

The Herald

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CAMBRIDGE HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

March 2014

**I get this poem every winter & every winter I love re-reading it.
It's a beautiful poem and very well written.**

A poem by Abigail Elizabeth McIntyre



SHIT

IT'S COLD

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RUN 2000 Update

The hash will be asked to decide on the approximate date and type of celebration for the 2000th run due on January 29th 2017. The 2000th committee will have the options ready for next month's herald. We will then have a vote, probably a mixture of e mails and a show of hands to ensure all the hash members have their say.

Ferrets Rant

I don't remember volunteering for this. Did volunteering last year mean it would roll over indefinitely? So I apologise in advance for this meagre effort. Fortunately Strap On's write up takes up a few pages to pad it out.

Doggy style will be back next week so all you prospective hares can book your runs; we may also see a smile on the face of Daffy.

I am looking forward to running from the George at Babraham tomorrow, my last run there was late 80,s then it changed hands and became a gourmet type pub. We were banned even before Potty pissed on the petunias.

It was nice to see so many hashers last week in Soham, that follows the excellent turnout we have had throughout this winter, mainly due to Daffy's fantastic control of the weather, and Jetstream, for slightly changing direction (don't ask) There may be people in Somerset and Windsor who are not so impressed. That's it for this month, a hangover is kicking in. Ever felt like you are typing with somebody else's hands?

ON ON, Ferret

Run 1836 - Red Cow, Chrishall

Hare - Strap On and El Rave

Scribe - Great White Hope

We've had a few scenic runs from this splendid pub over the years, but there were only two trails – round the wood clockwise, and round the wood anticlockwise, Which one today? Surprisingly the start took us down a lane and into a totally new wood – even unbeknown to **Jetstream** and the **Earl of Pampisford!** After the first check, **Haven't Got One** found the way via a playing field, but back to the pub again, thence to the customary trail to catch up with the walking wounded. Confusion reigned until **H G O** found dust down somebody's back passage (if you get my drift). FRBs now somewhat pissed off to see your scribe holding the check and complaining of their inability to keep up. Nonetheless, it was on on into the fair Essex countryside, now being traversed by the usual anticlockwise trail to arrive at a beautiful church where **Kinky** found an enormous downhill turn-back. Then on back and past a wood complete with squawking partridges. **Lady Slipstream** was not amused and **Hang Over Blues** took off sharpish, fearing imaginary bullets finding their mark. Another turn back and a diversion brought the pack to yet another unfamiliar wood, catching up with some rather knackered walkers. At this point **Potty** was charged by 22 irate footballers for trespassing onto their pitch. Then the road found the trail lead to Elmdon church and finally back to familiar territory, kindly marked out by the smartarse **Earl**. Before arriving raggedly to the pub there was a welcoming up-market piss stop with down-market hashers supping finest reserve port



or single malt whiskey. Amongst the inebriates was one, **Klinger**, who had done an arse-about-face trail of his own devising. **Daffy** was in fine and generous form in the circle, dispensing some 15 or so down downs. Amongst the sinners were those aforementioned in the write up, plus **3 Swallows** for bemusement at some muddy bikers ("Did you go off road then?"), **Toy Boy** for having an erection (only his hair), **Kinky** and **Thumper** (absolute final run), **Potty** (new hash horn, etc), **Googly** (dumb insolence), etc., etc., and somehow **Daffy** for being a Yank. What an excellent day – a pretty undulating and unexpected run, classy piss stop, great pub, great circle with some new songs, and unseasonably clement weather. FutuApprentice **Strap ON**.re hares please take

notes. Well done **El Rave** and **Strap On**.

Great White Hope

Run 1840 - Six Bells, Fulbourn

Hare - Daffidildo and Moroccan Mole

Scribe - Slaphead

The first and best run of the year according to the hares. The RA had the weather sorted as the bad stuff held off until the late afternoon, when we had all gone home.

The trail initially wove its way around the village taking in the sites, which included **Double Tops** residence. This proved very comfortable for the elderly, infirm and addled members of the pack.

First drinks stop Champagne on ice!! after which there was much levity as **While You're Down There** demonstrated 101 use for an empty magnum.

The pack moved on apace to the country park and some New Years shiggy. Strollers headed off to the next drink stop for beer. What else!

We were very near the pub by now so took advantage of the situation.

An great circle again from **Daffy**.

The ice from the champers came into its own today. **Klinger** was the first to give it some attention and left a bloody big hole in the middle. One must assume he'd a curry the previous evening.

Hares complimented on the trail as we have to ease ourselves into it after a long Christmas break.

What twisted mind invented the **Down-Down of Doom**. Pick four victims, ensuring one is shorter than the other three, and preferably female. On the command to drink, this will cause the shortest to be drowned in beer and left with a thirst. But, in this case, the three of greater stature bent their knees rather than get a nagging from **Bob**. Wouldn't have happened in my day.

How wonderful it was to see the radiant **Ruby** again.

Slaphead

Slaphead

Yesterday my daughter again asked why I didn't do something useful with my time.



Talking about my "doing something useful" seemed to be her favourite topic of conversation.

She was "only thinking of me" and suggested I go down to the senior centre and hang out with the guys.

I did this and when I got home last night I decided to teach her a lesson about staying out of my business.

I told her that I had joined a parachute club.

She said, "Are you nuts? You're almost 79 years old and you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"

I proudly showed her that I even got a membership card.

She said to me, "Good grief, where are your glasses! This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club."

"I'm in trouble again, and I don't know what to do... I signed up for five jumps a week," I told her. She fainted.

Run 1842 - Pig N Falcon, St Neots

Hare - Toed Bedsores and Big Blouse

Scribe – Wimp

As I drove past the Pig N Falcon and could see a few Hashers gathering round the pub. I went round the corner and parked my car, but when I got back to the pub I couldn't find them. I looked up and down the road, I thought bloody **Ted (Bedsores)** and his 'what time does the eleven' - etc, etc, I thought they'd started. Then I realised they had gone inside the pub. The landlord had opened the bar and was serving. **Potty** (the one that drinks slower than he runs!) was getting a pint.



At the pre-hash gather around hare - **Bedsores** advised that there was going to be a beer stop while hare **Big Blouse** removed his new hash running shoes from their box and put them on!!

The trail set off across the St Neots, High Street over Hen Brook and to the Riverside Park where **Daffy** ran straight through the first check and was a mile from the pub before the back runners had left it. **Potty**, somewhere near the rear had been given a milk carton to carry his beer in and was cradling it while he ran. The next check was at the Conygear Bridge, where a long trail of shiggy lead to a turn back by the caravan and camping field. **Dancing with Wasps** made a brave attempt to turn the pack back, but, **Klinger, Ferret** and other short cutters had sniffed the real trail was a couple of hundred yards away to their left and didn't. **Hold It For Me** - who ran with from Cambridge, with his pack on his back, was blazing along - running all trails, checking each false trail and still finding the correct trail before anybody else had chance to get to it. It isn't fair really when people hog the trail to themselves, **Paparazzi** had slowed her pace down by running with a heavy camera. It gives the rest of us a chance to keep up. The trail then went over the long Willow Bridge with a turn back across the same. I am not



sure where the hash went after this the words lost and confused might help and with **Sam the dog** starting to drag back. I tried a kick in his ribs and a couple of tugs on his lead, something was wrong. **Doggy Style** came to the rescue, she had a word with **Sam** and found he had sprung a leak in his back leg. She removed a thorn which he thanked her for - 'in doggy' and dragged me all the way back to the pub. Back at the Pig and Falcon and not having found a beer stop the Hares treated us to sandwiches and dips. The pub gave a good selection of beers in a sawdust on the floor type room (that's where you pay more for your beer).

Duncan Disorderly was making a good attempt at finding the best beer, by trying all of them. The circle was started by GM **Ferret** who started proceedings by questioning **Double Top, Bob Debonair** and **Posh** about the joys of female mud wrestling. Then the hares were called up and while **Blouse** was preparing his new shoe for a down down the RA presented him with an old, dirty, stinking shoe to drink from. **Potty** who was still trying to drink the one he bought before the hash was given a down and failed to drink it all. I got a down down for something or nothing, but does it really matter.. I enjoyed it. Back in the bar I enjoyed a beer with **Duncan Disorderly** who was on a bender or as he put it "not driving". My Tuesday night boys **Slaphead, Great White Hope** and **Toyboy** suggest: that you have laid a good trail if you- get every body lost, confused, covered in muck then allow them to abuse you and then give them a good pub at the end. So well done **Bedsores** and **Blouse**.

Wimp

Run 1843 - Hare and Hounds, Harlton

Hare - El Rave and Paparazzi

Scribe - Strap On

Runners: 41.5 (approx.)

Pre-Run



The Hash found itself this inhospitable morning on the now customary **El Rave** birthday run, with willing assistance provided by beautiful Mancunian co-hare **Paparazzi**.

I had travelled to the run in a gang of four, with the hearty **Debonaire**, the aptly named **B@stard** and the lovely **Double Top**. Earlier, **B@stard**, who had arranged to pick me up, woke me rudely from my slumber with several phone calls and the information that I was being picked up earlier than arranged. Did your trusty scribe panic in this desperate situation? No. After another 20 minutes in bed I simply rejigged the three S's. I leave the specifics to your own imagination dear reader.



On our arrival at the location I was somewhat concerned by the view through the steamy window. We had arrived in a farmyard that had seemingly been hijacked by a group of desperate looking traveller types. Suddenly I did not want to get out of the car. Personal safety had apparently become an issue. Only several minutes later, as the ghostly figure of svelte hasher **Andrea** came into view, did I begin to relax, with the dawning realisation that the wheels of the car would most likely still be attached on our return.

In recognition of Burns Night the day before, some of the Hash turned up in Jock-themed clothing, most notably **Pedro** in extremely convincing tam o' shanter with bright red rug attached (to the hat that was, not Pedro) and Double Top in a very sexy short kilt. **B@stard** rued a missed opportunity to go without pants, as he would no doubt have turned up in a kilt or some such contraption, had he known.

Thanks to our quite useless RA, **Daffodildo**, the day started poorly and then worsened, with severe moistness being experienced by all. In English that means it was raining and quite chilly, even for a Geordie pretending to be a soft southerner, och aye!

In the circle we were warned about the extremely shiggy conditions to be experienced underfoot, but also reassured with the information that this was to be a very short run of around 2.5 miles. This turned out to be a cynical and callous lie! (At least for those of us who lost the trail.) We were then dispatched from the circle out into the wilderness that is Cambridgeshire in bleak mid-winter.

The Run

As we set off a few hashers foolishly decided that they were participating in some sort of running event and tore off up the field. Not the wisest move. I heard that several FRBs were caught out by devious checkbacks and turnbacks in this way. I would like to hope that one day you crazy FRB lot might actually learn your lesson, but I doubt it! Being extremely sensible myself, I reasoned that the best way to deal with the travail ahead would be to walk as much as possible and run as little as possible. Five minutes later, having lost both runners and walkers, I was forced to reconsider my cunning plan. Reluctantly I had to admit to myself that maybe I am really not very sensible at all. Perhaps not even the most sensible in CH3! So, several minutes of unwelcome effort later, I finally caught up with some of the pack and relaxed in the knowledge that I probably would make it to the drink stop after all.

There were many sections of the trail that were negotiable only with extreme care and several hashers demonstrated a keen inability in this regard, resulting in muddy pants and wet buttocks.

At one particular section I thought I might outwit those ahead of me by shortcutting around a nasty steep bit. However this tactic seemed to backfire, as at one moment I had to quickly place my hands on the ground to steady myself and the brown substance, which then caked the fingers of my right hand, was highly reminiscent of something noxious that I'd rather not think about.



Later in the run I found myself alongside **B@stard**, **Muff Diver**, **Ferret**, **Doggy Style** and **Singha Gold**. I heroically resisted the temptation to shake hands. At some point soon after we lost the trail. All except **Ferret** that was who had mysteriously disappeared. It was left up to the FRB of our small desperate troupe, **Singha Gold**, to divine the route back to salvation. At this point I was optimistic about our chances of making the drink stop and getting back to the pub in good time, as **Singha** seemed confident he had the knowledge. Unfortunately however, almost a mile later our trust in **Singha** was proven to be misplaced. This was realised after a lengthy period of sustained and soul-destroying running, only for the lonely figure of **Ferret** to come into view some considerable distance ahead.

Further on, sweeper-hare **Paparazzi** picked us up and pointed out a less shiggy version of the trail, for which we were supremely grateful, thereby allowing us more rapid progress towards the first drink opportunity. We did try our best to miss this direction also, but **Paparazzi** knew us too well and averted another debacle with much ferocious screaming.

At the drink stop we were presented, by **El Rave** and **Slaphead**, with a choice of port and lemon, or port surprise, which turned out to be port on its own without the lemon. There were also chocolate treats for the malnourished and these were devoured with much gusto, except for the two that were left on **El Rave's** passenger seat, which I duly commandeered as extra cushioning for the journey home.

The journey back to the car was relatively uneventful with **Muff Diver** and me making good time in the improving conditions underfoot.

Shockingly, in the farmyard immediately after the run, there was much nudity witnessed (both household and garden varieties). Perhaps the location was a catalyst for such animalistic and lascivious behaviour. Fortunately for me this traumatic experience was partially alleviated by my lack of spectacles or contact lenses. Notable nudists included **El Rave**, **Double Top** and especially **Debonaire** who caught me particularly by surprise. When we finally got to the pub I was forced to imbibe a number of pints of the strongest brew available for medicinal reasons. Some hours later the nerves began to calm and my condition visibly improved.

The Circle

The circle got underway with the inauguration ceremony for the incoming hare raiser, **Doggy Style**, as the replacement for the outgoing **Toed Bedsores**. **Toed** had resigned in protest after run 1842, following a particularly vehement backlash of whingeing regarding the quality of said run. Thankfully the unnecessary vitriol from the previous week had completely dissipated and **Toed** was deservedly recognised and thanked for his contribution to hare raising.

Down-downs were awarded to several hashers for sinning, overwhelming stupidity and outstanding weirdness:



Pugwash who for no good reason at all decided it would be a good idea to bring an armful of mouldy old Heralds to the hash. Perhaps his recycle bin was full. Opinion on the ground was that this is yet more evidence of suspected Alzheimer's.

Daffodildo who displayed stunning incompetence by arranging down-downs for **Jetstream** and **Unmentionable** at an Arizona Hash that had no beer!

Jetstream and **Unmentionable** for not getting their proper punishment at said hash, with visitor/newbie **Aaron Wishnuff** (yes, that's his real name) standing in for **Zorro** on account of the startlingly close physical resemblance to the absent septic. **Double Top** who tried to get creative with the landscape by doing her best to start a new craze in shiggy butt-skiing, but which in the end resulted in nothing more than a muddy and mildly moist crack.

Hold It For Me who proved what a curiously naïve eccentric he is by running to the hash and then expecting that someone would offer him a lift home. **Daffodildo** for sliding into **Doggy Style** from behind while under the influence of **Blowbacks** hand of God. **Slaphead** for trying to flog hash-branded matching purple sports bras and crotchless knickers to numerous unsuspecting harriets. **Taxi**, as we were told by **Daffodildo** that **Taxi**'s testicles sometimes catch fire during live Fen Boy Three sets. Perhaps this is caused by the ferocity with which he beats the skin, but as I've yet to witness the phenomenon it's simply conjecture at this point.

Debonaire who was "given one" by **Daffodildo** right in front of **Doggy Style**, stirring up much jealousy in the ranks of the other Harriets.

Ferret who was instructed on the correct procedure for ensuring that **Furry Ferret** does not prematurely expire - i.e. intercourse at least once annually.

Blowback who was bizarrely singled out for having shiggy legs on a day when 90% of the hash had suffered from precisely the same condition. If there was more to it than that then I missed it, sorry.

The following visitors/virgins were recognised:

Lizzie, guest of **On Heat** (I think)

Mark, guest of **Haven't Got One**

Vik, guest of **Anthea** (take note, this lady hasher is yet to be named!)

The following were candidates for down-downs, but apparently didn't make it through the vetting process:

El Rave, **Double Top** and **Debonaire**: for rampant naturism.

Kermit and **Antar** for falling asleep on the train after Boyz Wot Booze and ending up somewhere called Welwyn Garden City.

Kermit: for becoming embarrassed at the drink stop when asked by WYDT if he wanted firstly: a drink, secondly: a chocolate roll, and lastly

and most unexpectedly: a shag in the bushes.

Daffodildo: for running with an umbrella. How could you RA!?

Aftermath

After numbers had thinned several hashers lingered at the On Inn. **El Rave**, **Paparazzi**, **Muff Diver**, **Hangover Blues**, **Pedro**, **Imelda**, **While You're Down There** and your willing scribe partook of a meal to celebrate **El Rave**'s 63rd birthday. Yes he really is that old - amazing isn't it? Happy birthday **El Rave** and thanks for the run! Thanks also go to **Paparazzi** for helping to make it a great day.

I journeyed home afterwards with **El Rave** and **Paparazzi**, but sadly we didn't stop on this occasion for the customary beers at the Red Lion in Histon, despite the fact that **Paparazzi** had already done all the ironing. This was, in part, because we were still feeling quite mildly moist, but mainly because all of the day's excitement had begun to catch up with us and the promise of a comfortable sleep was foremost in our thoughts. Until next time HHHashers.

On! On! Strap On

Disclaimer: All characters appearing in this work are entirely fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

Cuming Runs

March 2014



All runs start at 11 am

Latest details www.ch3.co.uk

Hare raiser Doggy style

Run 1848: March 2nd

Blind Fiddler, Anstey SG8 8DH

Hares: Klinger and Hold it For Me.
Roast Deer on offer. Please pre-book 01763 848000.

Run 1849: March 9th

Chequers, Eriswell IP27 9BH

Hares: Jetstream and Unmentionable

Run 1850: March 16th

Monkfield Arms, Cambourne CB23 6EY

Hares: Cruella de Hash

Run 1851: March 23rd

The Green Man Thriplow SG8 7RJ

Hares: Daffidildo and Taxidermist

Run 1852: March 30th

TBA

Strap-on and Long Story



*I'm In Shape....
Round's A Shape, Isn't It?*



YOU NEED TO LAY A RUN!