
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

April 2014



Shock news: Warren only wins silver in the 2014 “Biggest Belly in Bric-a-brac” competition

ON-ONwards & DOWN-DOWNwards



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All characters appearing in this work may or may not be fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely intentional and designed to cause the maximum offense (so that I don't have to do this again!)

Many small and cute animals were mistreated and harmed during the making of masterpiece of utter bollox and several trees died screaming in order to print it for those too lazy to read it on t'interweb.

THE POWER OF PRAYER:

After starting a new diet, Antar altered his drive to work to avoid passing his favourite bakery.

He accidentally drove by the bakery this morning and there in the window was a host of his favourite goodies.

Feeling that this was no accident, he prayed, "Lord, it's up to you...if you want me to have any of those delicious goodies, create a parking place for me directly in front of the bakery."

And sure enough, the Lord answered his prayer. On the fifteenth time around the block, there was a space!!

TOP TIP: If your girlfriend starts smoking, slow down and use a lubricant

Welcum - from your April (fool) scribe

Why is it that I always get asked to write the Herald in April?

Umm, to celebrate this coincidence and to show that I am a serious chap, I have decided to have a running theme (better than a running sore) in this edition, in light of the confusion over the spelling and reason behind our illustrious RA's name and in recognition of my favourite motoring Journalist's 2nd bestest mate James May.

Therefore, the theme of this edition is COCK! See how many you can spot.

Enjoy
LegOver

P.S. Speaking of cocks - it has become fairly traditional for the RA to offer a few words of wisdom to his flock in the Herald, so I emailed our current God-Botherer with a request for some of his particular wisdom and received the following reply: -

"The RA is just in charge of the weather and sinners, I predict sun with no chance of hail! If you screw the hearld up, I am sure you will be punished ;o(Good luckDaffidildo"

A touching if not grammatically or typographically perfect sentiment from our spiritual leader!

How to draw A Cat!

1.



2.



Cuming Herald Scribes: -

- Apr That's Mr LegOver to you!
- May B@stard
- Jun Bedsoars
- Jul Slaphead
- Aug Hold-tit-for-me
- Sep Pedro
- Oct Taxidermist

These are the poor sods pressganged into writing and collating this drivel for your amusement and let's face it, out of the gang-related activities, pressgang cums a long way down the list – certainly lower than gangbang, chain-gang, doppelganger, gangplank etc. and is only one better than gangrene!

Picture of the Week



Top Tip: No. 47 - When doing a cheeky cleavage-shot, make sure you hide your left nipple!

It might be a sin to stick it in but it's definitely a shame to take it out

The First Cambridge Full Moon Hash House Harriers

(what a mouthful!)

Anywhoo – We assembled at Cambourne for the Sunday hash on a beautiful sunny day. **Cruella** and **Daffy** ran us around the not usual route that seemed to incorporate a load of tracks hitherto unknown to hashers – shit my knees hurt!

Good drink stop at **Cruella's** and back to the pub for fine beer and good food if you wanted it. The circle was the usual shambles and I'm not doing the r*n rite up so NMP.

In the evening (having had a word with **Long Shot** and a strong word with **Strap On**) the trail was promised to be only 2 miles. A bit long for a full moon especially as we'd run the morning as well. **Strap On** did a good job of getting at least a dozen peeps to turn out and providing a really revolting drink stop – my daughter likes a drink but wouldn't touch it!

Not many down downs as they provide free stuff and the pub was heaving that night but we had a great laugh and many thanks to the hares for a great job on a difficult day to recruit r*nners.

On the subject of the full moon, I need hares for: -

- Wednesday 8th October
- Saturday 6th December

Your dedication is required – I have a couple of hares who I intend to pressgang if you lovely people don't put your hands up!

Still on the subject of the Full Moon: -

Full Moon Nash Hash 2015: This is a joint venture with FCUCFMH3 and FUKFMH3

The Blue Side of the Moon (it is a blue moon celebration)

July 31st – August 2nd 2015 at the Writtle Agricultural College (*Ed. nr Chelmsford according to Google*)

The ONiON Band will be playing

More details to follow (or I'll have nothing to put into next month's Herald)

Onwards

On on **B@stard**



Q: What is the difference between erotic and kinky?
A: Erotic is using a feather....kinky is using the whole chicken

Run: 1840 - Six Bells, Fulbourn

Date: 5th Jan 2014

Hare - Moroccan Mole & Daffidildo

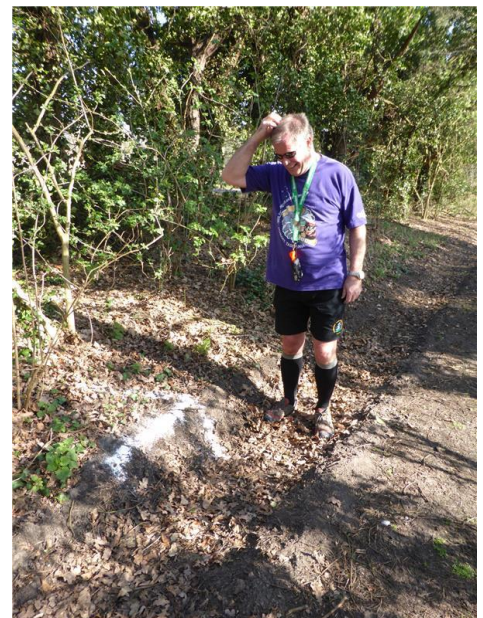
Scribe - Doggy Style

The landlord was rather surprised to see his car park filled at 10:45 and he did question what we were doing there. I guess the dynamic duo forgot to mention to him that the hash would be invading his pub on Sunday! Everyone expected the run to go out the pub car park and turn right, but the hares instructed us to turn left. The walkers seemed a little on edge about not receiving separate instructions, but everyone warmed to the idea of having two drinks stops.

There was a decent turnout for the first hash of the New Year. **Mole** looked a little worse for wear, probably too much birthday celebrating. **Daffy** looked good in his white hash shorts, I hope the wanker doesn't slip in the mud like he did in Edinburgh. I still haven't gotten his Christmas shorts clean! (Of course, he did!)

The run through the village was uninspiring, but it did keep the pack together. We saw a few strange markings; someone wrote "PLOD" on the ground, I wonder what a "PLOD" is? We arrived at a check at the far end of the village and all longed to get out into the country side, but the hares rewarded us with a long turn back and we trudged back into Fulbourn. I passed another strange chalk engraving, someone wrote "DT" inside what looked like a circus tent. I thought they only did strange things in the Fens? Finally we came across a more reputable symbol, the coveted "BN". What kind of trickery was this, we had only been going for 20 minutes!

Well here was my car, my picnic-table and the three liter (*Ed. Doh this is all gonna be in Yankglish*) bottle of champagne that mysteriously disappeared from the sitting room last week. To properly chill the champagne, **Daffy** crafted a large block of ice with a hole in the center (*Ed. OW! It hurts my eyes!!*) of it just the right size of the bottle. That also explains why the freezer was running in the garage all week. What else could a harriette ask for; the first drink stop of the New Year was chilled bubbly! We toasted the hash and ourselves!



After the drink stop, we all spied the woods and dashed off in search of trails away from the housing estates. The hares once again tricked us with a long turn back that pointed us right back into the village. The turn back arrow was only 20 meters away from the true trail. Several of the more seasoned hashers did not fall for this ruse, **JetStream**,



Pedro, **Kermit** and **Klinger** were all patiently waiting for us. The next check also proved difficult, but at least we were in the country side running around fields and losing our dogs, right **BabySham**? Turns out Diesel wanted to run with **Haven't Got One** instead, he was at the front of the pack where all the action was. We finally managed to navigate through the wilds of Fulbourn, crossed the moat and found the in trail on the road back into the village.

On the way into town, **Moroccan Mole** was manning the second beer stop with several cases of American Leinenkugel beer. Not as good as German wheat beer, but definitely better than English Ale! (*Ed. You can be deported for such blasphemy!*) Two drinks stops and it wasn't even noon yet.

The circle was out-back in the pub garden, not surprisingly but **Daffidildo's** block of ice made another appearance and **While You're Down There** and I "posed" properly with it. **Klinger** had the honor (*Ed. Youusers!*) of trying to melt it with his derriere for some trumped up charge. The hares were punished in the usual fashion. The GM gave **Bedsore**s a DD for wanting to check out the 2000th trail over the Christmas Holiday (the 2000th trail will be in 2017!!!) **Daffidildo** was in good form during the circle, the returners/visitors were punished first: **Babysham**, **Right Royal F@ck-up**, **Ho Chi Min** and **Just Jane** had not been seen in these parts for a while. **Dances with Wasps** and **Duncan Disorderly** got one for reducing their carbon foot print and cycling to the hash. **Double Top** got a DD for providing the hares with a drink stop while they were checking out the trail a few weeks ago.

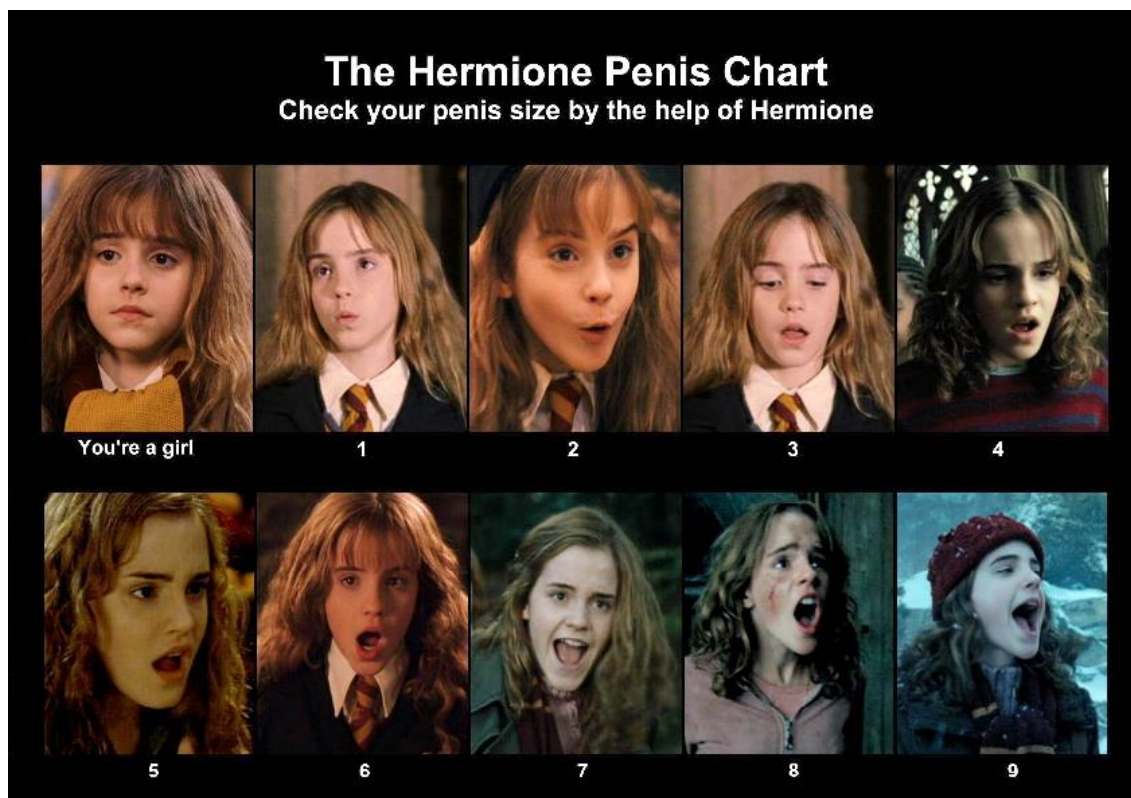
Finally **Daffy** went into a story about the last time that the run fee went up from £1 to £2, no one seemed to be able to remember the exact date so **Daffy** produced the Down Down of Doom and punished four likely culprits that were on the mismanagement during the early 1990s, **B@stard**, **Benghazi**, **Debonaire** and keeper of the stats, **Pedro**! We also learned that it is a good idea to have hashers of equal height when you have to do the Down Down of Doom, **Debonaire** wore most of hers! The circle ended with **Singa Gold** getting a DD for the sin of turning 40 and going skiing instead of celebrating with the hash!

See you on the ice, hopefully it has a big bottle of champagne sticking out the middle of it!!!



OXOX

Doggy Style



TOP SECRET – OPERATION SEAGULL

Date: 8th June

Unmentionable is taking names with a **non-refundable £5.00 deposit**.

We have now booked the coach and there are a few places left.

What else do you need to know?

8.00am - Coach leaves Cambridge Rail Station (tbc).

8.20am - Layby at Stretham roundabout (tbc).

Arrive at start of the run. This is an A to B with a walker's trail as well. The coach leaves for B with those who don't wish to do either.

At B we will have drinks, lunch (approx.1.30pm), and the circle (approx.2.15pm).

4.00pm - Coach leaves for the return trip.

The cost is £20.00 each. What does that include?

- The coach (no horses).
- Lunch. If you have unusual eating habits (including cannibalism) then please inform **Unmentionable** when booking.
- The circle.



You will pay for your own drinks or be killed (a lot).

BOOK NOW!

YOUR HASH NEEDS **YOU**

.....YES**YOU!!**

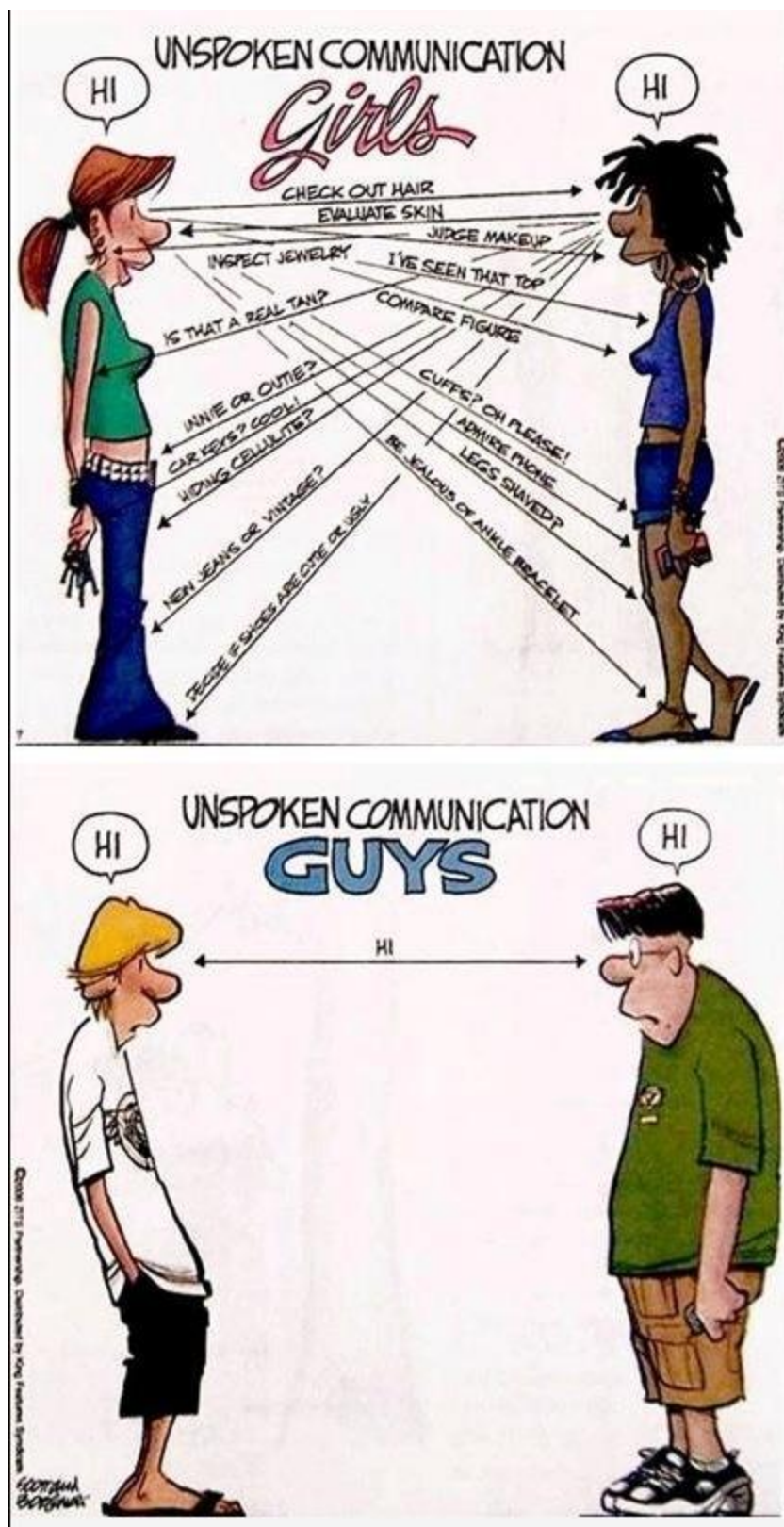
Now destroy this message by eating it.

This advertisement was mostly written by **Bear** (with additions by **Taxidermist**) and morally supported by **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable**.

No animals were injured in this advert which is printed on sustainable concrete.

Sometimes I like to hide my wife's inhaler so the neighbours think I'm a stallion when they hear her panting "Give it to me!"

Women's Brains explained – but never understood



(Ed. Now you know why women can't drive, park, navigate, think logically, wire a plug or understand the offside rule – their brains are simply overloaded!)

Run: 1848 - Blind Fiddler, Anstey

Date: 2nd March 2014

Hare - Klinger & Hold It For Me

Scribe - Muff Diver - "The tool is battered, the tool is bent, you need lessons the Hashers Vent"

A run in the life of the Hash Horn, Abridged from the book "my horny life" By Muffdiver (a badly spelt production)

Another run another show - Show time: 11am (Ed. Sheesh, the title is nearly as long as the write-up!)

As we arrived in Hertfordshire (I thought this was a Cambridge hash?), I felt my nerves tingle as I worked through my facial warm up - as I do before every run. "whooh theeee fuckkkk are yoooo" I said out loud over and over until my lips are nimble and supple once more.



This week I have been on very strict diet of beer, wine, brandy and some solids (food I think) to ready myself for the pinnacle of the week - Sunday.

Up went the call, what time does this 11 o'clock run start exclaimed (#Name Removed For Lazy Reasons - I can't be arsed to write the song...)

So we circle up, and introduce the hares **Klinger**, and **Hold it for me**. They explain that the run is shiggly and we're off.

BBBBBBBBBrrrrfff BBBBrrrrfff BBBBbeeeerrrrfffff shouts the trusty horn to alert those villagers we are coming and **Bear, Pugwash** and the **Whittles** where we are (on time as usual 11:15am!!).

The FRBs strode forth and straight into a turn back, we were off through a muddy footpath, up to the woods then back down across a field into a check. BBBBBBBBrrrrfff BBBrrrrfff BBrrrrff I tooted!

We were off but in three different directions, should I blow and call on, steady my beating heart, the runners rely on the Horn to steer them through the tricks and shenanigans the hares have in store.

I hear it, the inferior pretender to the mighty horn. Yes, I am talking about Pedro's whistle, shrill and abusive on the ear. I take up the call and blast out a pitch perfect rendition of the famous TAPS (that how it sounds in my head, I can't help it if your hearing is defective!!).

We are off up a steep field then across a bridge, somehow my mesmerising music has had a profound impact on the wildlife as Diesel (Labrador) and Soham Joey (spaniel) are engaged in a little boy on boy loving.

As I am writing my memoirs (This) the pack slips past, so off I trot following a slightly abridged TAPS this time in G minor (Artistic License, they love it).

Slightly light headed, I run up the hill passing **Taxi, Double Top** and **Jetstream**, no time to chat, the show must go on.

We drop down to a 3 way junction with **Daffy** holding the check. Looks like the hares have done a good job as there are FRB's are running in all directions, but no clear way.

A composition of my own making I feel, when the call "**On-On**" is confirmed. A long steady blast with some triple tonguing for good measure! No one remarks on my skill, they have come accustomed to the horn mastery of the **Muffdiver**.

I run forth moving through the pack, I must keep at the front and be the guiding hand. Unfortunately I found I have backed the wrong FRB's and I find myself stranded on the wrong side of the field, I feel the fear rising, without my siren call, the hashers will be lost. The duty to my hash brethren is so great that I tread carefully over the field of infant corn like a summer breeze. Unlike **Shiggy, Paparazzi, El Rave** followed by **Singa Gold** blatantly crop running.

I return to the trail I am surprised by a very unusual sight. There was Diesel not only within 500 metres of **baby Sham** but on a LEAD... I looked around for a hash flash but there were none to be found.

Off up the hill to a check point on an island in the middle of a small lake. The check was held by a grinning **Pedro**. "Not deep", shouts **Pedro** so I gingerly enter the water, carefully rolling up my trousers. Ankle deep on the first three steps (good ol' **Pedro**, knew he would steer me right) then "splosh" as the water reaches my knee (bastard!).

I stand on the island and blast out the "checkpoint sonnet" in the key of F! One by one the crafty hashers avoid the water and shortcut round the field - all apart from **Dancing with Wasps** and **Jet Stream**. "Last steps a doozy!" I shout as they stumble into the deeper water.

Across the field and over several ditches, I fire out a fine blast of TAPS, full version this time. Staggering through, lack of breath I cross a road to find FRBs **Shiggy** and **Cinderella** coming back across the field followed by **Egg Beater** who had hidden in the bush next to a turn back.

I jog down the road and notice **Klinger**'s battered old Vauxhall. As I round the corner I see his toothless grinning smile. I go down the track to find **Jet Stream**, **Hangover Blues**, **Kermit** and **NRFLR** lurking

at the top of the field. In the distance I see the rest of pack running down the hill. "It's not that way I am sure", exclaims **Jet Steam**. **Klinger** walks up laughing "I can't believe I got so many" he chuckles.

Show time, I think to myself, as I run with other across the top of the field. Once we pass the third blob, I blow. Brrraarrppppbbbbb is the noise, I am too excited. I slow my breathing and steady myself. Few bars of TAPS blast out of the trusty horn slightly wavering, the rest of the pack turn to the tune. "I will guide you right my fellow freaks" I think to myself.

We run on to a check, the check sonnet I blow is slightly strangled. My lips are tightening, "whhhooooo thhheeeee Fuccccccckkkkk AAARRrrrrreeeeee Yooooouuuuuuu" I call getting my lips supple once more.

(#Name Removed For Lazy Reasons!!!!) Was off checking, he ran on far across the field, he was shouting and for once we were listening but we couldn't hear what he had to say. We called to him trying to engage him (feels very weird) but he is out of ear shot. Eventually through the use of semaphore we took a leap of faith and followed.

Round the field and into the wood, a blast of the tune of the day (TAPS) in the echooy woods. I don't need thanks; the music is my gift to them.

Out of the woods and into another check back and then up to a farm. Past farm buildings, onto the road, then up to a cross roads. HARES ROAD one way and **Big Blouse** changed the other sign post to say NUTS [photo??].

Up yet another muddy field and then onto the church thorough a gate, then up the road via the on in sign.

Arriving at the pub and narrowly avoiding being sexually assaulted by **Daffy Dildo** who was trying to steal my sweaty boxer shorts (I said it before and I say it again, "dem spams is STYRANGGE") I get to the bar.

Imelda (she is a saint) has already got me pint to quench my thirst after another successful show.



Down Downs

- **Just Alisson** Virgin
- **Klinger, Hold It For Me** Hares
- Landlord For being Hash Friendly
- **School Boys Dream** For coming back from Uganda
- **Googly** To celebrate his 170th birthday
- **WYDT** To celebrate her 60ish birthday
- **Antar** and **B@stard** Err for sumfink, getting married to each other??
- **Egg Wisk** and **Cinderella** For sex on the hash
- **Baby Sham** and **Daddy Soham Dog** control
- **HIFM, Pedro, Benghazi, Klinger** Something to do with leaks and sheep?
- **Bear** For being on the telly, or being an antique?
- **Dances with Wasps** 100th Run



Ones to watch in the future:

Strap on and **Long Shot** who arrived 80 minutes after anyone else, what were they up to!!!

Finally - I would like to thank **Pedro** and **Imelda** for such a lovely hangover and my lovely wife cos I can.

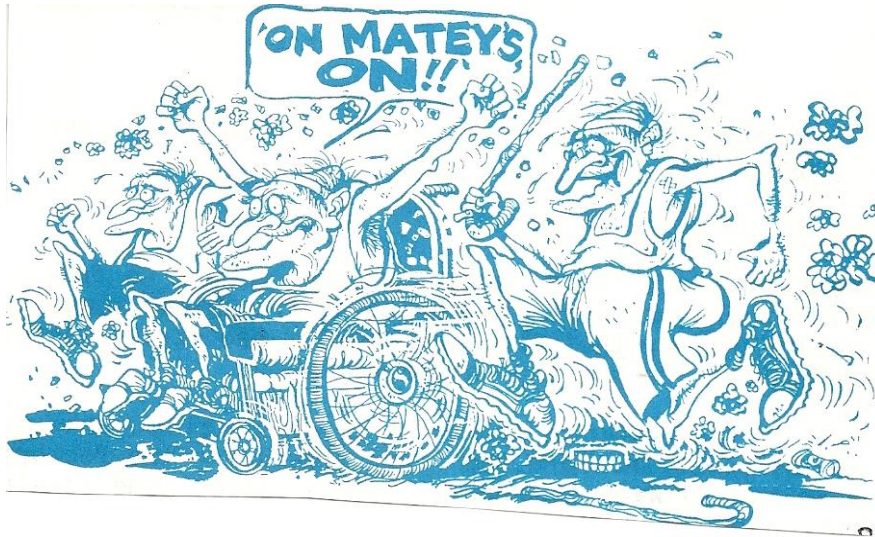
On On Muff (master bugler!)



Some people have the strangest dangly erections

The SEPTUAGENARIAN RUN (stroll for some of us!)

20th April St. Ives



A once in a lifetime experience (well, it will be for us), brought to you by the makers of Stanna Stairlifts and Horlicks.

Are you sitting comfortably? Good because this is where the story REALLY starts. What you do is this: -

- From Cambridge – up the A14 – get off to St.Ives on the A1096
- Cross the river and the Guided Bus traffic lights
- At the next roundabout take third exit to the Park and Ride (up Meadow Lane)
- Park your cars
- **Make sure you get there about 10.30am** (please note Whittle family!!) If you don't you may miss the bus as it goes about 10.55pm. It is Sunday and buses run every 20 minutes
- Have a sh*t in the very nice toilets.
- Get on bus
- Get off bus one stop down the track (Fen Drayton Lakes)
- Do run
- Drink beer (yes, there's a Beer Stop)
- Get back on bus
- *(Ed. Get off the bus, cross the bus way and get on the bus going back towards St Ives)*
- Get off bus at Park and Ride
- Find pub! It's not far to walk into town but if you're feeling lazy / pissed / delirious / lost / horny you can drive into the Waitrose car park (free on Sundays)

On-On

Taxidermist, Slaphead, Great White Hope, Pugwash, Klinger, Goes Quietly, Googly, Toyboy (apologies if I've missed out anyone but I forgot I had Alzheimers – but you do meet new people every day!)

37 Seconds of Fame!



As some of you may know, but doubtless most of you don't care, **Warren** (also known variously as Bear, BFI, "Argumentative old sod" and "Oh god no, not him again") was recently featured on a thrilling episode of Antiques Road Trip. Now, this is not a program that I had ever actually heard of, let alone watched, but it seems that it has been running for some time as Warren appeared in Series 8 - Episode 4, so I thought I would investigate a little.....

Since anyone capable of reading this must have at least the minimum level of intelligence required to read, walk and maybe even buy a paper unaided, one must therefore assume that no one reading this would watch such a terrible and downright dull program and therefore I would guess that you have all missed Warren's few seconds of fame – well done!

In order to put this story to bed without anyone being forced to watch such drivel, I downloaded the episode in question and endured the full 43 minutes and 41 seconds of mind numbing tedium and having do so, I can only assume that this program is aimed at people who own caravans and thus like to shit in a bucket, because watching it is on a par with said toileting rituals!

The basic premise of the program seems to be a couple of camp and OTT antiques dealers are given £200 each and a classic car to drive around in, they have to buy and sell old items to see who can make the most money, by accurately spotting rare items.

Now, during the loss of nearly 44 minutes of my life and whilst fighting back the desire to slash my wrists, I noticed several major inaccuracies which I felt must be brought to everyone's attention: -

In this episode, Charles (who is basically a knob) and Philip (the poor git later fleeced by **Warren**) were introduced to any audience still awake, as driving around in a small British sports car which was described by the voice over as a 1969 Triumph GT6 convertible. "**But**", I can hear you all shouting "**the number plate of the car is OWO 903F, making it a car registered between 1st August 1967 and 31st July 1968, so it is certainly not a 1969 car**". I totally agree with you - a school-boy error for sure, from a program which is basically about the accurate dating of old objects.



As you will have already spotted, the car itself has several odd features, the most obvious of which is that there is no such thing as a GT6 convertible! The GT6 was basically a Triumph Spitfire with the Le Mans fastback coupe body and a big engine. Triumph never made a convertible version as it already made the Spitfire. Today there are quite a few cars advertised as GT6 convertibles, most of which are homemade conversions using a GT6 chassis with a Spitfire body and this is quite obviously what has happened to make this Frankenstein's monster of a "classic car".

The donor Spitfire body was obviously a 1969 mk3 car, which had the same styling as the mk2 GT6 and is probably where the program made its school-boy error with the dating of it, but the front end is from the mk1 GT6 (The MK1 was made from July 1966 until September 1968). The differences between the ends are of course many but as I am sure you all know; most obvious are the bumper heights, which were raised between the variants to meet US bumper regulations and the totally different suspension setup (as you all know, the mk2 had a rotoflex rear end – ooo err misses!).



As well as our car having significantly different bumper heights front and rear, other end-to-end differences include the size and position of the side lights, rear lights and indicators and the fact that the mk2 GT6 had side louvers in the bonnet ahead of the handles. You will have all also spotted that the doors are from a spitfire rather than a GT6, as GT6 doors had opening quarter lights, so the maker of this abomination couldn't be bothered to source the correct doors for his creation.

The steering wheel is wooden and thus a non-original after-market item and the rear-view mirror is also a non-factory unit from a much later Triumph. The Triumph lettering is missing from bonnet, along with the GT6 badge.

Basically, this car is a mk1 GT6 front end, dash and seats welded to a Spitfire Mk3 rear end which has then been stuck on to a mk2 GT6 chassis....

...and this is a program about finding and valuing genuine old stuff – I think not!

Oh and whilst I doubt anyone is interested, **Warren's** scene, which starts with voice-over man stating that "Phil is attracted to this large lump" actually runs for 1 minute and 48 seconds, however fortunately for me, through deft camera work and editing, **Warren** is only on screen for 37 seconds (which I agree is far too long), including a section where he and Phil seem to be playing hide and seek!

The funny thing is the item **Warren** sold, which the voice-over described as "half a ton of concrete and some plants" stole the limelight in the scene as it appeared for over 39 seconds! The remaining time was split between pictures



"Phil is attracted to this large lump". Oh and the other "big lump" is the flower pot that **Warren** sold him

of random buildings near **Warren's** yard (over 11 seconds) and other random old junk and other random old men.

There was also a lot of time spent with the presenter talking to **Warren**, but with **Warren** not actually in shot, even when **Warren** was talking – again I have to applaud the cameraman's quick thinking, or maybe just his lack of wide-angle lens.

My favourite moment was Mr Voice-over's comment as poor old Phil handed over £130 to **Warren** which was the immortal line "Is he going to regret spotting this large lump?" – **Priceless!**



The scene ends with the down-hearted Phil ambling out of the **Bear**-trap, straight past a very poignant sign, which unfortunately he totally missed! Personally I would have bought the sign and ignored the "big lump in the corner".



Moral of this story: steer clear of big lumps of concrete and Bear, or all hope will be lost!

Lesson of the day

Mrs O'Brien comes to visit her son Seamus for 3 days in Dublin where he is studying. She finds out that her son lives with Vikki, a female roommate. Mrs.O'Brien couldn't help but notice how pretty Seamus's room-mate was. She suspected a relationship between the two, and this had only made her more curious.

Reading his Mum's thoughts, Seamus volunteered, "I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you, Vikki and I are just room-mates."

About a week later, Vikki came to Seamus saying, "Ever since your mother left, I've been unable to find the silver sugar bowl. You don't suppose she took it do you?"

"Well, I doubt it, but I'll email her, just to be sure."

So he sat down and wrote: Dear Mam, I'm not saying that you 'did' take the sugar bowl from my house, and I'm not saying that you "did not" take it. But the fact remains that it has been missing ever since you left. Love, Seamus

Several days later, Seamus received an email from his Mam which read: "Dear Son, I'm not saying that you 'do' sleep with Vikki, and I'm not saying that you 'do not' sleep with her. But the fact remains that if she was sleeping in her OWN bed, she would have found the sugar bowl by now. Love, Mam".

Lesson: Don't Lie to Your Mother... she will not stop until she finds the truth!

New South African Toilet Door Lock



(This one deserves an Oscar ...!!)

**I shot my first Turkey today.
Scared the shit out of everyone in the frozen food section, it was awesome!**

Run: 1851 - Annual Daffodil run - Green Man, Thriplow

Date: 23 March 2003

Hares: **Daffidildo and Taxidermist** (Ed. So a stuffed cock, or a cock stuffer?)

Scribe: **Doggy Style** (Ed. Ha! making the "little woman" work - I like it!)

Rarely does **Daffy** share his schemes or ideas with me, but I always know when he is up to something. He was definitely up to something for this run and the cryptic posting on the web site "In an effort to do something different this Daffodil Run, we are going to attempt to manipulate the space-time continuum. Please bring a towel." had the CH-3 universe scratching their collective half-minds.

The dynamic duo did manage to draw a crowd; fifty braved the blustery spring weather with towels to find out what this was all about. I had never run from here, but I understand that it is a popular location. Some of the more seasoned hashers, **B@stard** and **Jetstream** had their own ideas of where the trail would go. Sadly **Daffy** did not share these ideas and I was informed that **Taxi** often gets the symbols confused when he lays a trail, Great!

After a loop thru town, we ran past our cars and the pub and headed toward the Church where the walkers were already checking it out. Most of the pack fell for a dubious turn-back out behind the church. Well Just **Vic** and **Anthea** found the true trail and **Vic** jogged back to tell the pack which was the right way to go. He made a tactical mistake here which he paid for later.

The trail then took us out of town toward Duxford. I guess we should not have been surprised that **Daffy** would run us straight toward a former USAF and RAF base which has plenty of airplanes. As we got back into the village, after a field full of sheep, we discovered a "DS" and next to it "Drinks Stop" The hares never mentioned a drink stop! At the far end of a nondescript foot path **Daffy** was handing out cocktails! I don't know why he bothered to put ice in the drinks because this is when it started to hail! At least we had several umbrellas in the car which held the rain out of the whiskey and Ginger Ale.

The Green Man was warm and cozy (Ed. Help!), filled with 50 half minds and some bewildered locals. **Daffy** kept going outside to check the weather, **Taxi** kept looking at the bottom of an empty pint glass and I tried to find people to lay trails. Finally I noticed the worried look in **While Your Down There's** eye as **Benghazi** made his way to the bar and ordered 10 pints. We all grabbed our towels and headed outside. The sky was blue and there was not a cloud in site.

The Circle:

Most of the assembled hashers made an attempt at Green and Yellow, but I was puzzled by **Double Top** and **Debonaire**, they were wearing their bath robes (dressing gowns)! **Ferret** called **B@stard** into the circle to give his thoughts on the trail. After seeing **B@stard** last night, I was amazed that he could even string a sentence together much less of fiery epitaph on how crap the r#n was. The hares received their down downs and then the RA took over the circle. **Blowback** quickly interrupted the RA and sang him a little Limerick which though I have now forgotten.

There were quite a few returners/visitors: **Thumper** and **Kinky** were back for a visit, we also welcomed back **Lucy Squared**, **Legless** (Ed. I this she means **LegOver** – Sheesh!), **Forget-me-Not**, **Just Vic** and **Just Anthea**. **Great White Hope** got a DD for being DFL, unusual, normally he never goes more than 50 meters from the pub! **Daffy** then pulled in **Double Top** and **Debonaire**, still wearing their bath robes, and started to unravel the riddle. Turns out the towel reference came from a book called "Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy". I figured I was the only one that had never heard of it, but **Blowback** was rather indignant because he had never read the book or seen the movie! **Daffy** got rather long winded about how to spell his name. He started talking about the Ghosts of RA's past skit and how they never solved the mystery of how to spell his name. He produced some information from the web site that had his name spelled Daffidildo and Daffodildo. He then proceeded to show the pack all of his haberdash with various different spellings of his hash name. After several minutes he asked the assembled: "How are we going to fix this". I am sure most of the pack thought, "Who cares" but **Daffy** had a different idea. He decided that the only way to solve

this mystery was to travel back in time to the day that he was named and ask the question to the then assembled pack.

Oddly enough he was named at the Green Man in Thriplow 11 years ago on 23 March 2003! Our illustrious RA then read and excerpt from the “so you want to f*ck-up the space time continuum.com” web site. Apprehensively, we all followed his instructions and put our towels in front of our faces. Nothing happened and then the pack started chanting “March 23rd 2003, March 23rd 2003, March 23rd 2003,” and all of the sudden, something did happen. **Taxi** and **Slaphead** entered the circle, **Taxi** was dressed in some odd costume and **Slaphead** was wearing a Tropic of Thetford 1234 shirt that looked brand new. Both hashers looked much younger and to borrow a term from the RA, more virile! **Taxi** was the 2003 RA that had named him, but he didn't come up with the name and couldn't remember how to spell it. **Slaphead** was the master mind who had come up it. After several pleads the 2003 **Slaphead** eventually buckled and calmly recited:

“D A F F I D I L D O”

My other half seemed very happy with himself and he quickly refocused the circle and travelled through time back to 2014.

The rest of the Circle: **Debonaire** gave **Moroccan Mole** a DD for competitive running and **Klinger** a DD for running the wrong way on trail and never getting out of the pen with all of the cute sheep in it. Back to the RA who punished the **Bear** for turning his towel into a turban and looking like a terrorist. **Just Vic** got named for the transgressions made earlier and will forever and ever be known as “**Four Play**”. **Daffy** finished the Circle by giving one of the Lucies a DD out of his Dildo. She had made the comment earlier that she hadn't seen any Willies on trail. She will not make that comment again.

Thankfully it started to rain and the circle was ended. Amen.

On-On

Doggy Style xoxoxox



Hash Calendar - Runs for April 2014

All runs start at 11:00am (ish)

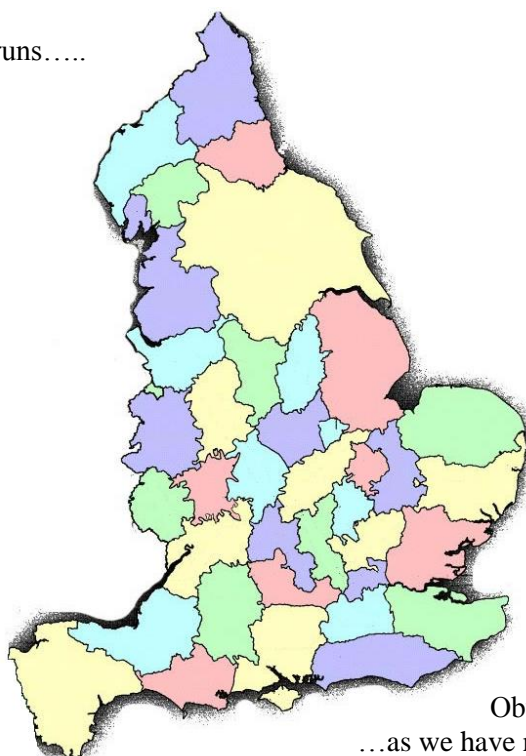


Hare raiser: Toed Bedsores Daffy Style

Illegible Maps at: www.ch3.co.uk

Run	Date	Hares	Location	Pub	Additional Info
1853	6 th April	Forrest Dump Ullage	Arrington SG8 0AH	Hardwick Arms	Use your Sat Nav!
1854	13 th April	Muff Diver Hangover Blues	106 Main St. Little Downham CB6 2SX	The Plough	Use your Sat Nav!
<u>Septuagenarian Stroll</u>					
1855	20 th April	Taxidermist, Slaphead, Toyboy, Klinger, Goes Quietly, Googly, Pugwash, Great White Hope	Wellington St. St.Ives PE27 5AZ	Oliver Cromwell (preorder food on 01480 465601)	Please bring money for the Guided Bus which you will be using to get to the run (about £2/3). Park cars in the P+R in St.Ives (right at roundabout on A1096 from A14 near Waitrose – down Meadow Lane). Further instructions on day. Please be kind to the Elderly and Infirm!!
1856	27 th April	Ferret Just Carl	Church at Hargrave (IP29 5HH)	On On at The Fox at Ousden	Use your Sat Nav!

Approximate area covered by CH3 runs.....



Obviously this is a slight exaggeration...
...as we have not been to the Isle of Wight recently!