

# The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

## November 2014



Get your kit off  
it's an old Cambridge tradition



# *Welcome from the Edithare*

It's November and time to meet up on Parkers Piece and watch the fireworks. This month's Herald was going to be a tribute to the late Great White Hope. Alas it is not ready. We will be creating an addendum for the next Herald. Got to do a good job! The front picture is Mojacar 2005 when GWH managed to get to the Aerial Mast on the steep hill behind the village.

This Herald is a bit of a catch up containing many previously unpublished run write ups including run 1863. This was GWH's last trail and it was a classic!

**Water is for fish to fornicate in,  
*El Rave.***



***The 2000<sup>th</sup> run is on Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> January 2017.  
Put it in your calendars!***

## *The 2014/15 Mismanagement.*

<b>Grand Master</b>	<b><i>Big Blouse</i></b>	<b>Grand Mattress</b>	<b><i>Spicy Bear</i></b>
Joint Master	Daffidildo Fit but Dim	Joint Mattresses	Doggy Style Woody Hollow
<b>Religious Advisor</b>	<b><i>Moroccan Mole</i></b>	Verger	Fit but Dim
Edit Hare	Toed Bedsores	Hare Raiser	Doggy Style
Web Master	El Rave	Hash Stats	Pedro
Song Master	B@stard	Hash Horn	Muff Diver Fit but Dim
Beer Master	Benghazi	Hash Cash	While Your Down There
Apprentice	Muthutucker	Assistant	Debonaire
Assistant	Beerstop		
Haberdash	Slaphead Benghazi	Hash Flash	Paparazzi Pedro

# On the Ice:

Apologies for some of the below which has through Mercury gone via email, phone, Facebook etc. and smacks of repetition. It's simply that I am not sure how many people have been told of Mike's aka The Great White Hope's passing and the circumstances.

His health had noticeably deteriorated this year - he was more out of breath, unsteady on his feet and unable to walk more than 50 yards without a rest. Scotland had been his last trip with his Hash/Train Set mates; then Wales and then Italy/Sardinia. His determination and spirit to travel kept overriding his physical frailties. Why not when you've got young guys of 68-75 to carry your bags, share taxis, and generally look after you? His family wondered whether he should really be going and the medical signs were not good. All of this he chose to ignore. He had been quite ill the day before we left (Gatwick to Bari) but didn't mention this until we were in the air. Three days into the trip he did have a small fall resulting in minor cuts and abrasions which we were able to deal with. But in Matera he trod on probably the only loose cobble stone on the steps down to Sassi. There was a loud audible crack as his head hit the step. We applied a cold compress, stopped the bleeding, cleaned him



up and tended to the wound on the top/back of his head. Bluto insisted that he went to Hospital for some stitches but he adamantly refused. He said he was OK - no blurred vision and no headaches. So Pugwash put on some iodine - he didn't like that! - pinched the wound together and covered it with a lint dressing. We didn't have any plasters so we used masking tape borrowed from the hotel and then put a shower cap on his head. It was again suggested that he should see a doctor. "I want to finish my last trip - I'm fine." The next day I suggested that he curtail his trip and fly home from Naples. "No way - I want to stay with my mates and finish my last big one. UK coach trips only in the future." He couldn't cope with the hills in Sardinia but our kind friends in Lanusei ferried him around all weekend. He was getting very tired and his blood circulation was poor. Back in Cagliari his health deteriorated badly- some thought he wouldn't make the night but somehow he did. We thought that they might not allow him on the plane but they did. He had one orange juice and was asleep for the rest of the

flight. The taxi dropped Bluto off before going to Mike's house. Pugwash nearly got him to the back door. "It's good to be home" he said but then slumped a bit. Pugwash and the taxi driver took him a few steps



further when he became dead weight. The paramedics, and the hospital tried many times to resuscitate him but his heart was too weak to sustain him.

In 1985 Mike whilst hashing in the Malaysian jungle collapsed with a severe heart attack. He was flown to Sydney where he had a triple heart by-pass operation. Over the years he has had heart monitors, pacemakers, peritonitis, and many other health setbacks and has literally been 'the cat with nineteen lives'



The autopsy reveals that the cause of death was a simple failure of his heart - it had just worn out. There was no heart attack and he died pain-free and peacefully as in his sleep. Somehow the unknown spirit in him had allowed him to finish the trip and get home. Once achieved I believe that his inner spirit released his body. I think that's what he wanted.

Two other interesting points: he had talked to Bluto and I whilst in Italy about planning his funeral. Gut feeling? And his Dad had died of a heart attack in Italy - not for him!

Since there was an autopsy we could not collect the death certificate from the registrar until later. I say we - meaning that I am an executor of his will along with his son Michael - an inspired choice of name by Smith - the daughter is Michelle - was he trying to create a dynasty? The funeral was arranged and we filled the room. The support was wonderful. The family had a memorial service in Ellington

Church followed by a cremation in Cambridge. A Wake followed in one of Mike's favourite pubs; the White Hart in Gt Staughton which was the last pub he had laid a trail from. It won't surprise most of you that he kept 'his cards close to his chest', never even giving his executors a copy of his will; but he did tell me that he had left some monies to the CH3 for beer. Thank you for the beer and we toast you. Feel free to talk to us about Mike's final trip if you wish.

Alice is obviously suffering from some shock - "I have lost my rock, my foundation!" She is however happy for friends to phone her on: 01480-890939. Her daughter Michelle and son Michael are with her as well as Mike's two daughters from his first marriage - Anji from Eire and Stephanie from a city in the USA which cannot be mentioned as it prompts the singing of a populist Hash song that never seems to end.

If you wish to send a card or letter: Alice Smith & Family, 20 Hillside Close, Ellington, Huntingdon PE28 OAR.



***The Bear***

# Run 1860 - Bluebell, Hempstead

*Hare - Posh and Oh La La*

*Scribe - Big Blouse*

Despite clashing with the Indonostalgia weekender, there was a respectable turnout of 26 at [the Bluebell Inn](#) a 16th Century Inn (and Freehouse and not held back by the by the evil grip of Greene King as so many are in the area) and reputedly the birthplace of highwayman Dick Turpin in 1705 – hence the unbelievably low ceilings resulting in the prospect of imminent concussion for anyone taller than **Kermit** who wasn't paying attention.



The hares had picked a brilliant venue and with two venerable hares, a range of wonderful real ales and sunny weather, what could possibly go wrong? – Well, we didn't want to tempt providence as last time we were here **Toyboy** suffered a heart attack (!), fortunately the hash had the very lovely **Double Top** on hand to help out and he recovered later on.

Hash Master **Cruella De Hash** eventually took command

of the assembled throng and after some explanations by the hares we were informed there would be a beer stop (hurrah!) and it wouldn't be the usual trail. This was of course a slight red herring but no one in the hash can remember getting out of bed or what they had for breakfast, let alone any idea about where a trail might have gone, several years ago in a different season.

So we were off with **Mad Monk**, the visiting **Wrong Way** (shouting on on with maniacal glee) & **Hold it for me** setting a brisk pace to find absolutely nothing at the top of a small but quite evil hill. So, back down the hill we went to discover that the trail had actually doubled back to a path running beside the pub, through a small shiggy filled tree lined copse onto the open fields of Essex. **Pedro**, **Woody Hollow** and **Just Give Me One** hacked past at a brisk pace followed by a clump of the knitting circle and the on was eventually called by one lucky hasher who hadn't been irritated/thwarted by the cunning false trails and checkbacks.

Following **Kermit** along the edge of a field I could hear the tension mount in his voice and breathing heavily while battling the rugged terrain he uttered an anguished cry of 'ARSE' and partially disappeared from view. There was a struggle and a quizzical expression as **Kermit** and a shoe parted company as he'd fallen into the entrance of a badger set (oooh look, 'Toad in the hole I thought' sniggering quietly to myself). After a brief pause and a check for structural damage, shoe & Frog were reunited and we were off again.

At this point the pack was somewhat fragmented by some generally brilliant trail laying and we were at a check in a farm yard with **Mad Monk** holding the check while **Cruella**, **Andrea** & **Woody Hollow** successfully found all the false trails. The on was spotted by **Double Top**, **Just Give Me One** & **Pedro** and there was a protracted stretch of fields leading eventually to a well executed beer stop – the perfect way to round up a strung out pack & refresh the spirits with an array of cider, lager & Rose and some top munchies too

At this point we were joined by various SCB's & The knitting circle including **Taxi**, **Debonair**, **Lightning** & **While You're Down There**.

It was evident that some of the hash had fallen by the way side, been shot by the locals or just generally had no clue how to follow the trail and we were somewhat amazed to see **Three Litre Anita** eventually emerge from the forest!

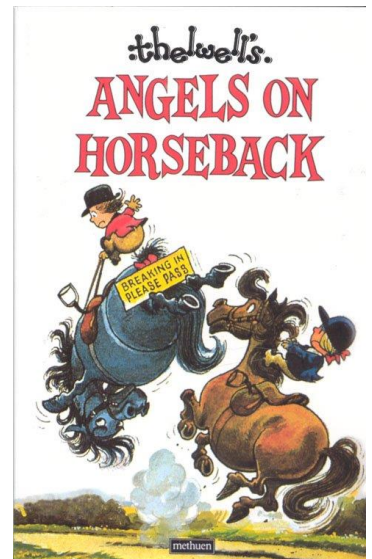


Pausing to let three small girls past on short slightly rotund ponies, the comparison with Thelwell was hilarious & cute at the same time. Your humble scribe was taller than horse & rider & it made for a brilliant spectacle to add to the day's bucolic frolic.

At this point we were near the village & told to head for the Steeple which brought us full circle to the very hill that we'd been thwarted at the beginning, but luckily for us, it was downhill & on Inn to the pub after a spot on 5.5mile trail with touches of village, countryside & the obligatory shiggy.

The pub's regular clientele were amused to see various hashers lay waste to the fresh barrel of Wherry and severely damage the Adnams that was on offer too.

So, the time of reckoning was actually on us again and the circle was called and down downs were awarded by **Cruella**, **Debonaire** & stand in RA **Double Top** to:



- The Hares – **Oohh La La & Posh**
- Visitor **Whack Sabbath\*** (\*Note – Whack Sabbath – lit. Sunday is the only day he doesn't bash one out apparently, resulting in the appropriate naming.....)
- **Forget Me Not, While You're Down There, Ooohh La La & Debonaire** - for getting lost (?)
- **Big Blouse** - For presenting **Double Top** with a buttercup\* (\*NB, at the time, I had no idea she was the RA!! – it should also be pointed out that it was a sunflower that she placed in her cleavage for safe keeping – it just came out as the remnants of a buttercup)
- **Kermit** for excessive innuendo exchange with **DT** on the Run (EG, "I was in the hole first", "Yes but you did go down quickly too" etc etc.)
- **Googly** - for using a map (in fairness it was a Sat Nav from Lidl)
- **Double Top** – for being gallant nurse and helping to save **Toyboy** after the heart attack at that very pub some 5 years earlier.
- **Cruella** – for being a distinctly fluorescent orange at the beer festival in Cambridge so he "stood out"
- **Debonaire** – for forgetting to wear pink in honour of Harriettes month
- & finally **Wrong Way & Lightning** for being overheard discussing the allowable amount of toes you can have if you live in the fens! (This was serenaded by **Taxi** singing "There is a game called 27 toes, it's played all over town")

.....and that was the end of a somewhat bizarre but pleasant day, thanks for the trail Hares, it was a cracker!

On On

## ***Big Blouse***



# Run 1863 - White Hart, Gt Staughton

*Hare - Great White Hope, El Rave and B@stard*

*Scribe - Wimp*

This was the hash where **Great White Hope** waved, for others to do. **Slaphead** was away so instead we put **Toyboy** on **Great White Hope** duty, to not let him sign up for another trail. Well .. We know how **Toyboy** gets distracted and as **Flasher** put it:

Of pubs nationwide there are great many White Harts  
But only one you can meet, the original Old Farts.  
Great Staughtons the place the four take their beers  
Four Cambridge Hashers of three hundred years.  
The **Great White Hope** having supped too much ale  
Leapt slowly to his feet declaring, "I'll lay the trail!"  
And then had second thoughts "But I'm too weak!  
I need two young men who can run so to speak  
Spread out the dust and make the runners work hard  
What about **Dave el Rave** and **Simon B@stard**?"

**Great White Hope** addressed the pre hash circle (having leapt slowly to his feet), not sure where the hash was going or what it was laid in, declared we were going to have a Pimps stop. We liked that - because being good hashers we know they must be stopped! **Googly** and **Pugwash** were not going to find any Pimps - the way they were arguing over which way to hold the map - while the rest of us set off down the high street. The trail circled Great Staughton while **Klinger** was doing a 'Benny Hill' along a wavering path with a line of Harriets zigzagging closely behind him. Now.. what has **Klinger** got? The run then followed **Slaphead**'s Christmas 2012 hash, which I am sure you all remember, as the one we could not do because it was under water. We eventually sighted the Pimps stop but couldn't get to it due to a stingy nettle hedge and ditch that was in the way and dust that was leading us away from it. The trail went another mile, or so it seemed, before turning back to the stop. The Pimps turned out to be a refreshingly fruity affair as much edible as sippable with delightful company.. thank you **Yellow Peril** and **Great White Hope** XX

The circle saw...

- The hares **El Rave** and **B@stard** congratulated and the G.M accused of Nepotism!
- **Give Me One, Keep it Clean** and **Delilah** gave there Pappas a nice fathers day drink (thank you) and the Harriet with the big tits got one for being late as was **Benghazi** for going to the Black Bull at Brampton.
- Returnees - **Flasher**, **Gorilla** and **Chimp** also got one between them.
- **Doggy Style** got a birthday suck and swallow, while **Muff Diver** was playing mind games and **Just Anthea** had no name.

*On on Wimp*

The sun shone the mood was merry with good spirit and like all good hashes they slowly dwindle. The **Great White Hope** leapt higher and slower to his feet and declared that it was time to go home and pleasure the old lady.

# Run 1865 - Queens Head, Fowlmere

## *Hare - Hold It For Me*

### *Scribe - Jetstream*

Rant over, so what about Run 1865 from the Queens Head (who said Head? I'll have some of that!). The trail started off with a tour of Fuglemare (as it used to be appropriately known), with some very long check-backs keeping the FRBs in sight. It was ten minutes before we left the tarmac for a brief jog off road, but this was short lived as we were soon back on the road again. When we eventually left the village and headed for Triplow, they've even paved the countryside, so we were still on tarmac. Confusion hit the pack as we milled around Triplow, due now doubt to the absence of daffodils to show us the way. The prospect of heading out into the country and leaving the tarmac proved to be a challenge too far for most of the pack who eventually found the 'out' trail again and, it being nearly 12 o'clock, assumed that the Hare hadn't laid an 'in' trail and followed the walkers back up the Fowlmere Road to the pub.

A dozen intrepid hashers were having nothing to do with this and continued the search for dust until **Checkpoint** eventually found the trail and led the others off towards Newton, Foxton and then half of South Cambridgeshire. By all accounts the second half of the trail proved to be much better than the first half, with plenty of countryside and no tarmac. The only snag was the length and it was half past one by the time they got back to the pub with their GPS indicating that they'd run nearly eleven miles, including turnbacks. Whilst they were just in time for the circle they did miss the excellent bowls of chips which were kindly provided by the Hare and the Landlord. Future Hares should take note of the **Upper Class Tart's** mantra: the ideal trail should equate to about four squares on the OS map. Simple you'd think, but it was too complicated for today's Hare!



**Hold It For Me** wasn't fazed by the confusion he'd caused and happily admitted that the trail was a "crock of shit" before sitting on ice for the duration of the circle, an experience that, worryingly, he appeared to enjoy. A lively circle ensued but being truly fugled I can't recall who got down-downs and why. Yet again, our RA **Daffodildo**, failed to come up with a suitable hash handle for **Just Anthea**, if he hadn't shortcut the trail he may have witnessed a suitable sin, but maybe next time. **Blowback** actually managed to remember the punch line to his joke, which was a first. The highlight of the circle was actually **Toed's** raffle, as my family made off with the gin, white wine and a T-shirt for good measure. So a very enjoyable day was had by all!

### *On-On! Jetstream*



# Run 1869 - Minster, Ely

## *Hare - Potty*

## *Scribe - Ferret*

So a pack severely depleted by the Brussels 2014 Hash gathered in the Lloyds bank car park behind the Minster Tavern in Ely. The circle was called to order on the arrival of **Blowback** who wasn't late for a change. I think **Delilah** has got him organised. After welcoming visitors, returnees and a Virgin (at least for CHHH) we were shown the hash signs by **Potty** the lone Hare. I started to worry on learning that the run was set the previous night and it rained quite heavily where I was. Next we learnt there were no check backs, so armed with this misinformation we set off down the Cambridge road. The markings in town were chalk and not easy to see but we found the first check easily enough and eventually ended up at the top of the park. The usual way is down the hill to the river so off we all set at a very good pace. At this time **Woody Hollow** and Junior went flying past me just like real athletes. We got most of the way down only to be told by **Legover** it was a turn back so off we trudged following the Grand Old duke of York. Up and down hill, get it?? Ok forget it. Now we come to the cock up. After Checking toward the golf club and other unlikely paths I spotted **Little Blow** who informed me the hare had gone off down through the park to remove the turn back sign. The pack were called back and raced off downhill for the second time. At this point we lost **Legover**, either pissed off by the bad marking, or an injury, or the forthcoming Grand Prix. Ok that was the bad bit, the better bit was along the river to the Roswell pits, where there should have been a check but wasn't, then back into town through the fields. Again good opportunities for checks were missed. I did notice one or two hashers hesitating while passing Sainsbury's. One of the Harriets offered me a sausage at this point; shouldn't it have been the other way round? Again no check so a quick scout around and we found the ON IN. Then right up Forehill, no not foreskin, and back to the pub at 1205 PM.

Down Downs to **Potty** the hare, 2 Hashers from Thailand, **Birds Eye** from Prague. **Crappy Nappy** a returnee, 3 Cambridge girls f---d off early and we didn't have any lookalikes so the down downs were pretty sparse. **Blowback** the stand in RA told us a crap joke and gave the Thai visitor a beer. The landlady, **Princess Albert** (newly pregnant) and Hubby who supplied the chips and bangers and **Princess Albert's** bump.

## *Ferret*



# Run 1875 - Saddle, Kimbolton

## *Hare - Slaphead*

## *Scribe - Fit but Dim*

So what can I say about Kimbolton..... Was it in Cambridgeshire? I am not too sure, as for a family of hashers we drove over two motorways and it took over an hour..... What else..... The weather was nice, even though we had no appointed RA. We had a few key personnel missing, more of that later. The R\*n was Rubbish but isn't that the normal response from us Hashers, we're more interested in the Beer stop (What Beer Stop I hear you say) and the pub of course.....

To clarify Kimbolton is situated in Cambridgeshire, some 24 miles west of Cambridge. An idyllic village, with some lovely hanging baskets!! The hashers arrived well in time to use the facilities of the Saddle pub prior to the Circle forming and obviously we annoyed all the locals by blocking the main path to the local newsagents.

The circle was formed prior to departure to only find a number of Key Personnel Missing? Who I hear you ask, well let's name and shame: Grand Mattress, **Spicy bear**, our own Religious Advisor **Daffadillo**, **Muthatuka** (who will do the beer??) **Doggy style**, **Double top**, **Big blouse**, **Cruella**, **Muff Diver** and **Hangover Blues**, **Bear**, a majority of the Choir and **Bas\*\*\*d**, to name a few... If I've missed you off I'd keep quiet. So with the RA and the Grand Mattress and **Spicy bear** away who would be the substitutes? Let's not ask anyone till after the run and really put the nominated on the spot. We congratulated the newly-weds returning back into the bosom of the fold. **Slaphead** (Hare) did an excellent job of explaining the signs and the route prior to the start of the run, so everyone was eager to start. The run back to the pub commenced slightly after 1100hr (1104hr to be exact) GM take note of the time! Then off we went.

With men, women and a couple of "nearly young" adults pounding their feet and people shouting On On it certainly wasn't an Idyllic village for long. It didn't take the pack long (400m) to be split into a group of 3 on one route and the remainder running like mad people down another, I would like to comment **Fit but Dim** was not leading the large group and was actually on track for once. The route lead us a merry dance from the beginning, from roads to paths, through bushes, up and down tracks, then into the open fields. There were plenty of long trails, not many checks, or at least checks that were totally held. We had a number of FRB's namely **Hold it for me**, **Fit but Dim**, **Pedro** and a number of others I can't be bothered to mention. The hasher's were spread out along the route at the 4 mile point, looking more like refugees fleeing a war torn country than a drinking club, all of us were just looking forward to seeing the Beer Stop sign on the ground. The walkers I expect were already back in the pub with their first pint at this point. The FRB's we're stood on the top's of the hill looking down, whilst everyone else could only look up, sigh, sign a bit more and try and find a short cut.... **Moroccan Mole**, or find a tree / bush to pee against. A down down has to follow for that crime. Had anyone seen **Klinger** at this point or at any point prior? No came the answer, he was late again... (Christmas present please for him, a Satnav and new alarm clock)

At this point we were all looking forward to a nice chilled beer/ homemade cocktail/ wine or anything bloody alcoholic at our beer stop only to be met by **Slaphead** with merchandise in hand to be informed they will be No beer stop today... school boy error really should have asked him prior. The run continued till the majority of the hasher's arrived at the pub from the West and a couple of hashers arrived from the East, not naming those as they both have had way to much publicity in this write up already but you know who you are.

The run ended back at the Saddle with the walkers already drinking their second pint of the afternoon I am sure. Once the formalities of ordering beer and then ordering more beer had ceased, the circle once more made an appearance, more of a rugby scrum rather a circle really but let's go back to the beginning of this tale, why was it a rugby scrum rather than the perfect hash circle I hear you all ask?? Well, because the main people were not there to control the rowdy CHHH. So who were the substitutes?

The stand-in RA was: **Shamcock**, excellent performance.

The stand-in or is it laydown Grand Mattress was **Woody Hollow** who nearly kept with tradition and gave the older generation a heart attack by revealing her black bra, no N,I,P,P,L,E,S though which didn't amuse us boys.

**Ferret** congratulated **Woody Hollow** for reaching another year closer to receiving the queen's telegraph: and a pre-congratulation to **Benghazi** for Friday 12 Sept. Happy Birthday

The provider of beer was our favourite **Benghazi**

So as um-prompt as it could be **Woody Hollow** sat the hashers too rights: 1st down down went to **Moroccan Mole**: watering the trees, he is now the proud wearer of the potty necklace, Grand Master **Ferret** received a drink for forgetting his money and wallet (on purpose I believe) The stand in RA and **U Bend** received a down down for secretly using this run as a training session for the fourth coming Grunty Fen.

It was then a quick handover to the stand-in RA **Shamcock**. He proudly dispensed 3 down downs to the following: **Just give me one** for being a heroin assisting others "morally" to run up the hills. **Moroccan Mole** received another one for criminality: "being caught" short cutting across fields and finally and the most serious of crimes **Hold it for me** for having the fashion police chasing him for wearing what could only be described as PINK lycra socks. Lovely Boy, wonder what he will turn up in next.... A full bodysuit.. From that to this

## ***On On Fit But Dim***





# Run 1877 - Three Blackbirds, Woodditton

*Hare - Klinger and Megan*

*Scribe - Big Blouse*

*Runners: 20 ish?*

*Weather: Unseasonably Warm! (well done RA!)*

## *The Words*



Getting there a tad early, I was pleased to see **Benghazi** already there and the welcome form of **Muthatuka** arrived with German Metal band Rammstein playing from his car – no peace for the hash then & possibly a taste of how the day was to unfold?.

**Woody Hollow** & **Just Give Me One** arrived needing the call of nature, so they handed me the lead of their hound (!) in the ensuing 10 minutes I discovered I had all the dog handling ability of a lettuce as said hound quite literally tangled me up in a variety of knots that

would have disgraced a proficient buy scout, not an experience I want to repeat, lest I should end up on you tube.....

Anyway, oddly enough, it was nearly a year ago that we last ran from the fabulous Three Blackbirds, Run 1808 – back on Sun 26th May 2013 the last time we visited was when the venerable **GM Bob** was in control

(\*cue the choir - Altogether now\*)

“Her name is **Bob** diddle liddle liddle lum,  
but she's got no knob diddle liddle liddle lum,  
whenever she goes out for a shag  
she's got no knob it's really sad  
Her name is **Bob** diddle liddle liddle lum,  
but she's got no knob diddle liddle liddle lum,  
she's got no knob to tug or scratch  
just a slit and a little bit of thatch  
her name is **Bob** diddle liddle liddle lum”

....where was I?, oh yes, and wouldn't you know it the ever faithful scribe for that r\*n was good old **Big Blouse** once more – y'can't keep a good hasher down can you?



Despite me nominating **Forest Dump** as scribe, **Klinger** managed to flatter me and give me extra work by saying “You do a good r\*n write up **Blouse**, would you do it as a favour?” So runs my luck occasionally.....

Anyway, the run had been meticulously planned by **Megan** and in no time at all we circled up in the unseasonably hot weather – it is after all late September in the UK and usually freezing as feck.

**Cruella De Hash** & hound Pongo were standing in for missing GM **Ferret** by did a marvellous job in controlling the circle, resplendent in day-glo luminescent green, he resembled a colourful windsock and simply couldn't be ignored. **Megan** explained the markings and **Klinger** mumbled some unintelligible bollo..... er 'instructions' and we were off! **Just Give Me One**, **Woody Hollow**, **Sweaty Cakehole**, **Checkpoint** and **Hold it for me** shot off in all directions at the first check and despite on being called, we were all totally wrong – well done **Megan**, brilliant tactical trail laying that.

Then we were through a cunningly hidden entrance in a hedge, across a small field and freaking out a rather nervous horse and on to another check which led across a slightly treacherous newly ploughed field. **Cruella, Muthatucka & Legover** were first at a check and managed not to find the trail and as luck would have it, I followed **Legover** and no one else did, which is a shame, because he was just plain wrong.....pfffft!

**Pedro** sped past and a variety of hashers tried to find the true trail, cunningly it was discovered leading across a field with some brilliant false checks and then we all got lost at the bottom of a dip where **Woody Hollow**'s dog encountered an aggressive little black Scotty dog and it was interesting to see just how little control the hashers/normal people had over their respective hounds.

**Daffidildo** picked up the true trail which lead us down a dip and up to a wooded area and a check, the sawdust was carefully placed apart just to confuse even the most seasoned hasher and the pack was held together beautifully to such an extent that even the knitting circle caught up – well played **Megan**!

The actual trail lead us up a steep wooded hill and along a tree lined ridge which was probably spectacularly beautiful but we were all preoccupied with the fact that there were soooo many roots visible that one false step could have resulted in a pile of hashers.

Eventually the tree lined avenue petered out onto a wooden bridge and a check once again confused the hell out of everyone. I mused on the fact that the **Earl of Pampisford** was getting much fitter – every time he appeared on the trail he & friend **Alison** were always in front of the pack and didn't even appear to be sweating!

The true trail was called and there was the odd grumble about a short trail as the water tower adjacent to the pub came into view, but, lo & behold **Megan** had laid a brilliant trail taking us within sniffing distance of the pub and cunningly diverting it across a field and then through a wood that had no discernable paths in it. **Megan** had obviously thought of this and had marked the trail with a large amount of dust. Therefore despite some moaning from **Double Top & Debonnaire** the trail was clear. Through the other side of the forest, we were greeted by the venerable Hare **Megan** (& her chauffer, **Klinger**) standing beside what I perceived to be an old impact damaged skip, as we drew closer, I realised it was **Klingers'** car (the difference was apparent as there's no way on this earth a skip would be that old & shagged out for a start). Rounding the corner there was the site of the On Inn and the water tower in view again. A short burst around the corner and we were back in the realms of the pub – Nice one **Megan**!

The 3 Blackbirds is a wonderful pub and despite the kitchens being shut for a refurb, they had Woodfords 'Wherry' on, so no one really minded at all.

After the usual faffing about, the circle was called and down Downs were awarded to;

- Hare **Megan** & Chauffer **Klinger**
- **Hold it For Me** - for running here and running straight past the Pub and the RA
- **Big Blouse** - for you're a distinct lack of dog handling abilities with **Fanny Sniffer**
- **Double Top** - for the difference between a "man's hour and a woman's hour"
- **Pedro** – For raunning Grunty Fen and was beaten back to the pub by **Imelda**
- Newbie **Just Scott** was given the Junior Potty award
- Friend of the **Earl** & Hash Virgin **Just Alison** from Sawston.
- **Lightning** - for the Ugliest shirt in the world



**Debonnaire** gave out 2 DD's but we can't remember what they were for? **Squeak** possibly, but my memory has failed spectacularly.....ho hum

*On On Big Blouse*

# Runs for November 2014



All runs start at 11:00am

Hare raiser – Doggy Style

Maps at:

[www.ch3.co.uk](http://www.ch3.co.uk)

Run 1887 Nov 30th - [Green Man](#), Colne, [PE28 3LZ](#)

Hare: Pedro and Muff Diver

Run 1886 Nov 23rd - [Bull](#), Burrough Green, [CB8 9NH](#)

Hare: Benghazi and Daffidildo

Run 1885 Nov 16th - [Kings Head](#), Ridgewell, [CO9 1TP](#)

Hare: Mad Monk and Fraser

Run 1884 Nov 9th - [Bell](#), Wendens Ambo, [CB11 4JY](#)

Hare: Oh La La, Double Top and Paparazzi

Oh La La's Birthday run

Run 1883 Nov 2nd - Little Rose, Haslingfield, [CB23 1JT](#)

Hare: Shamcock and U Bend



The Little Rose is the last remaining pub in the village. As of July 2014, it is under new management and is now a proper, true Freehouse with great beers. Traditional Sunday lunches are served from noon until 4pm, are cooked by a local professional chef, Adults £8.95 and Children £5.95.

Neil and Sue Poole are the new managers and have lived in Haslingfield for forty years, call them on 01223-870618 if you want to stay for Sunday lunch!