
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

September 2013



*Can this lot organise a p**s up in a brewery? Apparently not!!!*

On-on to the new Mismanagement:



Welcome from your scribe.

A season of reminiscence, a season of hope as we get set to change the guard.

Over the year the current mismanagement has successfully organised a number of special events - the Christmas party, the 1800th weekend, a couple of beer festival runs at Wilburton and Sheringham, and the customary support for Beerstop's Ice House weekend.

Beyond this the committee has shown great foresight in initiating planning and fund raising efforts 4 years ahead for the 2000th run.



So all that's left is to organise the AGPU - a piss-up in a brewery seemed like a good destination. Somehow though, as we approach the end of this journey I have the feeling of being on a RyanAir flight with its marginal fuel policy. Technical problems are making a diversion to another destination seem likely at the last minute... and do we have enough juice? It will be touch and go.

So turn off all electronic devices (there's no info on the web-site anyway) and fasten your seat belts as we glide into the final approach...

Happy Landings,

Kinky

Cuming Herald Scribes.

- Oct Taxidermist
- Nov who knows?
- Dec who cares?

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



Blowback Blows Back

Incredible. Fantastic. Chow Chee Bai!

Another mismanagement year almost at a close. **Klinger** still has his teeth. The **Bear** still getting caught in the woods. **Hold it for me** holding it. **Haven't got one** finding it. The **RA** bringing the **Jetstream** back into line as the sun has shone on this most glorious of years.

CH3 also mixed it with Royalty at the beginning of April as we celebrated our 1800th run. This took us from Helions Bumpstead with **Deep Shit and Legover** to the wilds of Fen Ditton as **Kinky and Klinger** took us on a journey of recovery from **Rear Admiral's** magical hashing quizzical tour of Barnwell and Romsey.

Hangover Blues has mattressed with style with able support from her JM's **Shiggy** and **Double Top**, **While you're down** there has kept the cash flowing, **Dave the Rave and Bastard** with an army of scribes and photos taken by **Paparazzi** and **Pedro** have told a story of a year that will be remembered for years to come as the year the Raffle came in from the cold. With all profit now going to the newly created 2000 Run Fund Raising Account, **Toed and Computer** have kicked off four years of serious fund raising. And the account...that man **Pedro** got that one sorted.

And to the Hares of 2012-2013 – we are grateful to you and to **Kermit** for filling the order book! Been some classics – **Great White Hope** setting the pace and showing how it is done and Crappy Nappy sharing (sorry handing over!) JM duties for the Christmas trail with Deep Shit and Legover.

We've also seen a few guest appearances from the choir as **Jetstream** took hash music back to its traditional roots - songs that mostly relate to the downfalls and the charges (shock horror) and to the notion of charges – **the circle is our circle is your circle**, has been a great circle – hope the charges continue to reign through our next committee. And the beer – what to say but the Apprentice **MotherTucker** is still being kept back by a most able beer master **Benghazi**.

What about the biggest hash hero of the year? **Slaphead** selling bright yellow t-shirts to two Americans in mid fly catching summer season?!

What else?

Run 1789: Three Litre Anita: “The new house is great but I do need to complain about the farmer across the road. Every morning at 5:30 his cock wakes me up and it's getting too much!”

Run 1793: Sperm Whale recalls the events of the previous week: On putting on his coat he was asked “Where are you going?” by Mashed Potato. “To the doctor, SW replied. “Why are you ill?” “No, I want some of that Viagra that everyone is talking about” “then I'm coming too” she said.... “if you're going to start using that rusty thing, I'll need a tetanus jab”

Run 1796: How could we forget **Crappy Nappy?**

CN was out on the town in Cambridge and met a girl in the pub and invited her back to his place. On the way home, she coaxed him into an alley and flashed her chest. While he stared in amazement she grabbed his wallet and ran. Stunned, CN went to Parkside Police Station to report this dreadful crime. “Ah” said the officer, “it sounds like you've just fallen into a booby trap”....

And on Mother's Day - **Run 1797 Blind Fiddler, Anstey - Klinger and Megan**

Lady Slipstream: "The whole Whittle family had gathered together to celebrate Mothers Day with a big dinner. Afterwards, when Unmentionable started to clean up, Lady Slipstream intervened... "Don't do those today Mum, its Mothers Day....you can do those tomorrow!"

And so many many others – life is never dull on CH3.

And what else....

On Saturday the 20th of July 2013, the day before the Seaside run...**Little Blow and I** became Mr and Mrs! A few pics below. Before that though thank you to you all and look forward to seeing you on the 22nd of September in Dry Drayton for the AGPU....what was that? Resign?

ONON!

Blowback

From this:



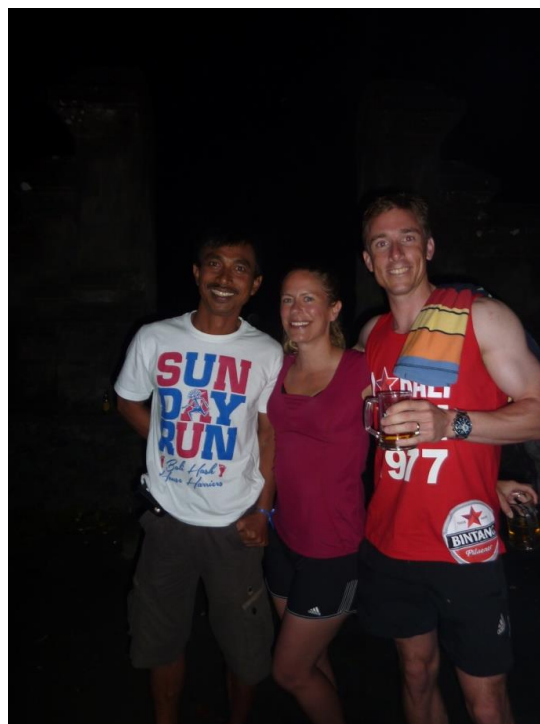
To this!



(Bali H3)



Little Blow does CH3 Proud



With GM Bali Hash

PS.....They Do Practice on Blow Pipes in Irian Jaya



Receding Hareline:

Surrey 2001 A Space Oddity!

On Friday 16th August 20 hardy Hashers from Cambridge made their way down to Plumpton Agricultural College in the beautiful South Downs. The journey down was horrendous due to traffic works and rain and mist and fog! We registered and set the band equipment up – Surrey had asked the Bear if Cambridge could do the cabaret on the Friday night and help run the circle on the Saturday (they didn't want much, then, did they?!). Mine smelled of piss and had a lumpy mattress and a door that wouldn't shut properly! Off to a good start, I thought. Fortunately, Green Goblin was next door in a far nicer residence, so we shared that – cosy but comfy enough.

Then it was off to eat, surprisingly good for a college canteen and a hash do (fish and chips or steak and kidney pudding). The ONiON band started sound checking at 8-ish with Tim 'Tigger' Brown standing in as bass very competently. At about 9pm J Arthur Rank (the Surrey RA) started proceedings wearing a space suit and doing the pre-requisite talking bollox before we were on. The first set was all hash songs then the cabaret really started! The Earl, Three Swallows and Pugwash did the balloon dance. It was hysterical and really brave of them, what a lark! Tigger then came on as T C Brown and did a set with Taxidermist and Lightning helping out – these guys ended up playing for the best part of 3.5 hours and Taxi has just had his leg operation, what heroes! The second set went down better as it was the usual guff! We eventually got off stage at about 12.30 and got stuck into the serious business of drinking enough!



The next day was bright for about half an hour and then it clouded over and looked like rain. There were 3 trails, Green Goblin and I did the walk as we were both knackered, Taxi and Lightning went straight to the pub! El Rave and Paparazzi did the medium run as did Toed Bedsores, Geordie Mike, Jetstream and Unmentionable (6 miles up hills, not for this flat lander!), CH3 arrived at the drink stop first so we haven't lost any of our hashing skills! The drink stop was a welcome sight only 10 minutes from the College, a few beers and wines were consumed to make up for, well, nothing really, then back to base for lunch. Lamb chops with mint sauce, now that was impressive! There was a circle after lunch held indoors because of the rain and cut short due to Surrey not allowing swearing in the circle. The Bear thought 'that's fucked it!' Hash games were allegedly held afterwards but we decided a siesta was what was called for. Supper came soon – this was impressive food all weekend, not necessarily cooked to perfection, but better than the usual Hash House stuff. Supper was curry or sweet and sour – both very good.

Surrey provided the entertainment in the evening. They had a guy playing guitar with a huge array of electronics, including a computer in his guitar that could make it emulate different makes of guitar. He played, on and off, for about 4 hours and knew a huge variety of songs covering a vast range of musical styles and genres. There was a fancy dress theme centred around 2001 so there were lots of aliens, thunderbirds, spacemen etc. CH3 all wore a t-shirt advertising our 2000th which save on the trouble of coming up with fancy dress! The Surrey cabaret was very good, it started with a voice over chat with Hal, followed by an amazing act where 5 or so people were wearing black and white outfits and each other's tights and dancing – very amusing, you'll have to watch the video! Then 3 surgeons came on and did a strip (not as good as the balloon dance, but still very funny) and finished with a nice rude song! Then it was back to the bar for more guitar heroics.

I have to admit I was cream crackered so went to bed quite early and on the Sunday we set off home about 10.30 to miss the traffic, if possible, so I can't report on the Sunday runs but assume there were as good as the Saturday.

A brilliant weekend and well done to Gurney and the Bear for co-ordinating our input. I would happily go again and it has given me some ideas about how we could make our 2000th as successful.

On on B@stard



The Bear('s) Market

The Bear is after your honey

GIRTON - An Historical Survey of a Cambridgeshire Village - 1st Edition 1950/1. 87 pages packed with chapters on the village's origins, mentions of the remains of a Roman house and a Saxon burial ground, much much more through to 1951. a MUST for any Girtonians out there! A mere £10.00

Vinyl 12" single - **Shoplifters Of The World Unite/London/Half A Person** - The Smiths. Record and sleeve in good condition. £10.00

Two Isaac Asimov paperbacks (Panther Science Fiction Series) in excellent condition - Nightfall One & Nightfall Two. £5.00

A large autographed colour poster of Chris Bonington approaching the summit of a minor peak to the south of Menlungtse. Gauri Sankar is in the background. Also with a signed letter. £25.00

An autographed B&W photo of Pete Best (the 5th Beatle) with his band. £20.00

An autographed B&W photo of Sammy Hagar who was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as a member of Van Halen. £15.00

STAR OFFER!! A day on the river with Pugwash and his wide-beamed barge moored at Buckden Marina. Maximum 6 people bringing a picnic and refreshments. £10.00 per person. This is an ongoing offer throughout the summer and autumn subject to weather conditions. Phone Robbie (Pugwash) on 07988566633



For all other offers phone The Bear on 01223-410435 or email at: punjabibear@yahoo.co.uk

Run 1815 – Weston Colville cricket ground and on to The Chestnut Tree - 14th July

Hare – Ferret

Scribe - Muthatucka

A Ferret run! Or sort of... as the trail was set by a strange individual that resembles ferret superficially, but cannot be the real thing, as not only was he constantly smiling, but was heard to laugh at something! Someone did mutter something about being retired...

So we all met up at a rural cricket ground, its obtuse location matched only by the fastness of the locks on the bog doors. Yes yes, I got lost trying to find it. While standing there trying to blend in I noticed that Daffidildo was already sweating freely, as it was shaping up to be a record hot day.

Polite enquiry found that he and Doggy Style had already biked 2 hours to get to the venue.. and she was not thrilled at the prospect of the ride home. !

The hare briefed us on the complexities of the trail – this time including a trail symbol called a circle check (or somesuch) which promised great entertainment for those in the know.

We set off, or rather shambled, limped and plodded = in my case all three – before finding trail and heading for the trees. Being a ferret trail, all manner of complexity was to be expected – and indeed did transpire! We were run doggedly out of the village, parallel to the village, sort of back to the village, over to the next village – vaguely recognised by elbastardo, who, when about to On Back, realised he had set a run from the very place only a month or so ago...

The next little village was Brinkley – famous for its extremely well bred and disdainful locals. The trail exited left swiftly, and eventually ended up in fields of rape, before the much vaunted ‘great circle check TM’ was chanced upon. Fortunately the hare was there to point it out.. as I was truly clueless, and equally fortunately I was so late that the hare sighed and let me shortcut.

To this day I have no idea what it was, but as I was suddenly a frontrunner, I decided to stay shtum, and not confirm my pig ignorance to the wider world.

After a few more fields, and being raped to the kidneys once more, Potty, Elrave, and your humble narrator found the On In. It is to the hares great credit that all three of us still had no inkling as to where we were, but were saved by Ferrets watermaiden beckoning us up a track and back to the cricket ground.

I confess I drank freely of the proffered water, and in my parched state, was shocked at the tonsil orgasm that followed. Incredulous, I offered a cold water to another hardened hasher just shuffling in – and watched his face go through the same depth of emotion that I just had. Is this age? Or sunstroke... I don't feel gay...

After a short drive we were drinking the proper stuff in the Chestnut Tree, - and a divine drop it was too. The ‘Tree’ is one of those country pubs that fits like a well worn driving glove... where everyone seems to know you, and is on the verge of buying you a beer...

The circle was chaired by a reluctant Legover, who, as usually is the case, was bloody good value when in full cry.
The fines were:

Crispy Nipples for returning to the fold

Antar waxed lyrical, as we were blessed in date by being one day shy of Napoleons surrender, and St Swithen's day. St Swithens had some arcane weather forecasting method apparently, which we were all exhorted to lookup in Wikipedia... to the great apathy of the pack.

Hold It For Me was fined for being seemingly voiceless on trail, though in full volume denying the fact – and late.

Muffdiver was dobbed in by his good lady wife for having great legs, though the man was clearly hiding his light under a bushel, as he had longs on - in 28deg heat.

Kermit for being deceptive on trail, and the Mad Monk for being raped up to his kidneys.

Doggy style for getting lost – and almost needing rescue, even though she is a veteran hasher of 35 countries.

Debonair and While You're Down There, for a Planet Woman conversation on trail. - To male ears it involved a pointless wandering narration on the state of the local cows, verging on surreal on occasion – Clearly this was code, and a weighty discussion was underway on the next committee erections, (or baking or something...) and was not intended for the profane passerby.

Crash test dummy was had for dubious driving, and Crappy Nappy for troubling to explain to the rapt pack, why my work computer won't let me watch porn. I knew there was some reason.

ON ON Mutha

And for our intellectual readers...

Neutrino experiment at Cern

18 November 2011

"The team which found that neutrinos may travel faster than light has carried out an improved version of their experiment - and confirmed the result."

... The barman said "I'm afraid we don't serve neutrinos here."

... A neutrino walks into a bar.

... .. Boring! Heard it after...



Run 1816 – 21st July

The Seaside Run and Sheringham Beer Festival

Hares – Kermit and Kinky

Scribe – Daffidildo

The Scribe for this run was supposed to be Double Top, but like most of the rest of the committee, she failed to show up for the run. Daffidildo was randomly chosen toward the end of the circle so some dramatic license is in order. Sunday the 21st of July brought us to the fifth incarnation of the Seaside run at Sheringham. After three weeks of blistering heat, the hares drug us up to the North Norfolk coast with the promise of a steam train ride, a good sun-drenched run with lots of beer stops and a beer festival. Well at least we got a steam train ride.

A smattering of “the drinkers with a running problem” made the pilgrimage north on the Saturday to enjoy the beer festival. They left the 30 degree heat and sun of Cambridge to brave the 18 degree lack of heat and light rain in Sheringham in the pursuit of enjoying a few tasty pints of English Ale. Well most of us drank ale at the festival except Three Swallows who thought it was a vodka festival and Googly who decide gin and tonics were the order for the day.

The Sunday run dawned overcast and cold as the motley pack assembled at the train station. The hares were nervous; they needed 20 people on the train to qualify for the discount fare. You would think that so many people with free bus passes would not need to worry about this. For a little while it looked like Wrong Keys’ two dogs were going to count but a few late cumers showed up just in time. With a big puff a smoke, we were off into the unknown. It is amazing what riding on a steam train can do to the average half-mind. MuthaTucka could not stop gushing about the marvels of steam travel. In all my days I never thought I would hear the words “steam train” and “porn” used in the same sentence and sadly the Bearded One was not the one to utter them!



The 11:00 run got off the train at 1045 at a random stop in the middle of no-where and after the usual briefing by the hares that no one paid attention to, we were off. It is worth noting intrepid reader that the seaside was nowhere in sight! For a while the trail followed the train tracks, not on the train tracks which we all know is a big no-no but on a path next to the train tracks. Another steam train passed us as we were gallivanting along and several more utterances of “train porn” were heard. The directionally challenged were challenged and check-backs and turn-backs were found. The pack did manage to stay together. The second half of the trail was very

overgrown; there is no way Kermit could have laid this bit on his own unless he was on Kinky's shoulders. The foliage was very high and it was littered with prickly things and nettles. Eventually the sea side was sighted and we ran toward it with reckless abandon! We reached the beach to be greeted by scantily clad women and speedo covered men lounging on a white sandy beach next to the turquoise colored water. Who am I kidding, we were miles from anywhere and had to run down a blustery gravel covered beach over a mile to reach the beer stop where we were greeted by the walkers and 25cl French "beer shots".

At the beginning of the trail, Kermit and Kinky warned us not to miss the 1259 train or we would have to repeat last year's trail. No one bothered taking a head count on the return so I imagine we all made it back. Upon return to the seaside town of Sheringham, we completely bypassed the beer festival and ambled down the road to the Windham Arms. A surrogate committee was appointed: Bastard stepped in as GM, Dave the Rave got stuck with RA and Thumper was hastily baptized as Grand Mattress. Luckily we had the one-two combo of Benghazi and Mutha to look after the beer. Tea Bag was called into the circle for being a returner. After hearing about the poor lads previous experiences with the seaside run, it is amazing he came anywhere near Norfolk. Just Mike was serenaded with a song he had not heard before which had an ending that he did not expect ("put it in your hand Mrs. Murphy"). Just Sarah was named "Onn Heat" for slaying four dragons and a turtle over the course of the run. Daffidildo was punished for being more directionally challenged than normal, 0-7 on the checks. Paparazzi did lots of digital flashing and Potty did lots of analog flashing. Who would have thought you could still by film this day and age? Potty opted to walk the plank instead of drink ale for his sins. Eventually we all got bored and went home. On On to next year.



Daffidildo



A man was sitting on a blanket at the beach. He had no arms and no legs. Three women were walking past and felt sorry for the poor man.

The first woman said "Have you ever had a hug?" The man replied "No," so she gave him a hug and walked on.

The second woman asked "Have you ever had a kiss?" The man said "No," so she gave him a kiss and walked on.

The third woman came to him and said "Have you ever been *****?"

The fellow's eyes lit up, and with a big grin he said "No."

She said, "You will be when the tide comes in."

Run 1817 – The Black Bull, Long Stanton

- 28th July

Hare – Muthatucka

Scribe – Big Blouse

The Words

Summertime, and the hashing is easy.....

Muthatuka had picked a cracking pub in the Black Bull



The pub looked a bit grim from the outside, but with a massive car park, huge bar area and couple of great guest beers in the form of Doom Bar and a local brew, the main man had picked the start of the trail well. Coupled with about 26 Degrés, sun and a fair cross wind it was damn near perfect hash conditions, all we needed was a few folk to turn up.

Now, with the experience of hashing extensively across all five continents, **Muthatuka** knows a thing or two about a good trail and by God he didn't disappoint.

It was good to see a huge turnout including a visiting **Calapso** as well as **Daffydildo**, **Legover**, **Checkpoint**, **Klinger**, **Bear**, **Pugwash**, **Googly**, **Slaphead**, **Wrongkeys**, **Muff Diver**, **Kermit**, **Antar**, **Debonnaire**, **Bengahzi**, **Thumper**, **While You're Down There**, **Swampy**, **Pedro**, **Imelda**, **Toyboy Lightning**, **Ferrari**, **Crash Test Dummy**, **Bastard**, **Dave El Rave**, **Papparazzi**, **Jetstream**, **Beerstop**, **Crappy Nappy**, **Squeak**, **Potty**, **Deep Shit**, **Hangover Blues**, **Lady Slipstream**, **Kiwi One**, **Artois** and **Goes Quietly** (who limped in after suffering an operation to correct a twisted gut lining!!) but apart from that, I really can't remember who was there, sorry.....

Anyway, **Legover** took command (cough) of the circle and a sort of order was called and we were on flour and so it began. Within a short while we were in a new housing estate and very good it was too, although the trail had a decidedly cunning edge to it as even the more athletic members such as **Deep Shit** & **Daffydildo** couldn't find the proper trail, eventually the on was called and we were away across a cunningly hidden foot path and across the guided bus lane where we nearly lost several members due to the frequent buses.

Eventually we came back into the village of Rampton to be presented with a vision of beauty that transpired to be a real ale stop. The amazing Mutha had laid on a polypin of the Milton Brewery's 'Tiki'.

At 3.8%, this wonderful fruity golden ale had a pronounced apricot character with a lasting bitter finish and was most welcome in real glass pint glasses !!



Sensibly, I held back on my consumption of this fine beer, pausing only to knock back 5 pints before heading off across the fields. There was a walkers trail as well as a more er.....'adventurous'

r*nners trail. After several false trails and cunning turn backs it became apparent that even seasoned campaigners **Bastard**, **Jetstream** and even **Ferret** couldn't second guess which way this trail would head out and before long the once brilliantly held together pack had fragmented slightly.

The trail eventually led us alongside a high sided river bank and across a field to a Tequila Sunrise beer stop, served with such style that a table (complete with a table cloth!) was provided and the runners were rewarded with a refreshing cocktail. There you go - style and a better class of drunk, that's the Cambridge hash to a 'T' ☺ . At this point and some 5.8 miles out, Mutha revealed that it was an A to B run as we collectively breathed a huge sigh of relief as we found ourselves in an entirely different village. Top bloke that he is, Mutha had even arranged for the pub to provide a half for all the runners!, Also and lucky for us he'd primed Daffy in a mahoosive open backed jeep to help ferry folk back to the Black Bull

All good things must end and eventually we were all safely back in the bar. The circle was eventually called promptly at er..... 1.38pm.

Down downs were awarded to;

Richard (son of Bengahzi) – Can't remember why, there was a lot going on.

Daffydildo – For being the village idiot (??)

Hangover Blues – For a bizarre incident that involved her accidentally coating **Lady Slipstream** in vodka (actually, a lot of men dream about stuff like that).

Newbie **Cinnamon** for using her cell phone

Taxidermist – For having a lump removed

Potty – for acquiring goggles on the run – and then the poor bugger was forced to drink out of them – Gross! (even by the very low standards of the hash)

Jetstream – for failing to sing

Crappy Nappy – for being generally gay

Ferret for getting lost (He was awarded a bottle of 'Fursty Ferret' for his endeavours there)

Finally **Taxidermist** was awarded a polo top for achieving 500 Runs (well done old bean) and **Bear** took charge of the circle, calling in **Pugwash** partially to thank him for his respectful comments about **Umpleby's** funeral and partially to remind the mathematically challenged Pugwash claimed to have met Mike on the hash 38 years ago, when the hash has only been in existence for 35 years – doh!

With that, it was all over, so it's On On to Run 1818 at The Carpenters Arms, Great Wilbraham where your hare will be **Klinger** and your scribe will be **Antar** – what could possibly go wrong!

On On

Big Blouse



Run 1819 – The Cock Inn, Clare - 11th August

Day after “boys what booze”

Hares – Hold it for me and The Mad Monk

Scribe - Muff Diver

Status: *Hung-over stinking of Indian food*

Underwear Status: *Clean, although Unsafe!!*

Our motley crew assembled outside the cock pub in the village of Clare (**Suffuck!**) on a sunny Sunday morning. Our troop seemed depleted by the distance from Cambridge and revelry of the night before.

The executive was also depleted so **Hangover Blues** started proceedings and we were joined by two visitors from “dahn Sarf”, **Chastity Belt** and **Hiskneesarebuggered**.

The hares were called forward and **Hold It For Me (HIFM)** managed to confused everyone about which symbols he was using, everyone except Taxi who seemed to understand everything (must be his medication).



And we were off, I slowly trundled up the street clenching my cheeks and hoping to remain accident/vomit free (I wasn't the only one!!). I caught up to the pack on a footpath. The more sober and energetic were coming back saying they had found a check back or turn back or roman monument! My addled brain just had enough sense to realize it wasn't up there..

The Hare (**HITFM**) seemed to be lurking by the road so I waddled back down and waited for a more convincing ON ON call.

We were off, up the other side of the hedge and into a wheat field where we found a check laid in saw dust guarded by **Daffydildo**, he seemed very bright and bushy tailed. I suddenly realised he had been absent the night before. Things the Americans will do to be up the front, waiting till we are all weakened by Beer and Indian cuisine or in **Kermit's** case just beer!!!

We were off again and I risked a run only to be over taken by a flying **Daffy**.. Off we went over more wheat fields and into the woods. Somehow I was at the front, down a lane I stumbled to meet the road and a nice pink chalk

check.

Check carried out satis

Status: Hung-over stinking of Indian food

Underwear Status: Clean, slightly more confident

The road lead one way back to the village and a number of hashers disappeared up the other way but there was very little shouting. Eventually I marked the check away from the village as no one came back.

Before long we were back into the fields which lead to a small lane where we found the **Mad Monk** providing beer and water. I had a beer and instantly regretted it, my status deteriorated and the vomit alert was flashing amber.

While I was breathing hard and swallowing fast, I noticed a Harley Division ride past and **Debonair** hitting the rider with a seriously wanton stare, I am sure I saw him wobble as he thundered up the lane.

As the throb of the chopper engine died down I heard El Rave giving Geordie Mike a geographic update. "You know we are in Sussex, Suffolk, Spain, my garden shed" said Dave (Derrick). Mike having the same pallor as me seemed to not notice or he had managed to tune **El Rave** out while he was battling his own hang over war!

Off we went up the lane and through a gate and into another wheat field, ON ON was called and we all follow down the hill towards the river. The dogs went off to cool down in the water, as we followed those with energy. As we got to the bottom of this large field it became apparent that it was a false trail and it was back up the hill.

Status: Vomit close by, hot and sweaty with serious dog breath

Underwear Status: Dangerous

I somehow mustered enough energy to get back round the field to find a blue check. It was marked towards the plough field so off I stumbled to find another false trail... The options didn't look good so I milled around until **Daffy** had found the way and I was confident of not using much more precious energy, which I needed to prevent me chucking..

A trail was found and when I thought it was safe I followed the pack into the woods. Before long I was joined by the hare. We caught up to **Double Top** and **Hangover Blues**. We all walked along through what seemed like someone's garden although **HIFM** said we were on the star valley walk. We came out on the road to find **Thumper** going in the wrong direction. **HIFM** shouted to her turn down through the woods. After a short walk we came to a bridge leading back into the village. We could see up the road and there was no sign of (sense of direction **Thumper**) so **HIFM** went back into the woods to sweep her up (or was that her plan!!). We strolled through the village of Clare slightly lost when **DT** stopped a couple of local blokes and asked "where's the Cock". I was too slow fighting my beer demons to say "down here baby" and the locals were too polite and pointed us in the right direction. After a couple more minutes DT asked, "are we there yet". To which I replied "yes!" as I could now see the pub and salvation.

Status: Beer in hand, mini cheddars eaten, Breakfast parked...



The Sins

Daffydildo: for being a dumb yank getting lost (he will never buy another drink!!)

El Rave: for not knowing where he is (he could dine out on that one for some time!)

Doubletop: for the fastest pee ever

Debbie: for offering a biker somewhere to park

Kermit: for his sensitive negotiations in the Indian restaurant

Babysham: for unnecessary chocolate (no such thing)

Forrest Dump: named

Final update: *Getting pissed, recovering feeding the demons.*

Verdict: Good run, let's do Cambridgeshire next time..

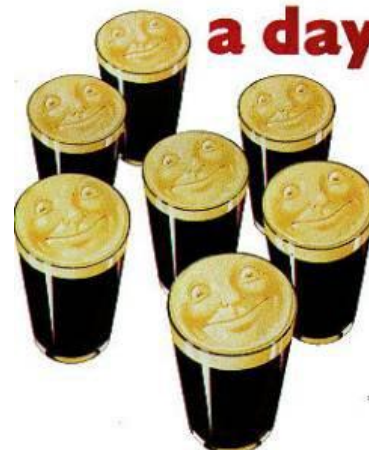
ON ON

Muffdiver

PS COCK IN CLARE (get it..)



**A Guinness
a day**



**Turns your shit black
and makes you fat**

Hash Calendar

13 th - 15 th September	ROTT	Ask Bedsores
22 nd September	AGPU	Ask old GM
??? December	Christmas Party	Ask new GM
25 th - 27 th July 2014	Brussels 2014	Ask Slaphead

School bus in Japan



School bus in India



Which country do you get when you have a computer problem?

Runs for September 2013



All runs start at 11:00am

Hare raiser – Kermit

Maps at: <http://www.ch3.co.uk>

Run 1822 Sept 1st

The Boot, Dullingham, CB8 9UW

Hares: Dib Dib and Shell

Run 1823 Sept 8th

The Crown, Broughton, PE28 3AY

Hares: Lady Slipstream and Jetstream

Run 1824 Sept 15th

The Poacher, Elsworth, CB23 4JS

Hare: Wimp

Run 1825 Sept 22nd

AGPU – Dry Drayton from Beerstops Bar (think Icehouse).

He has very kindly allowed the hash to use this facility.

We will need volunteers to tidy site and put up tent.

Most other stuff is still TBA.

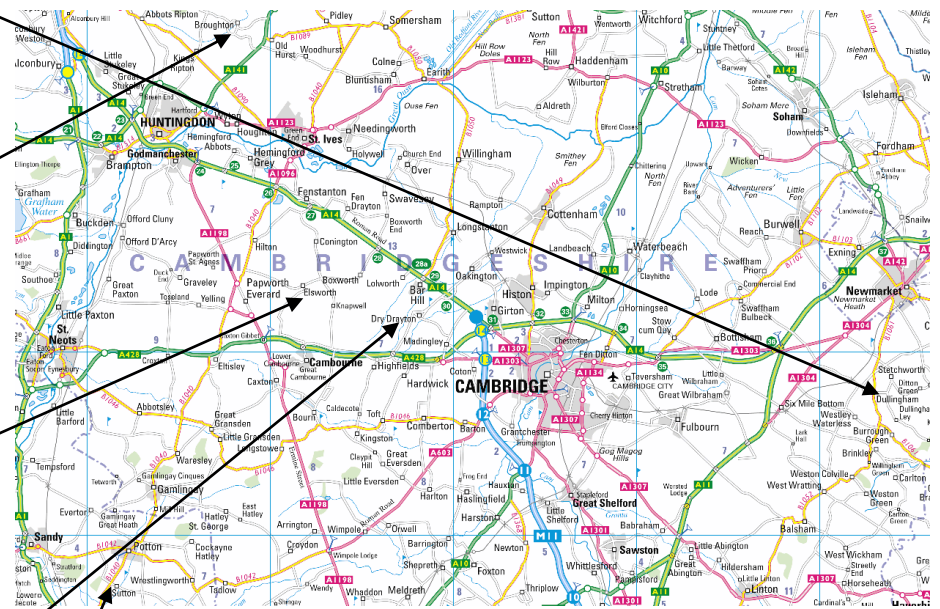
Hares: Jetstream & Unmentionable

Run 1826 Sept 29th

The John O Gaunt, Sutton, SG19 2NE

This is a farewell to the Landlady & there will be a BBQ.

Hares: Bedsores & Goldfinger



YOU NEED TO LAY A RUN!