

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 40 Issue 2 July 2017

1992	PRESIDENT LONDON IRISH B.A.	R. CLARKE
1993	London Irish Singles Championship	D. HUNTER
1993	BRONDESBURY OPEN TRIPLES	MRS J. DARIUS
		N. MCINERNEY
		V. PERRY
1994	LONDON IRISH CAPTAIN	N. MCINERNEY
1995	London Irish CAPTAIN	N. MCINERNEY
1995	BRONDESBURY OPEN TRIPLES	W. WOOD
		D. FIELD
		Mrs V. VANBAARS
1996	SEX FOURS (R.U.)	D. FIELD
		D. MATTHEWS
		C. STEADMAN
		R. DAINTY

Gispert Memorial Run

Page 6 & 7

Back to Springfield

Page 5 & 11



Peace, Man

Regroup at the Battersea Peace Pagoda

Pages 20 & 21

LH3 Hash Contacts

Grand Masters

Tina "Last Tango" Eckart
Roger "Contour" Hill
lh3gm@londonhash.org

Hon Sec

Hedgehog
lh3onsec@londonhash.org

Edit Hare

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

Hare Raiser

Going Commando
lh3hare@londonhash.org

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

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

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

Orangutan's Hash Math

Free Beer Challenge (you offering O? - ed)

Swop or No Swop

There are three hand pumps on the bar and one of them will give you a free pint.

The barman challenges you to see if you can get a free beer.

You choose your pump, but then the barman looks at the labels on the other two, shows you one of them that is not the free pump and then asks you if you want to swop your choice.

Assuming that the barman is being completely fair and impartial, should you Swop or No swop, to increase your chances, or does it not make any difference?

answer later in issue



Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contacts
1 - 21 July 2017	Prelubes & Postlubes - see them all	Prelube to Eurohash, in Vienna, Austria.	www.eurohash2017.feosc.org/lubes.html	
7 - 9 July 2017	EuroHash	Hosted by the Vindobona H3 in Vienna, Austria.	www.eurohash2017.feosc.org	Vindobona Hash House Harriers
25 - 28 Aug 2017	UK Nash Hash	To be held in Norwich, UK.	http://www.uknashhash2017.co.uk/regofrm.htm	
21 - 24 Sep 2017	DC Red Dress & Lubes	Hosted by the hash clubs of the greater Washington, DC area.	https://hashrego.com/events/dc-red-dress-run-2017	Camo Sutra
7 - 9 Oct 2017	All Japan Nash Hash	Hosted by the Nagoya H3 in Shinsiro City, Aichi Prefecture, Japan.	https://10octave.wixsite.com/japannashhash2017	
27 - 29 Oct 2017	Pan Asia Hash	Hosted by the Hanyang H3 in Gangwon, South Korea.	https://www.facebook.com/panasiahashkorea/	
10 - 12 Nov 2017	German Nash Hash	Hosted by the Hamburg H3 in Luneburg, Germany.	https://www.gnh2017.org	Hansestadt Hamburg Hash House Harriers Hummel Hummel



I was walking the dogs the other day when all of a sudden they vanished into thin air. Not sure where they went, but I've got some leads.

Run 2333

1st January 2017

The Admiralty
Charing Cross

Hare: **Doormat**



Scribe: **Skylark**



Well, finally we got to say goodbye to 2016, and what the bloody hell was all that about? We lost a whole legion of our showbiz greats from David Bowie to Victoria Wood, got thrashed at the footie yet again, and we depart 2016 with the pound in tatters. Let's take a moment for a more upbeat A to Z look at the year past, present and future of LH3, and a rather soggy reflection on our New Year's Day hangover trail.

Admiralty (The) Our welcoming host for new years day 2017 and many other trails and events across LH3, City and of course the Leap Year hash. Here's to them.

Bruges What an away weekend that was! Beer Festival, Brewery, good fun and Sir Humpalot getting covered in squirty cream as he slept on the train on the way back to London.

Calendars are still for sale (maybe). Grab yours and look back on the fun times you had in 2016 with LH3.

Doormat Our hare for New Years Day. ~~An affable chap with a liking for beer and an easy laugh. A true hasher.~~ Correction (as the previous comment was written pre-trail): A complete B&5tard of a hare who set us a monster of a hangover trail then refused to turn us back as the weather turned to a complete wash-out. Described later as the worst trail of the decade.

East Anglia The location for the 2017 UK Nash Hash. Ancient Britons H3 will be our host and we'll be there to support them.

F*ck Off Sung to Skylark as this is his final London trail before he sets off for a year's travelling.

Globe (The) A theatre social that Ryde is planning for later in 2017.

Hummingbird An excitable 'box of frogs' of a harriet from Stockholm who always raised a buzz in a room and kept the FRBs on their toes. We all look forward to seeing her again.

Ides of March An event that has got a lot of tongues wagging on LH3. It's the Italian Nash Hash with a historic slant. You going?

Joint Socials. We are getting together with West London H3 several times in 2017 for some awesome social events. Look out for the Rolling Stones tribute band and Football Golf.

Knightsbridge One of the sights on our new year's day trail.

Those that stuck the course got all the pleasures of St James's Park, Buckingham Palace, Wellington Arch, Albert Memorial, Science and V&A Museums, and Harrods.

Long Not what we wanted from our new years day hangover trail. A quick run around St James's Park was agreed to be the optimum trail length. Instead we returned to The Admiralty soaked after a 7 mile ordeal in the rain.

Marathon de Sables "The Toughest Footrace on Earth" and our very own Bear Behind has had her entry confirmed for 2017. The very best of luck to her. What's *your* ambition for 2017?

Norfolk A most excellent hash weekend which saw us cruising the broads and hobnobbing with leather-clad bikers.

Oval Boyz The theme of Mad Cow's highly amusing scribe of Blunder's trail from sarf of the river. This got him first prize in the inaugural Scribe Awards. Respect. Runner up was Skylark who likened the judge to a ram-headed devil. Can't think why that didn't win.

Pubs The theme for the 2016 CLaWs Christmas party. A memorable evening but you couldn't move for Blind Beggars.

Quitters Those that were sensible enough to bail out of the trail when the heavens opened. This included Hedgehog, Pope, and even our hare who caught a tube back from Knightsbirdge. Yes, you read that right. Even the hare bailed out of his own trail!

Riot. Nearly caused by our City visitor Penchant the previous evening when, as acting as a reserve specialist dog handler, he was forced to close down a party that had become out-of-control.

Stannary Hash hosted a memorable (depending on how much you drank on the Saturday) hash weekend to Dartmoor. We look forward to hosting them in 2017, but the challenge will be to find somewhere boggy enough to take them.

Top Dog is still Tango who's attempts at getting rid of the role remain unsuccessful. We also all appreciate deputy Contour's valued contribution, but Tango clearly still has his lead firmly in her grasp.

Union 2016 saw the first wedding anniversary of Tablewhine and Ryde. Did anyone else notice that their stag/hen do trails made a heart shape when joined together? **Veuve Clicquot.** The luxury champagne that our hare brought with him for the circle. Yes, we had champagne down downs. Nice try and thanks for the Harrods chocolates as well so just maybe we'll forgive him for that trail.

Woof Woof Woof The funniest naming ever when Henry - Loftie's dog - asserted his opinion *twice* in the circle and his naming suggestion gained the popular vote.

X A false symbol that we thankfully didn't see on trail. Not that we saw much trail anyway.

Yankee. The nationality of our visitor - the delightfully named Bloody Soft Poo from New York State and his partner Tramponme.

Zero The amount of trail that remained on the rain drenched pavements as we doggedly splashed our way back to The Admiralty.



Run 2335

15th January 2017

Southall Conservative and
Unionist Club
Southall

RA

Who Killed Kenny

Hares: **Ryde & Tablewhine**

Scribe: **Reach Around**



This morning I was enjoying the gorgeous June sun and beautiful, red dawn brought to us by our Dear Leader Corbyn. I was skipping with joy and enjoying the smell of freshly cut grass, when I was brought down with a bump to a colder, more hostile time by **Chi Su's** text message. 'Where's that run write up from January, you lazy git?'

I was covered in rain, full of remorse, on the second day of my birthday hangover. A birthday where I'd lost my bag containing my work laptop, my phone, my passport and my dignity and for which **Crack of Dawn** (her real, original name, City Hashers) had just delivered me a bollocking. I sought sanctuary and following the P-trail, we found the Southall Conservative Club (boo, hiss, etc.). As we walked past the 'you must be this white to enter' sign, I was taken aback to see our returnee

Hard Core Bomber had somehow got past the bouncers. Although I was disappointed it was him and not **Game and Away**, he'd brought me my only birthday present (a massive t-shirt with some drug innuendo displayed thereon- no, nowt from me mum or **CoD** or anyone). I was quickly shepherded out to do the run around the harsh streets of Southall. My memory is a little sketchy but I was at the front of the pack at all times and broke all the checks with ease, finishing well in advance of everyone else. It was well laid as expected with **Tablewhine** and **Ryde** as hares. It kept us together and there was a lovely smell of garam masala at all times, a preview of the post-hash meal. Oh... and there was a drink stop... and some canals.

We returned to the white ghetto, where we were greeted by some excellent real ale and an impromptu, slightly disorientating speech from the President of the local branch of

the Nasty Party.

The circle was ably led by **Kenny** and I have no detail at all about any of the down downs. I assume **Tablewhine** and **Ryde** got one. Me too.

The circle was followed by us buying a massive carry out and decamping to a fantastic South Asian restaurant, over which I am still drooling five months on. **Woof Woof** (or is it three times?), presumably on his first visit to an Indian restaurant, was extremely vocal, barking over and over about how he didn't understand the menu. Just say this in a Bulgarian accent and you get the gist, 'I do not understand! What is happening!' But, he had a happy ending with a lovely curry. I got a happy ending as they let me have a new passport and a new laptop and I wasn't sacked. Happy ending for everyone apart from Theresa May- poor lass. Get the tiny violins out.

On on whatever your political allegiance.



Run 2336

21st January 2017

The Harvest Moon Orpington

RA
Mouthwash

Hare: **Doormat**



Scribe: **Knickers**



Saturday, 21-01-2017 Orpington

Hare - **Doormat**

Pub - Wetherspoon

Weather - Clear, sunny and freezing cold

Orpington was surprisingly easy to get too, it didn't take so long either. :-)

Just outside the station we came across **Mouthwash** who asked if we knew where the pub was and how did we know how to get there? Yes to the first and yes to the second, there was a very well marked P trail with arrows so large they almost joined together. How had he missed it?

It took about 10 minutes to get to the local Wetherspoons pub where we met a very small group of runners. Of the committee only **Hands On** turned up. Without our 4 visitors from Hastings Hash we would have been in single figures! Where was everyone, was there a boycott? **Bloggers** and **Nookie Bear** were able to make it as there were no steps to negotiate. **Bloggers** had a very fine electric chair which beeped when it reversed and together they managed a good portion of the trail.

Our hare arrived to bring us all to order. Being a Wetherspoons pub we had to use **Doormat's** car to store the bags so with that extra delay we didn't set off until the crack of 1.05pm. A new record.

Rambo was in time for the start of the run!

Our pre-run talk let us know that there was a knitting circle trail - KT, three short cutters trails - SK's and a RBT trail, running bastards trail. All four turn-offs were marked with the RBT as the alternative. All four turn-offs eventually lead to the RBT trail. I thought it worked very well, I just followed the RBT's. Easy. Others including **Rambo** and **Black Hole** managed to follow an SC and ran round in circles.

The run set off northward along the local stream which it followed for the best part of 3k. It then went east, south and east again alongside some cultivated fields. We mostly ran on frozen grass

which was hard and knobbly underfoot until we came to said fields which were muddy and slippery.

Next we came to a wood which we partially explored before going round more fields, then some streets, then the drinks stop, then back to the pub.

In total the RBT's ran just over 10k's. It was a glorious day for a run, clear, sunny and not too hot with pretty English countryside to run through.

Rambo managed to slash his arm and had maybe 6 blood runoff channels down his arm. **Qualified Seaman** had a severely grazed elbow and one of our lady visitors tripped over a barbed wire loop but wasn't hurt.

The drinks stop was good, **Doormat** made a good effort with it. We had Doombar, red and white wine, 1300g of Quality Broken Biscuits and a box of Leonidas chocolates. Being the hash we did our best with it all and tried not to insult the hare by leaving any. The broken biscuits went down extremely well, there were some real treats in there, it being a very mixed selection. Hardly any were left at the end. The chocolates surprisingly took much longer, they had to be handed round several times at the pub before they disappeared. Everyone was being far too polite and considered one in mouth and one in hand quite enough? What is wrong with people these days?

The pub was quite accommodating, cheap booze and cheap food is always appreciated, around half the pack had meals. As most people were eating we had our DD's inside. We tried to be quiet at first but as we didn't get an adverse reaction from the bar staff we became more noisy. **Mouthwash** did the honours.

Doormat got at least 2, our visitors got several, **Action Man** would have got one for losing his trainers and not running but he's on a no carbs diet so I had to drink it. Most people got one, beer was cheap, we had lots.

We went home and **Doormat** returned to Turkey. On on to next time, **Knickers**.

Run 2337

28th January 2017

Springfield Bowls Club Ealing Common

Hare
Mad Cow
RA
Yorky Porky

At the end of January the big celebration was Mad Cow's 60th, though it looks like Psychodelic got in on the act too!



Run 2339

11th February 2017

The Brockley Barge
Brockley



RA
Smartarse

Hare: **Mr X**



Scribe: **Mr X**



The 75th anniversary of the death of **Alberto Stephano Ignatius Gispert** fell on Saturday 11th February 2017 this year. As there was a full moon that weekend a joint run with the F.U.K Full Moon H3, Herts H3 and LH3 was organised.

A good turnout was expected with M*A*S*H, SLasH and other London hashes backing this memorial trail, celebrating **ASI Gispert's** life and ideals. It was great to see that a few, like **Tablewhine & Ryde**, had rummage through their hash drawers and were wearing garments with **G's** image on them.

Pebbledash was besides herself when she found out that **Gispert's** name is actually pronounced Jisspert. Yes, she was in full 'Carry On' mode with her normal euphemisms surfacing from under the school girl giggles and outright guffaws.

By noon the Brockley Barge was pretty busy and buzzing with a large pack. At **Windsock, Tops** and **Panda's** table the subs were being collected, and it was realized that there were not going to be enough F.U.K Full Moon Trashes to go around. London's On! Paper! faired a lot better as they seemed to have a lot more copies at hand.

GMs were summoned outside the pub. **Tops** welcomed the pack to the Full Moon Run Number 389, while **Last Tango** (yes, there on time!) announced London was clocking up 2339.

Mr X conducted his chalk talk, mentioning it was a trail for everyone with special stops at **G's** birthplace, two pub stops and a option to go around to the Gispert Family Memorial.

Plenty of pictures were taken outside the blue door of No 80, Breakspear's Road, **G's** birthplace - many said there should be a blue plaque there.

Chi Su as LH3 Edit Hare was quick to ask the Herts Scribe if LH3 could 'half inch' the Herts Run report. Of course they could and it will be emailed on to them. No doubt it will pad out the LH3 On! Paper! like a Victorian Penny Dreadful! (Thanks **Mr X** -hope you don't mind the slight edit - ed) Meanwhile back with the SCBs on Breakspears Road, **Fergus** and

Digger had spotted an old lavatory pan. **Fergus** posed sitting on the far from pristine throne while **Digger** handed him a sheet of toilet paper. Flushed with his success **Fergus** moved on with the rest!

The pack were now led out on to the main road down by the small Brockley Market, which is reputedly very good for food stalls. Next feature was an old iconic red phone box that has been given a second life as a small book swapping store. It was a magnet to harriettes like **Warbler** and even **Deaf Bastard** wasn't averse to a quick thumbing through a bodice ripper. Personally, I'd like to have an old red phone box as a drinks cabinet!

After a drink at the first pub stop,

The Talbot, the pack broke up into various sized groups as we reached the northern tip of Hilly Fields Park. For **Ging Gang Goolie** the tarmac paths

through the park made pushing the buggy a little easier, even if it is one of the off-road, all-terrain variety. At Blythe Hill Fields, a smaller hidden gem of a park, the highest point of the trail at 230 feet above sea level should have provided the best view. Sadly, the overcast day didn't allow the normally great panorama overlooking the Thames skyline for the visiting hashers, but it would have been a place that **G** would have known as it was from Victorian times onwards a place to 'walk out' and take in the view.

Smartarse would sweep up the SCBs down Brockley Grove to Beer Stop 2 - the London Beer Dispensary. In one of the two front windows the SLasHers of **Bulldozer, Looberty** and the two boys were found chomping away.

It was in the Brockley and Ladywell Cemetery that **Mr X** explained that grime and green lichen would have made the finding of the family memorial impossible and that a website called One Billion Graves, that gave precise coordinates, had come to the rescue.

Then **Mr X** poignantly announced "We normally do this on Remembrance Day on the Herts Hash to pay our respects to those

who had fallen in conflicts!" Then he called Herts Hash's very own Lance Corporal Jones (**Paxo**) forward to open the pizza style box to reveal a Royal British Legion Poppy wreath with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlander Insignia in the centre. The simple dedication on the wreath just read, '**ASI Gispert 1903-1942 Hash House Harriers' founding Father.**'

The final stop before returning to the pub was the Brockley Brewing Company, which was the icing on the cake for **Eagermount, Rambo** and most of the pack. One of the main topics discussed was the unforeseen effect that **G** has had on all our lives and the diversity of the hashers who now share this unique

camaraderie, though **Mr X** wondered about the camaraderie when **Weeny Schnitzel** came back from the bar without the pint of Red he was supposed

to be getting him! This was soon remedied, though, when **Weeny** realized he had left the Hare's pint off the round!

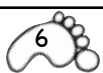
Back at the starting point, Cesar, the manager of the Brockley Barge, was immediately a hit with the hash, especially the harriettes.

When it came around to the Circle, the large amount of subs resulted in a table awash with glasses of ale. **Windsock** gave another of his infamous bellows to bring the Circle to order in the patio garden.

Smartarse kicked things off by thanking everyone for making the effort to venture out on a cold morning. Then he turned his attention to the Hare, thanking **Mr X** for all the work cleaning up the Gispert Family memorial! Massed GMs and representatives of many hash chapters helped to make a dent into the mass of Down Downs.

Many Down Downs were handed out, too many to recall. Things became a little hazy by this point for the Scribe's alcohol-flooded synapses to function properly. A few sneaked away from the Circle to watch the start of the Wales vs England 6 Nations game. Hopefully, it was a trail that **G** would have approved of?

on on, **Mr X**



I wasn't originally going to get a brain transplant,
but then I changed my mind



Run 2340

18th February 2017

The Paxton
Gypsy Hill



RAs

Yorky & Sthweetheart

Hares:
Crème Brûlée & No Foreplay



Scribe: **Run 2 Eat**



London Hash to Gypsy Hill with a "P on" marked by the hares **Crème Brûlée** and **No Foreplay**.

The pack arrived with a warm welcome to Gypsy Hill. We were ever expectant of Gypsies, Hills and Dinosaurs. We were promised Breweries. **Tango** also appeared on time!

We entered the land of dog walkers in the lovely Dulwich park. There were hills!!!!...and dales and shiggy galore. I lost some of the pack. But now I will make things up. **Chi Su** took photos and marched to a papparazi beat along the trail. Popping up where you would lease expect it.

In the breweries, the pack were amused as the parade of men pushing prams entered the breweries. Drank a few beers and then going back to doing their fatherly duties.....

To support local economy and local

entrepreneurial industry, it was the packs duty to sample all of the beers both breweries had to offer.

We had lovely beers and the pack reluctantly went back to the pub.. staggering. Some ran... how?!!!!!!

After we collected ourselves it was finally time for the circle. We had the RA's **Yorky** and **Sthweetheart** to lead in the misdemeanours.

The down downs went to: **Its Fine Boss** came from the Merseyside fog to join us.

Henry for ASBO behaviour with a Boxer he turned into Cujo on the trail...

Woof Woof Woof as a stand in as **Henry** doesn't have thumbs (is that a good thing?)

We did not get a dinosaur so the hasher that most resembled one was **Rambo** so he happily took the down down.

Bear Behind for being an ultra Ultra!

Sthweetheart thought he could get away with his bright blue new shoes.....

Blunder got one for well do we need to say more, its **BLUNDER!!!** Who was also over compensating with his rather large....Camera lens.

Titanic, as he was the only one who went to visit **BSC**, along with **Fat Bastard**, and **Nashie** for hours!! Say hi people, bring him porn!!!

Sthweetheart professed his long love affair with **Knickers**.... Does **Action Man** know???

Crème Brûlée for being German

Ryde was sporting blingy custom appeal.

With that the pack went on back to the corners of London in which they emerged from.

OnOn and Happy Trails
Run2Eat



Run 2341

25th February 2017

The Crown
Northolt



RAs

Who Killed Kenny &
Yorky Porky

Hare: **Rambo**



Scribe: **Yorky Porky**



The last time the London hash ran from The Crown in Northolt was 2 years ago, in the middle of the wettest winter in living memory.

Fortunately, despite this being a **Rambo** run, the weather in recent weeks had not been as biblically wet as before, and with no river crossings promised and the hare's shoes not showing the normal signs of knee deep mud, the pack hoped for a lovely run.

It has to be said that the run was actually not that bad (as ever one dare not say a **Rambo** trail is actually 'good' this only encourages him), however all the off road, and even a drink stop was not enough to satisfy one hasher. This hasher was obviously channelling one of his predecessors when he started complaining about the state of the checks. The complaints were not about the number (the usual complaint about checks), or that they were not marked through, but that they weren't perfect circles. Giotto

managed to draw a perfect circle to impress Pope Boniface VIII, well **Rambo** is certainly no Giotto and completely managed to not impress our **Pope**. It wouldn't have been so bad if **Pope** had only moaned at one check, but no, being **Pope** he had to moan about ALL the checks ALL way round the trail. As far as the rest of the pack were concerned it was easy to spot that these ovoid shapes where not the blobs used on the rest of the trail, and so were checks, but to **Pope**, as if he needed any other excuse, they were a reason to stop and pontificate on the dropping of standards on the hash in recent years.

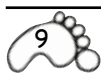
As for the trail, there was a mixture of Ealing councils finest Parks (Islip Manor Park, Northala fields and Belvue Park), council estates, farmland (yes it really is farm land - they graze cows on it and everything!) and something that is cross between farmland and park, Marnham Fields. Northala Hills gave something for those who want to get a view over the A40 something to climb up, but it does seem that the

hash need to learn to count as there seemed to be some hashers who thought there were 2 hills, some who thought there were 3 and the rest of us who know there are 4.

A drink stop was provided in the grounds of St Mary's Church were, at the request of **Strap On**, Belinis were provided along with some peach schnapps, 'Messerschmitt' (some Jaegermeister knock off that **C*ntour** brought along, and some cheap Jack Daniels and cinnamon drink **Rambo** found in the supermarket discount bin. Speaking of **Strap On**, it seems she likes the Crown so much that she turned up 2 days before the run, thinking that West London H3 were running from there. She was duly punished by **Kenny** the RA, along with many others including **Ain't Got Any** a visitor from Yorkshire.

So thanks to **Rambo** for a great trail, and it is good to know that the Crown is still a hash friendly pub after the change of landlord! (and the beer is still cheap and actually very good).

on on, **Yorky**



I used to support the rights of workers in a napkin factory in Moscow.
I was in the Serviette Union.

Run 2342

4th March 2017
Maison Mick Mac
Arnos Grove

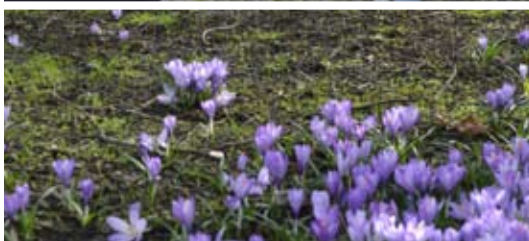


RA
Yorky Porky

Hare: **Mick Mac**



Scribe: **Orangutan**



Arnos Grove is not the correct name.

According to our hare, **MicMak**, it should really be Mrs Arnold's Groove, after the Arnold family that lived there.

Ten minutes from the station we found the **MicMack** household where his smiling brother and beautiful niece let us in.

Shortly, **MickMack** appears and calls us out to explain the differences between chalk and flour. We are warned:

"Do not play golf on the football pitch!"

Puzzled by this we set off down Lombard Street, through the children's playground, down to Millennium Green; False Trail to the left, Travis Perkins, Regal Drive (now rather Shabby drive), through a hole in the wall—cycle track to a field; False Trail to the left. The front runners had ignored a giant cross and ran on. In this part of the world, a giant cross means F.T.!!

So, past the bomb crater (marked Private, Keep Off), through the picturesque estate and down Ribblesdale and we can see the wood we are heading for. **MikeMack** warns "Watch out for the cars, they will not stop—and Don't play golf on the football pitch!"

Broken fence, past the dog shit box and into Coppetts Wood.

Talking **Doormat** draws alongside and talks wistfully about the Ides of

March.

43 steps up the bank—False Trail to the left, past a place that recycles artificial turf—past Compton School that teaches people to teach.

Now we are going down Friern Barnett High Street. Opposite the Cafe Blue, there are hedges and benches — its W.S.1!!

Bread, Wine and Cheese — what more could one wish for!

MickMac explains that **Hedgehog** knows the way back but he's going on by car but "Don't play golf on the football pitch!"

Hedgehog leads the way to Horsham.

At the end of Horsham Way, **Yorky Porky** leans on the metal bar—he's scented the trail and sure enough, a faint "On" sends us through a picturesque estate with Blue bins, Black bins, Grey bins and Green bins decorating the roadside. Into the park, False Trail to the left—they should have gone right, but just as what goes up must come down, what goes left must go right!

Up to the top —wet squelchy grass but we get trapped! — there's a 6 ft high metal fence and I see **TableWhine** on the other side. (He went right). He laughs at us and shouts "On ON" and we have to go all the way down again to get out. (Subtle is the Hare)

There's a charming park on a corner and we go through a gap in the railings—but **MikMak's** done it again!—trapped behind the railings. **Ryde** marks the way with flour, across squelchy mud.

Seagulls are all over the football pitch and we see W.S.2 at the far side— **MicMac** is there with cheese and wine!

He's delighted; "Did you see the sign? It says "Dont play golf on the football pitch"

After WS2 the trail goes through a Graffiti tunnel, past the skip hire and recycling and its Mrs Arnold's Groove again.

Run 2344

18th March 2017

Springfield Bowls Club Ealing Common



RAs

Who Killed Kenny & Sparerib

Hares: **Hedgehog &
Little Pair**

Scribe: **Kaff!r**



This Ealing Common run was from the Springfield Bowls and Social Club and was advertised as **Hedgehog** and **Little Pair's** last trail they would set for London, before their departure for Trumpsville.

With our esteemed GM missing, it was down to **Chi-Su** to introduce the visitors and virgins. The stand in GM then proceeded to describe how **Hedgehog** had been around an awful long time. He then asked the pack to give a show of hands as to who was around in the nineties (I was there), who was around in the eighties (I was there), who was around in 89, (just **2am** and myself!). Who was around in 88, the year I started hashing...

I suddenly realised I was on my own, oops I had just walked into **Chi Su's** trap, ...the words "Congratulations on volunteering to be scribe for the day **Kaff!r**!" still ringing in my ears. So after the usual intro's we were sent on our way, out of the Springfield Bowls entrance, right, right and then right again, could we be going around the block? No, not likely, we suddenly shot across Twyford Avenue into Creffield Road then right for a distance before we came to Springfield Gardens, where we cut across and out the other side and right. Fortunately I could see some of the FRB's having gone around the small park and doubling back on themselves to cross the main road.

...and so I followed at a slower pace. A few more right, left, right turns brought us past Acton Central Station and right into Acton Park. The trail went around the park and then out into Acton Vale, where it crossed the road into Mansell Road and then onto Southfields Playing Fields.

After absorbing a bit more greenery we were back into the depths of the South Acton estates, along the railway line towards South Acton Station where we crossed the footbridge to the other side of the station and through another small green and then wound it's way through to Gunnersbury Lane. From there it cut across to the Uxbridge

Road and up a few more roads before reaching Western Gardens and the long awaited On Inn sign. Needless to say most of the pack, were back in the clubhouse, when I arrived.

A couple of barrels of much welcome beer and several bottles of wine were provided by the hares, as well as a never ending supply of pizzas, which were served by the hares ably assisted by **Kenny** and **Miss Muffet**. The circle was administered by RA's **Kenny** and **Spare Rib**.

DownDowns went to Hares: **Hedgehog** and **Little Pair**.

Virgin : **Trevor Muller**

Visitors: **Boar Whore** and **Willy Stripper** from the Netherlands, **Eye Papai** and **Shut Up and Pump** from South Carolina, **Easy Button** and **Buckan** from Denver

Spare Rib for breaking his helmet while skiing, just happened to be a borrowed helmet

Come Forth in Orange and **Thunderthighs** for turning up in unhash like attire

Testi and son standing in for **Chocolate Starfish** and son who left the club early.

Finally **Mad Cow** for some misdemeanour, which I cannot remember.

A very pleasant day and a big thankyou to the hares for laying on the drinks and food.

I'm sure you will join me in wishing them all the best on their return home.

OnOn, **K4**



Run 2345

25th March 2017

The Victoria
Borough



RA
Sparerib

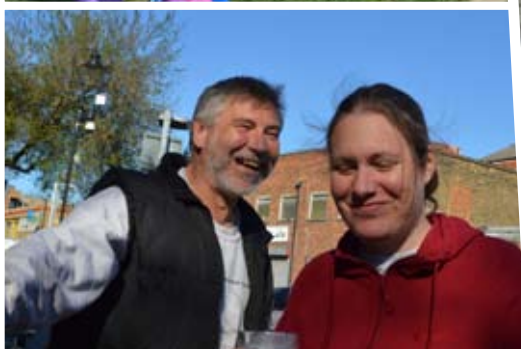
Hare: **Run 2 Eat**



Two farewell runs in a row, but I'll let the pictures do the talking for Run 2 Eat's last run before her move to Scotland.

The sun often shines on Run 2 Eat's lovely runs around Bermondsey and Burgess Park. Notable points included 50 runs mugs for both Woof, Woof, Woof and Weeny Schnitzel and Pope's attempt to rename Sir Humpalot Lady something...

Also, the gold version of Stumpy the Tank was completely different by the following Tuesday when Run 2 Eat set a similar farewell trail for the City Hash lot.



Run 2348

15th April 2017

The Chancellors
Hammersmith



RAs

Who Killed Kenny,
Testiculator, Sparerib

Hares: **Bhopal, Miss Muffet,
Hands On**



Scribe: **Mad Cow**



Once again in despair at finding any hashers with even basic literacy skills, **Chi Su** collared me to provide an uncertain recollection of the events of the afternoon. This being the 3rd day running of hashing, by now my alcohol and lactic acid levels had built up considerably. **Bhopal** was taking no chances and roped in 2 co hares in the hope that the aggregate of their brain cells could organize a run and drink stop without repeating the disaster of WLH3 on the previous Thursday when the pub had run out of beer before the pack had got back from the (drink stopless) run FFS!!! I was half expecting to see the corpse of the hare responsible (**Road Kill**) pegged out at low tide for the gulls to pick over, but alas he has been allowed another chance to redeem himself. **Bhopal** had been assured by the publican that 2 barrels of beer had been reserved, and as we seemed to be the only customers, we were unlikely to go thirsty. The hare had promised some tricky terrain for those athletic enough to take the non SCB route at the start of the run. Older and wiser hands such as the scribe knew straight away that this meant running down on the mud flats of the river at low tide and sinking up to the ankles

in black ooze. Some of the more intellectually challenged hashers were nevertheless dumb enough to do it as evidenced by shiggy spattered **Kenny, Little Pair** and **Mouthwash** having to climb up some rickety ladder to avoid sinking further into the mire. Maybe the hares had fatalities in mind as the run proceeded to visit a number of cemeteries. Nowhere was there seen to be any Cockney versions of Lazarus raising from the dead, this after all being Easter weekend. The nearest thing to that being hung over hashers getting out of bed to actually make the run. The only near fatality was **Testi's** young lad, **Nathan**, who was nearly decapitated by **Testi's** attempts at manoeuvring his pushchair over a gap in a fence that even **Fat Bastard** had been able to squeeze through. I suppose that's one way of incentivising children to walk early! The hares avoided the temptation to take us over the river for a false or an extended tour of south London and eventually the welcome site of a drink stop came into view in the usual spot (next to **Bhopal's** narrow boat). Rum and coke, hot cross buns, sausage rolls and mini Easter eggs were dispensed (hopefully not offending any passing jihadists with

such overtly Christian symbols and it didn't seem to worry the Sikh newlyweds parading in their wedding finery which was just as well as Mr Sikh had a large ceremonial sword tucked into his belt) before the pack made it back to the pub to demolish the 2 promised barrels.

As usual it fell to our esteemed RA, **Kenny** to haul out the sinners for the circle. Just punishments were meted out to the following

The co hares

Visitors: **Wax Off, Gonna Cum** and **Sh*tty Titties**

Returners: **3 Beers, Goldilocks** and **Thumbelina**

Marxist, taking the tube to the drink stop (not quite sure how he managed that without constructing a new station!).

Gonna Cum, wearing **Spare Rib's** cast off hash clothing

Spare Rib, changing the driving rules (he is responsible for L plate holders causing fatal accidents)

Weeny Schnitzel, sporting an obscene Easter bunny outfit

Mouthwash, dirty helmet!!!!

Pope, managing to injure himself on the nursery ski slopes

Ryde, now a qualified semen

Testi, attempted infanticide

Sperm Addict, something obscene

ON ON, **MAD COW**

Run 2350

29th April 2017

The Forresters
Hampton Wick



RA
Reach Around

Hare: **Rambo**

Scribe: **Martian Matron**



Never thought I would manage to use the words "**Rambo**" and "Idyll" on the same page, let alone in the same sentence. Oh, the joys of hashing in the springtime! Our hare had clearly discovered his inner Wordsworth, and led us a merry dance of daffodils. Actually, that is poetic licence - 't was bluebells, azaleas and rhododendrons, ferns, gurgling brooks and lily ponds. There were even deer, though well camouflaged, making **Jannie** think she saw a moving forest (Birnam Wood going to Dunsinane?).

A and B were not a million miles apart (as the **Skylark** flew), but far enough to give the FRBs plenty of scope for checking, and the SCBs for catching up. The trail also gave us a good sample of the local attractions: Hampton Court, Waterhouse Woodland Garden, and not to forget the river Thames. There had to be, in true **Rambo** fashion, a river crossing, but even that was gentrified, in the form of a boatman who ferried us over for a handful of silverlings (two handfuls, in the case of **Reach Around** - I wonder why?).

Gentrification continued in the Adelaide in Teddington, with the pack under strict instructions not to strip off or otherwise upset the locals. **More On** had made it by car and was politely sipping his coffee. No trace of **Knickers**, though, who



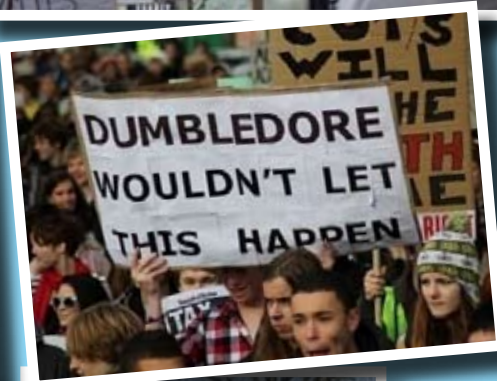
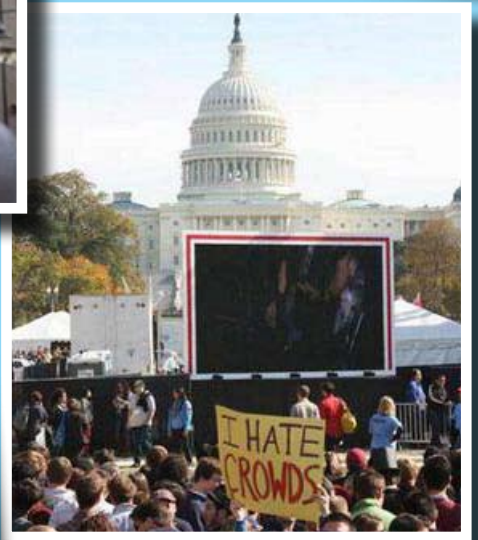
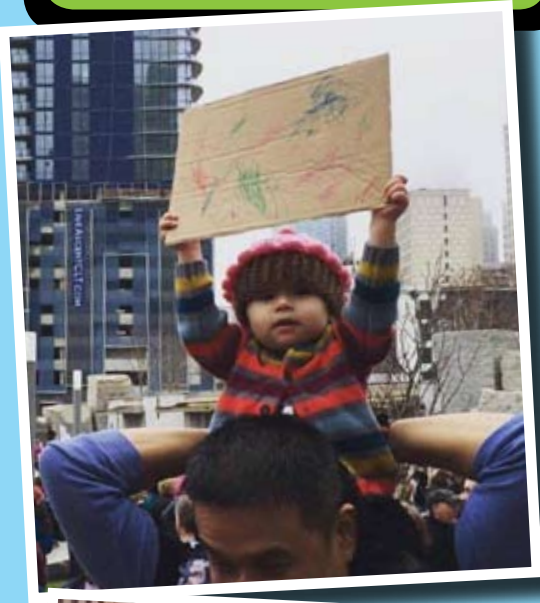
apparently did not believe A was not B, or vice versa. That made it a nice long one for her, just as she likes it!

The circle was a rather sedate affair, with everybody sitting down, café style, on the pavement in front of the pub. More importantly, the song master was away, singing in Folleville in Brittany. No amount of effort by the RA of the day, **Reach**, could get the pack to burst into anything original. You have to admit that the sins reported were by and large not inspiring. The Norwegian family (**Vertigo**, **More for Less** and **Thomas**) giving priority to eating above listening to **Reach** can hardly be classified as worthy of immortal poetry. **Rent Boy** looking stupid in three hats because he was feeling cold? **Knickers** accused of looking for gentlemen in the park? **Hands On** for looking for a **Rent Boy** (also in the park, I suppose)? **Jessie** had legged it before the circle, or she could have been done for actually being "Bushy" rather than "Hot Bot" - it all depends on which side you are looking from, they say. A motley collection of "Boldies" got a proxy down down for this minor misdemeanour.

Compliments to the hare for giving us such a good start of the spring, a great effort! He definitely gave **M&M** a run for her money in the Isabella Plantation with West London hash, a few weeks later.



Man the barricades Comrades!



Run 2351

6th May 2017

The Forresters
Northfield



RAs

Who Killed Kenny
& Sparerib

Hares: **Ryde & Tablewhine**

Scribe: **Thunderthighs**



Me scribe - oh no! I'll have to get my quill pen out again make up the ink from my stock of ancient infant school ink powder! Why me? Well, **Chi Su** thought I was the one who had known **Ryde** the longest in honour of her 1000th run. On the day, there was a good turn out not only because of **Ryde's** 1000th but also because of the Hanwell Hootie event of live bands, free all day in all pubs in the area. Well, the RAs did their job. The weather was fine and even seemed to warm up as the afternoon wore on - or maybe that was just the alcohol working!

The chalk talk was brief, visitors and virgins were brought forward and I presented **Ryde** with a customised 1000th run 'Pussy' hat, courtesy of **Sleek Cheeks**.

En route there was a lot of greenery including a strange wild rhubarb plant, two level crossing, two kissing gates (unused), a canal, a river crossing (used) and a very precarious barbed wire trap. Luckily, no injuries were incurred and we all



arrived at the park band stand beer stop unscathed. An array of food including hot baked potatoes (virgin H3 fodder) greeted us, along with Pimms and Prosecco - a veritable feast!

The On Inn wasn't too far away and the hash were the first to arrive at the pub in a state of anticipation for the musical happenings to come. After a while down downs were called, beginning with **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** as hares, then on to the Old Farts who included **Stand in Shit**, **DrainOil**, **Sparerib**, **Daffy Duck** and **Scarface**, three young virgins **Amber**, **Sue** and **Gemma** (who it was said had previous knowledge of **Rambo**!!!), **Commander Daisy Biscuit**, a visitor from Kentucky, the hares again allegedly for losing their trail (but they said they didn't), **Sir Humpalot** for ending up at Heathrow after the CUNT pub crawl AND losing his phone, **Knickers** and **Contour**, the latter having pinched the former's bum by mistake!! **Whack Sabbath** for arriving late AND



admitting to a dream in which he rubbed **Kenny's** tummy, **Sparerib** for going to the Dutch Nash Hash but never making a trail, **Come Forth in Orange** and **Chi Su** for doubling back on themselves on trail (I think it should have been for looking like twins - same hair style, glasses etc), **Optimist** for not wearing a hash t-shirt, **Woof Woof Woof** who was presented with a Woof bath mat by myself, and **Tablewhine** for being like Prince Phillip in supporting **Ryde** throughout her years of hashing. Finally, **Ryde** was presented with a bright red running jacket emblazoned with her number of runs and a huge 1000th run cake made by **Sarah**. Was it cut?...I don't remember having a piece?! Hashers left in dribs and drabs after enjoying the various bands. I hung on until 8ish, leaving the hares and a few others imbibing away. A good time was had by all. ON ON to the next hasher to join the LH3 1000th run club!

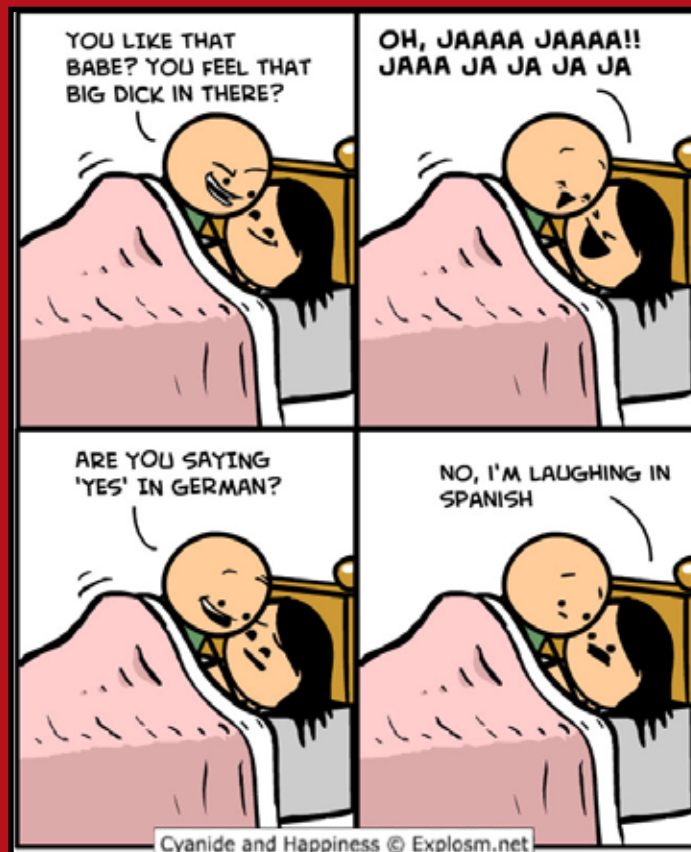
Thunderthighs.





Hash Humour

A Martian couple and an Earthling couple have met and are talking about all sorts of things. Finally, the subject of sex comes up. "Just how do you guys do it?" asked the Earthling. "Pretty much the way you do," responded the Martian. Discussion ensues and finally the couples decide to swap partners for the night and experience one another. The female Earthling and the male Martian go off to a bedroom where the Martian strips. He's got only a teeny, weeny member; very short and very narrow. "What can you do with THAT!?" exclaims the woman. "Why?" he asked, "What's the matter?" "Well," she replied, "it's nowhere near long enough. It'll never reach!" "No problem," he said and proceeded to slap his forehead with his palm. With each slap of his forehead, his member grew until it was quite impressively long. "Well," she said. "That's quite impressive, but it's still pretty narrow." "No problem," he said again and started pulling his ears. With each pull his member grew wider and wider until the entire measurement was extremely exciting to the woman. "Wow!" she exclaimed as they fell into bed and made mad, passionate love. The next day the couples rejoined their normal partners and went off together. As they walked along the Earthling male said, "Well, was it any good?" "I hate to say it," she said, "but it was really wonderful. How about you?" "Well," he said, "It was the weirdest thing. She kept slapping me on the forehead and pulling my ears all night."



A married couple is lying in bed one night. The wife is curled up, ready to go to sleep, and the husband turns his bed lamp on to read a book. As he's reading, he periodically reaches over to his wife and fondles her special bits. He does this a few times, but only for a very short interval before returning to read his book. The wife gradually becomes more and more aroused and, assuming that her husband is seeking some encouragement before going further, gets up and starts stripping in front of him. The husband is confused and asks, 'Why are you taking off your clothes?' His wife replies, 'You were rubbing me downtown. I thought it was foreplay.' The husband says, 'No, not at all.' His wife asks angrily, 'Well, what the hell were you doing then?' 'I was just wetting my fingers so I could turn the pages in my book.'

Run 2353

20th May 2017

The Black Horse
Chorleywood



RAs

Stayover, No Foreplay &
Optimist

Hares: **Mouthwash &
Scrumpy**



Scribe: **Freeloader**



This was a run of two starts, three RA's & arguably four seasons. Hashers being hashers we did not all read the details of the run quite so closely as perhaps we should.

In consequence a fair percentage of the pack arrived at the pub, only to have **Scrumpy** cheerfully inform them that the start was actually from a car park close to the station from whence many of them had just come.

Since the two virgins and the visitor had made it to the pub it made sense to **Chi Su**, in the absence of a GM, to introduce us to our new companions. **Mouthwash** had by this time appeared on the scene and endeavoured without the aid of chalk, sawdust or flour to explain the markings we and especially the newcomers were likely to encounter. It was at this point that the first change in the weather occurred with a polite if persistent shower.

After our own little run to the official start we went through the whole rigmarole again. This time the hare had access to the necessary and was able to give his previous mime physical form. It was still raining. Following the off, the trail led us down into the thriving commercial hub of Chorleywood, where a crisis occurred. **Lofty** had come armed with only one poo bag and **Henry** was beginning to cross his legs! Mirage like a Dogs Trust charity shop appeared and help seemed to be at hand, surely it would sell such basic canine essentials as poo bags? Like a mirage the illusion was soon shattered, there was in addition to lots of charity shop basics a range of collars and leads but nothing to solve **Henry's** immediate problem, and there we must leave them begging for poo bags on the streets Chorleywood.

The trail meanwhile led back on to the common and through the leafy glades, sylvan glens, fairways and greens to the car park near the cricket pitch on the Rickmansworth rd. Here we met **Testiculator**, **Ging Gang Goolie & Freshly Spewed**-they having followed the in trail in reverse.

The pack then surged across the

Rickmansworth Rd and on toward the Chess valley and so to the second change in weather when, caught in the open midst pitches devoted to assorted sports we were battered by hailstones. Onward and ever downward until we met the Chess itself where it was crossed by the road to Sarratt.

Turning away from the road the trail followed the Chess, passing remnants of the once flourishing watercress industry, the pack pottered along enjoying the scenery before a parting of the ways with the heading away and up hill leaving the river to glide serenely on. A total surprise to me was the superb display of chainsaw art set around a pool in a leafy glade (one has to say it this is Metroland!)

The trail eventually brought us to the drink stop and welcome refreshment. From there it was but a short step to the pub skirting the aforementioned cricket pitch and traversing a short stretch of common and woodland.

The pub was welcoming and the beer good it seemed a shame to drag ourselves outside for the circle. We had a superfluity of RA's. Due to the split nature of the start **Roadkill** found himself press ganged outside the Black Horse, followed by **Optimist** and I fancy we collected **No Foreplay** at the second start. No matter it all adds to the fun.

Down Downs:

There were three virgins **Brett**, **Tyler** and **Oliver** but as this is also the name of **Stayover** and **Flat Pussy's** progeny perhaps I am getting confused (very!-ed).

There was also a visitor whose name escapes me and does not appear on my appalling notes who had recently returned with her husband from a tour of duty in the Falklands. The weather was perhaps doing its best to make her welcome.

Returnees

Stayover and **Flat Pussy**.

Stayover again for promising it would not rain!

Rambo for arguing about train and start times,

KC, **Sleek Cheeks** and **Hands On** for being lost on trail.

Rollback for missing the run entirely,

making her way to the drink stop and then getting a lift back to the pub.

Weeny seems to have copped a couple, one for using an umbrella on trail.

Contour and **Last Tango** for being, well last.

There was some punishment for the banner from the London marathon beer stall being either lost or stolen. Who was punished I haven't a clue except it was more than probable that it was in the possession of **Goldilocks**.

I am sure there were more but trying to unravel my notes is proving impossible.

Having stated at the outset it was arguably a run of four seasons I have not made much of it but it rained, the sun shone, there were hailstones and it did get a bit chilly at times. I really should have swotted up on my Betjeman, Wind in the Willows and books on Metroland before writing this trash

Freeloader



Run 2354

29th May 2017

The Victoria
Victoria



RAs

Blood Stained Clothing &
Who Killed Kenny

Hares: **Knickers &
Sleek Cheeks**



Scribe: **Houdini**



Emerging from Victoria station on route to the "Victoria from Victoria" run on this busy bank holiday Monday, I was greeted outside the pub by an august gathering (yes in May) of hashers all ready to put their feet up for the afternoon with a nice pint and that was before the run!! His regal munificence **Pope** was PONTIFICating about life in general. He was a happy **Pope**, papal pint in hand! I offered to buy **Yorky** a pre-match pint. He declined, obviously the lad wasn't feeling well!! He muttered something about a pint or 30 the night before!!

Had a chat with **Optimist**. I remarked on his summer straw hat. He seemed certain in his certainty that he was a Barbadian! After much milling in and around this



very spacious pub, we gathered at the rear of the premises for the pre-amble by the hares, **Knickers & Sleek Cheeks**. There were several visitors, 1 virgin and 2 returnees! - more of which later!

Knickers gave some pointers about the trail & markings, no one was paying much attention in usual hasher fashion until she said those magic words "DRINKS STOP!!!" music to the ears! - HOORAH, an almighty cheer went up from the assembled throng! Not that hashers are functioning alcoholics or anything! perish the thought!! The pack set off heading for Belgravia & Chelsea (a very deprived London district!!!) poverty in this area means that you're down to your last 5 million (pounds sterling mate) !! times is hard!!

We ran, well shuffled past a few embassies. The Dutch (couldn't see the ambassador **Neptunus**. I'm sure he was watching!) and the Romanian - is there a hash in Bucharest anyone??

After a few minutes we ran past

the "Horse & Groom", a rather lovely looking mews pub, couldn't see the front of it for the horde of spectators/revellers all cheering, what's this I thought, have all these happy people turned out to cheer the hash on? WOW!!! Errmmm.....in fact no was the answer!! As we shot past the punters it became apparent that they thought we were fellow competitors in the charity 10km run that had taken place earlier. A number of people watching from the pub had medals and ribbons. They looked bemused and confused by the blood curdling cries of "ON ON".

Further on, traversing through Belgravia your scribe was chatting to **Pyles & Chi Su** when we spotted 2 blue plaques in memory of historically famous people - previously resident, Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, and also Bram Stoker, pretty impressive in any neighbourhood,

but then again K & C is no ordinary London borough!

Also spotted by your scribe the Physic garden and Margaret Thatcher's former residence in Flood street. Yes indeed, her other town house was in Downing street!

Mad Cow was observed sat on 2 small bronze statues of young children! errmm yes! anyway, moving on.....!

At this point with the pack heading in all directions, how far were we going to go along the north side of the Thames? Soon, we were over Albert Bridge and into Battersea Park, and had assembled at a regroup by the impressive Peace Pagoda (built 1985). **Rambo & Bhopal**, having given us all a head start, had caught up by this point demonstrating their natural athleticism, and the lack of it in the rest of us!!

At the PP, **Yorky** mentioned that it would be a great place for a drinks stop! He was given a firm verbal cuffing by **Knickers**!! Not yet, she said!

We didn't have to wait long though. Having crossed back north of the river over Chelsea Bridge, the long awaited drinks stop, ably managed by **Scarface** duly appeared at Ebury Square Gardens. Punch was served and also a ham & cheese picnic. It was marvellous in a lovely setting, **Mad Cow** the hash gourmand was heard to ask if the pate on offer was Foie Gras?!

In case you didn't know, the gardens were opened in 1872, and contain 2 main species of tree, London Plane & Golden False Acacia! So, next time you're on eggheads.....

It was only a short hop back to the Victoria after the drinks stop. Plenty of chit chat in the pub about various things. Your scribe and **Mouthwash** were discussing the number of PL teams eligible for the Champions League in 2017/18, sorry Tim, the Gunners won't be in it next season!! Our 2 RAs **Blood Stained Clothing** and **Kenny** duly summoned the circle, they had a lot to get through!

Visitors:

Mustapha Crap (Dhaka)

Goldfinger (Beijing)

Nick (Cambridge)

Well Hot Chili (Buenos Aires)

Bedspanner (home hash Mountain Sheep H3, **MCs** sister)

Virgins:

MARK

Returnees:

The Bear

Unacceptable (it was unacceptable that unacceptable left before the down downs)

Sinners:

Castrato, he got lost on route to last weeks trail in Chorleywood, went there and back twice! I think!

Yorky, he was such an FRB that he missed marking for ON ON!

Tango, Scrumpy & Queen Viper for late late arrival at the drinks stop. They were presumed to be shopping/chatting or whatever!

Testy & Bonnie, dads with prams!!

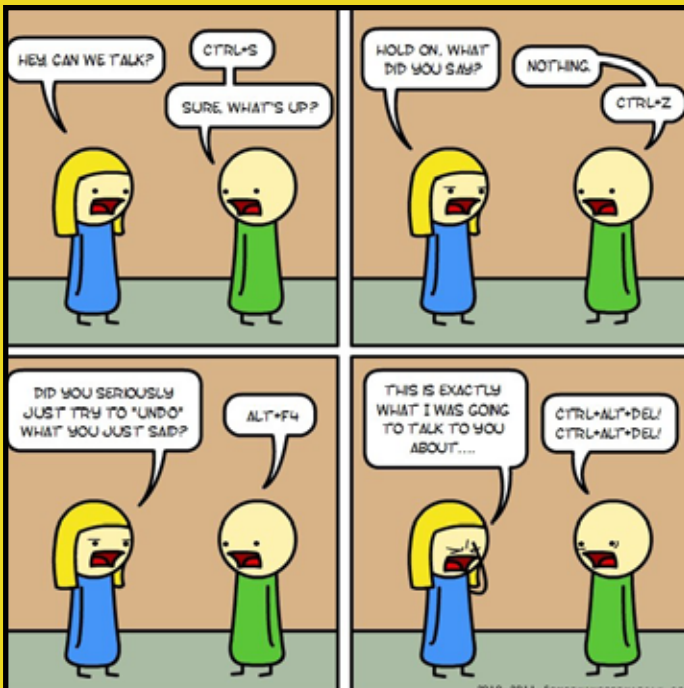
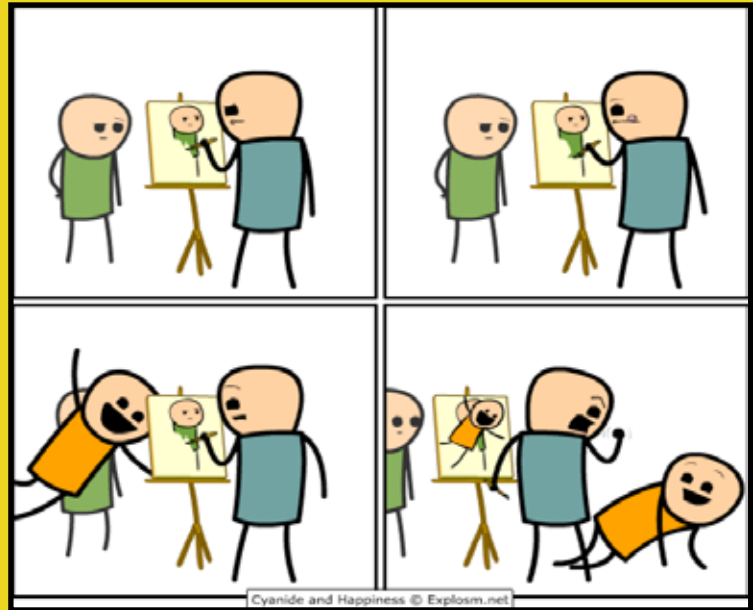
Chi Su, 300 runs, well done, a silver frame with memorable photographs presented.

Thanks to the hares for an excellent run & a wonderful drinks stop/picnic ON ON, **HOUDINI**



Hash Humour

A young man wished to purchase a present for his sweetheart and after careful consideration, he decided on a pair of gloves. Accompanied by his sweetheart's sister, he went to a department store and bought a pair of white gloves. The sister purchased a pair of panties for herself. During the wrapping, the items got mixed up. The sister got the gloves and the sweetheart got the panties. Without checking the contents, he sealed the package and sent it to her with this note. Dearest Darling, This is a little gift to show my affection for you on our Anniversary. I chose these because I noticed that you are not in the habit of wearing any when you go out in the evenings. If it had not been for your younger sister, I would have chosen the long ones with buttons, but she wears the short ones that are easy to remove. These are a delicate shade, but the lady I bought them from showed me a pair that she had been wearing for three weeks and they were hardly soiled. I had the sales girl try them on and she really looked great. I wish I could put them on you for the first time. No doubt other men's hands will come in contact with them before I have a chance to see you again. When you take them off, blow in them before putting them away as they will naturally be a little damp from wearing. Be sure to keep them on when you clean them or they might shrink. I hope you will like them and wear them for me on Friday night. All my love, P.S. Just think of how many times I will kiss them during the coming year. Also, the latest style is to wear them folded down with the fur showing.



Two women walking home pissed had to do a pee so they ducked into a graveyard. They had no toilet paper so one woman used her knickers and threw them away. The other used a ribbon from a wreath. The next day their husbands were talking. We'd better keep an eye on our wives, one said, mine came home without her knickers. You think that's bad, said the other, mine had a card up her arse saying "From all the lads at the fire station, we'll never forget you"



I spotted a large man in a bar that had a muscular build except for his very small head. I could not help myself because it was so much different than the rest of his body. So, I asked him about it. He said that he was walking down the beach, spotted a bottle, picked it up and a Mermaid popped out. She gave me a wish and I said "How about having sex". She said that was not possible because she was a mermaid. Then, I said "How about a little head".



Run 2356

5th June 2017

The New Inn

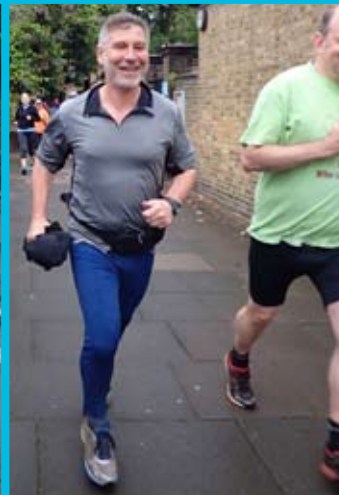
South Ealing

Hare

Come Forth in Orange

RA

Who Killed Kenny



Swop or No Swop Answer

If your first choice is wrong (chance 2 out of 3), then you will hit the free pump if you swop.

Therefore, if you decide to swop, your chance of the free pint will be 2 in 3.

If you don't swop then your chance of hitting the free pump will be 1 in 3.

Free Beer for the Down

Suppose that 30 Hashers end up at the pump.

If they all take the free beer challenge and all decide to swop then you should get $\frac{2}{3} \times 30 = 20$ free pints!



A pirate walks into a bar with a steering wheel in the front of his pants and walks to the bar. The bar tender looks at him as he sits down and says "hey man you know you have a steering wheel stuck in your pants right". The Pirate looks at him and says "arrrrghhhh and its drivin me nuts"

Run 2358

19th June 2017

The Raven
Stamford Brook
Hares
Eagermount & Scarface
RA
Blood Stained Clothing

