

The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House
Harriers

September 2012



3 Litre Anita achieves her 1000th !

September and final Blessings from your defarting RA

My final rant and what a pleasure it's been to be your RA for the past 12 months. It's been a real Honour and a privilege, thank you for your support! Being naturally shy and retiring it has been a revelation to me that I have been allowed to abuse you all with impunity.

So many highlights this year that's it's difficult to single out one or two of the best. Obviously Three Litre's 1000th run is up there with the best – what an achievement, although after 34 years of hashing she still hasn't learnt that she's not a F1 driver, so there's no need to shake the champagne, but as some smart arse remarked; “thank you for sharing it” as it rained down on us.

The switch to having “willing scribes” to report on the runs (rather than treating it has a punishment) has worked well, let's hope that someone will continue to organise it next year. Maybe a task for the under employed On Sex? Some sort of report has appeared on the webshite for almost every run. Thanks to everyone who contributed, including Potty, who after being sat on ice, given ex-directory secret fax numbers and finally a stamped addressed envelope, managed to come up with a report for run 1746 instead of his outstanding report for run 1720, from the Three Tuns in Ashwell!

So what has gone badly this year? Apart from the odd run which could have been better, the failure of the “song of the month” to catch on and the weather, everything has been fantastic. This final rant was obviously penned before run 1768 when the weather was fantastic, Taxidermist and the choir actually managed two original verses of a relevant song and the trail wasn't too bad either. Maybe this is the Olympic spirit rubbing off.

On the subject of the Olympics I'm afraid that I have to own up to the fact that I have my own Olympian credentials, which could explain why I am always to found at the front of the pack. My Great Uncle, George Wallach, ran in the first 10,000 metres to be held in the Stockholm Olympics in 1912, just 100 years ago, GWH and other old farts may even remember it. If you don't believe me check it out on Google – ok, so he was one of the 14 who didn't finish, but that was only because short-cutting was unacceptable in those days!

Very few hash namings this year, Pugwash's friend at Dry Dayton will now be known as “Shop”, short for Knocking Shop, Wed Arrow being named at the same run, to avoid him being given a random and crude handle by the Suff*ck Hash. Mini Me was also christened and I was out voted by a large majority when trying to give the hash handle “One Hundred” to the owner of a large spotty dog who ended up as Cruella De Hash, shame as I thought One Hundred (and one dalmations) was particularly apt. None of the above have been seen regularly on the Cambridge Hash, must be a lesson to be learned! However, my favourite naming has to be Princess Albert, you can ask her why next time you see her, but be prepared for a slap round the ear.

Now that Big Bloke has reverted to being a landlord again and has taken over the Tally Ho in Trumpington, it seems that we will be visiting his establishment on a fairly regular basis. A pity it's a Greene King house and the area is a difficult one in which to lay a decent trail. Maybe I'm being harsh and today's run from the Tally Ho will be a classic and the beer excellent!

Finally, let's hope that the new mismanagement is half as good as the outgoing bunch of misfits!

Good luck to them all, especially the new RA, I hope that he, or she, has as much fun as I've had.

A word of advice for the coming year: if at first you don't succeed, don't take up sky diving.

Ρανδομ Τηουγητσ βψ Ταξιδερμιστ *

Greetings Earthlings,

Well, its been quite a year hasn't it? This little part of the Herald will be a sort of 'round up'

of the year because it'll soon be the **AGPU** so we should look back and see what we've accomplished this year. Do I hear you say'bugger all' ! No, give us credit – the following are momentous achievements in the world of Hashing :

Medals : **Muthatucka** got one for his Antarctic exploits and is well on his way to becoming Beer Master when he finishes his 25 year apprenticeship. He's also one of the most travelled Hashers in the World! How many hashes has he been to now – 250 and counting?

Three Litre Anita had her own Gold medal recently of course, reaching her 1000th run (thats cost her £2000 for the sweat shirt!)

Beer: We've kept the brewing industry in gainful employment this year, consuming about 5 – 6000 pints (according to the formula $A \times B = C$, where A = average number of pints per hash run, B = number of weeks in a year, C = total pints per year.) Of course, that doesn't take into account the beer drunk on other hash days e.g. beer / alcohol drunk at home + Boys What Booze + Ladies Wot Lunch + IndoNostalgia Hash + Wrestlers Turd Turdsday + Full Moon + Mojacar + ONiON Band rehearsals + German Nash Hash + Pan Asia + All the other Hash Events we've been to this year. Its a lot. In fact, we're bloody good at **DRINKING BEER**.

Actually, come to think about it, that's all we have achieved this yeardrunk a lot of beer.

CH3 Run Reports

Well, what can I say? There are about 10/11 reports this month and no Internet jokes (please note – Bear!) Thanks mainly to **Jetstream** and the edit hares (**El Rave and B@stard**) who have worked tirelessly trying to get Hashers to commit pen to paper. The screams could be heard all over Cambridge. My personal triumph was to get **Deepshit** to send a report from January (Dave didn't believe me.) You will notice, dear reader, that there are several run reports which seem to be duplicated – this is because **Jetstream** got p*ssed off waiting and wrote them himself!

*Random Thoughts by Taxidermist – your Scribe this Month.

Coming Events

Oct. 7th Mystery Run £10 to Pedro. Pickups in Ely (Stretham Roundabout, Cambridge Station and somewhere else only I've forgotten!)

Run 1720 – Three Tuns, Ashwell. Hares: **Googly** and **Kermit** (or was it **Antar**?)

Anyone who has looked at the website recently may have noticed that the only run report missing from the current hashing year is that for run 1720. **Potty** was appointed scribe and despite sitting on ice at the St Neot's Tennis Club on a freezing cold day in December, paper and pen in hand, and writing most of the report before his brain froze, his report has still failed to materialise!

This is a shame and an insult to **Googly** who deserves recognition for the fine trail that he laid last September. He was assisted by **Kermit**, or was it **Antar**? As usual the trail started off over the stepping stones at the source of the River Cam, and despite it being only 50 yards from the pub, **Klinger** already needed a pee and proceeded to add to the stream flow and cause fish kills as far downstream as Ely. The trail went down the usual lane to a check at the kissing gate. Anticipating the usual trail, the FRBs shot up the hill following dust, albeit only two blobs but that was enough to encourage them to keep going in search of the third – which was not to be found anywhere and had them climbing fences into the next field, but all in vain. With a little assistance from the Hares the walkers wandered around the bottom of the field, eventually finding three blobs which led everyone back into the village. A cunning check back turned the pack around as we dived up a back alley and out into the countryside again. This was not the usual trail!

A rather long stretch up the tarmac was soon followed by farmland and some devious checks led the FRBs astray on several occasions. Several times I found myself leading the pack, only to be overtaken by **Hold It For Me**, at least until the next check. By refraining from calling and running through checks, the FRBs finally shot off, leaving the rest of us to adhere to the Cambridge Hash tradition of holding checks and calling On-On! when the trail was found. **Swampy** was reprimanded by the verger, **Ferret**, for silent running, and **Potty** was punished for not seeing a check and running straight through, a candidate for Specsavers. **Blouse**, another Specsaver candidate, got a down-down for not noticing that he has hash feet on his new trainers.

Emelda and **Pedro** were surprised to discover that the RA was aware that **Emelda** can't start the day without a cup of coffee, whilst **Pedro** prefers to wake up to a shag, thus causing numerous spilt cups of coffee. Fortunately the Ethiopians have come up with a solution for this situation and they were delighted to be presented with some coffee flavoured condoms to solve their problem. Recently married **Ferrari Ferret** was given a down-down for trying to sell his set of Encyclopaedias on e-bay, apparently now that he's married he doesn't need them, his new wife knows everything. **The Earl of Pampisford** added to the debate about short-cutting by confirming that short-cutting is definitely an art form, whilst **Bastard** just stood around playing pocket billiards.

All in all, a grand day. On-On! **Jetstream**

Run 1736 - Fox and Duck, Therfield

Hare - Kermit

Scribe – Deepshit (actually Jetstream – ed.)

Deepshit was given the Honour of being the last “Unwilling Scribe” to be appointed but having only recently been roped in by **Shiggy Two Shoes** to do hers, he complained so bitterly, that despite threats of ice, no report has been forthcoming. As we now have Run Reports on the website for every run since last September, even including two by **Potty**, it would be a shame to have one missing. I will therefore attempt to recall the high points of this run. Were there any high points? Yes, there certainly were. What were they? Can’t remember! Although it was early January I recall that the weather was fine, which was just as well as there was a lot of standing and even sitting, around at check points, however, despite my divine connections I can’t recall anything more about the run, except for the excellent drinks stop.

After the run, there was a bit of a scrum in the pub, as we clashed with the local football team. **Klinger** managed to come away with a plate of their chips, so it ended 1-0 to the Hash. As it was Ethiopian Christmas Day we celebrated with down-downs accompanied by mince pies. A good turnout with several faces that we hadn’t seen for a while, **Dog House** made an appearance as we were only a couple of miles from his house, **Snowball** was surprised and disgusted when **Soju Sonata in A Minor** explained what the yanks mean by a **Snowball** and hasn’t been seen since! **HGO** managed to arrive even later than the sceptics and was duly granted the **Old Bollow Award**. Despite having joined the circle on several previous runs, this was **Phoebe**’s first actual run with us. **Big Blouse** has kindly donated a half yard of ale to the hash for use on special occasions, and demonstrated how it should be done. **Umplebum** had excelled himself by getting into the local rag for assisting a driver who has accidentally driven up the guided busway, but not before he’d taken some pictures and had a jolly good laugh with **Checkpoint**. For some reason **Taxidermist** decided to wear a faggot on his head, why, we’ll never know! Despite all this excitement **Pugwash** and **Posh** carried on with their own private party but when invited into the circle to share their conversation, **Pugwash** bored us all with a tale about his 1984 sweatshirt which still fits him 18 years later. He must have been a fat bastard then as well. Finally, **WYDT** had her way with the last mince pie and then it was “On the Piss”!



On-On! Not Deep Shit.

*Now be totally confused by the reading the next run writeup, actually by
Deepshit – ed.*

Run 1736 - Fox and Duck, Therfield

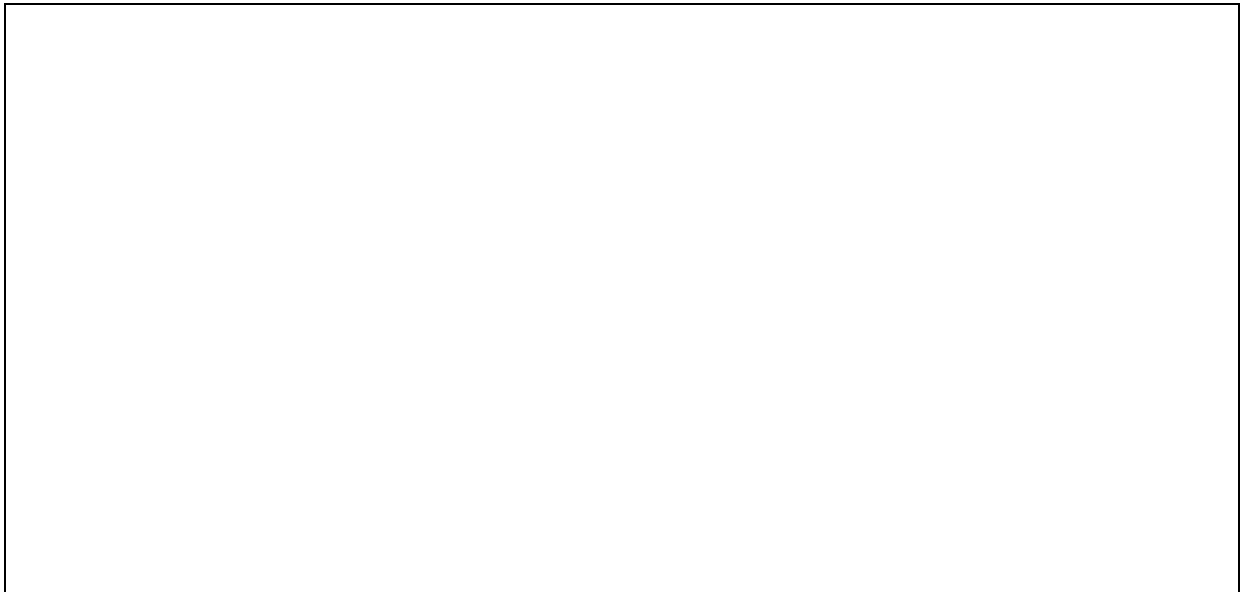
8th Jan 2012

Hare - Kermit

Scribe – Deepshit (Yes, it really is him this time – ed.)

I'm pretty sure that this won't be the most eagerly anticipated hash run write up ever, but it must certainly be vying with some of Potty's for the dubious honour of being one of the most overdue. If I calculate correctly it is getting on for being seven months late.

Anyway, set out in the box below are full details of what I currently remember of the hash:



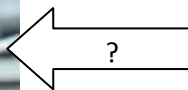
Yep – that's right – absolutely f**k all. In fact I was fully convinced that the write up I was supposed to do was for a trail at a completely different pub.

I think that the main reason for this is that it was vastly overshadowed by the trail that was laid the following week by **LEG OVER** and his assistant – an all-time classic even though I do say so myself ☺

In fact I think I have so little to say that I am going to have to pad it out with some of the Olympic pole-vault that I'm currently watching ... Holly Bleasdale just missed at 4 m 45cm.

I have been to the Fox & Duck before; they gave me a really hard time about buying some water when I was nearly dying of thirst on a long bike ride. Nice folk. Wait a mo ... was this the hash when the pub was "double-booked" with about 15 football teams from Royston heath and we had to take it in turns to breathe in? It's all coming back to me now ... no ... it isn't really.

I wonder if Ylana Isinbayeva is in this competition - I could watch her vault all day.



So, back to the trail. We must have left the pub at just after 11 and run off in any one of a number of different directions. I guess that we probably ran about a bit for an hour or so and then got back to the pub in time to play sardines with the footballers.

Frightening-looking German woman with tattoos goes clear – yikes



I love
Deepshit!!

Wow that Cuban was miles over ... and wearing beach-volleyball kit by the looks of it. Holly Bleasdale fails again ... oh dear ... a disappointing 5th again I predict.

Hmmm ... I wonder if I have any photos from the 8th Jan to help at all ... oh yes ... nothing from the run but a few from the circle. Let's see if I can import them ... success:



A modest turn-out it would seems.



Who dis? Whoever they are, **Bengazi** doesn't look very happy about it! Giving up perfectly good beer to strangers again ☹



Here is somebody else I don't know, that I guess you all do ... insert your own humorous caption cos I can't think of one.



Now, a log on Taxi's head ... that rings a bell ... no not really.



How do you fit two pints in to a half-pint? Tee hee.



Oh good grief, it's him again ... earplugs anyone?



Big Blouse is eyeing up the RA's substantial specimen

Holly Bleasdale is over ... about bloody time too.



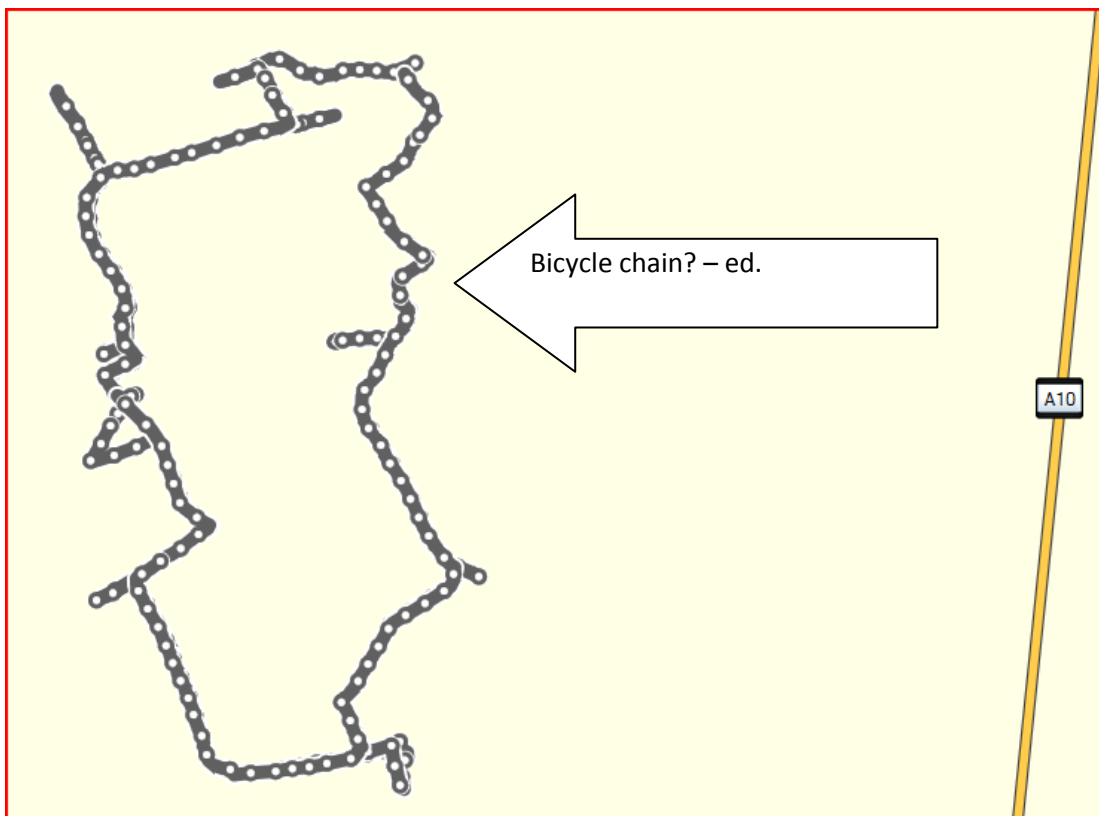
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Whose head is this?






That's it for the photos. I wonder what else I have ... hmmm ... Garmin GPS data?

Let's see ... on yes, here we go. I still can't tell you about the trail but here is what shape it was from above:



It looks like it was quite a long one and it appears that I ran it twice so I must have enjoyed it – well done Kermit.

Name	Total Distance	Total Time	Avg Pace	Avg Speed	Max Speed	Total Calories
 02/01/2012 -...	23.53 km	2:11:4...	5:36 /km	10.7 km/h	16.5 km/h	1903 cal
 08/01/2012 1...	14.50 km	1:20:4...	5:34 /km	10.8 km/h	16.5 km/h	1163 cal
 02/01/2012 1...	9.04 km	50:59.61	5:39 /km	10.6 km/h	14.1 km/h	740 cal

On-on!

Deepshit

P.S. Oh dear – the polish pole-vaulter is out – is that irony?

P.P.S. Cripes that Cuban was about 3 feet over

P.P.P.S Holly Bleasdale was about 3 feet under

P.P.P.P.S. Yes - Elena Isinbayeva is up next

*Apologies to **Deepshit** from **Taxidermist** for ruining your writeup with silly comments....I just couldn't resist it!! :0)*

Run 1746 – Keddington – 17th/18th March.

Mothering Sunday. The day after Saint Paddy's Day.

We met at the local boozer as usual on time other than the Whittles who always arrive late. i.e. **Jetstream** and Penny, thanks for the good weather. Our hares **Crappy Nappy** and **Charlies Arse Licker** and Pogo (the only one with sense). I vaguely remember **Crappy Nappy** had a blonde wig upon his head and a tint of rouge upon his cheeks (whom cross dresser!!)

Off we went into the countryside many initial check points and also long turn backs kept the pack close together. On on, into the countryside **Klinger** appearing and disappearing at various stages.

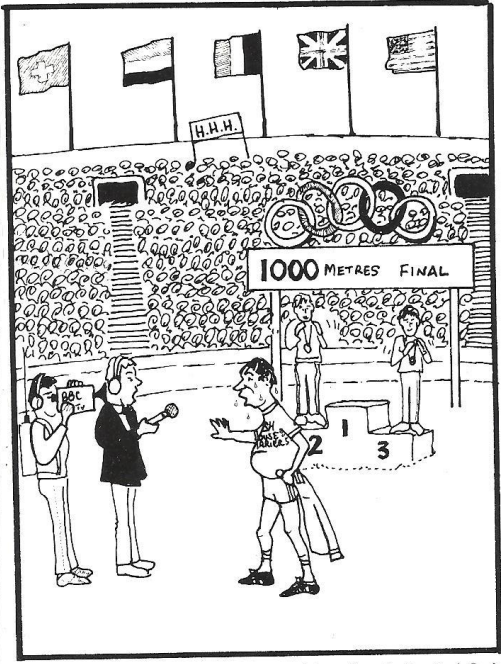
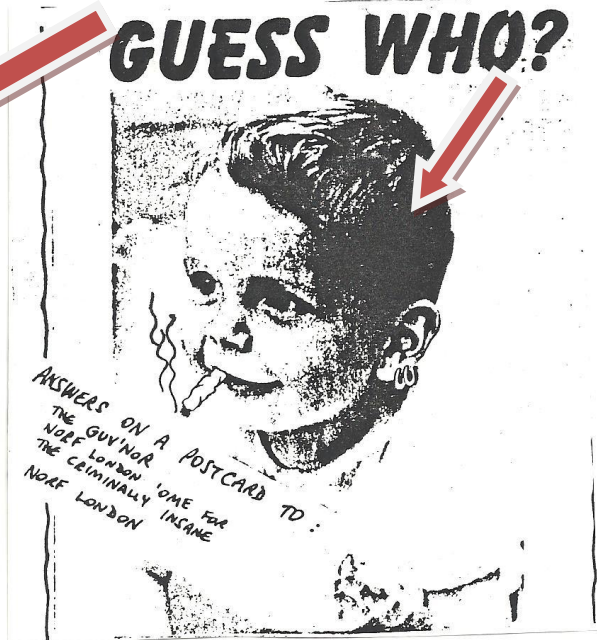
Then after an endless long section, an oasis in the desert 'The Beer Stop' in **Charlies Arse Licker's** taxi real ale, lager, water if you wanted it and various dips overseen by Pogo. Then the On Inn, "So I thought" There was another three checkpoints.

One up a large hill. I, **Kermit**, **Antar** and others wrongly ran up it, a bloody turn-back. By then the rest of the pack had passed us and where back in the pub.

A good run. On on.

Potty.

The bear facts



I'm not interested in the gold medal: where's the On! On!



CH3 of the Future ?

Run 1762 - Cross Keys, Upwood

Hare - AWOL and The Invisible Man

Scribe - Invisible Ink

The Hares - invisible



The Scribe - invisible

Most of the trail - invisible

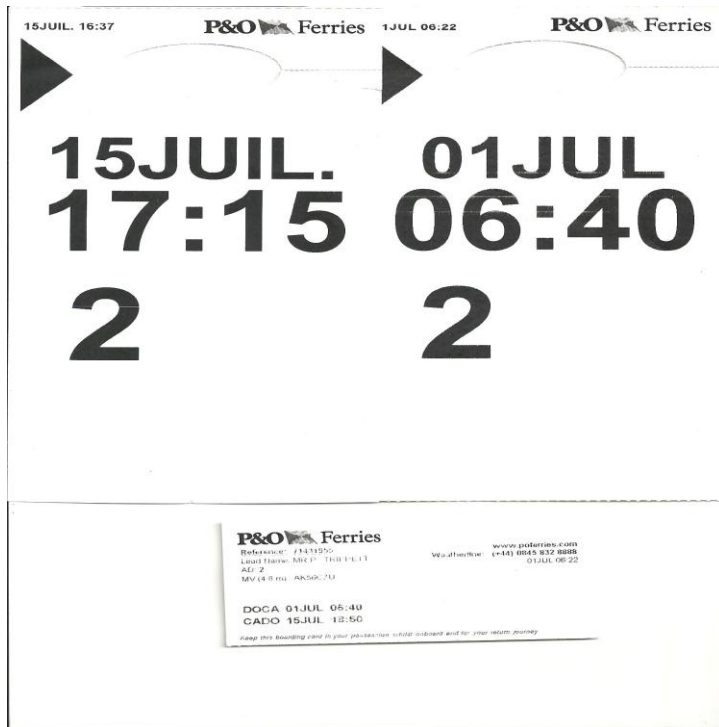


Bastard's privates after half an hour on ice – invisible



Invisible Man and AWOL pose for Paparazzi

Invisible Ink



The Evidence – proof of Pedro's innocence?

Herald Scoop !! *Invisible Man* & AWOL shock horror!!!

Your intrepid investigative reporter (Taxidermist) has managed to get incontro....incontri....well, proof anyway about the identity of those two elusive hares *The Invisible Man* and AWOL. At great risk to life and limb (OK, not that dangerous really, I broke a nail on the keyboard). Taxidermist has confronted one of the most obvious candidates for this strange practice of laying trails anonymously i.e. **Pedro**.

It seems that, on the date of the Upwood run (July 8th), **Pedro** was in Italy on holiday with **Emelda**. As you can see from the scanned receipts this can be confirmed with the P & O Ferries tickets – they went out on 1st July and returned on 15th July. The originals are in a safety deposit box in Northern Rock.

Interesting.

So, who really are *The Invisible Man* and **AWOL** ?

The case continues.....

Run 1763 De-ja vu Sherringham / Windham Arms *

Scribe – Three Swallows

It was our 4th Sherringham trail and the Beer festival's 11th year! It was, as usual, fantastic. The hog roast was on Saturday evening and the not-so-good band played. **Billingsgate** was whisked off her feet to dance with the manic dancer from last year and I was whisked off my feet by **Teabag** from Norwich to do our usual dance (in between me having to stop and puff on my asthma pump.) The evening ended with everyone wandering off in their separate directions (staggering to be more accurate.) **Chicken Legs** with his permanent smile and glazed eye look, clutching his silver tankard. **Bastard** was hoping that by some miracle there was going to be a fully shaved, left handed, hot woman waiting for him in his double hotel bed! He may have been disappointed! **Antar**, **Googly** and **Kermit** between them remembered the code to get into the hostel and, most importantly, pressed the enter button this time.

Sunday morning, **Double Top** and I were up with the birds at the crack of dawn, fully dressed, breakfasted and packed by 8 am –so we had a lovely walk along the sea front and watched the boats come in. A mad artist woman was there with her sketch pad, running about here and there as she didn't want to ..'miss it' (miss what is still a mystery!) We ambled our way back to the station and found a warm sunny bench so that our purple knees and numb fingers could return to normal function and colour as that North wind was bitterly cold.

Hashers emerged all of a sudden from all directions and we were given an exclusive carriage with our name on it. The station master blew his whistle (or was it **Taxidermist** ?) The **Whittles** made it as usual at the last minute and the steam train chugged off, leaving **Sperm Whale** behind (they were the only ones who didn't know set off at 10.30am – hashers from Belgium even knew this! The train really did chug along and if anyone was expecting it to be a Flying **Scotsman** steam experience, you were probably let down.

We arrived at Weybourne, the next station, and the hares **Paparazzi**, **El Rave** and **Checkpoint** gave a red warning to hashers to stay on trail as you could easily get lost and disorientated (as **Double Top** and I already know from last year!) So that's why we decided to do a live hare trail for the walkers along the sea front with **Thumper**, **Benghazi** and **Taxidermist** leading the way.

The running trail lead the pack into the vast, dense, prehistoric woodland, where locals in Sherringham say wild black bears have been spotted ..'in them there woods' ! After a good 6 mile trail **Tea Bag** from Norwich was first back at the Windham Arms pub in Sherringham followed by the rest of the pack. **Double Top** braved it on the walkers trail and was the only one to have a swim in the sea. Paddling was bloody cold enough!

Beer and drinks flowed at the pub and after **Googly's** story about a meal he had in Thailand where tiny crabs ran about on your plate made me keep an eye on **DT's** dressed crab she had with salad. I was waiting for it to run off her plate at any moment, but thank God she ate it before it had a chance.

The circle began with the usual disarray of insults and downers were given to **Sperm Whale** just for being himself, an idiot. **Potty Trained** for something or other and others that I wasn't

listening to. **While You're Down There** had a few, one for losing her plastic mug and blaming **DT**. Later she lost it again, only to be found in her bag that she had already looked through! I wonder how that happened! So to keep her mug safe she put it in a plastic bag and hung it off her great British bra.

The day drifted on and the pack started to say their farewells to each other. Five minutes after leaving, **Open All Hours** came back, asking if anyone had seen a white bag she had lost. "What, the one over your shoulder?" a few hashers said! She's just as crazy as **While You're Down There** for losing things.

To finish, I think we would all like to thank the **R.A.** for the glorious sunny weather with blue sky that he thinks he has arranged (in truth it was me doing a Sun Dance Indian Squaw way that really made the sun shine.)

On On

Three Swallows

(Copied from an original handwritten manuscript, written on finest vellum with a quill pen in ancient Sandscrit. This valuable relic was found clutched in the mumified hands of a member of the Imdrunkasahasher tribe who lived near Sherringham for a weekend in AD 2012.) – Ed.

***See August 2012 Herald, scribe – Kermit. Ed.**

Run 1764 The Chequers, Wrestlingworth.

Hares : Googly & Antar.

A tail of the elusive bull

The circle was called at 11am by the Grandmaster who introduced the returnees **Penguin, Bluto** and **Damon Schumaker**. We trotted up a pathway behind the pub and could just about see the dust across the first field. Most of us just stood there looking whilst the pack split in all directions.

We had been told by the hares at the beginning of the run that we couldn't go across a field by a farm as there was a bull in other field, so the pack would have to run on the road. As we came to the farm entrance we all peered over the hedge and couldn't see the elusive bull. Had they told us a load of bull? As the pack was so far ahead a few of us went down a very short path with plenty of shaggy to the pub.

Down-Downs were awarded to the hares for laying a good trail. **Bluto** and **Damon Schumaker** for just returning. **Penguin** for bringing good weather and **Deep Shit** for

unwilling to be a scribe. Damon Schumaker received another beer just for cycling from Cambridge. **Danuta** for ambling and drinking and not running and **Leg Over** for moaning there was no chips.

The joint Grand mistress awarded **Muff Diver** a beer as he decided to follow a young lady who was not a hasher on the trail.

Pugwash made a charge that he had won a prize of a packet of hamburgers at Smithy's local. Smithy then took them home so **Pugwash** said he would donate them to him.

The joint master mentioned that **Constant Suction** and **Rear Admiral** had just got married during **their son's christening**.

Antar was thanked for being a replacement hare instead of **Barstard**.

Altogether a good Sunday's hash.

Moo Moo.

Computer

Run 1765 Wagon and Horses, Steeple Morden

29th July 2012

They say behind every great man is his wife...in this case **No Knickers** behind a **Big Blouse** and a **Bastard**. Quite appropriate then that this run, 1765, shares the date of the birth of one Lady Emma Hamilton, the mistress of that famous Napoleonic hashing forefather, Admiral Horatio "Gispert" Nelson. She it seems was the architect of that first pan euro event that brought together the Spanish, the English and the French off the coast of Cape Trafalgar. Feeling left out of the party, it is reported that it was here that Captain **Slaphead** and Master **Higgins** began plotting with those other euro nations for an even more spectacular event...Brussels 2014 was born.

Back to run 1765, all was not equal in this ménage à trois. In the plotting and scheming **No Knickers** had given **Blouse** the starring role, **Bastard** trusted with only 100 feet. But was less going to be more?

Potty opted for less. Inspired by the Olympics he narrowly avoided garrotting himself on a fence two yards from the pub car park as he sought a 5 yard short cut by vaulting over a fence. Not to be outdone, **Duncan Disorderly** in a desperate search for **Bastard's** 100 feet took a terrible fall. Quickly realising that love in the haystacks was not in the title of this hash, he lifted his drinking hand, checked for damage; lifted the other, checked for damage. Reassured, all in working order he set out after the rest of the pack on the thirst for home.

As the trail weaved through the corn fields, over the hills and far away, still no sign of **Bastard's** 100 feet. **Crappy Nappy** thought he had found it on a tempting path as he flew past the oncoming walkers. As the rest of the pack headed west towards the setting sun (and in the direction that the walkers were travelling), **Crappy Nappy** realised that he too, had missed Bastards 100 feet.

Further west the pack travelled, looking for a Steeple to guide the way to that elusive 100 feet that would take them home. Behold, on the horizon, cried **Klinger**, tis our Steeple! Off he ran....the pack turned the opposite way quickly finding dust....as they ran on, **Shiggy Two Shoes** took sympathy, does Klinger know it was towards Ashwell Church that he was headed she enquired?

And suddenly, it was there. When we least expected it. A herd of Andean Llama. Part of the camel family they live in grassy open spaces at very high altitudes of 7,400 - 12,800 feet, where the air is so thin there is only 40% oxygen. The Llama's unique blood, which has more red blood cells per volume unit of blood than any other mammal, enables to adapt well to these extreme conditions. Quite a surprise to see these magnificent creatures in the wilds of South West Cambridgeshire (approximately 5 miles from Royston). But, this wasn't the really unexpected part. It was the discovery of the 100 feet! Sitting aloft one of the Llama, a critically endangered Laurel Creek Xystobesmld – **a millipede! Bastard**....always the joker!

With happy hearts and the faint hum of Andean Pan Pipe Music **Ted** enjoyed a rousing rendition of his favourite tune; down downs to **Long Story** for running straight through a check, not holding it and assuming that it must be the right way (it was, but that is not the point); big welcome backs to **Duncan Disorderly**, **Dances with Wasps** and **Dolf Lundgren** and a drink for our ON SEC **HGO** for bringing the hash back to Cambridgeshire and encouraging their return. Also drinks for our **visitors** – if they come again they can tell me what their names were.

And finally, also in 1765, HMS Victory, Lord Admiral Nelson's Flagship was launched. Interesting.

ONON and thank you to our Hares!

Blowback

Run 1766 - Admiral Vernon, Over Hare - Muthatucker Scribe - B@stard

The pub was open when we arrived and **Muthatuka** bought me a pint – hurrah! The pack were all told to pick up the 2 A4 sheets with about 25 photos on them. Instructions were issued – look at the picture and see what it was of and then look around until you spotted whatever it was and that was the next 'check'.

(continued on next page)



The First 'check'



The Second 'check'



The Church visible from miles away that saved mine and Thumper's bacon!

It took a few go's for the pack to work it out which allowed me to keep up with them for half a mile or so but once they had the hang of things I didn't see them for dust – of which there was none. Fortunately there was a picture of a church which was visible from a couple of miles away so **Thumper** and I headed off in that direction and found the beer stop (more hurrah!).



Although we were almost last (**Legover** managed to be slower by deciding to run in the opposite direction to everyone else), there was still beer left – a firkin of Tiki, which was very refreshing.

I then did the sensible thing and scrounged a lift back with **Mutha** so have no idea what the rest of the trail was like but presume it was more of the same.

Mutha said he got the idea from hashing in one of the 'Stan's (Kazak or Turkmeni or something) where any littering of the streets was a punishable offence so putting flour down was a no-no. It was difficult keeping the pack together but everyone agreed that it was a great and original idea.

I could try to remember who got down-downs but I can't be arsed. Since writing that, it has been pointed out to me that it was **Three Litre Anita's** 1,000th run! Well done Anita (but get a life!). She got a wonderful home made chocolate fudge cake provided by our newest hasher – **Rachel** (as yet unnamed) and a bottle of home made bottle of elderflower champagne. Someone foolishly suggested she shake the bottle. This resulted in almost the whole bottle showering the pack. The other down downs...well... You know who you are or, at least you did but have probably already forgotten. **Ted's** raffle was the usual fiasco with yet another of **Warren's** old t-shirts coming my way. Someone unkindly noted that I am so large now that they should be quite a snug fit on me these days.

Onwards B@



Different sorts of action at the Over run.

Run 1767 – Old Red Lion, Horseheath. Hare: Haven't Got One

Some people will go to unbelievable lengths to avoid being the “Willing Scribe” and **Hangover Blues** is one of them! Whilst **Benghazi** simply says “No” and others totally ignore the request, **Hangover Blues** decided to send her Mother into intensive care in order to avoid the honour! It appears that although there was some discussion as to who was the scribe prior to the run, the collective brain dead who assembled for run 1767 failed to get anyone to volunteer, or if they did, nobody can remember who it was. **Toed Bedsores** assured me it was one of my family, but as none of the Whittle Clan were there I'm afraid that this just about sums up the collective memory loss.

Despite not being there, the Joint Masters had revived the old Cambridge tradition (no not that one) and provided **R-Swipe** with an appropriate outfit to wear to start off his 100th Run. The bog seat fitted him perfectly and he wore it with pride. **Haven't Got One** was the Hare and in order to piss off all the cybeer illiterates he had failed to include the name of the village in his run details. “Trail starts at Lordship Farm CB21 4QH” – what is **Klinger** expected to make of that? Fortunately **Bear** came to his rescue, googled it and discovered that it was in Shudy Camps.

Thanks to a very efficient Hash Flash (was that **Paparazzi** or **Pedro**?) there are already numerous pictures of the run on the website. Did I say run? Well, it appears that there was a lot of standing around at checkpoints with a lot of walking being done between them – **Checkpoint** is the only one recorded who is actually running. **Hold It For Me** appears particularly guilty of sitting down at checks, no doubt having to wait for ages for the rest of the wanking pack to catch up.

The verger, **Ferret**, stepped in as RA, but as he has walked at an even slower pace to the rest of the pack on account of his sprained ankle, he had to rely on hearsay and bullshit to identify the guilty and award appropriate down-downs. Not only was it **R-Swipe**'s 100th run, for which he was presented with an engraved pint tankard, but **Computer** had completed 600 runs and received a nice blue sweatshirt for her efforts, and no ... she didn't follow the old Cambridge tradition!

On-On! **Jetstream**

Runs for September 2012

All runs start at 11:00am Hare raiser – Haven't Got One

Run 1770 - 2nd September Plough & Fleece, High Street, Horningsea CB25 9JG

Hares – Rear Admiral & Constant Suction. Scribe - Paparazzi

Drink the ALE dry HASH. Rear Admiral will lay on a light buffet and get in a couple of barrels of Milton. There will be 3 trails of various lengths. The Onion Band will be playing.

Run 1771 9th September The Village Inn, 80 High Street, Witchford, Ely, CB6 2HQ

Hare – Ettles. Scribe - Ferret

The High Street will be closed from 10:00 am. Don't try using

Grunty Fen Road as a bunch of At#!ettes will be run*ni*g.

The pub is easy to get to from the main turning to Witchford from the northern by-pass (A 142). Approach down Common Road. Ample parking.

Run 1772 16th September THE AGPU !

Girton Pavilion, Girton. Recreation Ground – near church, CB3 0FH

AGPU on Sunday 16th September. 11am as usual.

Hare: Blowback. Scribe - Thumper

Venue is the Pavilion, Girton, not the Village Hall. The Pavilion is on the Rec, next to the Church. No. 6 bus leaves Emmanuel Street, Cambridge centre, at 10.26 am and arrives at Girton Church 10.42 am. Lots of buses run from the Railway Station to Drummer St/Emmanuel St. Buses return to Cambridge every hour, last bus is 4.59 pm. After that a taxi will cost about £12 to the station. Parking on the Rec will be difficult as there will be a football match in the morning as well as Church goers parking there. Allow time to park up the road and walk there, or more sensibly, catch a bus or cycle. Free Beer, Thai food cooked by Kung also free. The Onion Band will be playing at some point.

Run 1773 23 September The Bluebell Inn, High St., Hempstead, Saffron Walden, CB10 2PD

Hares : POSH and Struth

Run 1774 30th September. Fox and Duck, Buntingford, SG9 9AS

Hares : Antar and Big Blouse

Car parking is in the High Street Car Park, and then over the road

On On Taxidermist