

The Herald



*The official organ of the
Cambridge Hash House Harriers
April 2012*



**Twins? - or could this
be Henry's successor**

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So, we are the Edithares but we are not the Herald scribes. Each month a different scribe will produce the Herald. They are the producers and we are the directors.

Mar El Rave and B@stard
Apr Bedsores
May Legover
Jun Kinky
Jul Jetstream
Aug Big Blouse
Sep Taxidermist

We will provide templates, help and print the Herald. The scribe will provide the content (plus any run write ups for that month). Please remember to produce your copy the month before the publish date.

Kermit's Colonoscopy Journal:



Kermit called his friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy.

A few days later, in his office, Andy showed him a colour diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Ickleford. . .

Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to him in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner.

Kermit nodded thoughtfully, but he didn't really hear anything he said, because his brain was shrieking, **'HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!'**

He left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called 'MoviPrep,' which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. We will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of the R.A..

Kermit spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous.

Then, on the day before his colonoscopy, he began his preparation. In accordance with his instructions, he didn't eat any solid food that day; all he had was chicken broth, which is basically, water, only with less flavour.



Then, in the evening, he took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-litre plastic jug, and then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a litre is about 32 oz). Then you have to drink the whole jug.. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here we are being kind - like a mixture of goat spit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon..

The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humour, state that after you drink it, 'a loose, watery bowel movement may result.'

This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground.

MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. We don't want to be too graphic, here, but, have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much confined to the bathroom, spouting violently.

You eliminate everything.. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to drink another litre of MoviPrep, at which point, according to, Kermit, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet.

After an action-packed evening, Kermit finally got to sleep.

The next morning Antar drove him to the clinic. Kermit was very nervous. Not only was he worried about the procedure, but he had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep sputage. He was thinking, 'What if he spurt on Andy?' How do you apologize to a friend for something like that? Flowers would not be enough.

At the clinic he had to sign many forms acknowledging that he understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led him to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where he went inside a little curtained space and took off his clothes and of those hospital garments designed by servants, the kind you put it on, feel even more dist per- that, when makes you naked than actually



Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in his left hand. Ordinarily he would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and he was already lying down. Eddie also told him that some people put vodka in their MoviPrep.

At first he was ticked off that he hadn't thought of this, but then he pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled him into the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anaesthesiologist. He did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but he knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere.. He was seriously nervous at this point.

Andy had him roll over on his left side, and the anaesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in his hand.

There was music playing in the room, and Kermit realized that the song was 'Dancing Queen' by ABBA. Kermit remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, 'Dancing Queen' had to be the least appropriate.



Run 1745 Mar 11th - Cross Keys, Caxton
Hares: Bedsores and Gold Finger
Henry's fHHHarewell On on Party

The Cross Keys in Caxton.



Monday morning the phone rang at Goldfinger's country mansion.

"Brian it's me, Ted". "What's the problem?" asked Brian. "I couldn't sleep last night. I'm depressed. After all these years I feel such a failure. We've both failed." Brian was bemused. "I don't understand?" he said.

"Yesterday turned out



really well - what's the matter?" Ted in a whimper replied: "Brian, they got back at 12.15; they weren't knackered; no-



one got lost; no-one was pissed-off with us; everyone enjoyed the run; how do we get back our lost

reputation?" Brian thought for a moment. "You're right Ted, we need to sort this out and you need to cheer up. Let's discuss what went wrong next month on a short 186mile walk together? Thanks Brian, I'm feeling better already!"

Well done: the RA for the glorious



weather even though he turned up wearing a 1960s retro Rael Brook shirt; the Last Minute Put-Together On On! Band; Paparazzi & Derek

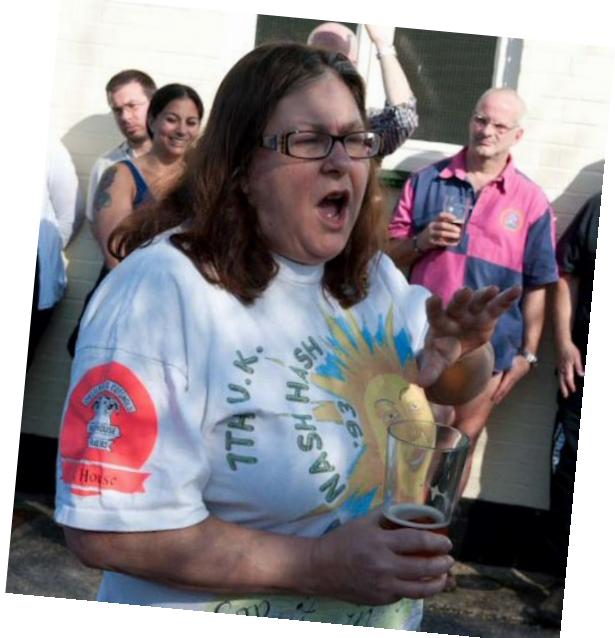
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Song of the Month – April

Written by : Bear aka FBI (F*cking Big Indian)
Tune : Jake The Peg

A delightful little ditty dedicated to our esteemed Grand Master – Bob (with apologies to Rolf Harris – not !)

Her name is Bob
Deedle deedle deedle dum
BUT SHE'S got no knob
Deedle deedle deedle dum
And when she goes out for a shag
She's got no knob it's very sad



Her name is Bob
Deedle deedle deedle dum
BUT SHE'S got no knob
Deedle deedle deedle dum
She's got no balls to tug and scratch
There's just a slit with a little bit of thatch
HER name is Bob Deedle deedle deedle dum!

Taxidermist (Choir Master)



Receding Hareline

So, what to report this month? Well, my assertion that Bedsores wouldn't write a wrant

is about to be blown out of the water at the first opportunity. What can I say? It wouldn't have happened in my day? It won't happen again? It did and I expect it may so don't believe a word you read on these pages. Let this be a warning.

Last month there was quite a lot of activity in a short space of time. The Full Moon hash was on Thursday 8th, very ably hared by El Rave and Paparazzi with a port and lemon drink stop underneath the arches of the railway line at Coldhams Lane. We mooned at the security

cameras for the second month running but still haven't made the Cambridge News. Then all back to the Geldart for far too much beer and a thick head in the morning.

The following Sunday Bedsores and Goldfinger laid a trail for the departure of 'Enery from the Cross Keys at Caxton. A huge throng turned out for the occasion and a wonderfully hot day was aided and abetted by a great curry thanks to El Rave (again!), Paparazzi (again!), Bob and generally mismanaged by Bear, and the On-i-On band played for far too long and everyone went home happy – well the band did! (and England beat France at the 6 nations in Paris – Hurrah!).

Then there was the Turd Turdsday hash from the Wrestlers on the 15th featuring sherry and cake to celebrate Dismembered's birthday. Since I am writing this on Turdsday morning I can't comment on how the trail went, but as I am the hare I can predict a fantastic r*n and everyone back to the pub by 8!

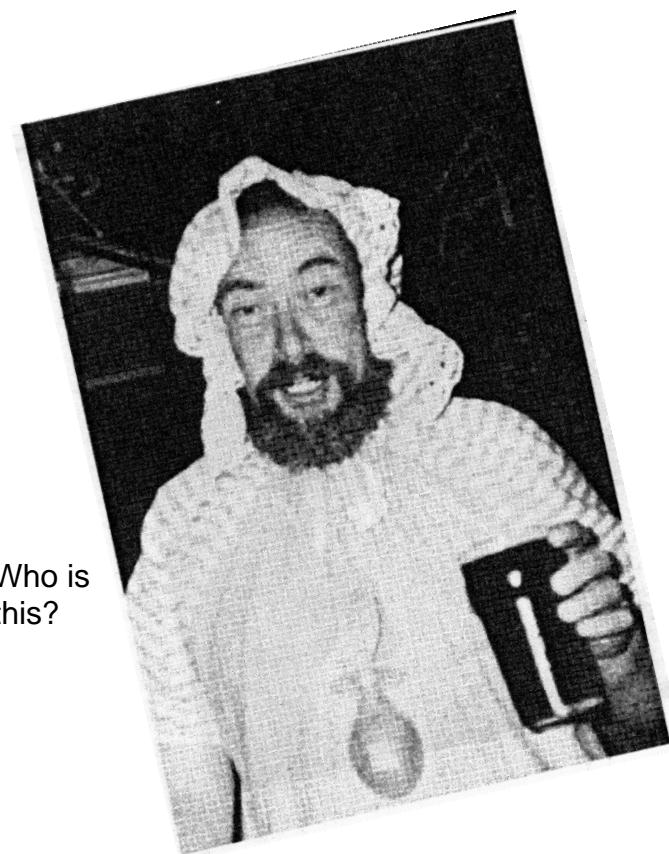
I haven't had a beer report from anyone so I assume there a no decent pubs out there!

More nonsensical rubbish next month.

On On

B@stard

The Bear Facts - from yesteryear's Heralds



Who is this?



April Mumblings from the RA



With the latest announcement that **EI Rave** is re-instigating a regular Herald every month, this also means a regular monthly rant from the **RA** – aren't you lucky!

FAO The Esteeming Editor/Censor of 'The Herald - Redux'

Cur (with a soft 'c')

As a former 'runner', I use the term very loosely, with the Cambridge HHH, I was much put out to see the poor turnout at the Barnardiston Arms (A Dreadful Pub) of Keddington (pronounced Kitten by the cognoscenti), Suffering Suffolk.

It seemed to me that this was due to one or more factors

1. the cold weather.
2. the distance from civilization
3. Mothering Sunday.

I have, after two nanoseconds thought rejected 2 and 3; 3 because hashmen generally don't know who or where she is, if indeed they had one; 2 because 'Civilization' these days is a meaningless concept anyway, which leaves only no.1, the cold, intolerant weather.

Is the Jetstream in the wrong position thus dragging down loads of cold air upon us all? Is that what is responsible for the alarming Whittling down/out of attendees?

Good Grand Master! in my day there were 100s out having jolly good fun in all kinds of shuggy, above and below! **Or**, or... and I hesitate here... or is this steady disappearance of our members, large and small, more to do with the 'Firm' that is gradually taking over the neighbourhood, a new Cosy Nostra?

Of the last of the few who attended the Circle half of them seemed to belong to ONE FAMILY!!! And what's more whenever one of Them said anything a reverent hush fell and much, I dare say, enforced laughter would result!

Should I, we, be concerned? I think we should and what is more
I THINK WE SHOULD BE TOLD !

Yours most sincerely

Mad Monk

N.B. Had the Mad Monk turned up at Henry's Last Hurrah maybe he would have been more impressed with the turnout (of course the RA had a family gathering that day.)
(Ed)

Run 1728 Red Lion, Kirtling Green



Remembrance Sunday and everyone arrived in time for the traditional two minutes silence to remember those

who'd died in battle, including Hash's founder, Gispert, killed in Singapore in 1941. Unfortunately the re-theme didn't last for long, Toy was appointed



scribe (chosen on account of his fine selection of medals) and he has since forgotten everything about the trail, the circle or even where he was. At least he managed to find the correct pub, which was more than could be said of Klinger, who forgot which week it was and ended up at the White Horse in Broom, a week early!



Ferret was the Hare and a fine trail he laid. It was a pity that the FRBs forgot that they were meant to follow the trail and ran half a mile without dust, missed a crucial check-point, which resulted in the pack being spread out all over tryside.



opened the circle newly acquired "Master's Throne" but claimed by Toed Bedgotten it on a previous weekend. Was it or ROTT, I forget. A welcomed but nobody can remember who he was, has he been again? Can anyone remember! Remembrance Sunday? An oxymoron if you ask me.
On-On! Ann Other

(Continued from page 4)

for the curries; Crappy Nappy, Diaper Wiper, and WYDT; plus Phoebe & Bob for a display of trans-sexual domestic kitchen bliss! To cap it all I watched England beat France (RFU) in the Straw Dogs bar before Magoo gave me a lift home. A 9/10 day!

The Bear



A note from the hares - **Thank you** to all those who cooked, set up, played, washed up and turned this into an event.



VER CRISMAS WRUN

RUN NO,17?? WHO NOSE, WHO CARES [NOT ME APPRENTL YJ.



HAIRES~ KNOW IDEAR [SEA ABUFF]



FENU (VIS I DO NO, BUT I,M NOT TELING]

Arifmg in Camebrige not ferry brite,
and erlee; ver free off us set off owt
off ver stasion inn a strate line look-
king 4 ver see side, ver wever wos
snoing an
wanning,
knot wot u
xept at ver
Coster dil
Sole. Wot
wee did
fined
howeffwer, wos to sorree looking
grewpes off semme intelleegent lok-
king hashers wherring wred an wite
hats an suuts an sum wiv beards. Ver



vers at leest whir under kovver.
Shoon, at ellevthen 0 clok wee get
kaled 2 awder buy are GM Bowb, ven
insrukions giffen, wee set off inn ver
wann an sno 2 fer thirst off sefferall
boose an hood stops. Ofer 1 owwer
layer an free or for dreink sthops lay-
ter wher wee allso sang silley songs
lowdley an badley, wee fineally got
bak 2 ver
baa kald
"Fer

Medt" [toled u I new] an chainged inn
2 cleen cloves an ven sum serrius
drinking tok plase bee 4 wee had a
haapy crismas dineer,arfier witch wee
had yet moor beers.Sumtyme layer
downdowns r giffen 2 awl an sundre,
assiss ver habbit at speshle okay-
shons. Whon thine fing off knote wot



toke plaice woz
that Wyle U
Daown Fher ad 2
mutch 2 dreink an
started frowing ub
evvereware, AN
FHEN balaimmed
it on a inekt, fer
por little whinter
bug. Vis is as
mutch as i kan rhekall as i ad 2
mutch 2 dreink 2, an kant reamem-
burr ow i goht hoomme as i ave ver
memmoree span off a gowld thish, an
meny ovver problems 2, lyk 4 ghet-
ting 2 gow 2 fer dockters 4 a mem-
moree tesst, fer day after i maid ver
apoimeent Mary Crismas an a Hapy
Neuw Yeer



ANNTARE
xxxxx



Run 1740 Plough, Coton: Hares – Thumper and Kinky

Only around 20 hardy souls made it today greeted by a pristine snowscape. Slaphead blocked the carpark entrance by getting stuck. Wise words and encouragement, from Ferret, sorted him out eventually. Legover arrived shortly after, in his toy, with a flurry of doughnuts. Pedro and Blowback practically undressed as normal for the freezing weather.

The trail was thoughtfully laid in coloured flour to assist the infirm and hard of hearing. Lots of opportunities for adults to behave like kids. Snowmen and Snow Women (PC equality) appeared all over the place as the pack became distracted. Strategic placement of the carrots determined gender. This is why we do dis ting every Sunday.

Some locals had nearly completed an impressive igloo in front of their home. Kinky stayed with the short cutting world weary to prevent them wandering off and becoming a liability. This left Thumper to chase after the runners. She had a hell of a glow on returning.

Virgin runner Laura introduced to the Hash by Undressed. All round a very good day though I can't remember anything else as mislaid notes.

Slaphead

From our Foreign Correspondents

Knowing the attention span of the average hasher is only a few sips, we will be serialising this tome from Shamcock and U-Bend in half pint episodes

Part 1

Komodo Dragons and Kelimutu Volcano...

(..or the joys of wet season travel in the tropics...)

So last week the school was off and we were in the front of the exodus to take a few days away from the grizzly roads (read potholes) of Dili.

Our target was two-fold, to see Komodo Dragons in their natural habitat....



....now preserved on Komodo and Rinca islands in the Komodo National Park...



...and to visit Indonesia's most spectacular volcano, Kelimutu, to gaze upon its three multi-coloured crater lakes on the island of Flores...



Last Known Eruption: 1968 - Summit Elevation: 1639 m

Latitude: 8.77°S 8°46'0"S - Longitude: 121.82°E 121°49'0"E

Kelimutu, is noted for its three crater lakes of different colors. This aerial view from the SW shows Tiwu Ata Mbupu (Lake of Old People) at the lower left, and the double craters of Tiwu Nua Muri Kooh Tai (Lake of Young Men and Maiden) and Tiwu Ata Polo (Bewitched, or Enchanted Lake) at the upper right. Water colour varies periodically, but is often blue, green, and red, respectively. Phreatic eruptions have occurred from the middle lake in historical time.'

(Photo by Tom Casadevall (U.S. Geological Survey).not us !

As a forward to this report it might be best to retreat almost 150 years to the seminal work on 'The Malay Archipelago' published in 1869 by that eminent Victorian naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace (1823 -1913).

'...If we look at the globe or a map of the Eastern hemisphere, we shall perceive between Asia and Australia a number of large and small islands, forming a connected group distinct from those great masses of land, and having little connection with either of them. Situated upon the Equator, and bathed by the tepid water of the great tropical oceans, this region enjoys a climate more uniformly hot and moist than almost any other part of the globe, and teems with natural productions which are elsewhere unknown ...'

'...One of the chief volcanic belts upon the globe passes through the Archipelago and produces a striking contrast in the scenery of the volcanic and non-volcanic islands. A curving line marked out by scores of active and hundreds of extinct volcanoes, may be traced through the whole length of Sumatra and Java, and thence by the islands of Bali, Lombok, Sumbawa, Flores,...

'...In the whole region occupied by this vast line of volcanoes, and for considerable breadth on each side of it, earthquakes are of continual occurrence, slight shocks being felt at intervals of every few weeks or months, while more severe ones, shaking down whole villages, and doing more or less injury to life and property are sure to happen...

'...Placed immediately upon the Equator and surrounded by extensive oceans, it is not surprising that various islands of the Archipelago should be almost always clothed with a forest vegetation from the level of the sea to the summits of the loftiest mountains. This is the general rule....To this, however, there is one important exception in the islands of Timor and all the smaller islands around it, in which there is absolutely no forest such as exists in the other islands, and this character extends in a lesser degree to Flores, Sumbawa, Lombok and Bali...

'...We have here a clue to the most radical contrast in the Archipelago, and by following it out in detail I have arrived at the conclusion that we can draw a line among the islands, which shall so divide them that one-half shall truly belong to Asia, while the other shall no less certainly be allied to Australia...'.

'...The infamous 'Wallace Line' which we managed to cross four times last week.....read on!

Komodo and Rinca islands lie immediately west of Flores, between it and Sumbawa. So to see a dragon or two in the wild we have to take the daily Merpati flight from Dili to Denpasar in Bali (flying across the full length of Flores and across the top of Kelimutu in the process), stay the night in Bali and then fly half way back again to Labuan Bajo on the extreme western end of Flores. It really is a pain in the posterior.....



Labuan Bajo, 'Bajo' for short, is a dream of a place, quiet and small, strung out around a deep bay, anchorage for a small fleet of double masted brigs and schooners all set up for the diving and cruising trade.



Wet season is low season so the Dutch and German and Italian backpackers and sailors paint the gunnels, repair the sails and inhabit the many fine bars

To be continued

Runs for April 2012

All runs start at 11:00am
Hare raiser – Haven't Got One

Run No. 1748 01 Apr 2012 Lightning + Taxi The White horse Witcham CB6 2LF

Theme is April Fools day. Wear any foolish stuff you like.

Run No. 1749 08 Apr 2012 Potty and potty trained Mildenhall Woods (Meet at the Picnic Area Car Park)

Pub for Drinks is: The Riverside House Hotel, Mill St, Mildenhall IP28 7DP

Run No. 1750 15 Apr 2012 Bastard and Earl The plough or White Hart, DEBDEN, CB11 3LE

Bastard will be at Indonostalgia

Run No. 1751 22 Apr 2012 Beer Stop and Bastard Black Horse Dry Drayton CB23 8DA

Beer Festival

Run No. 1752 29 Apr 2012 Ooh La La and Thumper The George and Dragon

19 High Street, GRAVELEY, Hitchin, SG4 7LE

