
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

March 2012



On-on to spring:



Welcome from the Edithares.

It's great fun to produce the Herald, but it takes forever. Without the use of our trusty old computer and B@stard's old laser printer it would never have happened. We hope you enjoy reading as much as we enjoyed the beer!

Enjoy,

El Rave and B@stard.



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

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

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

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Receding Hareline:

Well, the first issue of the new look Herald – let's see what all the fuss is about....bugger me, no jokes downloaded from tinternet!

The **Bear** dredging up some ancient rubbish written when CH3 was an erudite organisation (not).

A return to 2 Edit Hares – now that is old fashioned, but two half-minds are better than one, so they say.

The **RA** promises to Rant every month – hurrah! **Bedsore**s promises not to – double hurrah!!

Some complete gibberish from **Lightning** (and more bollox promised from various eccentrics every month).

Would anyone like to volunteer a review of a pub they've been to with good beer? We visited the Cherry Tree in Haddenham recently and, although the food was average, the beer was excellent and not Greene King and the landlord and clientele were very friendly and welcoming. I'd recommend it for a quick pint or 6 if you are passing, although not much of a run available as it's too close to Wilburton and the beer festival (right, that's my turn done – who's next?).

If **Bob** agrees, we plan to issue the minutes of the committee meetings, or at least an edited version that cuts out all mention of abuse of power and funds.

If the On Sex gets his lazy arse in gear there will be announcements about upcoming events as well.

We could start with the next Full Moon Hash which is on Thursday 8th March at 7pm from the Geldart, hared ineptly by **El Rave** and the Turd Turdsday the following week on the 15th March at 7pm from the Wrestlers with a brilliant trail laid by **B@stard**! This is the annual "I'll do one of yours if you do one of mine" trails.

The On On Band will play at the Cross Keys in Caxton on March 11th – definitely one not to miss! (Right, that's enough advertising. Ed)



On on **B@stard**

Song of the Month

ChoirMaster – Taxidermist

SING A SONG OF SIX CHECKS

Melody – Sing a Song of Six Pence

Composed by Splat, East Bay HHH

Sing a song of six checks,

A pocket full of flour,

Four-and-twenty hashers,

Hashing for an hour.

And when they found the beer check,

There wasn't any there.

All agreed to go On-In

And lynch that goddamn hare

March Mumblings from the RA

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

February trails were excellent, with the snow and mud providing perfect hashing conditions. Congratulations to all the Hares, especially **Blowback** for making the effort to talk to the farmers and get permission to run off the public footpaths, even though one of them wasn't approached until we'd already run round his fields! "Sometimes it's easier to beg forgiveness after the event than seek permission beforehand" – words of wisdom, penned by the **RA**.

One of the highlights for the coming month will be Henry's fHHHarewell on March 11th. Henry has been landlord of the Cross Keys in Caxton for the past 30 years and has entertained the Cambridge Hash on several memorable occasions. Not least was the Burn's Night lunch, complete with haggis, neaps and tatties, bagpipes and, of course, **Boghopper**! The locals still talk about it, which is just as well because most of us can't remember a thing!! It is proposed that the choir will serenade Henry with some corrupted verses of "I'm Henery the eighth I am ..." so if you feel the muse coming on, please pen an alternative verse and pass the lyrics to Taxidermist for consideration. To commemorate Henry's departure the Hash plan to provide curry and rice after the run, so come prepared for a long session.



March also sees St Patrick's Day almost falling on a Sunday, time to get out those old Guinness hats. In addition, the clocks go forward an hour on the same day. This is a time of year when we miss **Zorro**. He could always be relied on to forget to alter his alarm clock, arriving an hour late or maybe an hour early. Perhaps one of the other sceptics will take over the mantle, although **Soju Sonata in A Minor** is usually so late arriving that we might not notice.

For those who have hashed in Indonesia (and that is most of the Cambridge Hash following last year's pilgrimage to PanAsia hash), or even aspired to, the next IndoNosatalgia Hash is on the weekend 13th/15th April. Registration closes on 17th March, so it is time to get organised and pay your money (to **Jetstream** – that's me!). Only £40 for a lovely weekend in the Cotswolds. As long as you enjoy a two or three hour circle you'll love it.

Another new departure, following the general fuck-up over the run write-ups, is the appointment of a "willing" scribe each week to write a short report about the run, the circle and/or anything vaguely irrelevant. Hopefully this will save having to chase **Hasn't Got One** in vain for a write-up when he **Hasn't Done One** even the ice treatment failed to provoke a positive response. If I haven't already approached you about this, please let me know if you are willing to do one or perhaps two reports a year. I already have 28 "willing volunteers" so it shouldn't be too much of a chore.

Finally, I had planned to end this epistle with **Bear's** Ode to our Grand Master, **Bob**! However, as **Bob** didn't turn up to the Elephant and Castle on 19th Feb, which was **Bear's** last scheduled appearance before 11th March, you'll have to wait for the official release of this masterpiece. As a taster you can hum along to the following

..... diddle dee, diddle dum, diddle dee, diddle dum !!!!!

The Bear Facts

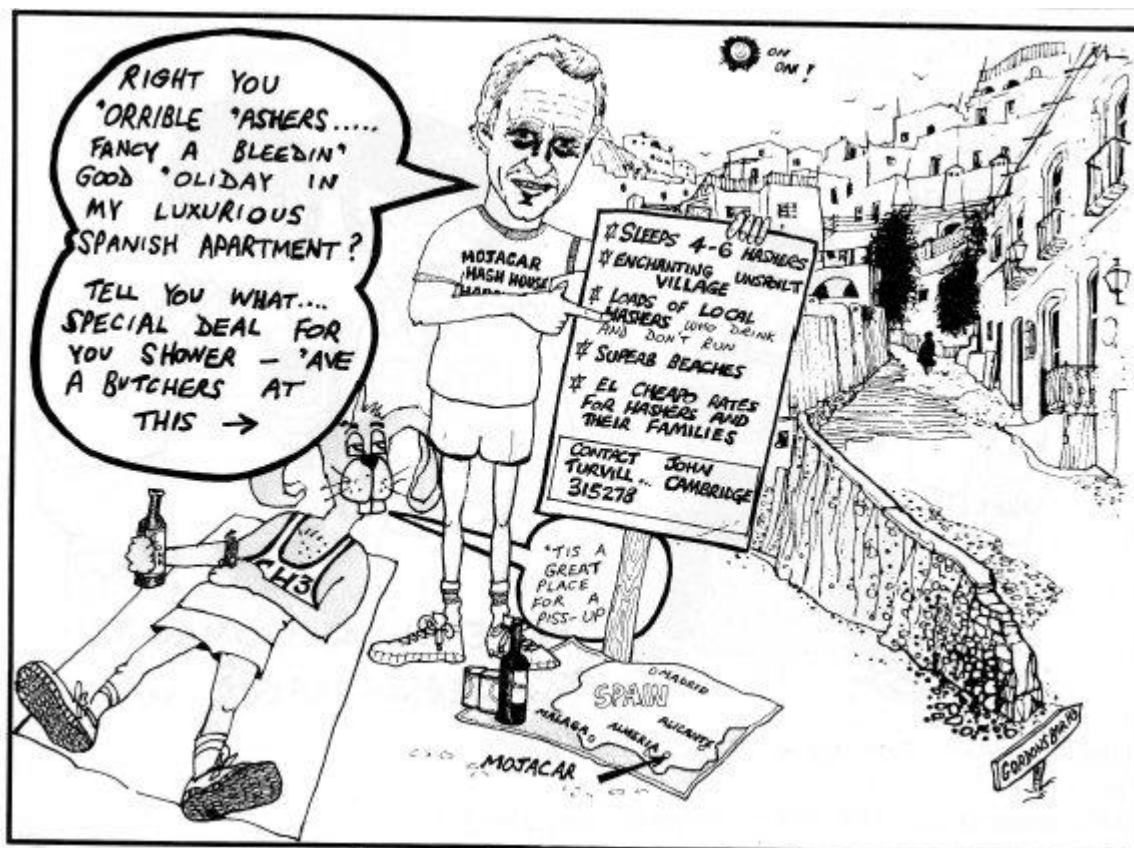
Digging up the Past



"It's obvious, there's just two things"



The first Mojacar 'oliday in 2002. On-on The Brig!



The ONiON (ON ON) Band

You may or not know that the latest incarnation of the Hash Band is the On On or ONiOn band

There are lots of good reasons not to see “The Onions” but here are some of the reasons why “The Onions” are good for you. Seeing the onion band will not make you cry unless we mean you too. All the wrong notes are of course deliberate. (Here is a tip. Peel onions under water, but do it quickly before you drown.)



Now then, here are some serious bits. Firstly a bit of history. Onions were first grown in Ancient Egypt. When they arrived in Rome where they were named ‘unio’; which means large pearl. You got your red, yellow, white and green onions. (Green onions is one of our numbers but don’t listen to that one cos’ it will make you cry.)

Onions belong to the Lily family which also includes garlic (for vampires), leeks (for welsh people), chives, scallions and shallots. There are over 600 species in the family and over 120 uses including eating them.

They are very beneficial for ones’ health. They are anti-microbial, they contain antioxidants to combat free radicals which can cause cancer and can lower blood pressure.

An old folk remedy for swine flu and other types of flu is to cut onions in half and put them around the house. They are supposed to mop up the bugs

which cause the illnesses. It doesn’t work for bird flu though which is of course untweetable. (I know I’ve used that joke before. Sorry.)

Now here is an interesting fact. In Texas there is or was a band called The Green Onions Rhythm and Blues Band. And when ZZ top were in town they went to see the band and there were some attempts to get them to support ZZ Top but it fell through. Some of the Onion band’s best numbers are ZZ Top numbers. Holy cow.

The above bollox was rit by **Lightning**. I stink therefore I am.

Run 1737 - Phone Box, Littlebury Green

- 15th Jan

Hare – Deepshit and Legover

Scribe - Muff Diver

Our story takes place on a Sunday in a publess village in South Cambridgeshire, I arrived late as usual and struggled to find a parking space. We were told to park in front of a house which seemed strange but followed the instructions only to be accosted by a local yokel.

"You bloody runners" he exclaimed and told me "to park were I bloody like because he'd given up", it turned out he had a trailer and wherever the hashers parked we were in the way (some he had already threatened with the police..) so reluctantly I left the car not knowing what state it would be in on our return.

As all these shenanigans unfolded, **Bob** called the pack to order and formed a circle around the infamous Littlebury Green red phone box cum toilet cum book exchange.

As a punishment for my late arrival I was given scribe duties...

The pack were off and we all ran like a herd of sheep across the fields and down a long hill to find a turn back. The thought of running back uphill was too much for some and they set off find their own trail which didn't involve inclines (SCB).

The crafty hares kept us on our toes and after several false trails and check backs we arrived on the true trail and as we approached a gate at the bottom of a field out stepped the **Mr Ben** (AKA the **Earl**) who appeared as if by magic from nowhere having been absent thus far.

We then arrived at an intersection where there were several paths to check with hedge rows skirting each field, **Big Blouse** resting and having a moment of reflection exclaimed "that is a nicely trimmed bush", there's a hasher who knows what he likes I thought...

By now the hares had confused everyone and there were runners in every direction, this is where I get a bit sketchy, I unwittingly engaged **Ted** in a conversation and the 30 minutes that followed became a blur. Fortunately we run through a farm and I was brought back by **Deep Shit** staring lovingly in to a cows eyes and exclaiming how pretty their faces are and trying to choose his favourite..

After the farm it was up a track which was so cut up with ruts it looked like a tank had been using it, eventually after dodging the lakes that had formed in the potholes we arrived back at the Telephones box.

We were greeted by **Taxi** who was in his car, "the pub is Wendens Ambo" he exclaimed, "down the road and on the right". Pity he didn't take his own advice as he proceeded to turn left and head off in the wrong direction completely.

Finally we all arrived at the Pub (including **Taxi**), the Kilted Phantom hasher was there, where were you on the run I asked, too muddy or windy or hilly or fast and or slow came the reply.

In conclusion the run was great, **Blouse** appreciates a nicely trimmed bush, **Deep Shit** is attracted to cows (with pretty eyes). Thanks to the hares for an interesting trail and especially for the fine food they laid on at the pub.

Run 1739 - Coach and Horses, Newport

- 29th Jan

Hare - El Rave and Paparazzi

Scribe - Bedsoars

It was a rimy morning and very damp. **Derek** (or is it **El Rave**? it always confused him) had seen the damp lying in the air, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the woods for a pocket handkerchief. He was lost, soon it would be 11 o'clock, and the run would start without him. Where was his co-hare – **Paparazzi**, was she lost too? Or would she be back with the pack?.



Back at the Coach and horses the pack had assembled, with a distinct feeling of Déjà vu. Was it not from this very pub we had lost **Trigger** and **Deeks** all those years ago? **Paparazzi** explained the old bugger had passed another birthday, and a few hours out in the fog would do him no harm.

The run set off down the road, only to be turned back through someone's garden and out into a playing field. After another couple of turn backs we got out to pleasant country side, through woods and meadows, up hills and back down again, only to go back up yet again.

Eventually we emerged from a wood and caught up with the front runners, (i.e. **Computer**, **Thumper Benghazi** and **Bob**) at the beer stop, where **El Rave** had managed to find his way eventually, and served up some excellent cheeses accompanied by a glass of port, so we could celebrate his birthday. Much appreciated by all.

This was followed by a lively circle, where down downs were awarded to :-

- The Hares
- A Hungarian Virgin – once again, failing to establish an old Cambridge tradition.
- The **R.A.** for catching the walkers trail
- The **Beer master** for mislaying beer – mainly because **Deep Shit** had hidden it.
- **Hangover Blues** – for finding once a week was good, but twice became boring.

The **Grand Mattress** tidied up behind The **Earl** and **Taxi** and returned their dog ends to them.

She also gave one to **Benghazi** who thinks **Hangover Blues** has no Jugs.

Great Run and a good day.

Thank you hares **Toed**



Run 1741 - Pheasant, Great Chishill

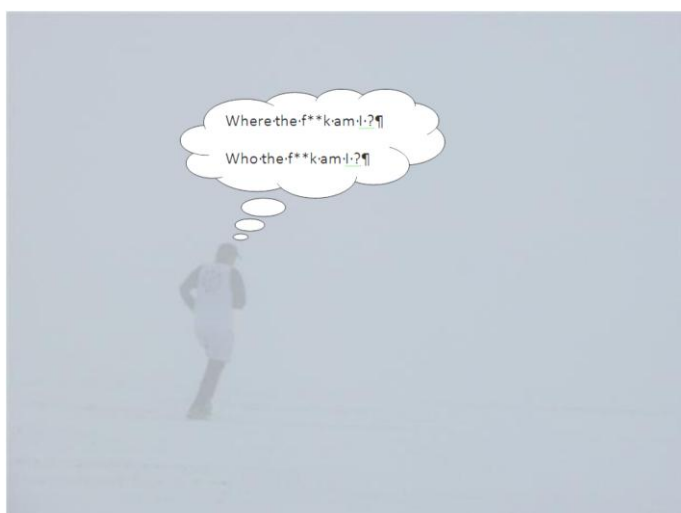
- 12th Feb

Hare - Blowback

Scribe - Taxidermist

Valentines / Red Dress / Gisbert Memorial Run

Memorable Bits – snow and drizzle – 20 minutes running around like headless chickens in the village only to find we'd moved about 100 yards up the road from the pub. **Legover** lobbing snowballs down **Lady Slipstream's** neck. Misty in the fields – **Shiggy Two Shoes** emerging from the mist and then going apex over anus in the snow with **Klinger** gradually fading into the distance on a run all of his own. Two visitors, one of whom came prepared for the snow but had obviously left her skis at home i.e. two walking sticks ...gedditt ! Several transvestites on the run (**Dave El Rave**, **Toed**, **Blowback**, **Hasn't Got One** amongst others I can't remember.) The usual hard men like **Pedro** were chilling their nuts off in T shirts and shorts. Nice chunks of Toblerone and sweet treats on the run as well and great chips after the run.





For a change it wasn't the Whittle family who arrived the latest. When **DT, Bob, WYDT** and myself were getting back to the pub via the SCB shortcut (everyone else seemed to be a long time after that), who did we meet but **Benghazi**! Long story short – he'd managed to miss the junction on the M11 at Duxford and took **Sir Kinky** all the way to Stansted and back! Strangely, they didn't get grassed up in the circle.

In the circle, the choir did their usually brilliant renderings of the Yellow Pages and things seen on toilet walls while the pack froze to death. Several special moments – **Ferret's** 64th birthday : **Jetstream** asked the choir to sing 'When I'm 64' and after a long discussion about who could (i) remember the words (ii) remember the tune (iii) remember who they were, they stopped dribbling and realised that the rest of the pack had sung 'Happy Birthday Fuck You' to the consternation of a passing Jesuit priest and a flock of geese.



Unmentionable was presented with a fetching statue of limitations (or is that 'statute' ?)

I've been drinking.

No she wasn't, it was an item of clothing as I recall ...suit of armour ? pogo stick ?

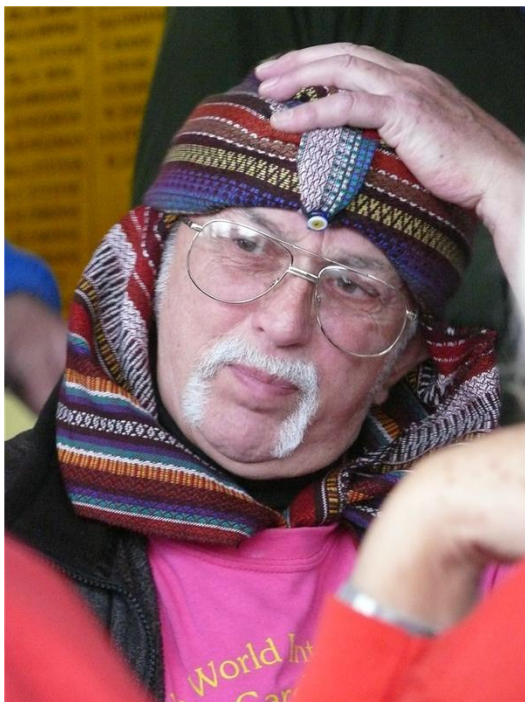
(That's not an item of clothing you dick!!!)

Hang on ...where did this other person come from? How many people are in my head ? (Who said Head etc...)

I think I'll go and lie down in a darkened room for a bit.

Two hours later and a bottle of red wine.

Where was I ? Oh yes – the circle.



I remember, it was a fleece for her 800th Run and well deserved too (but the sheep was a bit cold and is considering legal action.)

While You're Down There did a valiant job with a rose, each petal had a message on it for the six hashers in the circle (**Big Blouse / Lady Slipstream, El Rave / Paparazzi, Taxidermist / Double Top**). I won't go into details but it involved nibbling certain body parts, massaging body parts and massaging body parts below the waist! The Jesuit priest had to be carried away in a straight jacket at this point and the geese got really excited. Nice (well, I enjoyed it.)

BTW all the time this was happening **Legover** was amusing himself ('amusing' I said ...not 'abusing'...well, I might have been wrong) by lobbing chunks of ice into the down down glasses. Surprisingly good aim as well.

I only mention this in case there are any sporting scouts on the lookout for promising athletes for the Olympics in the Long Distance Lobbing Ice Into Down Down Glasses competition.

I think that's about all, I will now finish this bottle of wine.

Taxidermist

"I'm not a complete idiotsome parts are missing".

Run 1742 - Elephant and Castle, Woodwalton

- 19th Feb

Hare - Jetstream and Unmentionable

Scribe - Ferret

40 minutes across country to Woodwalton on a bright sunny Sunday, to the Elephant and Castle. My first run from there and very welcome they made us apart from **Wron Keys** dog. (would not let her in) The excuse being, it is a restaurant. Did anyone see any diners there? Good to see **Wron** back. OK that's the whingeing over, now down to the serious business of the run. Firstly you should know I was injured (dodgy Knee) and was walking, so I can't say much about the FRB's. Come to think about it that is pretty normal for me. ON ON was under the railway bridge. Beyond that, somewhere is the A14 so I guessed we wouldn't go far in that direction. I was proved right at the second check where we turned sharp right and crossed back under the railway. Some smartarse FRB found the 3rd check before they called the second, but no problems as it saved me a long traipse across the field. I reached the next check near the back of the pack, (normal) and spotted **Klinger** running up the road toward the church, off paper, (normal) with the main pack going across the fields, on paper. I had the funny feeling that I was being followed and sure enough the **Bear** and A another sprinted into view and informed me they had had enough and were going to the pub to start on the barrel of beer we had waiting. I blame the hare for telling them there was only one barrel. By now I was miles behind so I set off down the road, and headed right across the inside of the, by now obvious, right handed run.



After a half mile limp along a bridleway I reached the last check expecting to see the FRB's somewhere in the distance. They were in fact in the far distance, having been held up by a devious check that left the FRBs on the wrong side of the river. (Oh joy) **Conrad, Lady slipstream, Wimp** and **Toed** (who said head) Apparently the troll, living under a nearby bridge was hired by the hare to carry lost souls across the river. (no expense spared by the hares) But it balked at the size and sight of **Toed** and had a sulk so they had to have a little paddle. By now runners and walkers were approaching me from several directions, (normal hash procedure) I had not checked out this last check as I didn't want to spoil the FRB's fun. (knee ache) I also had to take a look at the wild wood. (I am the **Ferret** after all.) So I and some walkers headed back across the field toward the pub. It turned out we were not on trail, but after a chat with several horses we made it safely back to the pub just as the FRBs arrived from another direction. It seemed so good a run that I almost wished I had run it. The pub was good, IE nice beer and free roast spuds. The circle was mismanaged by **Blowback, Bob** being otherwise engaged and began with the visitor, **Lindsay** a long time friend of **Unmentionable**, but not known to **Blowback** (No he could not explain) The hares were up next for a well deserved beer. **Antar** was called in for getting lost on the way to the run but didn't get a beer. **Kermit** got it for back seat driving. I think there is a plot afoot to dry **Antar** out. **Klinger** got one for pissing off many Sunday morning drivers by holding them up; indicating, not indicating and **Bear** got one for dobbing **Klinger** in. **Hasn't Got One** for wearing disintegrating shoes, (something



very corrosive in the stream he crossed) **Deep shit** for child abuse (making **Cinderella** run round again after complaining of being in pain after the first lap. **Wimp**, for short cutting across the river and calling ON ON when he was clearly not ON. **Toed** for the same offence, I think he was so surprised to be a FRB that he forgot to check for flour. **Paparazzi** and **Hangover Blues** for nearly going round again. I think we forgot **Swampy** (returnee) who had been in the USA for several weeks. I will get him another day. I hope I didn't miss anyone else. Thanks hares for a nice run and the **RA** (hare) for a sunny Sunday.

ON ON Ferret

Run 1743 - Red Lion, Steeple Bumpstead - 26th Feb

Hare - B@stard and Crappy Nappy

Scribe - Thumper

Despite the fact that the location was miles away from Cambridge, there was a large turnout of keen runners and ramblers, all wanting to get rid of the winter flab. Thanks to the **RA** we were blessed with a lovely warm sunny day for this superb run across the Essex countryside. Being Essex there were a number of hills, (probably the 'bump' in Bumpstead) which is not the sort of thing that Cambridge hashers expect, so there was a lot of huffing and puffing.

The run had a cunning loop in the middle to lure the keen runners into doing an extra mile or two.



Unfortunately the loop came back on itself, so most runners missed it out completely, going straight to the next checkpoint (apparently this checkpoint was 'meant for later'). Those few who did attempt the loop - including some walkers who didn't want to miss anything - were rewarded with the sight of a splendid Tudor mansion at the top of the hill.



Everyone managed to find the beerstop, where an excellent cocktail of rum and ginger wine was on offer, along with assorted tempting cakelets. Thanks, Hares!

At the circle, there were 3 virgins to welcome; some crimes to punish (I forget what) but there were lots of squabbles and the usual trying to shift the blame of minor offences to someone else; **Deep Shit** managed to pass on the Hash Potty to **Kinky**. The finale was celebrated by **Ted**'s raffle.

Thumper the Great

Cuming Events

The On Sex Scribbles from B@stard (or pinches from Haz's email, actually)

Cumming events for your diary:

Date	Name	Hosted by	Link
Apr 6-8	Out-Station Run	Hayama H3 in Fukushima, Japan.	http://sites.google.com/site/fukushimahash/
Apr 6-9	Mooning In Moonick	F.U.K.F.M.H.3 in Munich, Germany	http://www.fukfmhhh.freeuk.com/nf-cumingsoon.htm
Apr 7-8	Hash-a-Thon	Over The Hump H3 near Quantico, VA, USA.	http://gotothehash.net/rego/2012_OTH4_Hash_A_Thon.docx
Apr 13-15	Boston Marathon Weekend Hash	Boston H3 in, well of course, Boston, MA, USA.	http://bostonhash.com/marathon2012
Apr 13-15	700th Run	Hannover H3 in Abbensen, near Hannover, Germany	http://www.hannoverhash.de/index.php?v=run700&a=s&lang=E
Apr 13-15	Texas Inter-Hash 2012	Fort Worth H3 in Poolville, TX, USA	https://store.hashspace.com/product.php?productid=16626&cat=256&page=1
Apr 20-22	Belgian Nash Hash	Brussels Manneke Piss H3 in Voeren, Belgium	http://www.bmph3.com/2012BNH/index.html
Apr 20-22	25th Anniversary & 1300th Run	Wirral & Chester H3 in Fordsham, UK.	http://www.wch3.co.uk/
Apr 25-29	Inter Caribbean Hash	Grenada H3 in Grenada	http://grenadahash.com/news/119-inter-caribbean-hash-in-april-2012
Apr 27-29	30th Anniversary Weekend	Vindobona H3 in Mörbisch, Neusiedlersee area of Burgenland, Austria	http://www.viennahash.at/
Apr 27-29	11th Annual InterCauc	Yerevan H3 in Yerevan, Armenia	http://sites.google.com/site/yerevanh3/intercauc-2012
Apr 27-29	Spring Fling	SMUTTy Crab H3 in La Plata, MD, USA	https://store.hashspace.com/product.php?productid=16690&cat=256
Apr 27-29	Prom Dress Run	IndyScent H3 in Indianapolis, IN, USA	http://www.indyh3h.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=178
Apr 28-29	20th Annual Red Dress Run	Edmonton H3 in Edmonton, Canada.	http://www.edmontonhasher.com/
Apr 27-30	Pedals 'N' Pirates	Quaff Bash H3 starting from Stathern Norfolk, UK	http://www.quaffbash.co.uk/B%27N%27B%20III%20Flyer.pdf

Runs for March 2012

All runs start at 11:00am

Hare raiser – Haven't Got One

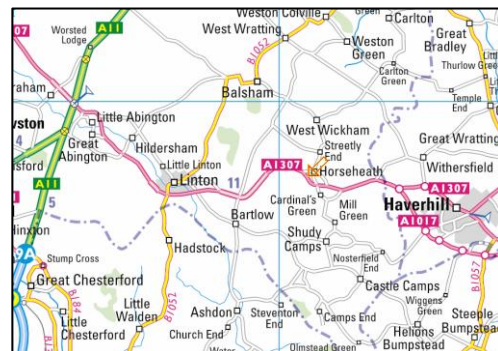
Run 1744 Mar 4th

Old Red Lion, Horseheath, CB21 4QF

Hare: AWOL/Invisible Man/or A/N/Oth/ER

Maps at:

www.ch3.co.uk



Run 1745 Mar 11th

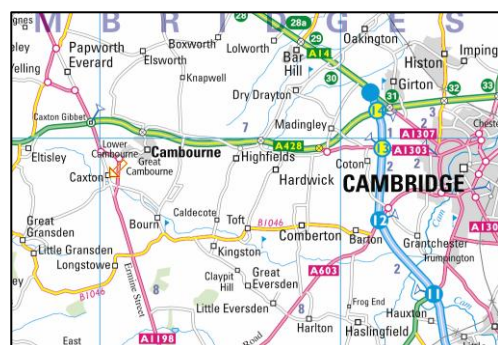
Cross Keys, Caxton, [CB23 3PQ](#)

Hare: Bedsores and Gold Finger

Henry's fHHHarewell

On on Party with Music, Curry and Beer

to celebrate landlord's retirement.



Run 1746 Mar 18th

TBD

Hare: Crappy Nappy and Charlies Arse Licker

Run 1747 Mar 25th

[Carpenters Arms](#), Great Wilbraham, [CB21 5JD](#)

Hare: Klinger

