

ON! PAPER!

London Hash House Harriers

Volume 42 Issue 1 September 2019

Almost
a year's
hashing in
one hash
trash!

Hashy 2500th to us!!

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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

Congratulations!



Congratulations to Bernie "Fireball" and David "Stand in Shit" who got married back in April this year - hang on, doesn't that make them Mr and Mrs Shit?

When is a circle not a circle?

Answer:

When it's the circle line.

Since 2010, when they

extended the circle line to Hammersmith, you have to change trains at Edgware Road.

Best regards, Orangutan

Forthcoming Events - wider hash calendar

Date	Event	Where	Webshite	Contact
7 - 10 Nov 2019	Pan Asia 2019	Zhangjiajie, China	panasiahash2019.com	Changsha H3
15 - 17 Nov 2019	Mekong Indochina Hash	Chiang Mai, Thailand	www.indochina2019.com	Chiang Mai H3
13 - 15 Dec 2019	SHOT	Pai, Thailand	solsticehash.com	Solstice Hash
11 - 19 April 2020	Prelube to the Interhash Caribbean Cruise	Caribbean	hashcruise2020.simplesite.com	Moon Over Barbados H3
24 - 26 April 2020	World Interhash	Trinidad	interhashtrinidad2020.com	Port O Spain H3
5 - 7 June 2020	Full Moon Nash Hash	Dorset	geoffkirby.co.uk	Hardy's H3
26 - 28 June 2020	UK Nash Bash	Winchester	hursleyh3.co.uk/nashbash.html	(K)nights of the Round Table

Wow, what a rush. Five weeks in Greece, two and a half days at home then off to Bangkok and KL for Mother's 80th....but just time to fit in a London run. It also happened to be my birthday but I don't celebrate them anymore. However, those who have most live the longest! On arrival at the pub **Chi Su** presented me with an old fashioned school monitor badge. I thought it might have said Vice Captain, but it said Birthday Girl. Many thanks, **Chi Su**.

The evening was fine and warm with the GM greeting us at the chalk talk given by **Woof Woof Woof** and **Knickers**, our hares. Not a long run, **WWW** said, only 8 1/2 kilometers! I think we ran past 97 council blocks, 11 school and through 6 parks, including Burgess Park, a vast expanse of green and water in the heart of London. Short cuts were available but as I did the first rather long one

to accompany our Canadian injured visitor, I felt I shouldn't do any more. Consequently, I was one of the last in and found myself running with **Houdini**. At some point we lost the trail but found ourselves following two of the visiting hashers from Freetown who appeared to know where they were heading. Apparently, one had lived in the area and said he knew his way to the pub. However, I wasn't so sure as we just went on and on and on. Are we there yet Mother, I began to shout. Finally, we all made it back but had a very long wait to be served our well earned drink. **F3Ways** was our RA and the first to receive a down down for failing to state the correct nuber of the run which was 2434. Other down downs were given to **Woof Woof Woof** and **Knickers** as hares (he was beaten by a woman), **Houdini** as a returnee, Paul for being a virgin, **Mother Head Banger** and her daughter from Canada as visitors to the

tune of 'All Canadians think they're Americans', **Skylark** and **Eugene Lim** for going in the wrong pub, **Orangutan** and **Big in Japan** for being front runners, **Weeny Schnitzel** along with **Last Tango** for arriving late, **Mother Head Banger's** daughter again for admitting **My Mom Made Me Come** and as a results it was thus named. Then, **Thunder Thighs** for having a birthday and finally **Chi Su** for getting a hat from someone. I had dubbed in **Henry** for being disobedient on the run, according to **Lofty**, but it was not to be. I have, however, to say a big thank you to **Lofty** for making me a wonderful dark ginger cake, being from Yorkshire. I'd call it Parkin, topped with ON ON in smarties. Delicious. I managed to arrive home after 3 glasses of wine, but my God I felt it this morning.

PS. This was written on a Thai Airways flight en route to Bangkok for teh H3 train Rumble to the Mother's 80th!

Run 2434

The Roebuck,
Borough

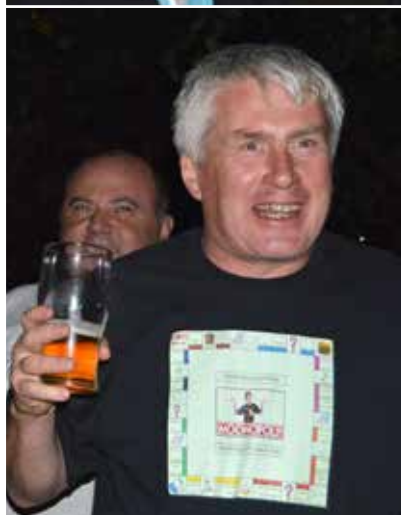
3rd Sept 2018

Hares
Woof Woof
Woof &
Knickers

RA
F3Ways

Scribe
Thunder Thighs

Pack Size
32



Run 2438
29th Sept 2018
The Coach and
Horses,
Barnes Bridge
Hares
Chi Su, Not Out
& Big in Japan
RAs
Sparerib &
F*cked3Ways
Pack Size
57



Welcome to the
'new' misman-
agement of the
London Hash
House Harriers:

GM
Chi Su

On Sec
Tablewhine

RAs
F*cked3Ways,
Kenny, Skylark,
Sparerib

Hash Bank
Not Out

Hare Raiser
Knickers

Haberdashery
Glad Rags, Wander
Off

Social Sex
Grassy Arse,
Optimist, Ryde,
Road Runner

Webshite
Skylark, Kenny

Hash Flash & Trash
Chi Su

Hash Cash
Black Hole, King,
Qualified Seaman

Hash Stats
Titanic



Run no. 2440

The Hope – Carshalton

Sunday 14 October

pack 19 (+ **Phillipa** - drink stop).

Hare – **Orangutan**

RA - **F*cked 3 Ways**

Scribe – **Scrumpy**

The combination of no trains (it is possible to travel by bus folks!) and steady drizzly weather presumably accounted for the smallish pack. I blame it all on only one rookie RA being present – although he did reduce the volume of rain between us arriving at The Hope and setting off on trail. The trail had been washed out from the day before and laid again on the Sunday. Unfortunately, as the hare had run out of flour many additional marks were laid in dried milk – a product which tends to dissolve when wet.....

The hare scarpered here and there, so, as we slower runners kept him in sight as he shortcut to ensure the FRBs stayed on track, the pack stayed well together around most of the trail – although three latecomers failed to follow the milky puddles successfully ! We were at the back of the pub – well away from the après funeral party - and many chips and beers were consumed. The down downs went to the Hare*, to **Scrumpy & Mouthwash** (12th wedding anniversary), **Just Rachel** (visitor) and **Katoyboy, Woof Woof Woof, Sir Humpalot** (for being allowed on a flight from Vienna Eurohash more drunk than **Katoyboy** who had been thrown off it). And, **Rachel**, who had been seen chatting with someone in the funeral party, who liked a nice hug and sprayed the end of her earlier down down – was named : **Wake Me, Squeeze Me 'Till I Squirt** – Well she was pleased with it !

*The hare also recited a poem wot he had written for the occasion – I am sure the Edit Hare will publish it for your delectation !



Run 2440

The Hope,
Carshalton

14th Oct 2018

Hare
Orangutan

RA
F*cked3Ways

Scribe
Scrumpy

Pack Size
19

After a great joint run that Unacceptable organised last year, we joined up with Essex H3 again to celebrate World Peace through Beer, which is an annual event planned around United Nations day. This was an unusual run for London H3 as the mismanagement had decided to gift a free t-shirt to all LH3 hashers turning up on the day. Unfortunately, the Nashville organisers of WPTB proved very hard to get in touch with, so we went our own way with the design, but the mermaid in a beer motif was fun and well received. Here's to future joint events.

Run 2442

The George,
Wanstead

28th Oct 2018

Hare
Reach Around
& Vicky Vomit

RAs
F*cked3Ways,
Sparerib &
Casey Jones

Pack Size
35



Slash Bash

Nutsucker sends us to the left,
then down a narrow alley,
Single file for quite a while,
we didn't need to hurry.

Tadpole on his ten inch bike,
riding through the mud
swerves into a wooden fence,
and hits it with a thud.

We round a bend and come to
the end,
of the soggy, boggy alley.
The mighty roar of the M4,
leads on to Gunnersbury.

Tadpole on his ten inch wheels,
cycles down the pathway.
"Mum, go fast, or we'll both be

last"
the Nibbo shouts to Mumsy.
Hazelnut Sucker, just fo a lark,
sends us through the soggy park.
Black Hole spots a subtle check,
Pope's in that pub, well what the
heck!

A Thameside Drinkstop, its All
Hail!
to psych us up for a long trail,
Shipyard, Goliath, Black Wych,
heaven
helps us to the Express Tavern

Enough, enough of corny rimes
there's downs to come for
Hashing crimes!

Back at the pub it starts to rain
(*Bonnie's* there!)

Run 2444
10th Nov 2018

The Express
Tavern,
Kew Bridge

Hares
Nutsucker &
KMA

RAs
Sparerib &
Skylark

Scribe
Orangutan

Pack Size
36

Spare Rib, our professor of
downs, awards the honours:

Hazelnut Sucker: For laying the
trail.

Bullydozer for being chief *Slash*,
Looberty (her man), in respect
of gender equality,
Noisyfucker, for quietly
returning,

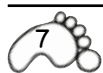
KMA for being *KMA*

Bonnie, for bringing the rain,
(to the delight of all children
present),

Naughty, in the interest of
gender equality, (and for being
Naughty).

Airhead, for being *Airhead*.

Sincere apologies to any I've
missed.



Do commandos not wear pants? They must wear
pants, don't they?

Over 30 hashers congregated on a pleasant mild sunny day at The Mitre Sheen. Pope forgot his Mitre, or is that Bishop regalia!?

This scribe, recovering from a heavy cold, was walking.

Pyle's remarked "this reminds me of the place where I used to live whilst passing maisonettes" not the specific maisonettes we ran past just general remark! The pack passed the pub Landlord plus dog walking in the opposite direction returning to the pub some hashers recognised him from the WLH3 run 2 weeks prior and said hello. Crossed the East Sheen road and into Sheen common woods. **Henry (Lofty's dog)** meets Dr Watson a labrador. By this time the pack was way out in front of the walking scribe so bare with me.

Into Richmond Park running due south across the open land. **Rambo** appears from behind.

Run 2445

The Mitre,
Richmond

17th Nov 2018

Hare
Buttplug

RA
F*cked3Ways

Scribe
Optimist

Pack Size
43

Henry meets Lotty (not **Lofty**) a black Labrador. Through the autumnal colours of the woods in the dappled sunlight.

Across a main thoroughfare of Richmond park with views of Roehampton tower blocks to the left.

Many cyclists passed by in their various colours of lycra and black.

Still no sign of the pack, just a couple of lone hashers ahead.

Continuing over the road up the hill and breaking into the woodlands at the top of the hill across the ridge line and down the other side.

Deep in conversation missed the trail having to double back to find it.

Make one of the ponds, to the left in the distance the building of the ballet school, not that I've been inside.

Found a check by the pond with a line right across. Lost trail missed DS.

Back at pub **Plug** the hare confesses that only the people that he wanted to be at the drink stop were there!

DD given by RA **F3Ways**.

- **Tango** moaning no naked people on new LH3 calendar

- **Chi Su** and **Ryde** attending "dating circus" at Aeronaut together

- **Skylark** and **Woof WW** 2nd cutest pub dog, **Sky** chasing deer like Fenton dog???

- **Wander Off** worse committee member

- **Wander Off** and **Rambo** nominated by **Katoyboy** for wearing leggings. **Katoyboy** says who invented leggings a wonderful invention ergo

Wander Off much nicer cut compared to **Rambo's**!

- **Tablewhine** & **F3Ways** knocking a cyclist off

- **Pope** seen "private running" in Northfields by **Ryde**.

Best I could do!

On on
Optimist



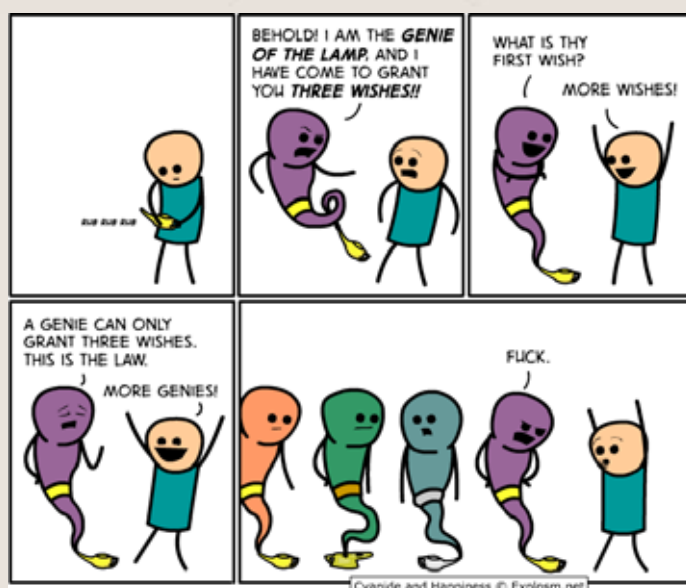
Hash Humour



A farmer was in a bar drinking and looking all depressed. His friend asked him why he was looking depressed and he replied, "Some things you just can't explain. This morning I was outside milking a cow. As soon as the bucket was full the cow kicked it down with his left foot so I tied up his left foot to a pole. I began to fill up the bucket again and he kicked it down with his right foot, so I tied his right foot to a pole too. As soon as I finished milking the cow again he knocked down the bucket with his tail and I took off my belt and tied up his tail with my belt. As I was tying up his tail, my pants dropped down, then my wife came out and well, trust me, some things you just can't explain."

A linguistics professor was lecturing to his class one day. 'In English,' he said, 'a double negative forms a positive. In some languages though, such as Russian, a double negative is still a negative. However,' he pointed out, 'there is no language wherein a double positive can form a negative.'

A voice from the back of the room piped up, 'Yeah, right.'



the signs drunk

Aries: loud, sloppy, sexual, prone to doing stupid things

Taurus: is way too happy and tells everyone they look pretty

Gemini: risk-taking, sexual, flirtatious

Leo: the king of sloppy drunks, slurs, vomits on people, falls down a lot

Virgo: is either REALLY LOUD or gets quieter and quieter until they pass out

Libra: extremely flirtatious, overly friendly, basically themselves except x10

Scorpio: gets hella turned up and fun, then ends crying about their love life and passing out

Sagittarius: loud and risk-taking. Possibly an angry drunk

Capricorn: is really good at hiding the fact that they're drunk....until they puke on your shoes

Aquarius: super weird, super hilarious, does a whole lot of stupid shit

Pisces: huggy and nice, flirtatious, then gets really sad or possibly angry

The Monopoly Hash! A joint run with the Full Moon hash.

Running through streets of green houses and red hotels, looking for the hasher best described as the community chest, this was a fun trip around the four stations of the monopoly board.

To make it work, we had to decide that the nearest station to the Allsop Arms was Marylebone station rather than Baker Street, but everything flowed nicely from there. As this was clearly an A to D run, via B and C, Weeny and Chi Su

grabbed an Uber to take the bags to D, while Smartarse set the pack off on their way. Though this was my first monopoly hash, the various monopoly hash shirts on display belied that this was had been done before.

As it was a joint run with the Full Moon hash we visited various pubs around the four stations. Some even contained monopoly sets that we could play with, thus keeping up with the theme.

F*cked3Ways led the circle with a good mix of charges for both hashes.

Run 2446
24th Nov 2018

Hares
Smartarse
& Weeny
Schnitzel

RA
F*cked3Ways

Pack Size
29



Gaily into Ickenham runs the electric train there to alight the hashers seeking trail again with frowns of concentration the p-trail comes around and past the sunny hedges along the outskirts' edges keeping alive our lost Elysium The Coash and Horses soon is found.

(Ed: enough from old hasher soak Betjeman)

A small pack huddled in the corner of the pub on this cold and slightly wet day, waiting the GMs call to circle up, at which point **Marxist** tried to get **Ryde** and **Dawns Crack** into the back of his Toyota 4WD (what do they say about the size of a man's car?). The trail was laid with mud and with leaves. The hare protested that he had indeed laid a trail, but that he had done it the previous day,

before the rainstorms and gales, because he could not be arsed to get out of bed early enough to set a trail on the day of the hash. We believed him.

The trail took us past the hare's car, which was clearly marked as "Drinks Stop" but despite vigorous shaking by **Mouthwash**, the boot would not open and the car alarm resolutely remained silent.

Wander Off and **Pope** started going the wrong way and retraced their steps rather than attempt a water crossing to join the pack. There was lots of Celandine Trail and Capital Ring, whose markers served as waymarks in the absence of flour. The trail ran alongside the lovely River Pinn, and aside and under the M40 again and again.

Wander Off vainly tried to keep mud from her tights and shoes, which was entertaining from behind. At one point we

joined a cross-country race and a marshall helpfully guided us to the true trail. **Knickers** did some checking and called on-on in the middle of a field despite the hare standing not far off calling on-on and directing the rest of the pack in the opposite direction. Eventually we arrived back by the Hare's car and after 10 or so minutes the hare arrived and we laid into warming Whiskey Macs and cheering Quality Street. Any thoughts of lynching the hare evaporated as his generosity with the whisky warmed our cockles, and other bits. After that a gentle stroll to the warmth and hospitality of the pub.

Down Downs (that I have noted) to the hare **Mad Cow** (*3), **Wander Off**, **Optimist**, **Able Bodied Semen**, **Thunderthighs** and **Ryde**. Apologies to anyone else omitted.

Run 2447
1st Dec 2018

The Coach &
Horses,
Ickenham

Hare
Mad Cow

RA
Skylark

Scribe
Mouthwash

Pack Size
24





Run 2449
15th Dec 2018
Springfield
Bowls Club
Hares
Martian
Matron &
More On
RAs
F*cked3Ways
and Sparerib
Pack Size
58

**Run No: 2450 on Sat Dec 22nd from [The Flying Horse](#) at Moorgate.
Hare: Invisible Matt**

It all got off to a bad start when Tablewhine and I chose the wrong Google maps option for getting to Moorgate. What on earth made us think that any of the options could make up for the fact that, as usual, we had left home too late? It was OK though because as we approached we saw the pack in the distance, heading out from the Flying Horse. Then to our surprise we also saw the hare, crossing back over the road in front of us, but in the opposite direction to where the pack had gone. "Ah ha!" I thought "there is a short cut for me!" but this is where Invisible Matt lived up to his namesake in the HG Wells novella – he disappeared completely (so did the trail, Tablewhine and the pack).

Finally, I found the 'on-inn' and decided to r*n the trail backwards.....on my own! Backwards follow to easier much was trail the luckily – Oops! luckily the trail was much easier to follow backwards. Until "Of course having missed the chalk talk I didn't know there was a pub crawl", I thought, as I followed the 'Pub 2' arrow over London Bridge and into the Barrow Boy and Banker. I asked the bouncers on the door if they had seen any r*nners and was given a few strange looks and negative responses. As I was penniless I returned back over the bridge and waited at the P2 mark, very puzzled as to how the whole pack could spend so long in Pub 1. You guessed it – the FUKFMH3 pub crawl trail crossed the LH3 one! A month later LH3 had a joint r*n with FUKFMH3 and I was accused of not paying my subs for their December trail!



Anyway, back to the LH3 trail. The London pack eventually caught me up. It was a great second half for me – I knew exactly where the 'trial' went!

Back in the pub my mince pies went down well, especially with the US visitor (Jenna) who was completely puzzled as to why there was no minced meat in them.

The pack was a bit distracted during the circle with Sparerib not able to compete with the sports commentator on the TV. Down downs included:

Invisible Matt - The Hare, who for some reason was called a 'Sick B*stard by the RA – not sure why.....

Pope, who used to have a favourite bush hat, but on his way home from the last West London

H3 a gust of wind on the tube platform blew it down the tunnel, where the 'fluffers' will have found it amongst the usual tube line debris.

Please Sir – lost property (a sweat shirt he lost about a year ago! Who has been carrying that around all this time?

Indy Sent Exposure – who in her rush to get from Norway to freezing cold London (?) forgot to pack her r*nning shoes but appeared to remember her pet elk.

Mick Mac – who I believe was the only hasher to fall for the trick on-inn trail, which took a left turn away from the pub when it was already in sight.

Tablewhine & Ryde – latecomers and Ryde for joining the FUKFMH3 trail.

Indy – who delegated her visitors' down down to Pope on the grounds that she was driving (she wasn't). He fell for it!

Oh well! That's my write up down for a few months – thank goodness, you say!

ON! ON! Ryde



Well, that was 2018, and what a scorcher it was. It seemed like the sun just kept on climbing, counterbalanced by an ever-sinking pound. Lets take a look back at the year just gone and the trail that ushered us into the new year, with this nostalgic **A - Z** guide.

Addis Ababa, the home hash of several of our New Year's Day visitors.

Boggers, a man of 'Hope, Humour and Heart' whose life we celebrated in a very well attended memorial run in March. As so eloquently summed up by Trigamist, "you will never die in our memories".

Curiosities, the theme of Rambo's annual Treasure Hunt Challenge which took us from crypts and amphitheatres to William Wallace and men in skirts.

Doormat, the author of a fine third edition in a trilogy of New Year's Day trails. With bright blue skies and our friends from City calling 'on' in the far distance, the day was rounded off beautifully with ceremonial Taittinger, courtesy of the hare.

Ewell West, possibly our wettest run of the year.

Frightening, the black faced Morris dancers who crashed our circle in Hook Norton. OK, they were friendly really.

Green Fairy Run, along the canals and through the darkened shiggy of Uxbridge. All rounded off by shots of absinthe.

Hook Norton beer festival, the focus of our summer away weekend.

Inventiveness, required for our CLaWs Christmas party theme of 'Once Upon a Time'. While many opted for fairy-tale characters, Skylark went as Christmastime and Caboose simply stapled railway timetables all over himself.

Jazz Festival, one of our popular socials of 2018.

Keys with a Star Wars key fob, found on a pub floor at Kew. "Bollocks bollocks fuck fuck" was the distressed exclamation by Sparerib when he realised that he

was locked out for the night.

Lentils mixed with flour were among the New Year's Day trial markings laid to confuse us. It worked.

Moscow Mule, the cocktail that was lapped up on our AGPU trail from Barnes.

Nookie Bare, Boggers' rock in his time of need. Our thoughts are with you.

Optimist, the lucky recipient of his very own beer, the Hoptimist, in our New Year's Day circle.

Piedmont, the wine producing area of Northern Italy which was the focus of our wine tasting evening at the Civil Service club.

Quiet, the sound that everyone makes when 'scribe' is mentioned.

Railway Stations, the focus of our Monopoly themed joint run with UK Full Moon.

Spring Fling, our May CLaWs social that saw hashers swap sweaty hash t-shirts for posh frocks and suits, and glam it up on a cruise of the Thames.

Thunderthighs celebrated 1,500 runs in April, and set a very enjoyable celebratory trail in Wood Green.

USSC apparently stood for Ultra Short Short Cut on our New Year's Day trail. The trail marking that we were all looking for was Drink Stop, but all that we found was an arrow pointing into the back door of a Weatherspoons.

Viking, one of the wacky types of hat sported at our 2,400 run in Putney.

World Peace Through Beer, a hash initiative to raise a toast to the beer producing nations of the world, and wear a cool t-shirt.

X-ray, required by anyone who dares to go up against Skylark on a bouncy castle. Who would

risk their ribs on such a foolish endeavour? Someone with a spare one.

YMCA, a song that Skylark can't dance to, as proved on New Year's Eve. See video on Facebook.

Zhangjiajie, the rock-spire infested filming location for Avatar, and the backdrop for Pan Asia 2019.

Run 2452 1st Jan 2019

The Victoria, Victoria

Hare Doormat • RA F*cked3Ways

Scribe Skylark • Pack Size 33



Back in September, as a lead up to Mother's 80th, I was on the train Rumble from Bangkok to KL when I got into conversation with **The Flying Scotsman**, a Scot now residing in Oz. As the conversation progressed it became apparent that he was hashing in London in it's early days and knew **Iain McGregor**, the LH3 founder, for whom we've been searching for years. I was over the moon, as he gave me Iain's phone number and address and I contacted him on my return to the UK to invite him to a London run. Iain made the trip up from his home in Bristol to run with us on this run along with Eric, a fellow hasher from their days in Hong Kong. We all met at the Conservative Club in Southall, the venue **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** chose for their celebration retirement run. A large pack assembled for the run on a pleasant Sunday morning with the

hares, suitably dressed in slippers - just the pipes were missing! We set off from the heart of Southall where not a word in English was heard and the streets were full of colourful sari shops and Indian restaurants. Surprisingly, it wasn't long however before we ran through parks, countryside and lovely housing areas. We met up with **Iain** and **Eric** at the hot toddy and chocolate stop, they having arrived there by bus directed by **Bow Balls**, a hasher we hadn't seen for a long time because of his 'dicky' knee. It was only a short route back to the Con Club for the circle hosted by **F3Ways**. A gaggle of returnees had down downs, along with the hares and **Woof Woof Woof** for not finding flour, **Rambo** for arriving on time, **Wander Off** for being Haberdasher but not coming regularly enough to remember prices, **Come Forth in Orange** for wearing an anti-conservative

Run 2453
5th Jan 2019

Southall
Conservative &
Unionist Club
Southall

Hares
Ryde &
Tablewhine

RA
F*ucked3Ways

Scribe
Thunderthighs

Pack Size
51

and being a card carrying member of the Labour Party. **Mad Cow** also got one for saying there used to be an institute for the criminally insane nearby. **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** again for offering to set more runs now they had time on their hands. **Mad Cow** again for almost being knocked down by a car en route. **Kiffir** for being presenting with his 500th run fleece bearing the name **K4** to enable him to wear it in a township (**Kiffir** is too offensive!) and **Lofty** for having completed 900 run. Last, but by no means least, **Thunderthighs** presented our founder with a London t-shirt, badge and hash hat she had knitted to resounding rendition of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Later, we crowded out the local Indian restaurant for a meal. A good way to end a memberorable, in more ways than one, Hash run. on on,
Thunderthighs



Following Smartarse and Weeny's Monopoly run in the Autumn, we joined up with the FUKFM again for a trip up to Theydon Bois.



Run 2455
19th Jan 2019

The Queen
Victoria
Theydon Bois

Hares
Digger &
Fergie

RAs
Smartarse &
Skylark

Pack Size
46





Run 2456
26th Jan 2019
Hare
Call Girl
-
Run 2457
2nd Feb 2019
Hare
Flappy Wings
-
Run 2458
10th Feb 2019
Hare
KC
-
Run 2459
16th Feb 2019
Hare
Yorky Porky



Run 2460

The Dukes Head,
Putney Bridge

23rd Feb 2019

Hares
F*cked3Ways
& Road
Runner

RA
Pope &
Sparerib

Scribe
Orangutan

Pack Size
46

The Duke's Head is a spacious pub on the South bank of the river.

A good size pack assembles and plans to watch England smash Wales in the six Nations, after the run. The On is called, we go West, then South, then East over a railway footbridge and then South again. There's **Plug Hole**....no **Black Hole**.....he takes a short cut over a bridge and we catch up with **Chi-Su**. Casting around for a topic of conversation I ask "Who's the scribe?", "You are!" he replies. We find a check in the middle of a field. **Chi-Su** says "It could be that way."

and points. I take the chance an "Wow" ...I'm no longer last! Head down, steps getting shorter, time getting longer, hip high bollards bar the way to cars. A girl calls out "Mind the bollards", its **Call Girl**. We have a pleasant conversation about Lake Windermere before she

bounds off into the distance. I lose the trail and **Testi** appears pushing his pram but **Chi-Su** knows the way:

we turn North and we come to a footbridge.

We talk of the dangers of 5Gspace...over the bridge and into a park, under a road and there's the Drink Stop.

It seems we're last to arrive and I can't make out where we are. Where's the river?

I ask **Martian Matron** "What's over there?" and point to some railings.

"That's the river" she says....I ponder, how did we cross over?

3Ways serves his punch, we chat and then walk back over the road bridge to the pub.

Time passes with beer and chat. **Pope** is standing on a wooden seat. He's standing in for

"**Kevin**" who's late. (?Kevin=**Sparerib**?)

He does the visitors and the Hare and then bellows "**Orangutan** ..get in here"

I step into the circle "Whats that over there?" **Pope** shouts

"The river" I say
"Then why did you ask what's that at the drink stop?"

I try to explain but get drowned out,.... I struggle to down the down.

Kevi (=Rib) steps in to take over. He calls in **Road Runner**. "Why did you dress up as a **Hippo** and why were you called **Mummy**?"

Kevin tries to duck **Road Runner's** head into a beer glass.... it won't work, but he gets enough beer in his hair to spray it round the circle.

Kevin speaks, "**Road Runner** must be renamed. His new name is **Hippocampus**!"

I think, **Hippocampus**, sounds O.K. ...but they'll never remember.

The circle comes to an end; **Hands On** bravely announces that Faure's Requiem will be on Wednesday night and they begin to drift away.

Do **Hippos** have long hair? **Hippo** sounds alright...but they won't remember (unless they read the writeup)

England got smashed anyway.

on on, **Orangutan**

(actually, RR got renamed **Shitty Mummy Hippo** - Ed)



Run 2461

The Red Lion,
Isleworth

2nd March 2019

Hare
Kaff!r (K4)

RA
Who Killed
Kenny

Scribe
2AM

Pack Size
39



Run 2461 – 2nd March – Red Lion, Isleworth
Hare: **K4** (used to be called **Kaffir**, but it seems the PC Brigade got involved and changed it)

Upon this glorious early-spring Saturday I had the unusual choice between two major sporting events in the borough of Hounslow. The first being to watch the intense rivalry between Brentford and Queens Park Rangers at Griffin Park; the second being a gentle jog through the very pleasant Isleworth sunshine which **Kaffir** had prepared for us.

Wishing to be a relatively active sports participant rather than a passive spectator I chose to do the latter event, though as a lifelong Brentford fan my heart was largely at the other venue. My choice was however echoed by the presence of **Pope**, a QPR supporter, and so, whilst our absences from the game balanced/cancelled each other out at least we could continue our rivalrous banter whilst keeping a more distant eye on our teams' progress.

And indeed imagine my (lack of) surprise when **Pope** dobbed me in to be scribe – and, as that was to be his only somewhat mild victory of the day, more fool him (see below)!

Well the trail covered a lot of the well-known, 'best-bits' of Isleworth including many parks, the Thames towpath, the River Crane, and the Duke of Northumberland's River was crossed several times – upon which **Knickers** informed us she'd once spent a day voluntarily clearing it out, although from a brief inspection it obviously required her to go through this again. You'd think the Duke, evidently possessing the wealth and influence to create such a waterway, and to have it named after him, would also assume the responsibility and have the means to maintain it – but I guess back then in the 1500's (fact!) he never foresaw all the plastics, shopping trolleys, QPR shirts etc that the common people jettison nowadays.

Apparently **Knickers'** conservation work would have been much appreciated by the turtles in this world according to **KC** – who pointed out how plastic waste is



a
*recognised
lethal
threat to
turtles*

a recognised lethal threat to turtles and even endangers their species. And his point was well proven by the host of grateful, carapaced, creatures swimming alongside in the aforesaid waterway as we ran past (or was I just imagining that).

The trail was not too far off the right length, and then, almost sated by the Isleworth scenery, we could enjoy the beer and sunshine outside the Red Lion once more. Full marks to the pub, with 5 real ales which didn't run out, and therefore I had the rare opportunity to score a full house and sample the full range. And **Kenny** for RA forever if this sunny weather persists on hash days.....

Yours truly was not actually appointed scribeship for the day was until quite a while after both the run and the circle, and so the details of down-downs are from my unassisted memory and rather vague.

Tablewhine definitely got a down-down for his birthday and, to everyone's surprise, when we went back in to collect our bags from the pub's function room we found it full of birthday balloons – Hoorah! But it was plain to see the balloons all had a digit missing from their age and so it was no surprise when the landlady assured us they weren't for us and ushered us back out. And so the real kids carried on with their own celebrations, relatively undisturbed by the sweaty, semi-naked hashers in the far corner of what had previously been our changing room.

Apologies to the other down-down-ees if I don't remember the details (perhaps **Chi-Su** can fill in here? – (no chance – **Ed**)). I do however remember two visitors – **Thumbsucker** and **Hums Anything** who received their welcome drinks and I believe may be with us for a while (?).

So after the down-downs **Pope** dobbed me in for Scribe and then left – probably just as well because it meant he could then get back past the Brentford ground in time before the road became blocked by jubilant Brentford supporters streaming out at 5 o'clock – well it's not every day we get to beat our closest rivals 3-0, and his congratulations might not have been too complimentary!

After having recently run from a vegan pub, it was only reasonable that LH3 should get back on an animal exploitation theme (clue for the less bright is in the pub name). The hare escaped immediate censor by finding a pub showing the rugby (whether by accident or design we will never know). The pub was located in a non gentrified part of Southwark, but I calmed the fears of one hasher by letting him know Millwall were playing on Sunday and therefore violent assault was unlikely unless he chose to run in a West Ham shirt.

The hare was determined to avoid a totally gentrified run and we did indeed see plenty of council flats and a floral memorial outside a kids playground to another stab victim who strayed into the wrong manor or didn't have a local licence to deal in drugs in this particular spot (where's the respect bruv, you know wat am saying init). It was not all stab zones and council estates as we entered Southwark Park and encountered some Greek culture (and not a souvlaki stand) in the form of 2 statues which presumably had been looted by some aristocrat on his European tour back in 1800

odd. There was further cultural and historical stuff in the shape of the Golden Hinde replica, Sir Francis Drake's ship from an era when we made money out of Europe by looting anything that floated on the 7 seas. Another landmark was a statue of a dray horse by the name of Jacob, but don't ask me how he got to get remembered as I doubt he won anyone any money on a racetrack. For a **Skylark** run there was remarkably little shiggy or dangerous water crossings over rickety timbers or slippery pipes over a 10 foot drop into water choked with rusting metal objects and broken glass, but perhaps such

obstacles are better left to a night run. After a decent interval and a shorter run than the normal **Skylark** production a beer stop was provided, even with some Guinness in honour of St Patrick's day, but alas no Irish Whiskey or Clonakilty black or white pudding (they don't do vegan over there). The pack stumbled back to the pub with no loses, stab wounds or other mishaps. With some reluctance I was dragged out to witness the circle when the Wales v Ireland rugby was on and given a down down for something I didn't quite catch, but no doubt had something to do

with Irish ancestry and expressing disbelief that the hare had actually thought to find a pub with the rugby rather than fluking it. Other sinners included the following:

Norma Wisdom - came all dressed for the run, but somehow failed to even make it out of the pub
Beer in my Pussy- visitor from Ghana
Bad Pit-visitor from Sweden who had difficulty in locating a cash point (they take cards in the less gentrified parts of Southwark now)
The scribe- for participating in some publicity for a dystopian theatre production
Table Whine- something about an Irish passport (did his granny

drink a pint of Guinness or did someone at the Irish passport office want to improve their diversity stats?)

Bear Behind- somehow has made it to 70 despite trying to get lost in the Sahara desert and notably a Catch weekend when she showed up about 5 hours after the run had finished.

Sir Humpalot- some issues in the kitchen (hopefully not teaching **M & T** the rudiments of cookery!)
The hare
There were a couple more, but **Skylark** couldn't read his own handwriting and I could see why!

On On,
Mad Cow

Run 2463
16th March
2019

Simon the
Tanner,
Borough

Hares
Skylark &
Bear Behind

RA
Skylark

Scribe
Mad Cow

Pack Size
32



Hash Humour



Run 2465
30th March
2019

United Services
Club (USC),
Egham

Hare
Rambo

RA
F*cked3Ways

Scribe
KC

Pack Size
43

For the defence: Drier than he would have liked, with only one 'damp spot' on trail to boot, this was not quite the battle of the Somme warscape trenches befitting any **Rambo** worth his pump gun. To the delight of most however, the run turned out to be just as he had dreaded – a gentle stroll in the park. Not any old park though, but one steeped in 800 years of parliamentary history. On the day after the non-event showing the depths to which British democracy had descended, hashers were brought to savour this bit of merrie England where people's will first triumphed over un-elected despots. Runnymede - a water meadow next to the Thames and the ancient woods above provided an iconic and topical setting for the run/walk. Here was proclaimed the Magna Carta Libertatum in 1215; but there were countless retractions and amendments by parliamentarians before it became statute law 82 years later (in 1297). Some things never change. There were other reminders of the

debt owed to the feudal barons, who rebelled against their sovereign, mainly to avoid paying more taxes, but also made it illegal to carry off unsuspecting young men into the woods. "No free man shall be seized or imprisoned or stripped of his rights ..." was writ in water, just below the meniscus of a communal bath located inside a circle-within-a-circle building; builders ran out of money before the roof was completed. But the light within was perfect and Hash Flash went into overtime.

Overlooked by Cooper's Hill, whose verdant woods later provided respite from the scorching sun, was Longmead meadows. Set in bronze here were 12 oversized Jurors' Chairs. These proved irresistible to the pack who, lacking a DS, nonetheless lingered to test their sturdiness by dancing and frolicking on them. And to marvel at the artwork and words of wisdom inscribed. The latter included the 'Golden Rule' to treat others as one would like to be treated i.e. don't forget who bought the last round. There was reference to Cornelia Sorabji, the first woman

lawyer in colonial India. Nearby were other notable erections by the American Bar Association and the Kennedy Memorial Trust. The Air Forces Memorial on the hill was mecca to FRBs, SCBs and walkers alike.

The plaintiffs: Thus it came to past the pack of 43, with mascot Raffles (regularly dosed fish oil by Petal, judging from its goldilocks), sheepishly went over dry meadows and into shady woods, with few misdemeanors. Few, due to the weather and generous use of flour by the hare. But not none. The directionally challenged managed to get lost on the P trail alone, perhaps to perform the rites of spring in the woods prior to the run (**Knickers, Woof3**). Another opted for trains to scenic Reading and Weybridge before finally cycling to a missed run (**Phickle Fart**). Coppicing saplings had fun tripping up those with their heads in the clouds (**King**); and a frightened lamb found itself on the wrong side of the water that no amount of bleating could help (**Shameless**). Others however



walked on water, or squeezed through barb-wire fences with their crown jewels largely intact (**Free Loader, K4, Trigamist, Shameless, Humph, C*ntour, MC** and others to be on a slimming diet soon). The final verdict: The circle back at the USC was well mismanaged by the only RA present (**F3W**). DDs went to some of the abovementioned sinners, returnees, visitors, mis-conjugation of Buda with the Pest (**Trigamist, Giving Head**), featuring in a boys' magazine (**MC**), being born that day some years ago (this scribe), for being mothered (**F3W**), **Road Runner** for being himself, other trump-ups, and of course the hare for the lovely run/walk in the park. Overall, a fair and memorable trail and great choice of this superb CAMRA pub of the year.

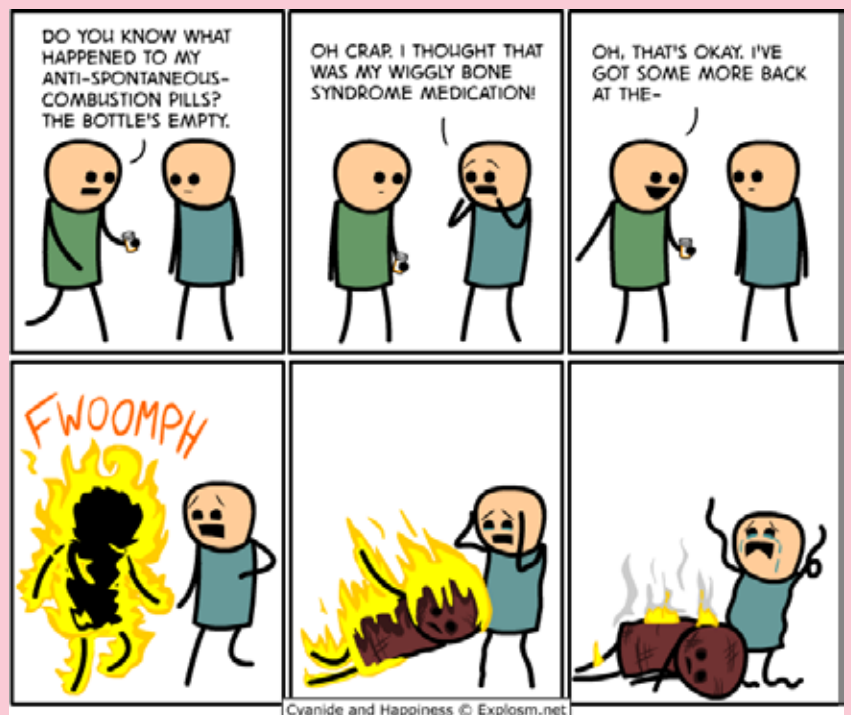
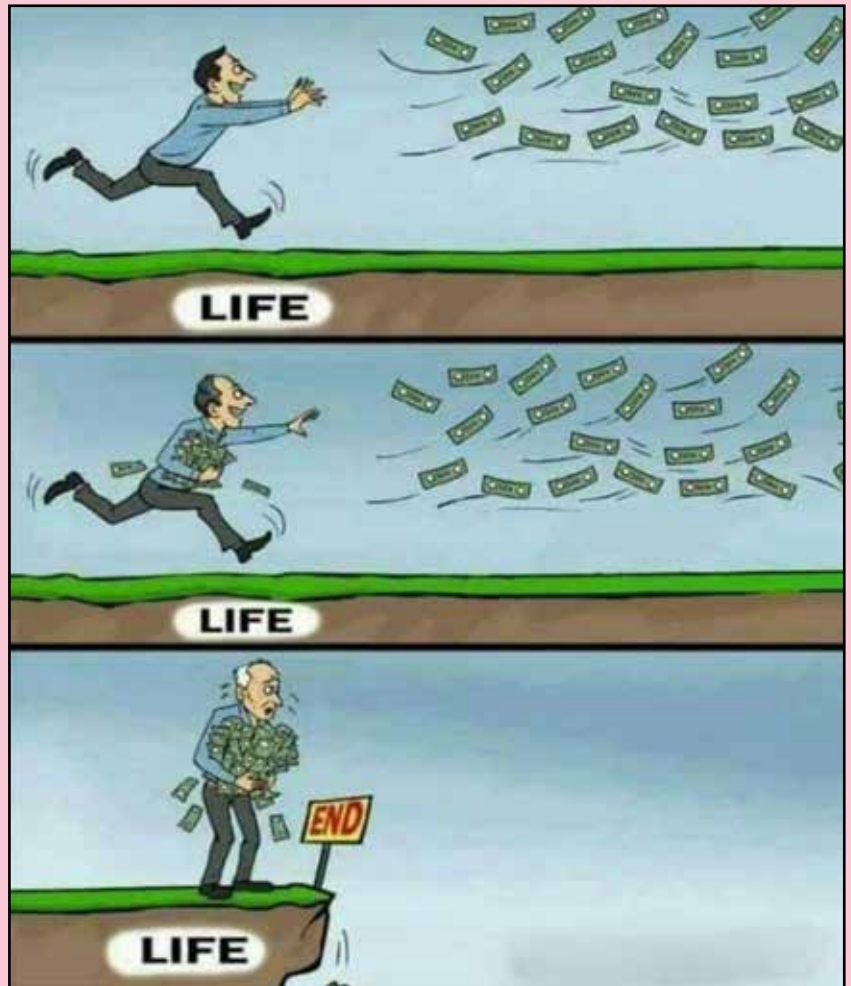
(Epilogue: Absent Joint-RA **Spare Rib** was spotted at Twickenham station at 5.30pm that day still looking for trains to Egham or maybe anywhere just to get a beer; by then all the fiddlers would have fled the USC).



Hash Humour



A family was driving behind a garbage truck when a dildo flies out and thumped against the windshield. Embarrassed, and to spare her young son's innocence, the mother turns around and says, "Don't worry, dear. That was just an insect." "Wow," the boy replies. "I'm surprised it could get off the ground with a cock like that!"



A penguin takes his car to the shop and the mechanic says it'll take about an hour for him to check it. While he waits, the penguin goes to an ice cream shop and orders a big sundae to pass the time. The penguin isn't the neatest eater, and he ends up covered in melted ice cream. When he returns to the shop, the mechanic takes one look at him and says, "Looks like you blew a seal." "No," the penguin insists, "it's just ice cream."



Run 2466
6th April 2019
Hares
Pickled Fart
& Smack the
Oyster

Run 2467
13th April 2019

Hare
Unacceptable

Run 2468
20th April 2019

Hare
Boy Blunder

Run 2469
27th April 2019

Hare
Lofty

There is a very good reason for this scribe not being awarded this task before - he's crap at imaginative writing. Anyway it's the rest of you that'll have to suffer - haha!! Ok here goes! Some 40 odd (very odd, for the most part) hashers duly gathered at The Admiral Nelson pub in Whitton to search out the trail that **Sir Humpalot** had set and which supposedly would involve foot wetting in a river. After nearly 3km ambling through Hounslow streets we found our way onto the Heath. After wandering aimlessly around for a while we were greeted the sight of **Knickers** directing the FRBs on which routes

Run 2470
6th May 2019
The Admiral
Nelson,
Whitton
Hare
Sir Humpalot
RA
F*ucked3Ways
Scribe
Qualified
Seaman
Pack Size
45

they should check out, whilst she looked for a suitable burnt out car to be her next pimped up ride. This pretty much marked the turn around part of the trail, after which we followed the river downstream until reaching the Shot Tower, where the FRBs were directed onto the island, then after fording the river had to come back again - the SCBs missed the wetting. From there it was downhill all the way until we got back to the pub. The circle was blessed with 2 jugs of ale donated by the pub. Down downs were handed out to the hare for being the hare, **Reach Around** for something undecipherable, **Sleek Cheeks**, **Swtheetheart**, **Hedgehog** and **Just Josephine** for being returnees or virgins, **Wander Off** for failing to appear

as Haberdasher at 5 joint hashes, **Mad Cow** for complaining, **Qualified Seaman** for being assaulted by a hawthorn bush and coming off worse, **Ging Gang Goolie** for spending the night with a 1000 boy scouts, **Roadrunner** because he reckoned he didn't need to do short cuts, **Humps** and **Knickers** for their love of burnt out cars, **Just Josephine** and **Swtheetheart** for wrongly calling out the trail from a check. **Swtheetheart** then called out **Thunderthighs** to remind her of a previous romantic event which they'd shared the last time they were in Whitton.

Circle complete, the hash went to pieces.
QS



THE GREAT WREN CHURCH TRAIL or, The Wren Wren Run

There are some traditions worth upholding (e.g. strawberries and cream at Wimbledon, Pimm's in the summer, **Pope** getting multiple down-downs). And the now-annual Wren Church Run on the second May Bank Holiday. For the uninitiated, **Bhopal** is a Wren and an architect, as well as a descendant in some way of the great architect Sir Christopher Wren who designed many churches throughout London. A veritable match made in hash heaven.

The day began in a promising way with a large pack, plus numerous visitors, returnees, and seldom seen hashers. But more about them later. The pub had reserved a special section for the hash, with the unusual sign "Reserved for Hash Harrier". Maybe they know something we don't.

Bhopal provided a directory of churches to be visited along with brief descriptions of each. Each church was a check. Unfortunately for many,

the directory was alphabetical while the order of churches was anything but. Of course, the directory clearly stated "Put the Corresponding Check Number in the Brackets" following each church name. Note for the future, you can never over estimate how dense hashers can be. After some fumbling about, it became clear that part of the challenge was to match the church found to the name and number on the directory. Degree of difficulty—not that much, but that did not prevent some from falling behind immediately (namely this Scribe, along with **Queen Viper**). From the back of the pack, it was difficult to tell what was going on with the front runners (you know who you are **Knickers**) but the hare did a masterful job of setting checks and false trail in an effort to keep the pack together. In total, the trail included 30 churches, including five St. Mary's, two St. Margaret's, two St. Michael's, and one St. Olave Old Jewry (Scribe note: I put this in because I just like the name.) After a lot of church-spotting, there was a very welcome drink stop with gin, lime cordial, bubbles, and some very posh Marks and Spencer sparkling water. All very civilized. And then back to the pub for

Run 2473
27th May 2019

The Paternoster
St. Paul's

Hare
Bhopal

RA
Sparerib

Scribe
Sleek Cheeks

Pack Size
56

down-downs:

Bhopal—For his 5th year of this run, "Too many churches!"

Sthweetheart—For not knowing the number of the run.

Returnees—**Dawn's Crack** stood in for **CarSayNo**, who scarpered early, **Weeney Schnitzel**, **Doormat**

Virgin to London—**Just Pete** (Note: Down down list gets a bit confused about now. Sorry.) Septic visitors from Alabama—plus tech on trail for using a selfie stick.

Something about **Thunderthighs** and **Optimist** being pregnant, but that can't be right. Also something about **Twiggy** and abuse of emergency brakes as **Reach Around** crashed into her.

Freeloader drank from his new shoes. **Bear Behind**

mixed up her sun crème and Volterol during a recent 106K (?). Something about **Martian Matron** cheating on football.

Also **Woof Woof Woof** and **Norma Wisdom** who couldn't find the church. Also a PDA down down to **Tango** and **Contour** for activities on Love Lane.

And **BSC** was awarded a down down for reaching 100 runs, though there was an IOU for his missing mug.

So thanks, **Bhopal**, for another fine tradition.



a vertiable
match
made
in hash
heaven



Today's trial was a great trail maybe a tad wet but as RA, I lost my touch but we run in all weather's, that's what us hashers do so I will take this one. I will also remember this one as my toughest yet. We lost a wonderful hasher, woman, and dear friend **Queens Barge**.

She would have loved today's wet run and enjoyed beers with you afterwards.

Today's trial yes was wet but well laid apart from the P trial from the new entrance at Clapham Junction apparently.

We had a good pack and with **Tango** stealing **Weeny's** umbrella, off we went. We were told of S (short) L (long) yet we are still searching for those fuckers.

Once we dried off back at the pub the circle was called to order. Down downs awarded to the hare's with the thought that while myself and everyone else was in the nice warm place of work while the retired hare's layed & relayed our trial in the pouring rain. Down downs commenced with the one for our

GM, telling Alexa to set alarm at 4am with heavy metal music at **Tango & Contour's** place, apparently Alexa doesn't respond to Fuck Off Alexa. **Tango** slept through this.

Shitty Hippo joined them for being either daft or stupid for spending all day in bed (working from home) to come hashing in the pissing rain.

No Foreplay was next for arriving at the pub then dashing home cause she forgot her Garmin then after trial she was 200 metres short of 8K so ran more to round it up. - get a life....

Airhead joined her for turning up late at the hash and announcing she is doing a '**Rambo**' I'll let you think about that.

Run 2476
10th June 2019
The Plough
Clapham Junction
Hares
Tablewhine &
Ryde
RA
Sparerib
Scribe
Sparerib
Pack Size
24

Tablewhine then brought her back in for her crimes in Sierra Leona (no **Skylark** not ebola) something about leaving her underwear in a wardrobe and ticket in her purse or was it the other way round. Ed.. Add this later.

Tablewhine then decided to screw the RA for the little tiny bit of rain, no one saw the lightening or heard the thunder...

Call Girl got called in for as a **Call Girl** to move ass, apparently the RA has a nice ass.

Skylark for turning up not just in his new hash shirt from beer marathon but also brought his medal but didn't wear it as he didn't want it to get wet.

Last down down was to **Weeny**, he is leaving us now, back to Brazil for warmer rain or a waxing from there.

We then had kind words from **Chi Su**, raise a glass, take a moment to remember **Queens Barge**.

She was a lovely hasher, well loved and always with a smile. She lit up a room and boy could she drink.

Not many people can have an extra drink between **Humps & Minge's** drink cause they weren't drinking enough, maybe we should call it a QB. Having a drink by yourself between rounds.

My own memories is going on a bike pubcrawl up norf and hitting every pub we saw which was plenty. Cycling half cut though a park with rutting deer, locked gates and one front light & one back light between us.

She will be sorely missed and the world is not as good without her, but I know she is drinking everyone under the table up in the on up, Oliver Reid you lose, I'm so sorry **Queen Barge**. Rest in piece. You will always be a Queen to us. On On

Sparerib



Blasts from the Past

How many do you recognize?



Run 2477
10th June 2019

The Pack Horse,
Chiswick Park

Hare
Pope

RA
Mad Cow
Scribe
Call Girl

Pack Size
36



Strolled to what I thought was the LH3 pub for the evening to be greeted at the door by WLH3 in chalk... Start as you mean to go on **Popey**.. and he did... with Ws scattered throughout the evening. I know its hot and I know we are all a tad older etc etc... but really!

Got to the pub early (once I realised that **Popey** was just on a different calendar as well as extra planetary)... met some lovely Australians who were visiting... alas my reading glasses still in my bag so missed the Auckland T-shirt and secured myself an early down down.

Excellent pack gathered... we all set off into a warm evening, around the block, over towards Turnham Green tube, then back towards the river. Chiswick looking pretty with gardens full of June flowers. We had been warned that **Hands On** had got a bit over excited during the previous Sunday's Catch the Hare from Hammersmith and had set trail all the way to Kew Bridge. That hare never got caught. However there was some overlap therefore


between this trail and that one. **Pope** invited us to distinguish between his attractive and nicely placed blobs and **Hands On's** slightly more erratic hurlings (his words, not mine).

The trail itself was very attractive, if you discount the underpass x 2. A nice tour around the older bits of Chiswick, the old church where flour went round in circles (we are not sure if this was due to **Pope's** forgetfulness or Alison's additional trail), some river glimpses and then lots of woodland around the outskirts of Chiswick House Gardens (kept expecting **Eagermount** to pop out of the undergrowth proffering advice on the planting)... the scenic bridge, and more woodland.. for the 2nd half of the trail, there were no signs of anyone else in the pack, just me, **Titanic** and **Down Under Where**, trogging gently round the greenery. All very pleasant good chats were had. Back down the underpass (arrow marked with a W).. towards Turnham Green and home.

Down downs: to visitors - lovely Kiwis **Plunder** and **Phantom**,

Mijas hasher **Abscess All Parts** (bearing quality Spanish brandy that even hashers were giving the swerve), and we even had a London virgin, a friend of **No4play**, **Double Prong**. **Scarface** a dd for being a very welcome returnee. Other dds went to yours truly for antipodean miss-identification, **Pope** for a very good West London Trail, **No4Play** for her birthday, **Sleek Cheeks** for apparently mowing someone down but not sure how that happened as she doesn't have a car. **K4** for being an honorary Tory, **2AM** for grabbing pussy (translation: kindly adopted a homeless cat that had been nurtured back to full health by **Rambo's** wife and daughter)... **Rambo** insisted that it was their pussy that had been grabbed. **Ryde** and **Tablewhine** for the purchase of a 64' yacht, **Optimist** for having his photo taken with Jeremy Hunt (perlease, bringing the tone right down).

Last but not least, **Mad Cow**, our esteemed RA for the evening, got recognition for 300 runs, and **Lofty** claimed her 900 runs rugby shirt. Get a life!


*Rambo
insisted it
was their
pussy that
had been
grabbed*



Run 2479
24th June 2019
Hares
Scrumpy &
Mouthwash
-
Run 2480
1st July 2019
Hares
Wander Off &
Please Don't
-
Run 2483
15th July 2019
Hare
Orangutan



Welcome to the #2500th Run of the London Hash House Harriers!

Thank you to all you have joined us to celebrate our milestone.

There is a register of all of those going below.

LH3 History

In the global hash genealogy (where everything can be traced back to Gispert and the Kuala Lumpur hash) LH3 is a "4th Generation hash" and was born on Monday 5th April 1976. Its mother Hash being Hong Kong (which traces its origins back to Singapore, and from Singapore to KL). The founding father is recorded as Iain McGregor, who was a member of the InterVarsity Club (IVC) and a youthful accountant who had returned from the Crown Colony of Hong Kong. The IVC used to have its headquarters in London just off Covent Garden – and a location often used for runs and social events during the 1970's and early 1980's. The club provided a means for initial publicity to LH3, with most of the early runners being IVC members. This included attracting the attention of our still regular members **Please Sir** and **Thunder Thighs**.

LH3, though, is not the oldest Hash in the UK, that honour is held by Westcombe Park (founded 1971), along with a handful of others in the early 1970's. Neither is LH3 the first UK hash to reach the 2000th milestone. That honour goes to Scarborough, who are a younger hash but normally run twice a week.



3s4d - City H3
50 Shades - City H3
Abominator - Bergen H3
Angaze - Marlow H3
BackDoorSteward
Big in Japan - London H3
Black Hole - London H3
BoBo - London H3
Bull's Eye - China H3
Bushsquatter - Hastings H3
Call Girl - London H3
Careless - Rutland H3
Chi Su - London H3
Cliffbanger - Hastings H3
Crusher - London H3
Dawn's Crack - City H3
Dipstick - Oxford H3
Doormat - Fethiye H3
Double-0 - London H3
Eric the Viking - Edinburgh H3
Flasher - Vindobona H3
Fliptop - Herts H3
Freeloader - London H3
Fucked Three Ways - London H3
Grassy Arse - London H3
Ging Gang Goolie - London H3
Higgins - BMPH3
I Want to Cum - Friday Hash
Invisible - City H3
Juices Flowing - London H3
Just Eliza - West London H3
Just Francisco

Just Freya - London H3
Just James - London H3
Just Nomi
Just Zune - Copenhagen H3
Katoyboy - Saigon H3
KC - London H3
King - London H3
Kiss My Ass - Harriets, Nigeria
Knickers - London H3
Lady Chatterley - Pist Offen H3
Latecomer - London H3
Linford - City H3
Lofty - London H3
Martian Matron - London H3
Moule en Rouge - BMPH3
Mick Mac - BMPH3
Minge and Tonic - West London H3
Miss Muffet - London H3
More On - London H3
Mouthwash - City H3
Mudplug - Rutland H3
My Perfect Cousin - City H3
No Foreplay - London H3
Not Fair - Rutland H3
Not Out - London H3
Optimist - West London H3
Parson's Nose - Houston H3
PebberRonni - Copenhagen H3
Pope - West London H3
Psycho - Herts H3
Psychodelic - West London H3
Pubes in Gayland - Keep Austin Weird

Qualified Seaman - London H3
Ratshit - Hooray Henley H3
Reach Around - London H3
Road Runner - London H3
Rongjon - Gypsies in the Palace
Run 2 Eat - Bad Decisions
Ryde - London H3
Sarah the Snail - Catch the Hare
Scarlett - London H3
Scrummie Seconds - Vicenza Derelicts
Scrumpy - Yorkshire / London H3
Semen on the Pew - Berlin H3
Sex Reject - BMPH3
Show 'Em
Sin Bernard - London H3
Sir Humpalot - West London H3
Skip - Herts H3
Snow Job - Ski Week H3
So Fart Ana - London H3
Sparerib - London H3
Tablewhine - London H3
Testiculator - Sl'ash
Thunderthighs - London H3
Titanic Dickhead - London H3
Urine - Evesham Summer Sunday
Victoria's Secret - Vindobona H3
Walkie Talkie - Rutland H3
Wander Off - London H3
Wanktlers - Herts H3
Web Fart - Dhaka H3