

The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers - July 2012

July Blessings from the RA



My aim to get back to basics with a no frills, four page, Herald have been thwarted! LegOver produced another tome for his run report which means another huge ten pager again this Month. Unfortunately I have been unable to print this on Bronco bog paper, as it not only clogged up the printer but the resulting publication left ink stains on my back-side when recycled. Further testing is required, maybe using softer Andrex, before a fully environmental and arse friendly Herald can be produced.

An advantage of being Edithare is that I can promote the RA's Blessings to the front page instead of hiding it away on page 7 and there's no need to mention LegOver who?!

Firstly, a note of warning for sun lovers: "If the first of July it be rainy weather, 'twill rain more or less for four weeks together" If that doesn't work then the Jetstream has another chance to perform, with St Swithin's day on 15th July! Combining the two could give 55 rainy, or even sunny, days!

So what's happening in July? Canada Day, US Independence Day, Bastille Day and of course National Lasagne Day on 29th – you can forget them all as long as you remember the Seaside Run at Sheringham! For those who don't want to stay for the weekend, last year it only took Potty Trained an hour and a half to drive there, the same time that it took Potty to walk from the campsite!

Breaking news this month – scientists are developing a new drug, dihydromyricetin or DHM, which aims to stop drinkers getting drunk. The chemical is extracted from the seeds of the Asian tree Hovenia Dulcis, which was first used as a hangover cure in the year 659. Sounds good? Maybe, but think about it. This could destroy the whole point of drinking, never getting pissed? What's the pleasure in that? Falling over, puking your guts up and a thumping headache the next day is nature's way of telling you that you'll die soon if you don't ease off. What's the point of having a clear head if your liver is shot to pieces?

Another unwanted side effect would be the loss of "beer goggles", which render the most ugly of us sufficiently attractive to get the odd shag. Without the assistance of a few beers some of us would never get laid! This could seriously diminish the ability for hashers to reproduce – maybe not such a bad thing?

So far DHM has only been tested on rats, who were given the equivalent of 15 to 20 bottles of beer in two hours. Most animals passed out and remained motionless when flipped over, but, when given DHM, the rats could handle their drink better, they took longer to get drunk and seemed to sober up in about 15 minutes. More significantly, the chemical seems to stop rats wanting to drink and although they can drink more, they don't. It's only a matter of time before the researchers try it out on hashers. Beware!

Taxidermist – why no song of the Month?
Bastard – why no Receding Hareline?
Unreliable tossers!

22nd Jan - Plough, Great Chesterford.
Hares: Duncan Disorderly & Dances
with Wasps



Consoling the Hare

I was told by the Grandmaster today (Sunday 1st April) that I'm writing a run report for a run back in January. Was I there? I don't really know, so here goes.

It was obviously a Sunday morning and still dark back then in the depths of winter. The run set off at 11am as usual, but it was light by then.



..... and don't forget Brussels in 2014

I remember it now ... that gruelling, cold, very windy, shaggy, fucking endless run from hell. Oh yes, it was 2 hours 10 minutes of torture later before I got back to the Inn. I was nearly losing the plot by then.



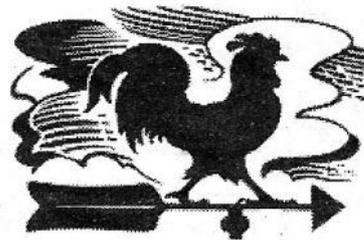
No pictures of the actual run but this one from Nov 2008 from the same pub sums it up!

So all I can say is f**k off to the hares whoever they were that laid that trail on that Sunday.

On-On! Three Swallows

Footnote from the RA

Weather Eye
Paul Simons



Summer seems to be over before it has begun. The powerful depression that dropped a deluge of rain over Wales last week was very unusual for June — twice the average rainfall for the whole of June fell in 24 hours in Wales and set off disastrous flooding (report, June 9).

The blame for this month's wet weather lies with the jet stream

Usually the jet stream migrates north of the UK in the summer, but currently it is swinging close by and sucking up air from the below, generating stiff winds and heavy rains.

Please give generously to send Jetstream north to Scotland (or anywhere for that matter!) so that the sun will shine in Cambridge.

Sunday 3rd June - The Tally Ho, Barkway. Hares: Kermit & Antar



I blame the RA. And he's guilty. I got on my bike to cycle to the Hash. It was raining. I cycled through Shelford. It was raining. I cycled through Newton. Guess what? It was raining. I cycled through Fowlmere. It was r**ning. Through Barley. Still r**ning. Got to Barkway, and - as Monty Python might have put it - it was still r**ning. So I was stupid. And wet.

The hares, Kermit and Antar, blame the RA. And he's guilty. They laid a trail. Or at least, they claim to have laid a trail. On Saturday. And not the usual trail from The Tally-Ho, either. There was substantial evidence to support their claim. Sawdust. Soggy sawdust. Not in the usual places. But the chalk marking the trail between the sections laid in sawdust had washed away. Because it was r**ning. This did have the rather comic consequence of our two hares outrunning the FRBs to join the dots - which they did spectacularly well. So well, in fact, it was hard to tell that there had been a right Royal f*** up. Unlike the pageantry in London. How appropriate.

We welcomed the Grand Mattress from the Cantabrigensis Hash. An object lesson in how it should be done. What it was, I'm not entirely sure, however. Holding a check as the visiting Grand Mattress approached, I requested "Hold it for me?" "That's your name isn't it?" she quipped. The sawdust trail was beautifully laid - dust and checkpoints. And turnbacks. And checkbacks. All laid with such skill that this hasher at least smiled at our talented hares, as I found false trail after false trail. I didn't find any chalk though. The pack were back at the

pub by 12.15 - FRBs, SCBs and The Earl in his car. Those talented hares. And it was still r**ning.

We sampled Buntingford ales - which almost kept me from the circle. The 'Dark Stone' - and the barmaid - were particularly tasty. Guess what happened during the circle? It carried on r**ning.

And Posh was presented with a down-down (in rather nice tankard) to mark her four hundredth run. Congratulations!



And Pedro quipped that the hares had kissed before the run. Antar - having kissed a frog - being transformed into a - scarily convincing - queen.



Thanks to the hares for a stylish, joined-up run. And to the RA for the weather. Should the Queen reign till her Platinum Jubilee, I suspect it will still be r**ning in Barkway.

Hold It For Me

8th April - Mildenhall Woods followed by the Riverside House Hotel. Hares: Potty and Potty Trained

If you go down to the woods today you're sure of a great surprise! Almost written for today's run.



Bob addresses the circle

Mildenhall Woods Car Park, affectionately known as the dogging car park was the venue for the Easter run. Our 2 Easter bunnies, or hares for short, had narrowly avoided a night in the company of aforementioned doggers and escaped complete with their easter goodies, which I assume explains the lack of picnic food on trail.

Part of the big surprise was that much of the run was not in the woods but along both banks of the nearby river. El Rave however created a trail of his own and was not to be seen from start to finish. Due to the brief sojourn in the wood I was unable to ascertain whether Bear did manage to have a picnic, but maybe El Rave discovered more on his route.



FRBs watching where they put their feet

As it was Easter Sunday there was one thought that sprung to mind and that was 'Is the Pope a Catholic? and 'Does a Bear shit in the woods?' (or is it the

other way round?) Again saw little of Bear on the trail so was unable to answer the second part but on the trail had my expert Catholic or not hunter, Benghazi, who was able to ascertain that the Bear was possibly not a Catholic due to the copious amount of condoms found on the latter part of the trail.



Blind visitor about to fall over a Bear sized condom

A welcome beer stop greeted us at the end of the trail, except for those who needed more time to search for evidence of picnics and shit and went off into the woods again.



Walker's special

The rather upmarket venue for beer and down downs coped remarkably well with our motley crew which of course included some of US crowd, well it was on their doorstep.

Down Downs for visiting US Hashers, our Fenland Tarts who had actually remembered it was Easter and turned up in their glorious Easter Bonnets, DT for wool gathering, or was it wood? And then appeared the missing Easter Eggs that had been missing in the woods for the Bear.

On-On! Bob

June 10th Gog Magog Dogging Park followed by Fulbourn Social Club Hares: Paparazzi and El Rave



Having found the car park, I thought we had got the wrong week - not seeing any clowns, fairies or pantomime horses. With a little relief I saw Paparazzi and El Rave in their fairy and clown costumes welcoming some 'Essex fairies'. We didn't mingle for long before Ted shouts 'what time does the eleven o'clock ---'. GM called for a circle, giving a telling off for lack of costume and well done to Essex-Vicky Vomit, Lunchbox, Sooty and Doctor for making splendid Fairies. Blouse spoke up in his defence that, 'he comes as a fairy every week'.

El Rave advised that being in a country park meant that dogs, women and children had to be kept on leads and tolerated. So, as the Whittles were pulling into the car park the pack was sent up a hill side of lovely wild flowers. Ted having put his back out warming up was going up the hill at twenty degrees to his right. We went up the hill; we came back down the hill and then went around it before crossing the main road to the Wendlebury Country park. The park was great hashing with lots of tree and bush cover with openings of wild flowers. There was the odd crash and crunch of undergrowth as a big hairy fairy in blue tights jumped out and shouted at a family with small children 'did they come this way' and then ran off muttering can't wait, can't wait.



The children were in shock and their mother trying to explain that it wasn't the tooth fairy. Kermit and Bastard let the day get to them, they couldn't hold back from having a gentile skip, hand in hand, down a tree lined trail while Benghazi looked almost as happy in a shaded glade. Googly was feeling the warmth and took a layer off, but still had a full towelling track suit on underneath.



Having conquered Wendlebury Country Park the trail swept round to a beer stop. The excellent trail laying put the back markers at the beer stop ahead of the front runners and the hairy fairies. Clinger got their almost last but for Antar who took an earlier short cut, got lost, fell down a rabbit hole, met the mad hatter – and stumbled from a hollow tree onto the beer stop last. Ted didn't make the beer stop, as he was listing more and more to his right and started running in circles, he spun off and ended up at the cars. The rest of the pack had a very pleasant stroll over the main road, around the big hill and back to the cars.

From the cars it was a race to the 'on' at the Fulbourn Social Club. I roared past Great Spirit on her bike outside Gog Magog, then as I was getting out of my car at the club Great Spirit rode past and beat me to the bar.

The Queen came along wanting to join Paparazzi's bash, she brought one of her corgis and was treated to the hash fairies and clowns coming out of their closets with the smell of beer and lasanga and chips – thank you.



The circle was called and the RA was equipped with fairy wings that had a Tesco label attached. Strange how males who dress in feminine outfits have to retain something to say they are not really!!

The down downs included:-

Visitors (Essex fairies), Jolly green fairy (great outfit), Computer (great costume), Birthday girl, Vomit-off, Generator only at Xmas, Taxi –bad singing, Potty-going in ladies, Bear as a forgotten composer, Legover

and Benghazi doing something with a Corgi, Great Spirit for beating me on her bike, Antar falling down a rabbit hole, Queen her celebration too, Kermit and Bastard skipping together and having too much Sex. Mattress was stalking in Irish, she did something to Salty Sperm whale, got one on Blouse, and advised Toed to do less warming up and get some acupuncture.



This was followed by Paparazzi's Rave. Well done and happy Birthday.

On-On! Wimp



Obviously Potty's brain is up his arse and Sitting on ice stops it from overheating



Potty's Word Processor

This space is reserved for Potty's run reports for Runs 1720 and 1744.

27th May - Red Lion, Cherry Hinton Hares: Double Top, While You're Down There & Kinky



The Hares

Well, after recently producing a Herald worthy of the Pulitzer prize, you would have thought that I might be given a few weeks off, but oh no - that bastard of an RA (rather than that **Bastard** the hasher) decided that I now needed to produce a run write up as well. I suspect this is the Whittle family trying to get revenge for the fact that I constantly remind them that I did their job for a year when **Blowjob** was supposed to be the RA but bugged off to India. Well, as you have probably guessed, I am now going to exact my revenge by proceeding to abuse and offend as many people (well Hashers) as possible.....

What I didn't tell them, as on occasion the Whittles do manage to take feeble control over the circle and thus I might get a down-down, was that this hash marked the my 11th anniversary of hashing, with my first ever Hash being atThe Red Lion, Cherry Hinton – I know, spooky eh?

Well being Harriet's month, there was the obligatory male hasher pretending to be female. This seems to be the only way that we can get a decent trail in the month of May and I suspect is based on the fact that women have absolutely no sense of direction! It's not their fault - there is a biological explanation for this total inability to understand maps, directions or even know where they are: They don't stop bloody talking for long enough to concentrate on where they are going or where they are!

Whilst waiting for the circle, **Googly** was seen 'riding' a dolphin in the pub playground and several Harriet's were overheard discussing how they "like them big". Being somewhat perturbed by the sights and sounds of my immediate vicinity, I found myself praying that **Toed** would whisper his usual timid reminder to the GM that we were supposed to be doing something, somewhere, about now-ish.

Bobetta finally called the circle to order. The women carried on talking about shoes, what they saw their neighbour doing, how swollen Ethel's ankles are and "oh have you heard about poor old Mavis"? The men listened to **Kinky** (this weeks poorly disguised male Harriet describe the run, the fact there would be a beerstop (more on that later) and where the on-on was – and then all set off running, mainly to distance themselves from the constant tinnitus-like sound in their ears emanating from the female of the species.

The exit to the pub gardens was via a locked gate, which immediately flummoxed the token Septic that had joined us. When he finally worked out how to deal with that obstacle, he ran across the road and tried to gain access to a park, only to be completely and utterly flummoxed by another strange English invention – another gate! With that sort of memory retention I am amazed that the average Septic can function at even the most basic levels – such as breathing and pumping blood around their bodies at the same time!



Taxidermist and 3 Swallows admiring a locked gate

After a short section running around the finer housing areas of Cherry Hinton (yes, I am lying) we were lead by a CH3 symbol, an arrow and several blobs of flour into the chalk pits. Half an hour later, the pack was still in the calk pit, still lost and still looking for white blobs of flour – in a chalk pit – DOH!

Eventually **Kinky** arrived, sighed when he saw the arrow that had been drawn by a Harriet and in front of the RA and GMat – who as we all now know is actually a salty sperm lid, drew a new arrow – pointing in the opposite direction – DOH!



We were soon heading through Cherry Hinton Park, mainly I suspect to keep the old paedos of the Hash happy and strangely enough it did. **Bastard** and **Kermit** were seen running in totally the wrong direction in order to ogle a barely legal girl who celebrating the warm weather by wearing very little – and they did tell me – DOH!

At the next check point we again went in to Brownian motion mode as there was no clear route and again Kinky arrived 5 minutes later to make a subtle change to the Harriet's markings by this time adding not one, but two arrows AND a W and R symbol. When quizzed about the existence of a walkers trail, **Kinky** uttered those immortal words "There isn't one, the walkers can find their own f***ing way home". (I may have shouted the last part of that out, but I am sure it was what Kinky was thinking).

We were now heading home and therefore looking out for a likely place for a drinks stop; however all we ran past was a tramp, selling modern art paintings and eating very smelly chilli con carne. Finally, we spotted **Chicken Legs** and **Double Top** sneaking off into the

middle of a car park for what we thought was a bit of rumpy-pumpy but it turned out to be a bit of drinky-winky stop. Yes that's right, on the hottest day of the year so far, the dozy Hares had managed to find the only place for a drinks stop where there was absolutely no shade – DOH!

During our brief, sun-baked drinks stop as we huddled under a tiny shroud for shade and watched the late-comers, who had to stand in the car park, slowly sink into the ever softening tarmac. As we did so, we learnt that during those long Antarctic nights, **Muthatuka** has become an expert on Penguin sex. Apparently he stuffs his birds head in a bag so she can't bite him and then holds her like a rugby ball. So be warned ladies: If you see **Muthatuka** cuming towards you, with a glint in his eye and a bag in his hand – RUN!

The rest of the trail (actually most of the trail) was fairly dull, but we eventually found our way to the pub and awaited the entertainment, which these days seems to be a circle comprised of motley old crew of women constantly talking, men playing pocket billiards, and a choir that can't sing and even if they could, they can't remember what they are supposed to be singing about. In the middle is a bloke with fabulous breasts, a grumpy RA who reckons short cutting is an art form and a big bed who ambles in with a hangover, displays her latest war wounds and then promptly forgets who she was going to abuse.



Today's circle was therefore absolutely perfect: **Bobetta** called the circle to order, the women didn't stop talking, the men stood around with their hands in

their pockets and the choir sang like a room full of half-starved cats. The Hares were quickly dismissed after taking several hours to drink a thimble of beer and the circle was handed over to clan-Whittle.



Sitting! Wouldn't have been allowed in my day!

The RA started with some mild mannered abuse of the usual suspects: -

Beerstop – for missing the beer stop – again!

Pedro – for apparently shagging the totty next door (good lad)

LegOver – some utter tosh about plagiarism (although since none of us read his drivel I fail to understand how we could copy it)

DeepShit - for sitting in the (badly positioned) circle

Webber – For being a returnee (It was also his birthday – which of course we don't celebrate, unless cake is supplied)

Kermit – For puppy spotting with (lucky) **Bastard**

Taxi – for another shit song of the month (so no change there then)

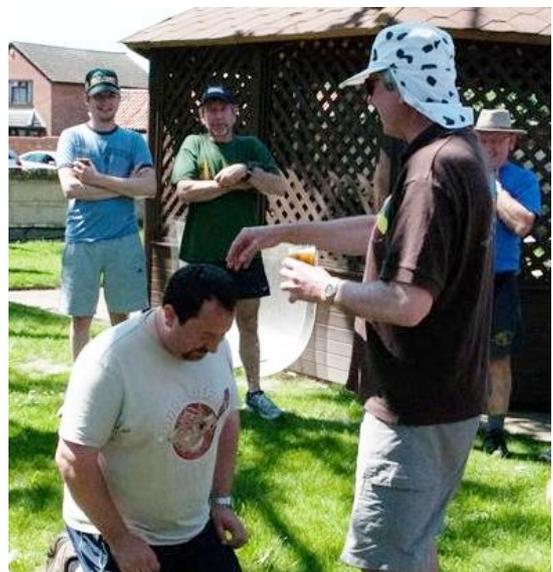
WYDT – for a plethora of crimes, the worst of which was wearing new shoes



The Verger's charge

The big bed, also now know as **Salty Sperm Lid** then meandered into the circle, declared that we didn't inspire her to remember any sins from the run (in other words she was nursing the usual monstrous hangover and didn't know her own name, let alone where she was or what she was supposed to be doing) and then in desperation spotted **Three Swallows** and gave her a down-down for also being a returnee.

At some point(less) in the proceedings, some poor shmuck with a spotty dog was randomly picked on and given the hash name **Cruella De Hash** because the most interesting thing about him was said spotty dog.



One Hundred actually christened Cruella De Hash

Since there was no raffle from **Toed** (THANK GOD FOR THAT I hear you all cry), the circle then gradually slipped into utter chaos and just ebbed away, whilst those with a life went home and instead of enjoying the weather with our family and friends, sat inside and watched the Monaco Grand Prix (Big Willy in English).

On-On! **LegOver**

Runs for July 2012. All runs start at 11am sharp, whether or not the RA has arrived. Bring clean shoes.

Run 1761 July 1st The Anchor, Little Downham, CB6 2ST.
Hare: Haven't Got One

Run 1762 July 8th Cross Keys, Upwood PE26 2QE
Hares: AWOL & Invisible Man

Not sure why the postcode leads to Wistow? SatNav users take care! Real Ales available, Food can be booked, see pub Website. Wear something invisible or don't come at all.

Run 1763 July 15th Sheringham Beer Festival.
Hares: Double Top, Potty & Ferret

Arrive on Saturday and get pissed, or leave early on Sunday morning and drive like shit. Run starts at 11am as usual and starts in the Station. Don't be late or you might miss the run/train.

Run 1764 July 22nd The Chequers, Wrestlingworth,
Hare: Googly

Run 1765 July 29th To Be Advised
Hare: Big Blouse



Water into Wine – your RA was here!