

The Herald

The Organ Of The Cambridge Hash House Harriers

November 2012



November 2004



Blast from the Past!

Front page from eight years ago - more inside:-

The Bear Facts: With thanks to Bear

THE CIRCLE OF LIFE

When I was 13, I hoped that one day I would have a girlfriend with big tits.

When I was 16, I got a girlfriend with big tits, but there was no passion, so I decided then that I needed a passionate girl with zest for life.

In college, I dated a passionate girl, but she was too emotional. Everything was an emergency; she was a drama queen, cried all the time and threatened suicide. So I decided I needed a girl with stability.

When I was 25, I found a very stable girl but she was boring. She was totally predictable and never got excited about anything. Life became so dull that I decided that I needed a girl with some excitement.

When I was 32, I found an exciting girl, but I couldn't keep up with her. She rushed from one thing to another, never settling on anything. She did mad impetuous things and made me miserable as often as happy. She was great fun initially and very energetic, but directionless. So I decided to find a girl with some real ambition.

When I turned 40, I found a smart ambitious girl with her feet planted firmly on the ground, so I married her. She was so ambitious that she divorced me and took everything I owned.

I am older and wiser now, and I am looking for a girl with big tits.



Run 1750 - Cock, Henham

Hare - The Earl and Taxi

Scribe - El Rave

I thought our RA was bad enough with ice threats, but then a Karate killing edithare threatened to cut of my private parts unless I delivered something for his Herald. It worked and I am sat here typing.

The journey to the Cock in Henham lasted forever with miles upon miles of country roads. It almost surpassed trips to the frog land! The day was gloriously sunny with a temperature just reaching 10 deg C. We all met with anticipation for a trail from a pub not known to all but the eldest of hashers. Even the **Bear** had made a showing as he thought the pub looked interesting.

It was a small pack as **Jetstream** had taken half the pack to indonostalgia including **B@stard** who was co-hare. This led to a double problem. **The Earl** had no co-hare and had asked **Taxi** at the last minute to take **B@stard's** place. **Taxi** called **The Earl** on Saturday morning for meeting arrangements at Debdon. Debdon!!! The trail is in Henham. So the second problem, nobody knew that **The Earl** had changed the venue! A quick phone call to the WebShite Master (that's me) to change the venue on Saturday morning. I rang **Benghazi** who has no email and let him call the other no-mailers. **Klinger** was in indonostalgia with half the pack. Well deed of the day done, now back to the trail. Unthankful rabble.



Bob with no knob was away. Guess where? Indonostalgia. So **Potty Trained** stood in as Joint Master and set us off. The trail led to a lane with many signs. 'No Cycling', 'No Horses', 'Road Blocked', 'No Fishing' and a great long upward hill. Got to be a turn back. Everybody ran up to the top where the FRBs were hiding behind a hedge concealing the turn back arrow; hence their name.

With only a few runners and the usual FRBs not present, unsuspecting hashers found themselves coming across round circles with crosses. **Big Blouse** did more running that day than ever before but unfortunately was not used to front running and missed a lot of the sawdust shouting nothing this way. **Checkpoint** commented his brain was too far from the ground to see them. A new runner later to be named **Wed Awow** kept leading the pack with his youthfulness only to find, well yes, turn back arrows. **Checkpoint** was in her element having not run for several months. She found herself on several checkpoints and was grinning for checkpoint to checkpoint. Eventually she pulled a knee muscle; stupid **Checkpoint**. She now joins the rank of most of us hashers with injuries, illness and gout. **Hang Over Blues** was heard to say, "If I was a Horse I would have been shot".

Back in the Cock, the beer was good having 3 real ales. Old Golden Hen, favourite for the Cock, Doom Bar and Ramblers Tipple of Saffron Brewery.



As there was no RA or Verger so **Big Blouse** took the position and awarded down downs to:

- **Oh La La** – for site seeing
- **Checkpoint** – for holding too many checks
- **Wed Awow** – for going to the wrong pub (Debdon)
- **3 Litre Anita** – for littering
- **Taxi** – for aimlessly leading the walkers

With only 23 hashers it turned out to be a great day with lots of warm sunshine, good trail, good beer and good company.

On On El Rave

Run 1760 - Wilburton Beer Festival, Wilburton

Hare - Jetstream

Scribe - Lightning

It was absolutely pissing down. My pencil and paper got soaking wet so I utilised my trusty Dick Ta Fone and got people to speak into it. **While You're Down** There tried to speak to my flies but I told her that it was a different kind of Dick Ta Fone.

Anyway, the hares (**Jetstream** and **Unmentional**) hadn't got back before the start so a search was started for soggy dust. It was found and off we swam.

Came across **Jetstream** who suggested that his offspring should have answered their phone with a view to informing the hash as to which direction the 'on' was. I gathered he was a little irritated when he said "why can't kids answer their fucking phones".

After what seemed an age of slogging around muddy fields, **Benghazi** noted that we were still within sight of the Beer Tent. Good plan I thought, in case we got lost.

It was generally thought that there was not enough shaggy (or shiggy even) nor stinging nettles but I have a feeling they were being sarcastic.

Double top was "pleasantly moist" in these conditions but found to her dismay that her sticky out bits were getting wetter than other bits. (Know what I mean nudge nudge.)

We trudged on regardless for a while, found **Benghazi** and **Googly** sheltering under a tree, and **Unmentional** the other hare. I thanked her for the trail and said I was going to head back to the beer tent. **Toy Boy**, **Slap Head** and **Googly** came with me. We had been out an hour by then anyway.

Got back to the beer tent where **Ettles** was setting up with his band The Silver Backs.

Did another interview with **Double Top** who showed me her wet T shirt. Now then, because **Double Top** put my recorder down her shirt, it somehow bugged up the recorder and some of the rest of the tape is inaudible. So I shall be relying on memory. The rest will therefore be short.



Down Downs:-

Of course the Hares had down downs but **Jetstream** got one for putting The **Jetstream** far too far south thus giving us this god awful weather. **Swedish virgins** from Stockholm. Three of 'em. They were going to join the Stockholm hash having had a great time in Wilburton.

Etc. Etc.

Anyway, a jolly good time was had by all, with some jolly good beer and jolly good music from The Silverbacks.

Lightning

THREE ROSES

A sexually active woman told her plastic surgeon that she wanted her vaginal lips reduced in size because they were too loose and floppy. Out of embarrassment she insisted that the surgery be kept a secret and the surgeon agreed.

Awakening from the anaesthesia after the surgery she found 3 roses carefully placed beside her on the bed. Outraged, she immediately calls in the doctor. 'I thought I asked you not to tell anyone about my operation!' The surgeon told her he had carried out her wish for confidentiality and that the first rose was from him: 'I felt sad because you went through this all by yourself' The second rose is from my nurse. She assisted me in the surgery and understood because she had had the same procedure done some time ago.' 'And what about the third rose?' she asked.

'That's from a man upstairs in the burns unit. He wanted to thank you for his new ears.'



Run 1774 - Fox and Duck, Buntingford

Hare - Antar and Big Blouse

Scribe - B@stard

From the shitty pub in Buntingford that didn't sell beer

Having asked the hares if they could incorporate a full moon element into the trail (ie mention it and have a drink stop) I got a no! When I said I'd provide the booze the positives improved by 50%. Unfortunately I arrived as the pack were setting off so I asked **Blouse** what he was doing about the drink stop - he seemed to think I was doing it so we had to hide £40 worth of alcohol under **Klinger**'s car and hope it didn't get nicked.

The trail started fairly well keeping runners and walkers together but soon this changed. Afterwards the FRB's said there weren't any check points for the last two thirds of the trail!

We could have had a drink stop about 500yds from the pub if they'd bothered to support the Full Moon H3 but it wasn't to be.

Can you detect a few toys flying around here - fucking right!

Pub only had IPA (that's Greedy King undrinkable shite) so the scribe went to a pub up the road where the beer was at least drinkable.

Crap trail and crap pub.

B@stard

Run 1776 - Fleur de Lys, Widdington

Hare - Earl of Pampisford

Scribe - Jetstream

Zip-a-dee-doo- dah, zip-a-dee-ay,
My, oh my what a wonderful day,
Plenty of sunshine heading our way,
Zip-a-dee-doo- dah,
Cos there's no f*cking RA!

No GM either as **Blowback** was away celebrating his engagement, so **LegOver** stepped into the breach on this lovely sunny day. This sounds like a familiar story, for those who remember when **Blowback** was RA and **LegOver** was the Verger, once elected to high orifice, **Blowback** is nowhere to be seen.

A virgin was given the traditional welcome but sadly refused to follow the old Cambridge tradition. Then came the Hare's introduction – **The Earl** promised that this would be the best trail of the year, and for once he was possibly right. Nobody followed **Klinger** as he led the way to the first check, assuming that he was wrong as usual, but on this occasion he was correct. Then, as usual the trail went out to the left and across a huge field, but no, this proved to be a turn-back and it wasn't the usual trail. Back to the check and up the road, then followed a series of clever false trails and check-backs until everyone was completely confused.

To the woods! I'll tell the Vicar! I am the Vicar! Again, more confusion with the pack searching every deer track in the woods in a vain search for dust. It transpired that the first half of the trail had been laid by **Deep Shit** and an excellent job he'd made of it. Confusion continued when we hit **Shiggy Two Shoes**' section, although this may have been something to do with a check point cum turnback. The wankers trail carried on through the woods whilst we followed the sunshine on the longer trail, round the fields and up the hill. Really no need for the R&W sign, especially as **Shiggy Two Shoes** was sweeping up leave the wankers to find their own short cuts, I say! **Bastaard** moaning that the wankers' trail was prettier – since when did we come on the hash looking for a pretty trail? It was uphill for the whole of the second half of the run, how could that be? Just when we thought the pack were way ahead, yet another cunning turn back and we were near the front again, although not for long, as **Chicken Legs** and **Just Will** sprinted past trying to out-do each other. A quick dive through some bushes and there, completely unexpectedly, was the pub. Wankers and runners all cumming together, the sign of a well laid trail.

As we crammed into the pub, another surprise, the bar staff were working like the clappers and despite everyone arriving together, they managed to get the beer out pretty rapidly. With no RA or Verger, **LegOver** (a one man mismanagement in waiting?) and **Crappy Nappy** took over the circle and an excellent job they did of it, I must remember not to incriminate myself again by talking to CN when he's standing in as RA! **Hangover Blues** took over the Grand Mattress spot with aplomb, punishing **Dances with Wasps**, **Duncan Disorderly**, **Lady Slipstream** and **Slipped Inn**, for sex on the hash with a down-down of energy enhancing beetroot juice, yuck! Fred, the Landlord, was delighted that the Hash had chosen his pub and even tried to up-stage the stand-in RA's with a little rhyme of his own, before downing a half of his own beer.

Finally a group photo that Fred wants to hang on the wall of the Fleur de Lys, and then **Toed**'s raffle. What an exciting climax to an excellent day!

On-On! Jetstream

Run - write-ups from yesteryear!

Hare Raiser

Run Report 19/9/04 Prince Albert, Quay (AGPU)

Hares: Long Trail: Daffodildo & Shamcock Short Trail: Bastard & Gorilla

After a difficult but democratic decision to abandon the idea of holding the AGPU at the Coalheavers Arms in Perterborough, Waard came up with the idea of the Prince Albert in Quay. When the hash was last here, we drank the place dry because they were not expecting us, the White Swan having decided at the last minute that we might upset the locals. So we had a pretty large turnout of 60 or so and dry but windy weather. For once, the wankers had their own trail laid by Bastard & Gorilla; as I understand it, the hares had to take over and show them the way to the beerstop, so unused were they to actually checking trails! In his haste to reach the beer, Toy Boy fell over a trip wire and badly bruised his ego and his left tit. Didn't stop him drinking though. But I digress, the real trail led us as expected into Quay village and there via a cunning check back through the rec onto the main road to Load. Whoopee, just what we wanted, miles of tarmac with boy racers and Sunday drivers to spice it up! Finally we staggered into the Abbey car park and onto a footpath. Here the trail cunningly avoided any of the myriad opportunities for checks, check backs and zig-zags provided by the interconnecting footpaths and led us straight to the Mill and a check. Five routes from here but we finally charged off along the river back towards Quay. A mile later we found a sodding great arrow pointing us back again! Anyway, we had some good long stretches between checks along the drove roads and finally around the picturesque Quay Fen. Then more drove road and finally another 2 miles of tarmac to the beerstop. A good runners trail for those who really wanted to stretch their legs but a bit hard on us older codgers; moan, moan! Here the 2 trails joined by a large pond much enjoyed by the dogs while we all tucked into 70 pints of Milton Brewery's best. We then staggered up the road in stages, clutching liquid sustenance, and back to the Prince Albert for the circle and AGPU.

OnOn

Gunpowder Plod.

Run Report 12 September 04 Village Inn Witchford

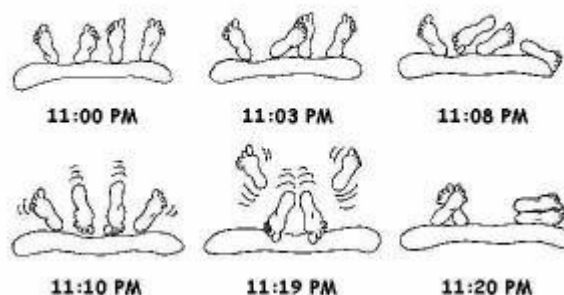
Hares: Muthatucka & PeePee

A good turn out on what was probably the last summer day for 2004 with clear sunny skies but strong winds. A dozen or so hashers also took part in the Grunty Fen ½ Marathon, part of an even stronger contingent from Cantabrigensis. Waard had produced authentic ½ Marathon vest numbers (all 118) but had forgotten the safety pins. Plod produced some drawing pins but there were no takers. Sticky tape was produced and Toed warned that they would blow off and litter the countryside and that Plod would be held responsible; "Why me?" says Plod. Then the fun started. Muthatacka introduced us to the symbols which he did correctly. Then we were off up the road against the flow of madathoners and thoroughly confused marshals. Then we followed flour over a style down a narrow path to....the On Inn! So back again and up the road against the flow, then down a path to a field. Here we checked everywhere for about 10 minutes before giving up and going back up to the road again. Here Plod found a check cunningly hidden 50yds up the road on the opposite pavement. Then we were off through the estates and some more checks and turn backs, some marked with a circle and some with an F. A marshall encountered Plod at this point and asked if he was lost or had given up. Wan Bun butted him in the balls. Finally we were off into the fens and some more well laid checks and back to the madathon Start for a well earned Beer Stop. Then it was through the Finish and some more interesting countryside and good checks to the On Inn for the second time. We welcomed back the GM to the circle. Shamcock finished the madathon in time to run the circle and read two awful Limericks. Ruby was given a ½ pint of Guinness for completing 900 runs a month ago; gives us all something to look forward to!! GWH got a DD for his 69 vest number which he was wearing upside down. The clouds and gales eventually drove us indoors for a few more ales in convivial company.

OnOn

Gunpowder Plod.

The Story of 20 Toes Told in 20 Minutes



The story of twenty toes

Cuming Runs

November

Run 1779: Nov 4th

The Cherry tree Soham CB7 5AH
Hares: Crappy nappy & Sir Kinky.

Run 1780 Nov 11th

The Eight Bells Abbotsley PE19 6UJ
Hares: Toed Bedsores & Goldfinger.

Run 1781 Nov 18th

The Fox & Duck Therfield SG8 9PN
Hare: Kermit.

Run 1782 November 25th

Finchingfield.

Pub to be confirmed it's either halfway up a hill or at the top depending on which one they go for. Look for the pub with lots of strange geriatrics outside!

Hares: Debonair & Bastard



Words of the Month new to the Oxford English Dictionary

punani granny *n.* A significantly older woman who is none the less still worth one. A *gilf*.

jizz bolt *n.* A glob of ejaculate that leaves the *hog's eye* with enough force to put the television screen through.

King Canute *n.* An enormous *Richard the Third* that blocks the bend and holds back the tide of the flush, causing the toilet to overflow.

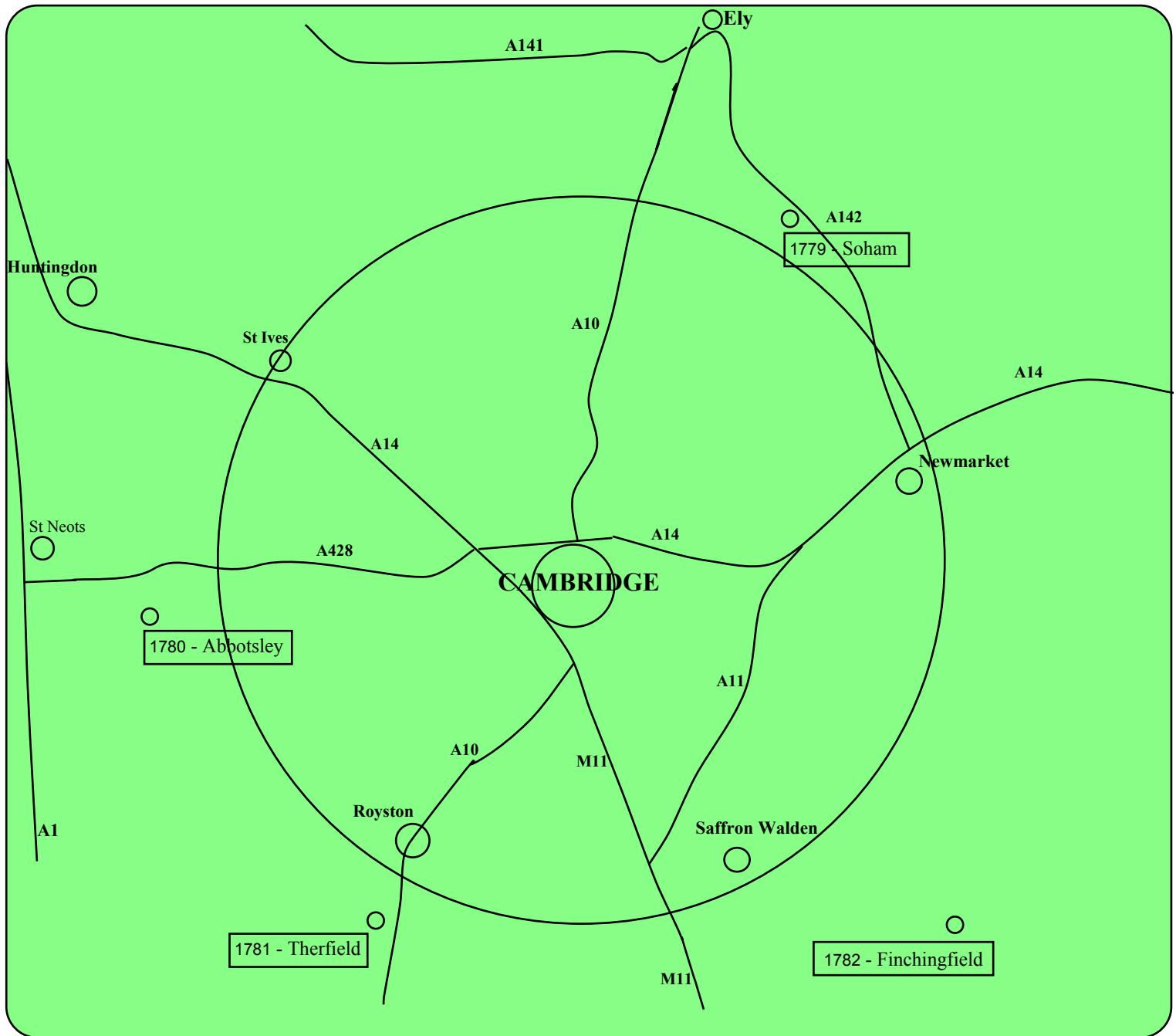
bagpeel *n. medic.* The condition suffered by men on hot days, symptomised by the *knackerbag* glueing itself to the inner thigh, necessitating awkward, Jack Douglas-style leg spasms to separate the two.

pinballing *v.* To make progress home from the boozier by a series of ricochets from one item of street furniture to the next.



Runs for November 2012

All runs start at 11:00 a.m.



Bearded Clam's Guide to Crapping At Work

All hashers have been there but don't like to admit it. How many of you harriers have kicked back in your cubicle and suddenly felt something brewing down below? As much as we try to convince ourselves otherwise, the WORK CRAP is inevitable. For those who hate crapping at work, following Bearded's Survival Guide for taking a dump at work.

CROP DUSTING:

When farting, you walk really fast around the office so the smell is not in your area and everyone gets a whiff but doesn't know where it came from. Be careful when you do this. Do not stop until the full fart has been expelled. Walk an extra 30 feet to make sure the smell has left your pants.

ESCAPEE:

A fart that slips out while taking a leak at the urinal or forcing a crap in a stall. This usually is accompanied by a sudden wave of embarrassment. If you release an escapee, do not acknowledge it. Pretend it did not happen. No one likes an escapee. It is uncomfortable for all involved.

JAILBREAK:

When forcing a crap, several farts slip out at a machine gun pace. This is usually a side effect of diarrhea or a hangover. If this should happen, do not panic. Remain in the stall until everyone has left the bathroom to spare everyone the awkwardness of what just occurred.

TURD BURGLAR:

Someone who does not realize that you are in the stall and tries to force the door open. This is one of the most shocking and vulnerable moments that can occur when taking a crap at work. If this occurs, remain in the stall until the TURD BURGLAR leaves. This way you will avoid all uncomfortable eye contact.

Good luck and happy crapping!