
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

June 2012



🎵 🎵 Drink it Down down down down... 🎵 🎵

On-on to the longest day



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Welcome -from your scribe.

So harriette's month is over with its usual impressive turnout of actual female harriettes. And just to give our harriettes some encouragement here is a picture of how we would like to see our hares turning out in harriette's month next year (or sooner even better).

This last month has, sadly, been marked by the passing of two fondly remembered hashers, Boy Named Siew and Underwear, and we pay tribute to them below.

But it wasn't all bad news. Two other fondly remembered hashers, Ron and Ruby, have made local news by reaching their platinum wedding anniversary. Both are now 88 and both have run more than 900 trails with us. And in the coming month Paparazzi celebrates a milestone birthday with a party on on, and there are a couple of beer festival runs to enjoy.

And as we enter June the weather finally seems to have noticed we no longer have a drought and has decided to turn the sun back on. RA Jetstream seems to think this is something he has had a hand in, and maybe he has. I just hope he remembers the right prayers to say for the next 4 months or so.

Last month Legover set a challenge with a 22 page Herald. It's a good job we don't print 120 paper copies any more as we used to before the electronic age. It would have cost a rain forest and a half. I had no intention of trying to compete with this, but as the material has slowly built up it seems that, at least in quantity, I have somehow managed to match him.

Your scribe next month is Jetstream, and I'm relying on him to bring sanity back to this process and return to the customary 3 or 4 pages.

... on on to **Jetstream**

Enjoy,

Kinky



A pair of hares we didn't see in Harriette's month





Cuming Herald Scribes.

- Jul Jetstream
- Aug Big Blouse
- Sep Taxidermist

Edithares 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.

A German approaches a prostitute and says, "I vish to buy sex vit you."

"OK" says the girl, "I'll charge 60 euro an hour."

"Ist goot, but I must varn you, I am a little kinky."

"No problem," she replies cautiously, "I can do a little kinky." So off they go to the girl's flat, where the German produces four large bedsprings and a duck caller. I vant you to tie ze springs to each of your limbs."

The girl finds this most odd, but complies, fastening the springs to her elbows and knees. "Now you vill get on your hans und knees." She duly does this, balancing on the springs.

"You vill please blow zis vistle as I make love to you." She find this odd, but it's harmless, and after all the guy is paying well. The sex is fantastic.

She is bounced all over the room by the energetic German, all the time honking on the duck caller. The climax is the most sensational that she has ever experienced and it is several minutes before she has recovered the breath to say:

"That was totally amazing, where did you learn how to do that?"

"Ah," says the German, "Four-sprung duck technique"

Receding Hareline:

I thought it was probably time to extend the remit of the hareline to cover such topics as agony aunts, advice and warnings as well as the usual beer infused information (although that is still on the list).

Talking of beer - the 39th beer fest has been very good apart from the ever increasing costs of entry, glass hire and (shock, horror!) beer - it is now worth joining CAMRA as the annual fee covers the cost of going for 5 days which is, of course, the correct amount of days to visit. I have only managed to try a dozen or so beers up to now but there are still 3 days left as I write so I hope for some improvement on that. It's no good asking me which are the good ones as I have lost my booklet already but if you turn right at the entrance towards the end of the alphabet there 2 or 3 down there that were exceptional. It's just a shame it will be all over by the time you read this!

Anyway.

Some advice for any of the single males out there....

How not to pick up a girl:

Let's just say you are a fat, sunburned bastard on holiday somewhere nice and warm and you have burned off a few calories walking down to the beach and wallowing in the water (which is cold) like some large behemoth (or walrus - take your pick) before heading to a beach bar where your mates are having a drink.



And let's just say that the owner of the bar is a good looking lass who appears to have taken a shine to you.

My advice to you is - don't get totally pissed and tell her she needs to get a better cook (in this case the fat bastard in question suggested he could sell up in the UK and move in with her and show her how to cook calamari properly).

More advice is - having got totally pissed and, with said mates heading back, don't go up to her while she is having lunch with her friends and sing her an Australian love song by Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson.

'Cos it wont work and you'll come home empty handed.

Thus ends the lesson of the day.

On celibacy

On on B@stard



Song of the Month

ChoirMaster – Taxidermist

CLOSE TO BREW

Melody - Close to You.

Why do hashers suddenly appear,
Every time BEER is NEAR?
Just like me, they long to be,
Close to Brew,
Drink it down, down, down

...and a Poem of the Month

Widecombe Fen

*Roger Crabb, Roger Crabb, lend me your fine bike,
All along, down along, out along lee,
For I'm laying a trail – it'll be quite a hike,
Wi' Mike Powell, Chris Howell, Peter Trippett, Peter Battram, Penny Whittle, Alec Hawks,
old Uncle Bob Burton and all; Old Uncle Bob Burton and all.*

*On Sunday Toed bellowed "it's eleven o'clock clear",
All along, down along, out along lee,
But Crabbo's old bike did not reappear,
Wi' Mike Powell, Chris Howell, Peter Trippett, Peter Battram, Penny Whittle, Alec Hawks,
old Uncle Bob Burton and all; Old Uncle Bob Burton and all.*

*The pack set off through the shiggy and mire,
All along, down along, out along lee,
Occasionally seeing the track of the tyre,
Wi' Mike Powell, Chris Howell, Peter Trippett, Peter Battram, Penny Whittle, Alec Hawks, old Uncle
Bob Burton and all; Old Uncle Bob Burton and all.*

*At sunset the front runners were still going well,
All along, down along, out along lee,
Crabbo's bike still ahead and a'ringing its bell,
Wi' Mike Powell, Chris Howell, Peter Trippett, Peter Battram, Penny Whittle, Alec Hawks, old Uncle
Bob Burton and all; Old Uncle Bob Burton and all.*

*All along, down along, out along lee,
And Crabbo's old bike was ne'er seen again,
Wi' Mike Powell, Chris Howell, Peter Trippett, Peter Battram, Penny Whittle, Alec Hawks, old
Uncle Bob Burton and all; Old Uncle Bob Burton and all.*

*When the wind whistles cold and the fen's wet with rain,
All along, down along, out along lee,
Crabbo's old bike is heard rattling its chain,
Wi' Mike Powell, Chris Howell, Peter Trippett, Peter Battram, Penny Whittle, Alec Hawks, old
Uncle Bob Burton and all; Old Uncle Bob Burton and all.*

Kinky



June's Jubilee Jubilations from the RA

Glorious June, an extra day's holiday to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, street parties, fireworks and concerts. How will the Hash celebrate? Will **LegOver** be producing a special edition of the Herald? No! **Kermit** will be laying a run in TBA, no expense spared! At least we have to be thankful for the end of Harriette's Month, with three transvestite hares, **Ferrari Ferret**, **Bob** and **Slaphead** pretending to be harriettes, and only **Double Top** and **WYDT** setting a genuine harriette's trail.



At last the **Jetstream** is having some influence on the weather! Jet St Ream demonstrating his control of the weather
After a disappointing seven months since the AGPU and not a sign of rain on Sunday mornings, I've finally cracked it and the **Jetstream** is now controlling the weather. Paul Simon's weather notes in The Times last Wednesday included half a dozen references to the all powerful **Jetstream**. How do we explain it? I'll quote from today's weather notes "The reason for these events is big contortions in the **Jetstream**, the belt of high-altitude winds that drive much of our weather. Sometimes the path of the **Jetstream** runs as straight as an arrow, from east to west around the globe, but this spring the **Jetstream** has been writhing like a giant snake." A further three personal mentions eat your heart out **LegOver**, who complains that he can't even get a mention in the CH3 Herald unless he edits it himself!

Praise where it's due, **LegOver's** May Herald was a highly amusing tome and it is worth paying annual subs of £50 just for the privilege of reading his 22 page edition! His article on Hash handles and their origins started me thinking, why and from where did the odd names on the Cambridge hash derive? Only a few of our names made it into the definitive "Hare of the Dog" by Stu (**The Colonel**) Lloyd, a publication running to 460 pages **LegOver** take note. **Hold It For Me**, **Toed Bedsores** and **Taxidermist** being the only ones included who are still hashing regularly with CH3. Maybe a topic for a future Herald? Whilst on the subject, my favourite hash handle of all time has to be **Thrush** from Berkshire H3, so named because he's an irritating cunt!

Has anyone else noticed that the **Bear** is slowly becoming the Cambridge Poet Laureate? Despite not getting any credit for his efforts, he has been responsible for the latest three "songs of the month" as well as his ode to **The Brigadier**. As we only have 22 positions on the Mismanagement is it time this was extended this to 23 to include a hash poet, if so, I nominate **LegOver**, sorry I meant **Bear**! Although anyone who has heard his latest, and most tasteless so far, song of the month may have a different view!

If you read my February rant (which I don't suppose you did) you will have seen a letter from an anonymous harriette who had problems with her car. She obviously wasn't satisfied with my reply and wrote again to **BaD aLe** with the same question, however, rather than publish her letter anonymously, it was attributed to **Emelda** so that we all know who the wayward husband is! Alternatively, could it be a simple case of plagiarism by **LegOver**? Surely not!

Following on from **LegOver's** complaint that he never gets mentioned in run reports and is worried that we may have forgotten him, I have included a reference to our former RA in each paragraph of this month's blessings, just to remind you that he still exists who's that again?

Blessings to you all!

Jet St Ream.

Heisenberg is out for a drive when he's stopped by a policeman. The cop says 'Do you know how fast you were going?' Heisenberg says 'No, but I know where I am.'

During a recent password audit at our company, it was found that a blonde receptionist was using the following password:

"MickeyMinniePlutoHueyLouieDeweyDonaldGoofyOttawa"

When asked why she had such a long password, she said it was because she was told that it had to be at least 8 characters long and include at least one capital.



A typical day at the Supermarket

Run 1752 (that's just after 10 to 6)

– The George and Dragon, Graveley – 30th April

Hares – Thumper & Oh La La

Scribe – B@stard

I awoke at about 7am to hear the rain pounding against the window and the wind howling through the trees and thought... hash? Nah. Then I remembered I was the 'willing' scribe today and since I'd missed the previous two trails where I was meant to be hare and the previous occasion when I was meant to scribe I thought perhaps I should make an effort and turn up. I was driving as **Paparazzi** couldn't be arsed (although that wasn't the excuse she made, I already knew she didn't want to drive 'cos **Derrick** had told me!) so I was also the keeper of the Herald....more of that later.

I set off early as it was a bloody long way and as mentioned the weather was fowl. When I arrived there was no-one there which was worrying. Eventually **Taxidermist** turned up followed by **Goldfinger** and **Slaphead** until about 15 or 20 hardy souls were huddled in the smoking area (as it was covered and not because we smoke, which we don't, or at least some of us don't). Everyone was shivering and wingeing and wondering where the hares were – and the committee for that matter.

At a couple of minutes after 11, wouldn't have happened in my day (no **Toed** to remind us of the time – hurrah!) **Blowback** called the pack to order and enquired as to the whereabouts of aforementioned hares. **Kinky** tried to call **Thumper** but she was out of range of his antique mobile phone so the pack set off to check it out. **Klinger** found the on, which was disturbing and we set off up the road complaining about the cold and the wet and the east wind (which we don't get any more do we, **Jetstream?**).

Having hacked up the road a bit we set off into the countryside only to find ourselves back on the road again. Eventually after a mile or so of road running with me complaining and **Leg Over** and **Lady Slipstream** saying 'well it's better than mud isn't it?' we found ourselves on a footpath. Once the pack had realised that there was no chance that anyone could stay dry we all ran through the puddles and streams and raging torrents that obstructed the paths and everyone started to be like little kids playing in puddles – let's face it, that's pretty close to the truth anyway!

The trail eventually came to a short and long split. The pack was only 9 people and 7 of them took the long trail so, against my better judgement, I followed them. Looking back, I saw **Klinger** taking the short trail but knew better than to follow him. There was more shiggy and puddles and driving rain and even the odd checkpoint. Having gone through a field of bullocks (yes, that is spelt rite) where **Unmentionable** put on an incredible burst of speed and **Lady Slipstream** hid behind **Antar**, we found ourselves back at the point where the trails split and set off up the short trail. I was starting to regret not following **Klinger**!

A mile or so down the road we got back to another familiar part of the trail – yes, we'd found the out trail but now it said ON INN – bollocky bugricks how had they taken so long to lay the trail when most of it was going back on itself? So, it was back to running through torrents and whatnot until to our delight we spotted a beer stop – hurrah! Not bad beer, either, although for the purists there were a couple of bottles of that cheap French lager beloved by no hashers at all. I asked the hares why it had taken them so long to lay the trail and why so much road and **Ooh La La** told me it was because so much of the original trail had been flooded – err which part of that did we miss?! So after a fizzy beer it was a couple of miles down the road to the pub.

The weather deteriorated again so that as I got changed I got almost as wet as while I was 'running'. Once in the pub the choice was Greene King IPA or Abbott so a pint of Abbott it was and time to hand out the Herald. This was a mighty tome penned by **Leg Over** and **Taxidermist** was heard to ask "Why hasn't it got an ISBN number?" **Leg Over** had surpassed himself by coining a few anagrams of hashers names and had really gone to town on **Lady Slipstream** (that's not a

The circle was small with only 6 down downs so the Suff*ck hash who arrived as the circle was being called to order got **sweet FA** for being late (although **Anal** and **Demons** could get something if she played her cards right). The hares were awarded for a great trail laid in adversity, **Leg Over** for his abuse of the Grand Mattress, **Big Blouse** for the usual spurious shite, oh! No, it wasn't **Blouse** it was **Jeststream** for his Times weather report and inability to control it (the Jetstream, not the Times, although I'm sure he has the measure of big Rupe) and I seem to remember I got one which must have been uncalled for which means someone else got one as I can count to six but can't remember who it was. Oh, yes! Back to **Klinger** - if I had followed him on the short trail I would have ended up at the golf club and found myself with him on the driving range and would have had to be there when he went into the club house to ask for directions to the village - that's who got the other down down. Not quite as good as when he had to knock on a door to ask permission to be let out of the owners back garden, but damn close.

All in all a great day and a shame a few more hardy souls didn't turn out as it was fun (note to self - splashing in puddles is fun even if it is cold!).

Onwards



Run 1753 – Cherry Tree, Stradishall – 6th May

Hares – Ferret, Furry Ferret & Crash Test Dummy

Scribe - Kinky

Well, there are a few pieces of disinformation in these headlines. First the run started and finished at a random lay-by on the A143 just up the road from HM Highpoint high security prison, some way away from the Cherry Tree. I thought perhaps we were being tricked into providing the wheels for a mass breakout from said establishment. Just in case this was true, we all decided to park tail to the kerb so we could make a Le Mans style high speed run for it in the event. That is except for the hashers who parked nose in – that would have made it interesting if we'd all set off as one.

The second headline discrepancy is that **Ferret** was nowhere to be seen – being across the pond in New York (and running with another hash group no doubt). Still, at least that meant that a real harriette, **Furry Ferret**, did actually help lay the trail in the first weekend of harriette's month. And she brought along **Crash Test Dummy** to help her lay the turn-backs. We don't see him often enough these days.

And between them they created a quality hash trail. For the second time in 2 weeks it turned out to be a P shaped trail with the in-trail being the reverse of the out-trail and a regular loop in the middle. This confuses poor simple hashers like myself who figure "it can't go that way cos it will cross over itself"! There was a good amount of shiggy around but at least the rain held off.

The pack mainly kept quite well together and there were only a few stragglers. Last back were **Taxi** and **Thumper**, and full marks to the hares for remaining in the lay by until they returned. There was only a small pack as it was the Mojacar week-end. Also probably because it was near the prison and brought back bad memories for too many hashers. And maybe also because rain was predicted (as it was every day in May).

At the circle **Umplebum** brought the sad news of **Boy Named Siew** and we made a toast for him and his family. Downs downs for the virgins: **Josie Burrell** and **Sonita**. Also down downs for returnees **Stacey** and **Sharon Love**; and for **Bedsore**s and **Hold It For Me** as they have appeared in a 464 page tome on hashing, "Hare of the Dog", recently produced by Stu (**The Colonel**) Lloyd and acquired by RA **Jetstream**. **Crappy Nappy** got a down-down for the cavalier way he reversed from the lay by onto the main A143 following the run, and finally a down down for **Taxi** who had picked up a sheep's tail he found lying in a field – he promised to present it to **Klinger** as a reminder of past conquests.

And finally many thanks to the hares – and to the Cherry Tree landlady – for the seemingly endless flow of bowls of delicious, cheese sprinkled chips that warmed us up and filled us up on a cold day.

On-on

A precious little girl walks into a Petsmart shop and asks, in the sweetest little lisp, between two missing teeth, "Excute me, mithter, do you keep widdle wabbits?"

As the shopkeeper's heart melts, he gets down on his knees so that he's on her level and asks, "Do you want a widdle white wabbit, or a thoft and fuwwy, bwack wabbit, or maybe one like that cute widdle bwown wabbit over there?"

She, in turn, blushes, rocks on her heels, puts her hands on her knees, leans forward and says, in a tiny quiet voice, "I don't think my python weally gives a thit."

A woman decides to have a facelift for her 50th birthday. She spends \$15,000 and feels pretty good about the results.

On her way home, she stops at a newsstand to buy a newspaper. Before leaving, she says to the clerk, 'I hope you don't mind my asking, but how old do you think I am.'

'About 32,' is the reply.'

'Nope! I'm exactly 50,' the woman says happily.

A little while later she goes into McDonald's and asks the counter girl the very same question.

The girl replies, 'I'd guess about 29.' The woman replies with a big smile, 'Nope, I'm 50.'

Now she's feeling really good about herself. She stops in a drug store on her way down the street. She goes up to the counter to get some mints and asks the clerk this burning question.

The clerk responds, 'Oh, I'd say 30.'

Again she proudly responds, 'I'm 50, but thank you!'

While waiting for the bus to go home, she asks an old man waiting next to her the same question.

He replies, 'Lady, I'm 78 and my eyesight is going. Although, when I was young there was a sure-fire way to tell how old a woman was. It sounds very forward, but it requires you to let me put my hands under your bra. Then, and only then can I tell you EXACTLY how old you are.'

They wait in silence on the empty street until her curiosity gets the best of her. She finally blurts out, 'What the hell, go ahead'

He slips both of his hands under her blouse and begins to feel around very slowly and carefully. He bounces and weighs each breast and he gently pinches each nipple. He pushes her breasts together and rubs them against each other.

After a couple of minutes of this, she says, 'Okay, okay....How old am I?'

He completes one last squeeze of her breasts, removes his hands, and says, 'Madam, you are 50.'

Stunned and amazed, the woman says, 'That was incredible, how could you tell?'

The old man says, 'Promise you won't get mad?'

'I promise I won't' she says.

'I was behind you at McDonalds



What have they got you on, deer?

Run 1754 – The Boot, Dullingham – 13th May

Hares – Debonaire & Bastard

Scribe - Klinger

First training run for cumming 2012 Hash Olympics

Started in glorious sunshine with 40-50 hashers, including 3 visitors (more appeared later): one from Hanover H3 and the rest from Suff*ck H3/OBH3 South Korea. The latter did not include **Soju Sonata in B Minor** as his farewell run was with the Suff*ck H3 the day before; CH3 will greatly miss Soju's antics and hash songs.

The run began on the usual out-trail with a number of hungover hashers who the previous evening had been on **Big Blouse's** "Boys that Booze" curry night. Soon all the FRBs and most of the pack were caught out by a long turn back. With the pack checking in all directions, **Derrick** (alias **Dave the Rave**) found himself on the wrong side of a 6 foot fence (obviously using this as for the Veteran Cripples High Hurdles event); surprisingly he did get over it. Then followed a long stretch of tarmac before turning off into a muddy lane which is at least a mile long, hedges either side and no exits. With this local knowledge your scribe SCBed the rest of the trail, going past the beer stop before opening time but getting back to the pub soon after opening time. A very scenic trail with all the trees in leaf, bluebell woods, bunnies hopping about, an orange tip butterfly and a muntjac deer.

Down-downs were awarded by the RA to:-

- Hares: GM Bob (alias **Debonaire**) and **Bastard**
- **Klinger** for returning his lost run notes
- Visitors: **Colours of the Egg** (Hanover H3) and selection of Suff*ck H3/OBH3: **Anals and Demons**, **Eiffel Plowher**, **The Hammer** and **Highly Strung**
- **Antar** for some doctor problem
- **Kermit** as acting Beer Master for short measure – paid for 9 pints but only got 8!

GMs **Lady Slipstream** down-downs included:-

- **Derrick** for being confused as usual – mixing up Mojacar with Mohaca
- **Legover** but he said he had a choice of two better candidates. First was **Crappy Nappy**, also caught for climbing a 6 foot fence while training for the Junior High Hurdles event. Second was the GMs who, while training for the Multi-tasking Cycling event, fell off her bike while texting **Unmentionable** (her mum) about lunch. The beer was awarded to **Lady Slipstream**.

Many thanks to the pub for supplying a copious supply of roast potatoes plus the cheapest pint of beer this year.

On-on

Run 1755 – The Bell, Sandy – 20th May

Hares – Goldfinger & Slaphead

Scribe - Googly

Once upon a time in a galaxy far away a crowd of shivering aliens assembled in a pub car park eagerly awaiting the challenge of the Sandy half marathon. GM ‘**Bob**’ called all to order and we paid our respects with a minute’s silence for fellow hasher **Chris Russon (Underwear)** who passed away last week.

The hares introduced the hash and promised a beer stop. With murmurings of ‘it’s one of those **Goldfinger** 7 milers again’ I wisely chose the walkers trail. The ever chivalrous RA astounded all by waiting at the station for **Unmentionable** to arrive before scurrying off on trail, noble to a T. With **Bear** and **Pugwash** doing their own thing we just had a nice stroll on the IN trail down leafy lanes until we came across a flock of wooden sheep but spotty dog wasn’t fooled – good job **Klinger** didn’t spot ‘em else we may have got a STD splinter problem. Soon into the bird sanctuary ‘so what sort of birds are we looking for then’ says I. ‘Well there’s harriettes here if you can call them birds’ says **Slaphead**. Brave man I thought and the GM wasn’t impressed either. The RSPB centre was having an open day with things to buy but no beer so no one was tempted. **Umplebum** popped up from nowhere and we all trooped through the woods round the back of the hill following the OUT trail to the pub and I never saw a sparrow all day. Beer and hot-dogs now that was good. Runners trickled in some time later with mutterings of a lost trail and much confusion and it got colder.

Bouquets of freshly gathered weeds were awarded to the hares for cocking up the trail although, it was mooted that a certain walking hasher may have committed sabotage, allegedly that is. **Mothertucker** proudly showed off his gong – I think it was for penguin abuse in the Antarctic or something like that. Down-downs were awarded to **Bedsore**s with his nice new sign, **Ian** for having a real hash spotty dog and a cereal killer was executed. The Grand Mattress awarded **Great White Hope** with a down-down for sporting snazzy beachwear and oh yeah **Legover** was noticeable by his absence.



FIVE RULES FOR MEN TO FOLLOW FOR A HAPPY LIFE:

1. It's important to have a woman who helps at home, cooks from time to time, cleans up and has a job.
2. It's important to have a woman who can make you laugh.
3. It's important to have a woman who you can trust and doesn't lie to you.
4. It's important to have a woman who is good in bed and likes to be with you.
5. It's very, very important that these four women do not know each other.



One day God was looking down at Earth and saw all of the rascally behaviour that was going on. So he called one of His angels and sent the angel to Earth for a time.

When he returned, he told God, 'Yes, it is bad on Earth; 95% are misbehaving and only 5% are not.'

God thought for a moment and said, 'Maybe I had better send down a second angel to get another opinion.'

When this angel returned he went to God and said, 'Yes, it's true. The Earth is in decline; 95% are misbehaving, but 5% are being good.'

God was not pleased. So He decided to e-mail the 5% that were good, because he wanted to encourage them, and give them a little something to help them keep going.

Do you know what the e-mail said?

Okay, I was just wondering, because I didn't get one either.



Hatches, Matches and Dispatches

Boy Named Siew

Dr. James Herbert Horne (Jim) ended his life on April 29, 2012.

He was born on October 17, 1964 in Lansing, Michigan to Clara Ann (Johnson) and Frederick H. Horne. He graduated from Harvard, summa cum laude, in Physics in 1985 (Phi Beta Kappa). He went on to gain his PhD at Princeton, and held post doctoral positions at the University of California Santa Barbara, Yale University and University of Cambridge. Jim had an extraordinary mind, enjoyed intellectual discussion and was very proud of his achievements.

His academic career started out in Astronomy and moved on to Relativity & Gravitation. In 1996, he changed course and moved into investment banking working at several financial institutions in the City of London as a risk manager. In 2002, he moved to Boulder as a research scientist first at Space Imaging and later at SAIC.



Leisure activities focused on music, dancing and various outdoor activities. He played his saxophone in the Harvard Band. He enjoyed a variety of folk dancing styles including contras, squares, Scottish and English. At the Hash House Harriers, he was better known as "Boy Named Siew" streaking ahead to every check point and down endless false trails. When skiing, he would whizz down the back bowls and through the trees starting up on the first chair of the day and squeezing onto the last at 4pm. He was in his element in the hills and mountains around Boulder: trail running and camping. He was a connoisseur of local beer enjoying a pint or two whenever he could.

Jim is survived by his wife, Katherine (Addison) Horne, children Alex and Tamsin, his parents Fred and Clara Ann Horne, sister Nancy Horne, brother Fred Horne, nieces Angela, Ashley, and Danielle and nephew Fred.

Hash history

Boy Named Siew first ran with CH3 on **run 836, 9th October 1994**, completing **165 runs**, the last being run **1547 on 25th May 2008**.

Boy Named Siew got his hash name when he substituted as hare in place of **Siew Sanders** during harriette's month on **run 920 on 19th May 1996**.

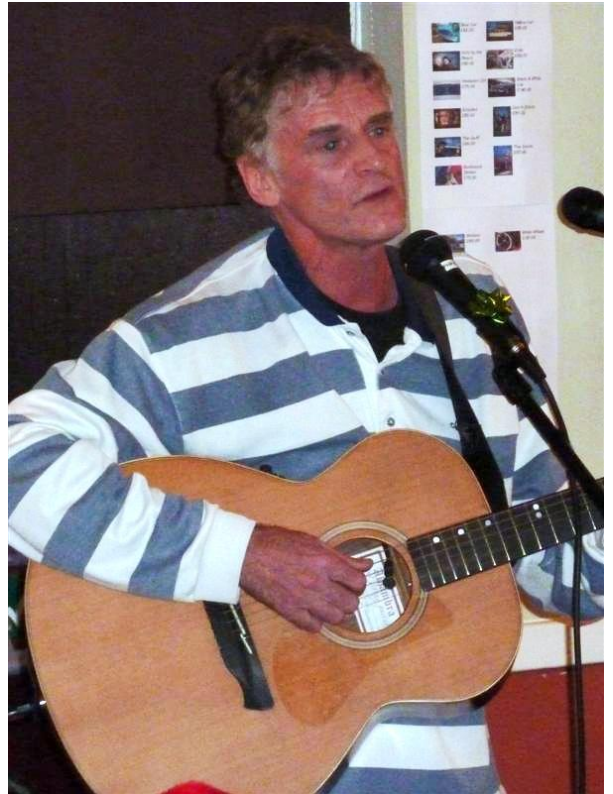
Underwear

Chris Russon, known in the Hash as Underwear, died early on Sunday morning, 20th May 2012. His wife, Jenny was with him at the Arthur Rank Hospice where he spent his last few weeks.

It has been difficult for all of us to witness his sad and inevitable decline following the operation to remove a brain tumour in June a year ago – just after the Ice House event. Unfortunately the tumour was rather well advanced and the operation was unable to remove it completely.

We will all remember Chris for many things – his enthusiasm for hashing and music, as a gifted athlete and a very sociable, interesting and entertaining companion. He was an accomplished member of the “Cambridge Phenomenon” holding senior posts in several successful local IT companies over the years.

He was inspirational for many of us: drawing in and befriending new hashers, and encouraging anyone with an athletic ability or inclination. For the last several years Chris took part in many marathons and half marathons including the London Marathon and Grunty Fen. And, of course, most of us will remember Chris the musician with his wonderful solo pieces and strong presence in many hash bands.



Hash history

Underwear was first and foremost a Cantabrigensis hasher with whom he ran countless times, and he was Grand Master of the Cantabrigensis hash 2002 to 2003. However he also ran with CH3 no less than **67 times**, his first run being **run 1107, 19th December 1999**, and the last being **run 1706 on 12th June 2011**.

Many of his runs with CH3 were for party events – Christmas party and Beyond the Ice House events, for example, where he frequently threw himself into the entertainment both with solo performances and as a member of several “hash bands”

A message from Chris's widow, Jenny:

As you know Chris died on Sunday after a valiant struggle with an aggressive brain tumour. He never once complained even though the tumour took away everything he loved - his music, his running, his career and his huge intellect. I miss him so much and I can't imagine how my life will be without him. I keep expecting him to walk through the door in his running kit at any minute.

Chris's funeral will take place at St Andrew's Church in Chesterton Cambridge CB4 1DT at 2.00pm on **Thursday 31st May**. This will be followed by afternoon tea at Downing College (Chris's old college) at 4.00 pm.

I have asked for no flowers as I know Chris would feel it was a waste of an opportunity. When he ran his marathons etc. he always raised money for a charity.

If you wish, donations in his memory can be made to two charities that were very important to him; Arthur Rank Hospice in Cambridge (who cared for him so well in the last week of his life) and/or Macmillan. People can select where they would prefer their donations to go or if just an amount is given the money will be shared equally. Donations can be made at the church (there will be a basket) or through the funeral director who is Richard Stebbings. His contact details are: Richard Stebbings Funeral Services Ltd, Kendal House, Kendal Ct, Impington, Cambridge CB24 9YS Tel: 01223 232309.

I am hoping that you will be able to join me to commemorate and celebrate Chris's life and incredible achievements.

With warm regards,

Jenny Russon



Platinum wedding for sports-mad couple

Gareth McPherson (Cambridge Evening News)



Ron and Ruby Ketteridge at home



On their wedding day

A passion for sport has helped a Cambridge couple chalk up 70 years of marriage.

Although Ron Ketteridge is less active than he used to be, his wife Ruby still plays badminton, golf and bowls – at the age of 88.

Meeting in a salon in Chesterton in 1941, they went on to take part in more than 700 running events together, including the Cambridge Half Marathon 17 years ago, where they were the oldest couple to finish the race.

The keen gardeners, who also share a passion for dancing, are members of Great Shelford Bowls Club. Ruby still plays golf at Girton Golf Club and hits the badminton court every week.

Although she's still more active than most people a third of her age, she has one sporting regret – not taking part in the London Marathon, which her 24-year-old grandson Daniel Droy completed last month.

The happy pair, who live in Queen Edith's Way, Queen Edith's, married in 1942, but Ron, also 88, was soon sent to the Far East for overseas service in the Air Force.

Ruby, who worked as a lollipop lady in the area for more than 20 years, had a job at the Grays munitions factory in Milton Road during the war and Ron's letters from overseas were their main form of contact in their early years of marriage.

Daughter Pauline Droy, whose birthday is also today, said their long-lasting union had been a "remarkable achievement".

She said: "I remember being a ball girl for them when they played tennis together. They loved keeping active, that was their passion, and my mother is still going strong playing golf, badminton and bowls.

"We hope they have many more years together."

Hash history

Ron and Ruby first ran with CH3 on **run 2, 8th October 1978**, **Ron** has completed **939 runs**, the last being **run 1469 on 26th November 2006**. Ruby has completed **955 run**, the last being **run 1506 on 12th August 2007**. (Many more runs than recorded in the article above.)

And finally



Hash Calendar

Forthcoming Cambridge events

| | | |
|----------------|------------|---|
| 13th-15th July | Sheringham | Seaside run at the Sheringham Beer Festival |
| Sep | TBD | AGPU, Out with the mismanagement |
| Oct | ??? | Mystery Run |
| Dec | ??? | Christmas Party |

National and International events

| | | |
|-----------------------|--|---|
| Jun 29 - Jul 1 | Bratislava Hash Relaunch | More info: join 'Bratislava Hash House Harriers' on Facebook |
| Jun 29 - Jul 1 | Dutch Nash Hash | Hosted by the Amsterdam H3 in Grand Bru, Belgium |
| 20th - 22nd Jul | Herongate, Brentwood, Essex | Essex Alelimpics at the football club. |
| 3rd - 5th Aug | Stuttgart, Germany | German Hash Hash |
| 17th - 19th Aug | Hingham, Norfolk | Norfolkhghh 1500th "Paralytic Olympics at the Sports & Social Club" |
| end Aug | TBD | Blue Moon Weekend – First Cambridge (UK) Full Moon Hash |
| 8-9 th Sep | Oxford | Oxford Open Doors for Hashers. Hashers days out in Oxford. |
| 2014 | Brussels Manneke Piss and Ostende Gonads | Interhash 2014 Brussels bid |

More National and international events at [“HashEvents”](#)

Runs for June 2012

All runs start at 11:00am



Hare raiser – [Haven't Got One](#)

Maps at:

www.ch3.co.uk

Run 1757 June 3rd

The Tally Ho, Barkway, [SG8 8EX](#)

Hares: Kermit and Antar

Scribe: Hold it for me



Run 1758 June 10th

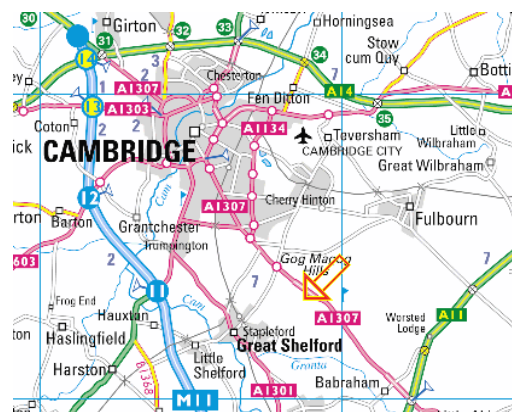
Meet at [Gog Magog Down car park](#) for run/walk.

On on at Fulbourn Sports and Social Club.

31 Home End, Fulbourn, Cambridge, [CB21 5BS](#)

Hares: Paparazzi and Dave the Rave

Scribe: Wimp



Paparazzi 60th, Theme is Clowns and Fairies, inc Pantomime Horses for the insane.

The On On band is playing. There is also free food available

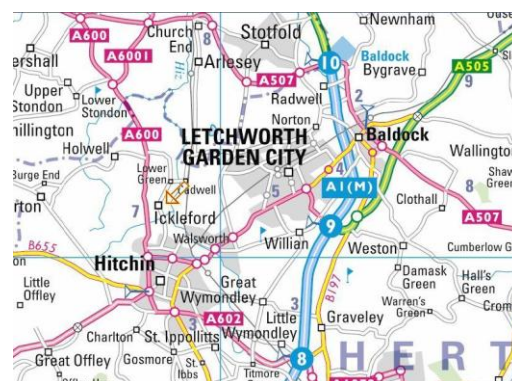
provided by the hares. Real ales only £3 pint.

Run 1759 June 17th

Plume of Feathers, Ickleford, [SG5 3YD](#)

Hares: Kermit and Googly

Scribe: Lady Slipstream



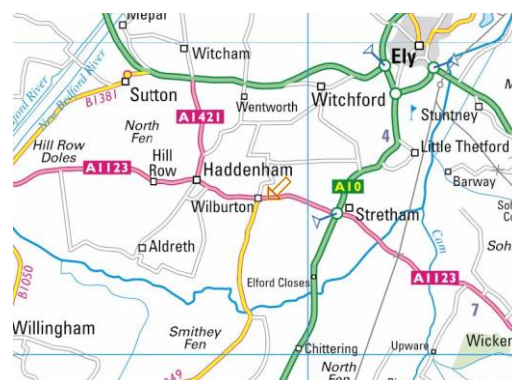
Beer Festival

Run 1760 June 24th

[Wilburton Beer Festival](#), [Wilburton Recreation Ground](#)

Hare: Jetstream

Scribe: Lightning



Beer Festival