the bottom of the steps we are in a ravine with a busy road leading up to the roundabout. Was this the approach to the Rotherhithe tunnel? Turning into Neptune Street we come to the corner at Lower Road. On this

corner, there once stood the Rotherhithe town hall, a splendid looking building, erected in 1897. On each side of the main entrance there stood two Caryatids, carved statues of women holding up the portico. The Town Hall was bombed in WW2 and later demolished but the two Caryatids were rescued.

Cross Lower Road and on the corner of Ann Moss Way is a derelict house with a blue plaque to Michael Caine, who was born there in 1933 at St Olave's Hospital. Olaf the second was King of Norway (995 – 1030) and he was made a saint by the then pope. He sent some of his soldiers to help the English, King Ethelred the Unready, in a battle against the Danes in 1013, hence the name, St Olave's Hospital where Sir Michael Caine was born.

The hospital was hit by 5 bombs in WW2 and was later demolished. This is where our colourful hare showed me the way to short cut. The front running pack raced into Southwark Park whereas I, **Chi Su** and **Mouthwash** went on to the Gomm Road Gate to short cut them in the park. We soon met **Knickers**, **Skylark**, **George** and **Don** from Baku, successfully short cutted by me, **Chi Su** and **Mouthwash**. At a turn in the path we then saw two beautiful ladies in Greek costumes. No! ..not stolen by Lord Elgin, these were carved by the sculptor Henry Poole in 1885. They were the Caryatids from the bombed out Town Hall, returned to Bermondsey in 2011.

We were quickly out of Southwark Park and on to the next estate but now I was starting to flag. Through a tunnel under the railway we could hear **Ryde's** faint On Ons but I was getting left behind but then **Kaff'r** appeared. We came to a large roundabout with a Tesco proudly planted in the middle of a junction of five main roads. **Kaff'r** was anxious-'was this the right trail?'--I was confident -I think I'd been here before-Long Lane was not far off. We followed the trail; 'Mandela Way-that rings a bell'-over to East Street-**Kaff'r** looks at his smart phone-'It must be left'-that's down Thurlow Street --I follow for a while-he goes on but I turn back-up to East Street again-'Did I hear someone mention a market?'-I turn into East Street market-squashed bananas, screwed up paper, boxes-no chance of there being a trail---I go on to the end-Cumberland Road-can't even see the Shard--I'm lost.

The A to Z cost £6.95. Back track half



Run 2268 28th Nov 2015 Simon the Tanner Borough

Hare: **Run 2 Eat**



Scribe: **Orangutan**



RAs: **Crack & Yorky Porky**

a mile to Old Kent Road and there's the trail, it goes up Congreve. Follow the trail-roundabout-Tower Bridge Road-Long Lane-I'm back at the pub. Cheers as I go in-"where have you been?" says **Kaff'r** -I went to East Street Market'- "We didn't" said **Tablewhine**. Its 3p.m. on the dot.

Just by chance if you should meet, A girl in shorts called "**Run 2 Eat**", Then ask her what there is to see, Along the streets of Bermondsey.

Having missed the circle **Orangutan** missed the remarkable spectacle of **George** being named by a recommendation from a very insistent hash canine **Henry**. Welcome to your new name **Woof! Woof! Woof!** - Ed



Run 2271 20th Dec 2015
Springfield Bowls Club
Ealing Common

Hares: **Martian Matron & More On**



RA: **Sparerib**

There's nothing more Christmasy than Martian Matron and More On's late december run from the Bowls Club, especially after a few very reasonably priced pints of Rebellion. Even a lager lout like myself can appreciate a tasty pint. There were also hot drink stops and some hot grub back at the club.

It was the usual joint run with the Marlow crowd who gave their all-action version of Twelve Days of Christmas, though perhaps next year we should try the hash version on the back of Sparerib's t-shirt.

There were a few visitors there this year too, including my brother Crusty Nuts, along with Slow Gin and her son.

At 68, this was one of the biggest packs of the year and we all staggered home feeling very jolly.

- Ed



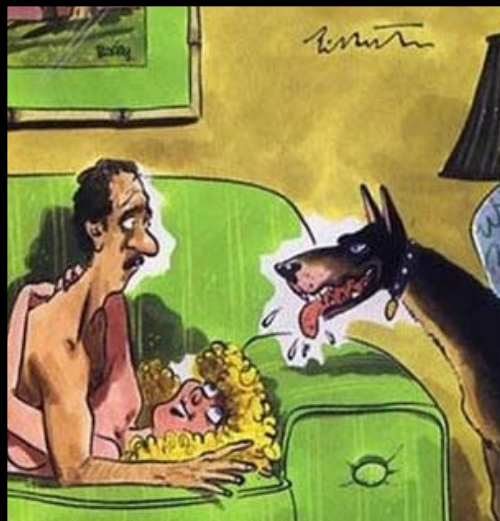
Hash Humour

**SOFT WOOKIEE
WARM WOOKIEE
GREAT BIG BALL OF FUR**



**HAIRY WOOKIEE
ANGRY WOOKIEE
GRR GRR GRR**

Niche! You need to be a fan of both Star Wars and The Big Bang Theory to get this.



Oh, that's Rex. If you don't make me come, he'll rip your face off.



They couldn't find a better place to blow up this balloon?!



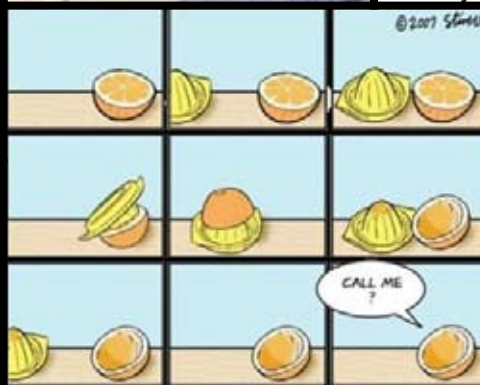
The Dentist

Just at the moment when the dentist was leaning over towards his patient to start on her teeth, he was startled.



"Excuse me, Miss, those are my balls that you are holding."

"I know," she answered sweetly. "So, let us be very careful not to hurt each other....ok?"



I was sitting on the edge of the bed, observing the wife looking at herself in the mirror. Since her birthday was not far off I asked what she'd like to have for her birthday. "I'd like to be ten again", she replied, still looking in the mirror.

On the morning of her birthday, I woke up early and made her a big bowl of Lucky Charms and then took her to Alton Towers to go on all the rides. Afterwards I took her to McDonald's and got her a Happy Meal. Following that was a trip to the cinema to watch a film and get popcorn and a coke.

When she got home she collapsed on the couch exhausted.

Chuffed with my good work, I leaned over and lovingly asked, "Well Dear, what was it like being ten again?" Her eyes slowly opened and her expression suddenly changed. "I meant my dress size you thick c*nt!"

BE A GRANDFATHER THEY SAID...



...IT'LL BE FUN THEY SAID.

A male patient is lying in bed in the hospital, wearing an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. A young student nurse appears and gives him a partial sponge bath. "Nurse," he mumbles from behind the mask, "are my testicles black?" Embarrassed, the young nurse replies, "I don't know, Sir. I'm only here to wash your upper body and feet." He struggles to ask again, "Nurse, please check for me, Are my testicles black?" Concerned that he might elevate his blood pressure and heart rate from worrying about his testicles, she overcomes her embarrassment and pulls back the covers. She raises his gown, holds his manhood in one hand and his testicles in the other. She looks very closely and says, "There's nothing wrong with them, Sir. They look fine." The man slowly pulls off his oxygen mask, smiles at her, and says very slowly, "Thank you very much. That was wonderful. Now listen very, very closely: ARE-MY-TEST-RESULTS-BACK?"

CLaWs Party 2015



Run 2275 10th Jan 2016
Duke of Sussex
Waterloo

Hare: **Boy Blunder**



Scribe: **Run 2 Eat**



RA: **Bonnie**

London hash run by **Blunder** with visitors from Stockholm **Laid Bird** and **Hummingbird** along with others.

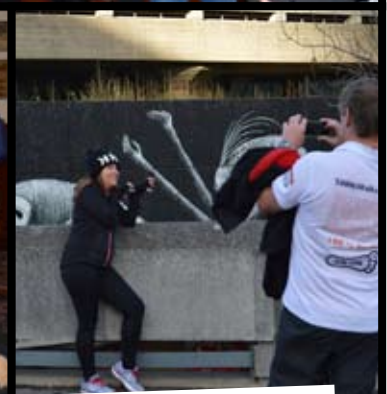
The trail went off after the hare decided to show up. After a wonderful start behind Waterloo station it then proceeded to be an absolute blunder of a trail with false trails over three bridges. Then came the fourth bridge the pack were very reluctant to go over. However the trail did indeed go over that's where most of the pack decided to give up and go another way. We just got lost and we ended up going over Southwark Bridge. So, some of us lost the trail and ended up back at the pub.

Down downs were given to all the visitors. **Skylark** for stupidly following all FT over all the bridges but being optimistic to think the next one is not. **Naughty Nympho** for stripping on trail. **Blunder** of course for his blundered trail.

Back at the pub **Marxist** ate all the cheese that wasn't used in the cheese rolling contest, so as not to waste it.

Contour showed of his LH3 shoe warmers that some of the pack mistook for odd sex toys. **Blunder** wears a merkin from hair that he found somewhere other than his head. Sadly, we said goodbye to the Duke of Sussex by giving the landlord a down down, as the pub goes through a big refurbishment into a gastropub, and therefore probably no longer hash friendly. After the circle a band of hashers: **Marxist**, **Woof3**, **Sir Humpalot**, and the visitors went to the pub and continued drinking. :)

Happy Trails ONON **Run2Eat**



Date: 16/1/16

Run: 2276

Hare: Reach Around

Scribe: Car Say No

Location: Clapham Junction (P trail going through oh-so-very-shi-shi Northcote Rd.)

Pub: The Eagle Ale House

1. Returnees: **Cumming Dear** and **Inside Out's** new baby! Starting pack about 30.

2. A very early SCB trail was spotted, together with lots of seagulls.

3. 1st check: Can't even read my own note! It shows a zigzag line so I think it means there were a lot of uphill and downhill to get to it.

Did anyone see the queue outside The Breakfast Club? 30 deep at least! Why go to have breakfast in a local greasy spoon when you can wait for an hour outside the oh-so-trendy-and-not-to-be-missed Breakfast Club eh?

4. Clapham Common on a wintery Saturday morning was awashed with too many fit people playing footie, running and using the open-air cross-trainers.

Together with the seagulls and dogs on the common, buses on the periphery and a bunch of people randomly shouting 'On On' as they run/jog/walk, they make an evocative picture of suburbia London at play and at peace. Ah...

5. Trail markings were in short supply. On more than one occasions I was saved by the ever cheerful and reassuring sound of **Thunderthighs'** horn.

And then there were shortcuts on shortcuts which were really confusing!

6. Much welcomed drink stop provided somewhere. **Bonnie** and **Cumming Dear's** baby were bonding beautifully and made a really touching picture. Not practising or anything are we **Bonnie**?

7. Downdowns for the hare for a Shitty Trail. **Reach Around** also got one for reaching 100 runs so we all told him to get a life. Did someone also complete 200 runs?

The scribe's note-taking skill so poor it's not true (sack her I say!). Hang on, Duffy appeared on the note so was it Duffy? If so my most sincere apologies.

Think you'll find that's Daffy, Car Say No! - Ed

8. It was a good hash. Wish it could be better recorded.



Run 2276 16th Jan 2016
Eagle Ale House
Clapham Junction

Hare: Reach Around



Scribe: Car Say No



RA: Bonnie



We remember!
...but these are the runs
the Scribes forgot!



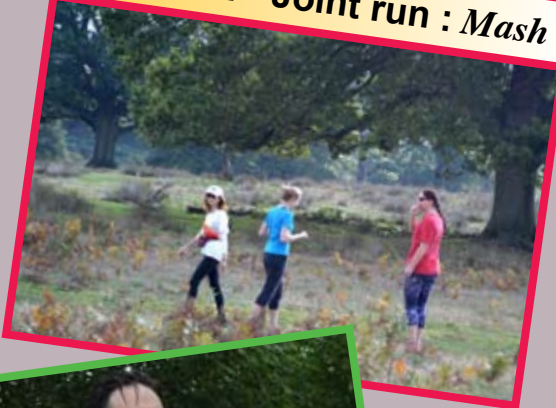
Run: 2256 • Hare: Rambo



Run: 2257
Hares: Blood Stained Clothing
& Going Commando



Run: 2261 • Joint run : Mash



Run: 2262
Hares: Its Fine Bos & Not Out



Run: 2263
Hare:
Cumming Dear



Run: 2269 • Hare: Pope

