

The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

February 2014



Scientists work on the new proposed austerity busting size Down Downs

Welcome to February's Herald (and you are)

29th January 2014 sees the start of the year of the horse



February interesting facts (thanks Antar)

February 2nd For the septics Groundhog Day According to folklore, if it is cloudy when a groundhog emerges from its burrow on this day, then spring will come early; if it is sunny, the groundhog will supposedly see its shadow and retreat back into its burrow, and the winter weather will continue for six more weeks

February 14th Valentines Day According to the condom company Durex, condom sales are highest around Valentine's Day, which are 20 percent to 30 percent higher than usual.

Penicillin, a popular treatment for venereal diseases such as syphilis, was introduced to the world on February 14, 1929.

ON ON
KERMIT



TOP SECRET - OPERATION SEAGULL - JUNE 8TH

This is a 1 day coach trip at a secret M.O.D. location somewhere on the Norfolk coast. It is inaccessible by train or car and a coach is the only means of transport that has a special pass to enter this restricted area. **At the beginning of February Unmentionable** will be taking names with a **non-refundable £5.00 deposit**. This is required asap in order to **determine the size of coach to be hired**.

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 (where can you buy a coach as cheap as this?)
- 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
**YOUYES
....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.

Run 1827 - White Hart, Godmanchester

Hare - Pedro and Imelda

Scribe - Pedro



With half of CH3 in Derbyshire, including most of the new Mismanagement, the pack size was reduced to only 23. What was lacking in numbers was made up by quality, including Beerstop on his official 300th run with CH3. Unofficially he thinks it was nearer 325 runs, but not according to the stats!

With the newly appointed RA away in Derbyshire, the ex-RA (Antar) made sure that the weather in Cambridgeshire was warm and sunny with temperatures in the 20'sC. Amazing what experience and lack of pressure can achieve.



Legover bitterly complained that from a checkpoint, he had run about 20 yards, found one blob of dust before turning right and then after finding several further blobs of dust he called "On On", before he eventually came upon a turn-back. The true trail actually went left, but he insisted that this was not right (correct)! Rule number 1 - there are no rules!

Benghazi and Posh were late back to the pub, after gorging on blackberries and then losing the trail.



Even Deep Shit felt the run was the right length, but only because he was knackered after completing the Wasdale Hardest. The other front runners just supped their beers!



Legover got all touchy feely in the role of RA and picked on the Twins for Down Downs. As you can see Antar was a bit worried at first, but relaxed when Legover's hand moved to his shoulder!

After the GM's edict the previous week, that the Hare should be the Scribe for the following weeks run, Toed was awarded a Down Down as the scribe. I on the other hand underwent surgery to avoid being Scribe on run 1828!



***On On
Pedro***

Man had seven-week erection after bike accident

DOCTORS have successfully treated a young mountain biker who had a rare condition of an unwanted seven-week erection.

The rare condition, known in medical terms as Priapism, first emerged for the 22-year-old man when he injured himself on the crossbar of his mountain bike.

After five weeks of having the erection, which was described as painless, he eventually went to the Tallaght hospital to seek further help.

Doctors tried a pressure dressing for two weeks but the erection returned immediately after the treatment.

Doctors then tried radiography, which helped remove the erection.

The man's case, which is outlined in the current issue of the Irish Medical Journal, states he did not suffer any further priapism following the treatment and he had "satisfactory erection and intercourse".



It has been reported that unprecedented numbers of older Cambridge hashers have contacted the bash expressing an interest in joining them.

Run 1828 - Duke of York, Saffron Waldon

Hare - Dances with Wasps and a co-hare being bribed with carrots

Scribe - Dances with Wasps



It was pi**ing down hard all morning. Car parking was challenging for most hashers – the huge free council car park was just 100m up the road but clearly that was a step too far for hashers planning to r*n about 6 miles. I thought it was because of the hares reputation for laying long trails so all were trying save their energy.

After the circle we showed the direction of on-on and immediately half the pack ignored us and went the wrong way, we figured they were just trying to find the back door of the pub. Eventually they all found the trail

and made their way via footpaths and offroad slippery tracks towards Audley End grounds. In the park one hasher ran blindly past dust and then came back to the check so the pack ran off course for ages before finally giving up and coming back to check the trail out properly. After passing through woods there was a brook-turned-flooded-river water crossing and then a turn back over the water, then a range of confusing parallel tracks, and a vast number of check points and one or two turn backs. Several fields and a housing estate later we all ended up back at the pub. The Duke of York did us proud with choices of real ale, free chips, and no Sunday diners to entertain with our pretty songs.



In the end we hares enjoyed lots of praise from hashers because they were all so completely shocked that the main trail was less than 6 miles that they forgot they were cold and wet and so were not miserable.

I've no idea who got down downs as I was frozen to death by this point. I have revived since then and feel sorry for the misguided edit here, for the mutiny of the r*n write-ups, so wrote up my own trail.

On-on, DWW



VALENTINES DAY

I got a Valentine's Day card from my grandmother. How ridiculous is that?

We stopped having sex years ago.

I hate the way everyone exploits Valentine's Day by putting their prices up.

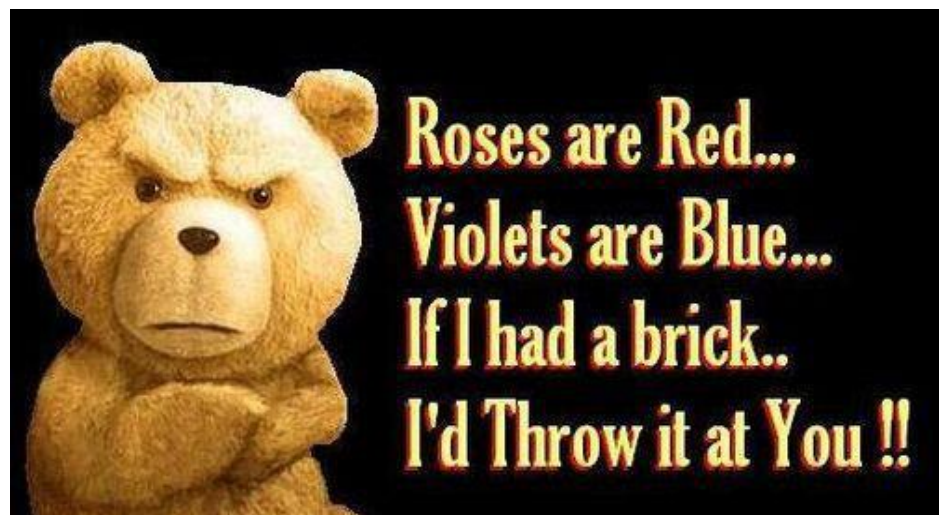
I just paid £40 for two Rohypnol.

I got in a bit of trouble after my girlfriend asked me where I was taking her this Valentine's Day... Apparently "up the chuff" wasn't the right answer.

Roses are shit, Violets are poo,
I've got Tourettes, so arse, wank, fuck you.

What's orange, 2 miles long and smells of kebab?
The queue for the morning after pill at every Boots in Newcastle after Valentines Day

**Roses are red
Violets are blue
Valentines is a
load of
consumerist
bullshit
now haven't you
got some ironing
to do?**



Run 1838 - Kings Head, Hadstock

Hare - Klinger and Earl of Pamisford

Scribe - Big Blouse

Returnees: The very lovely Shamcock and Ubend

Newbies: None

The weather forecast was dire with the threat of at least "several inches overnight" – now I don't know about you dear reader, but the very thought of several inches overnight can fair make the heart flutter.....

So it was in the cold light of a bleak, black and windy dawn that your intrepid scribe mused on the incongruities of life and gazed into the inky blackness of a foul dawn listening to the driving rain and pausing only to see the eldritch mists of the day appear in the gloom of the morning. So, I steelled myself for the coming day and went back to bed.....

When I awoke, it was bright sunshine and not exactly freezing either! – Well done to **Daffidildo** I thought for organising splendid weather against all odds.



Now, looking at our lovely hares **Klinger** and **The Earl of Pampisford** I couldn't help but notice the striking similarity between them and Statler and Waldorf in the muppetsjust sayin'.....

Ok, they're not that miserable and despite **the Earl** appearing to have dressed via a charity bank (at some speed by the look of it) these are two of our elder statesmen and their combined trail laying prowess is not to be sniffed at.

Gradually various folk began arriving including the very lovely **While you're down there** in festive hat and **Shiggy two shoes** in some rather splendid red fishnet tights, causing the apparent cold to seemingly melt away..... Sorry, where was i??, oh yes, all too soon it was time to circle up. The GM **Ferret** took command and the hares were dragged in to hold themselves to account.....I mean, explain the trail markings. We were relived to hear it wouldn't be a long trail but it would be a tad muddy. This was based on the fact that it had hosed down for about 12 hours the day before. Some folk like the ever present **Toed, Pedro** and **Legover** decided to brave the elements and reveal their legs (!), True it was a tad warmer than when we last hear about a year ago accompanied by about 12" of snow and treacherous ice. The combined talents of the hares sent up several false trails before we thought we were finally getting somewhere as we all struggled in the shiggy to the top of a hill, the dulcet tones of **Antar** could be heard calling the on, so we headed downhill sliding precariously along the way. The fleet footed **Blowback** sped past followed by the agile form of **Paparazzi** and as we rounded a hair pin bend, the b*****s had lead us to an evil turn back. After a prolonged bout of blaming each other, we trudged back up to the hill, amidst much swearing and sweating with **Jetstream** and **Bastard** appearing cool, calm and collected as usual.

Daffy called the on and sped off pursued by **Doggy style, Shiggy, Legover** and **Andrea** we were away along what we thought was the 'normal trail' only to find that the hares had cunningly split the pack in two and half were

wading through a shig filled tree lined ditch, while the rest of us trooped with heavily caked trainers across a field. At the point the hash disintegrated into about four separate packs, as **Ferret**, **Antar** and **ooohh la la**, disappeared from view.

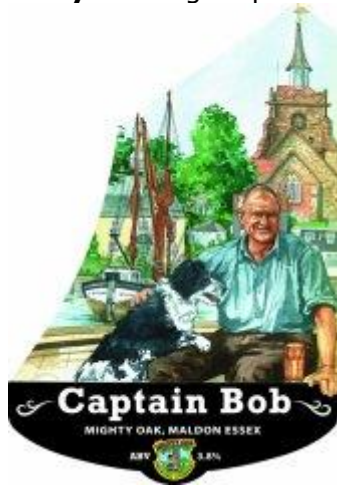
At this point no one guessed the real trail and several folk headed up the hill as **Antar** and yours truly headed back towards where we thought the main pack were – only to be completely wrong. We were lost..... After wandering about through the trees for several days, we found **Andrea** and **Welcome Matt** + **ooooohh la la** struggling across a ditch, so gallantly we aided them across the treacherous ravine.....oh, alright, it was just a muddy ditch I suppose as we thought it would be a gentlemanly thing to do so, despite the mocking just out of earshot..

By some minor miracle, we all managed to link up close to the village but the hares had cunningly put another false trail in which split the pack in half again and before we knew it we were back in the rear of the Church, and so that was it, the last run before Christmas day and we were back after approx. 4.5 miles of shiggy filled treacherous fun.

The pub consisted of enough unbelievably low beams that even **Kermit** looked wedged in at the bar, the floor area was across 4 levels and it was interesting to see several hashers hit the bar at the same time – it looked like a scene from "it's a Knockout" and it very nearly was for anyone over about 5'2". How the hell anyone negotiated that pub after about 5 pints without breaking a leg or knocking themselves out was beyond me. Still, the pub had some good draught ales on including 'Captain Bob' (3.8%) described as

So, as we'd got back early despite the cunning trail laid by the hares, we were once more thrust out into the cold for the circle.

Daffy once again produced a massive list and punishment was meted out to;



The Hares – **Klinger** and **The Earl of Pampisford** (Nice trail, thank you gents!) **Shamcock** and **U/Bend** for returning (briefly) from East Timor (quite how **Shamcock** got through quarantine at Gatwick is anyone's guess though)

Doggy style for Nepotism (that's what I was told anyway)

Paparazzi – I didn't quite get to the bottom of this but it was somehow her fault for the pub having a CB1 postcode and yet still being in darkest Essex (?!?, No, don't ask, I'm baffled too)

Blowback was given an honorary down down for a purportedly brilliant Christmas themed "Ghosts of R.A's past" skit at the Med for the hash Christmas party (Involving **Kermit**, **Legover** and **Jetstream**)

- **Ferret** – For having the wrong hat on (His said J.M and it should have been G.M – no one knew he was suffering from temporary dyslexia!)

- **Hold it For Me** – For having the wrong trainers
- **Andrea** – or having new shoes
- **Antar** and **Big Blouse** – for being chivalrous !
- **Welcome Matt** – For blocking the car park
- **Blowback** – For inviting **Daffy** back for being a good sport (no, didn't get that, maybe someone can explain)
- **Strap On**- For bizarrely being "pimped out" by El Rave ?? (possibly because El Rave wasn't there due to illness – but who knows. So, the penultimate hash of the year had ended.

ON ON, Big Blouse



SLAPHEAD'S LAST DECADE



ARE YOU ON THE CAMBRIDGE- BRUSSELS BUS?

AT LAST IT'S ALMOST HERE.....

BUT WHATS NEXT??????

Runs for February 2014

All runs start at 11:00 am

Maps at: www.ch3.co.uk

Hare raiser – Toed Bedsores- **resigned**

Hare raiser – Doggy Style- **not yet instated**



Run 1844 - February 2nd

Hares: Haven't got one & Czech Her Out

The White Horse Inn 1 Market St, Swavesey, Cambridge CB24 4QG

Run 1845 - February 9th

Hare: Arnhem

Three Tuns, Great Hormead,
SG9 0NT

Run 1846 February 16th

Hares: Ferret and Potty

The Ship Soham CB7 5HD
The G.M.'s Birthday Run



Run 1847 February 23rd

Hare: Singha Gold and B@stard,

The George, Babraham, CB22 3AG

