

The Herald

September 2014

Hash Wedding



2000th Run – Result of the Vote

In April of this year a vote was held so that all Cambridge Hashers could register their preference for the type and timing of an event to celebrate our 2000th Run in 2017.

The results have now been collated and rigged and are as follows:

48 regular hashers voted, with 14 votes to hold the event on the actual day in January 2017 and 34 preferring to move the date and hold it in the summer. Slightly more voted for a series of individual events over the weekend rather than a full residential weekend event and when 2nd preferences were taken into account, the majority was even greater.

The result of the vote is therefore to hold the main celebration in early July 2017, which would allow the use of University facilities and showcase what Cambridge can offer. Individual events could be held over the weekend with the option to attend and pay for all or just some of the activities. These could include such things as a themed pub crawl, punting, formal dinner, Saturday run and Sunday hangover trail. A similar format to our 1000th weekend, for those who can remember. Accommodation, if required, would be up to individuals to arrange.

Now that everyone has had a vote, we all know that the Hash is not a democracy, so those who actually organise the event can do whatever they like! Having the main event in July would not preclude a celebration of some sort on the actual day in January as well.

It was envisaged that at least three of the current “seeding committee” (Toed Bedsores, Bear and Jetstream) would hand over the next phase of organisation to younger and less senile individuals, so if you would like to be involved please step forward.

1st Volunteer didn't want to be identified!



2nd Volunteer can't step forward yet!



Treatise of a small blue run in fenland punctuated by straight lines, livestock optional

Editor's note: No Renault Robins were damaged in the writing of this piece of crap. Any resemblance to hashers alive or dead is strictly coincidental, get a life!

Run 1867 The Green Man in Colne

Hare Muthatucka



The web shite proclaimed this for run 1867: "Fen run with long straight lines, good beer stop. Points given to those that run with a piggy." Clever marketing it was not, actually the fact that any of us showed up to the Green Man at the appointed time on Sunday just goes to show you how thick we all are.

Muthatucka is a rather spry quadragenarian, sorry wrong run write-up. Mutha is known for laying a good beer stop. Hmm, think positive, Mutha is known for laying a great beer stop! Oh yeah, the trail.

Like a flash, the pack was off chugging along in a straight line right out of the village. We crossed the main road and continued along down a small lane until we ran into the inevitable check back. We back tracked to a familiar looking path. Familiar I say and I had never run from here before but our web shite did have pictures from run 1799 and this track was there. Once again a long straight line was encountered with a check in the middle to confuse the feeble minded. I rounded a 90 degree bend and off in the distance I saw some front runners signaling to me. It looked like the triathlete group and I could only assume that waving of their arms meant that they could not find their

bicycles. I decided that another 90 degree turn was in order as I wanted to stay away from the triathletes.

Depending on your take on the universe, you could say that fate was being cruel to me or that the gods were smiling on me. I ran in another straight line for a while for what could only be described as the side of a field. I was feeling rather free at this moment and was not encumbered by blobs of flour or the calls of the half minds behind me. This euphoric feeling followed me as I made another 90 degree turn and ran through an orchard. I could hear the hash horn in the distance well behind me but my feet and half brain cell propelled me forward to a main road. This is where I would have to say that the gods were smiling on me and a nice lady told me the nearest village was Somersham and it was right down the road. Now I knew my destiny lay in Somersham.

Wait this is a hash and there are well honored traditions that need to be obeyed! My half a brain cell was now in a quandary, well honored traditions or destiny? Do not think less of me my fellow hasher but I choose destiny over fish hooks and straight lines.

The run into Somersham was effortless and a soft breeze blew by my miss-matched socks. I was confronted with another 90 degree left turn and then another. Fate was drawing me closer to something, I could feel it. Then it started to rain! Shite, who is responsible for the weather? Hmmm fate did not work this one threw. An old church, a right hand turn and then the mists of a past life parted as I drifted down a small country lane that I had trodden before. I approached a strangely familiar bungalow and I glanced at the ground and found dust, the trail, Eureka!!! But wait I was greeted by the sounds of silence, no joking hashers, no horn, no clinking of glasses, just silence. The dust lead up to a door and I approached, lifted the heavy handle and knocked. I was greeted by silence. Was fate F@cking with me, what strange fortune was this? I approached what I thought was nirvana and was greeted by something empty and silent. Was it wrong to believe in destiny and throw chance to the winds in the middle of the fens? I leaned up against that church wall and wished for my Mutha, he would know what to do and he had the other half of the brain cell. What happened next can only be described as a state of purgatory, time stood still and I pondered the origin of my being.

My transcendental state could only have lasted seconds or maybe it was eons, I will have to ask Taxi which one is shorter. My dramatic reprieve was interrupted by an approaching Ford Mondeo and the sounds of laughter. Eight hashers soon deposited themselves from a vehicle that I know for certain only has five seatbelts but I was elated and I was no longer alone on trail. I was greeted by the sounds of "Daffy where the f@ck have you been" and "wanker try running the trail next time". Then out of the back garden of the bungalow emerged Deliverance and Maggie Snatcher, two soles not see round these parts in many years. By these parts I mean the hash, not their back garden

If anyone is still reading this melodramatic American dreamed up piece of cr*p then I will be impressed. Maybe I will publish this piece of sh!t, hell it has to be better than "Treatise of a Small Blue Planet"!

I kid!

The rest of the pack emerged from small vehicles and the four corners of Somersham. Deliverance was toasted and celebrated especially when we learned that he brews his on beer now. The hash

must have last seen these two in 2006 or 2007. I remember laying a 4th of July trail with Deliverance probably in 2005. The back garden had undergone a true transformation from non-descript grass field to “holy cr@p”. I blame aliens, they must have done all of the work. I was actually thinking “space” aliens, how many of you were thinking “illegal” aliens? Alas, all good beer stops must come to an end, even Mutha’s. I took the more congenial return to Colne and just followed the herd.

The Green Man in Colne is in the CAMRA good beer guide for a reason, it has good beer! You can take a (insert adjective here) trail and turn it into a (insert slightly more flowery adjective here) r*n when you lay a trail from a pub that is in the good beer guide.

Ok, now I will step off my soap box, sorry Kermit.

50 hashers quickly cleared the garden of Sunday Lunchers. The Beer Master and his Ass labored over heavy trays loaded with nectar from the gods. A geometric pattern was formed and our illustrious GM Ferret started the circle. Mutha was honored, chastised, punished, praised and pondered for his efforts at today’s drivel. Ferret also punished Shamcock and U-bend who are no longer visitors and they are actually living here again. He then turned the circle over to me and we got down and dirty punishing sinners, I love this job!

Visitors/Virgins: Whack-a-Mole and Cougar Mole (ok I made that name up) were visiting us from a distant land called America. Pink Pussy was visiting us from a distant land called Newmarket.

Sheepshagger thought he would get one here but he was here last week so he was forced out of the circle. I then called Sheepshagger back into the circle because his no good son Muffdiver barrowed £5 off of me because Muffie’s car was locked and a strange harriette had the key. Slaphead got a DD for impersonating Michael Jackson and that would be for wearing a white glove on his hand, not for being dead. Wrong Keys got one for his 301st run, even got a map of Bedfordshire to mark the occasion. Woody Hollow got a DD for being parent of the year, who gives their 16 year old daughter 7.5% cider at a drinks stop? Blouse was punished for having a bad travel agent and being more directionally challenged than Klinger.



At this stage I glanced around the circle and mistakenly made eye contact with Debonaire. She gave me that look that said “you had better let me have my two halves now dim whit” and I faded to the

background. First she punished the 8 occupants of the Ford Mondeo, I still haven't worked out the mechanics of how Antar got in there with 7 other half minds. Then she punished The Bear and Daffy for being born on the same day, just one century apart.

Next up I bought Deliverance into the circle and discussed his short cummings: author, Yank, only run 97 times with Cambridge, at least he has a nice garden with a brewery in it.

And finally the culmination of what I must admit was a lot of effort on my part; Just Anthea was called into the circle. For months I have been trying to name Just Anthea, 10 runs nope, 20 runs nope. Slaphead was in a panic because he had to sell her generic haberdash. Still after several attempts, she had still managed not to get a hash name. She entered the circle rather indignantly claiming I had failed so many times previously that why was I bothering today? I responded with my



full RA authority, "shut your bloody cake hole"! The circle grew quiet for a second and then exploded with combinations of adjectives, adverbs and "cake hole". A long time ago Blouse wanted to call her "Lard Arse"; yes this is the same Blouse that mistakenly flew into the wrong country on holiday. "Lard Arse Cake Hole" No! Kermit pointed out that she was perspiring on trail. Harriett's don't sweat, they glow. "Glowing Cake Hole", No! The Harriettes did seem to rally around the idea of "Sweaty Cake Hole". When 15 Harriettes rally around an idea, what do you do? I recommend hiding. Needless to say after much debate, a strong contingent of Harriettes approved of "Sweaty Cake Hole" and Slaphead rested easy!

I really need to get a life!

Daff | dildo

CH3 Run 1870 Aug 3rd 2014 – The [Pig and Abbot](#), Abington Pigotts, [SG8 0SD](#)

<http://www.pigandabbot.co.uk/>



Hare: Googly (+ Kermit)

Visitors: **Shit Retainer** from the Philippians, newbies, Jamie, Paris & lady friend, **The Master & The Mistress** from our friends in the Essex Hash.

The Pre – Words

Prior to the run, it should be noted that a rare and wonderful event was due to take place – a Hash wedding no less!!, with the very lovely **Paparazzi & El Rave** who were to marry on 15th August if El Rave could figure out a way to get a pair of wedding rings in time (*cough* - well planned El Rave !), anyway, this was something to be celebrated and so the call went out and was answered and the afternoon/evening of the 1st August saw the Blokes Wot Booze assume a new mantle of “Blokes Wot Booze on a Stag do” with **Taxi** as best Man and the return of the venerable **Gunpowder Plod** what could possibly go wrong ?

Well, the predicted cast included **Ferret, Strap-on, Big Blouse, Forest Dump, Muff Diver, Bastard, El Rave, Taxi, Muthatuka, Lightning, Slaphead, Kermit, Antar, Beerstop, Gunpowder Plod, Benghazi, Shamcock** & of course **Bear**. This turned out to be rough guidance as **Muff Diver** had a crap time at work & couldn't make it, and as far as I recall **Klinger** randomly arrived, but all in all, it was as reasonably accurate as you'd expect a hash event to be.

Anyway, while the Harriettes planned a sedate evening affair, the boys decided to start early and with military precision at exactly 2.13pm about 8-10 of the Hash met at the **Salisbury Arms**



Various CH3 blokes began to arrive and the beer, chatting & debauchery commenced. Throughout the afternoon we progressed to the Live & Let Live (which sadly appears to have shut down??), the wonderful Milton Brewery Owned Devonshire **Arms**



(twice !! yeeehah!), the **Kingston Arms** and the **Cambridge Blue** and then ended up at the 'Sweet & Spicy' on Mill Rd for the set meal. I don't know who **Bear** knows, but he'd pulled off a miracle, his friends/family in the 'Sweet & Spicy' were most welcoming and while it was a condition that we couldn't drink beer, most of us had had plenty in the previous 68 pubs, so it wasn't an issue and the food was out of this world even after 87 pints. Thank you **Bear**, on behalf of the chaps, we were most grateful.

By the end of 8 hours of beer, the 'Boys' had fragmented into small groups and I was delighted to see that I was still standing (albeit listing at about 5 degrees.....) and I bowed out, but the redoubtable **Muthatuka & Strap On** headed off to the **Geldart** for a night cap! – Well done guys, we did **EI Rave** proud!

The Words

A beautiful July day greeted us with radiant sunshine, a gentle warm breeze and the soft smell of freshly mown hay as the farmers gathered in the crops. Your scribe lives about 1 mile from the Pig & Abbott, so took the opportunity to stroll across the fields to the pub, famed for its selection of real ales since 1701 (that's just after 5.00pm if you're wondering).

As I write this, there was a trend in the social media (Facebook, Twitter etc.) to be thankful for 3 things, so as I walked towards my favourite pub, with a great range of real ales in the summer sun, I am thankful for;

1. CH3 for its array of wonderful friends – unhinged and mostly harmless
2. The exercise after a particularly brilliant stag night for **EI Rave** on the Friday (I was still standing after 8 hours of various beer)

3. Friendship of the CH3 – Absolutely everyone has the piss taken out of them and is insulted against reason in equal measure – a true democracy!

Well, the warm weather and holiday season ensured a massive turnout of folk, possibly the largest clump of Hashers to attend this year? from all parts including our esteemed RA **Daffidildo & Doggy Style, Muthatucka, Strap On, Lightning, Fit but Dim, Woody Hollow** & a pale and rather unwell **Just Give Me One, Sweaty Cakehole, & er 'Vick', Checkpoint, Klinger, Hold it For Me, Bear, Great White Hope, Toed Bedsores, Computer, Pugwash, Goldflinger, Mad Monk, Googly, Forest Dump & Spicy Bear, Singha Gold, Taxi, Slaphead, Wrongkeys, Crabbo, Muff Diver, Hangover Blues, Streuth, Double Top, Kermit, Antar, Debonnaire, Benghazi, While You're Down There, Posh, Pedro, Imelda, Toyboy, Bastard, Dave El Rave, Paparazzi, Jetstream, Beerstop, Blowback, Little Blow** (& small & beautiful er '**Baby Blow?**'), **Kiwi One, Artois**, recent returnees **No Knickers, F1, Shamcock & U-Bend**, the ever tatterdemalion **Earl of Pampisford** & Chester the hound also there was the welcome return of the very lovely **Upper Class Tart** and the very welcome return of the quasi legendary **Gunpowder Plod** but apart from that, I really can't remember who was there, sorry.....

*(Get on with the R*n write up Blouse & stop fanning around! – Edit Hare)*

Okay, no need to be rude, I was just painting the picture there. Anyway, the circle was called and the symbols explained to **Taxi** again (NB. The newbies & visitors picked this up immediately and it helped them too). Hare **Googly** is what you'd call a seasoned (nay, weather beaten I would venture?) Hasher and while we've visited the Pig & Abbot many times before through the years, the question in our minds was, *Would he be able to pull off a run that would keep us all guessing?* (There was an assistant Hare in the form of **Kermit** but for some reason he didn't receive equal billing in the run list??). The answer would be a resounding yes.

The pack & knitting circle set off in literally all directions with varying degrees of enthusiasm and were thwarted at every turn causing much confusion (Brilliant tactical trail laying that!) and it wasn't until **Fit But Dim** went a bit further at the first check when he picked up the true trail and we were off across a dry ploughed field towards Littleington. The welcome return of **Gunpowder Plod** was a true sight to behold as he clumped passed resplendent with bandaged knees and loafers on!, apparently despite not hashing with CH3 for nearly 10 years, he'd somehow managed to leave his trainers in **Benghazi's** porch. (There is another story in there somewhere, but we're not interested in it.....).



The pack had already dispersed over a wide area and there was much head scratching and profuse sweating. **Bastard** was still complaining that his Tourette's wasn't getting any better, *"it's absolutely f*****g f*****g S**t and the doctors are all f*****g useless B*****g c*****s"* he explained.....

The broad beamed, huge & powerful form of the bearded **Sweaty Cakehole**, sped past (ah! sorry, my mistake – couldn't read my notes – it was '**Muthatucka**') and we were greeted with the majestic views of the Littlington Sewage Farm and its ambient summery odour. We were then in the middle of Littlington and the trail literally baffled everyone until **Blowback** & hot on his heels **Daffy** and **Fit but Dim** picked up a loop around the church to a check. The trail led past an electricity sub-station (full marks for taking in all the local attractions there hares!) and we were heading back towards Abington. A further check lead us across another ploughed field and by now the pack was spread out in all directions as the true trail had yet to be found.

Muff Diver, **Slaphead**, **Doggy Style** and **Hold it For Me** picked up the grail and we were through a beautiful copse, dappled with the summer sun, the scent of the trees and harvested hay beguiled the senses and the essence of time dispersed and slowed. Thoughts of yesteryear drifted through my mind and I tumbled in and out of childhood dreams magically intertwined with the reality of these wondrous surroundings. Powerful memories tinged with melancholy reminded me of the joys of a carefree youth. In this space between thought and reality my spirits drifted and I was a boy once more..... Pausing only to scratch myself inappropriately as a hot **Woody Hollow** ambled past, I was shaken from my reveries and my thoughts returned to the present.

After some general meandering in all directions the Hares had got the trail spot on and the pack headed over what is technically a ridge (by Cambridge Standards) towards Steeple Morden. Viewing the picturesque delights of "Bogs Gap Lane" it makes you wonder what sort of lunatic names these roads, but never the less we ploughed on as **Hangover Blues**, **Doggy Style** & **Sweaty Cakehole** struggled with a variety of decaying timber stiles. The hash horn was blown (NB, musically comparable to a duck being run over slowly.....) and for some reason we all followed. Across a verdant field and the trail disappeared into woodland before doubling back along a ploughed field and into the Lower Green of Steeple Morden.

A check sent **Pedro**, **Antar**, **Beerstop** & **Muthatucka**, **Mad Monk** & **Klinger** in all directions and we were NOT anywhere near the usual route as I first thought as we headed off to a densely wooded copse. The trail had been cunningly planned and venerable hares **Googly** & **Kermit** had actually found footpaths that we had never seen on trail before. I mused on the incongruities of the hash, farted softly and prepared for the home straight.

By now the hash had been dispersed over a huge area and as we funnelled towards the pub, the pack majestically came together, sweaty covered in dust and moaning we approached the end of the trail, across a short public footpath & we were in the realms of the pub.

Somehow the landlord & landlady Mick & Pat managed to ensure that there was a fabulous range of wonderful beers on including Wherry (demolished within 25 mins of the pack

arriving back at the pub), London Pride, Adnams & a crisp & delicious Maldon Gold on, and there was never a queue! – That’s the way to do it folks.

Benghazi & Mutha ordered and insane amount of beer for the down downs and **Daffy & Hash Mistress Debonnaire** (deputising for missing GM **Ferret**) called the circle and down downs were awarded to;

The hares – **Googly & Kermit**

Visitors: **Shit Retainer** from the Philippines and **The Master** and **Mistress** from our good friends in the Essex Hash

The **Daffy** designed Down Down of Doom was employed for the returners: **Singha Gold, Plod, F-1** and **Streuth** (the sight of the 6’7” **Singha Gold** at one end and the er... marginally less tall **F1** at the other was absolutely hilarious – nice one **Daffy**!

Slaphead got one for Brussels 2014 withdrawal and he was counselled by Dr. **Double Top** resplendent in a very tight red latex dress (down lads, breathe slowly!)

A down down was awarded to WW1 folks that were there at the start, **Great White Hope** and **Toyboy**

Virgin: Just Jamie

Mad Monk got one for popping up all over the place on trail

The Down Down of Doom was used again for **Paparazzi** having 4 hen nights with **Hangover Blues, Debonnaire, Imelda** sharing companionably

Once again the Down Down of Doom for Brussels 2014 was dished out for some low points:

Double Top for drinking an entire litre of Gin in 2 hours on the bus

Muff Diver for channelling Simone while wearing his red dress,

While You’re Down There for getting her wallet picked while she was down there

Imelda again for spending large sums of cash in duty free in two countries

Plod for going 10,000 miles and then forgetting his hash shoes at **Benghazi’s**

Spicy Bear gave out one DD – but we can’t remember for what, but the other was for



No Knickers who was singled out as in a slightly befuddled state she kept asking Spicy Bear questions about **Daffy** at the Harriettes bash before twigging that Doggy Style and Spicy Bear are different people and Spicy is not married to Daffy (*face palm*) this was especially poignant as just a few weeks earlier, we’d accidentally flown to Bulgaria by accident, when we thought we were going to Budapest (a mistake anyone can make I feel).

Shamcock also dished a DD out, but no one can remember what it was for

Finally **Daffy** named just Paris: "**Eiffel Pissed**"

A fabulous r*n, great bear & brilliant venue

On On

Big Blouse

10th August 2014 Run 1871. Crown and Cushion, Great Gransden. Hares:
Blowback, Little Blow & Delilah

Selamat Hari Merdeka! OK, so it was a week early but who cares (apart from our RA, as pointed out in the circle). The Hares had expected a fairly low key affair with about 30 staying for lunch, but the hash were inspired by the occasion and about 70 turned up at Great Gransden, ignoring the weather alert, quite rightly as it turned out, as Hurricane Bertha gave us a wide berth. Several visitors had come miles to share our run, including **The Penguin, Tampon & Mme Durex, Anaconda, Can't be Arsed & Lina** and **Dirty Dex, Susan & Eileen**. Then there were a load of virgins who were introduced, too many to recall, but a special welcome to **James, Kate & Baby Harry**, possibly a virgin birth? Fortunately the fact that it was **Beergut's** 100th run was overlooked, or we'd have been hanging around all day. Then we set off down the road and turned left up towards the church. It has been a while since we ran from this pub (May 4th be with you, 2008 to be precise) and although we expected the usual run we couldn't remember where it went, except for **Toed** who knows the area well and found the first few checks, as well as a few check-backs.

Some good checks ensured that the tortoises kept up with the FRBs and they even reached several checks first. At last we left the village behind and into the woods we went, only to find that **Goldfinger** had got there first. Fortunately the Hares hadn't asked permission to run through the woods (as it would have been refused!) so we were able to run all over with numerous checks, check-backs and turn-backs keeping the pack together. Following **Klinger** on a nice level part of the trail I was astounded when he fell arse over tit just in front of me, he claimed to have tripped over a blade of grass! Numerous short-cutting opportunities allowed the less energetic a chance to outwit the FRBs and find the in-trail first.



Everyone agreed that it was a superbly laid trail, a point endorsed by GM **Ferret** when we gathered for the circle. The majority had made the effort to find a suitable sarong and the rain held off for most of the time. When the occasional drop fell it was explained by RA **Daffodildo** that this is the monsoon season and a bit of humidity and moisture was to be expected. **Bear** had made a special effort and purchased a genuine Balinese udeng but hadn't anticipated that the head size of the average Balinese is considerably smaller than your average **Bear**, a discrepancy that required a large piece of elastic to resolve.

Although there was no Bintang available, some excellent beers were served and despite the small bar area queues were not excessive, and £3.60 a pint didn't stop anyone from indulging. A lively circle was expected

and we were not disappointed as **Ferret** welcomed the Visitors and Virgins and the Hares all received well-earned down-downs. The **RA** then took charge and having done his research, asked **Blowback** to explain why we were celebrating Merdeka Day a week early. In his defence, **Blowback** explained that **El Rave** and **Paparazzi** are getting married – but that is on Friday 15th, and **Haven't Got One** is celebrating his 40th Birthday – but that's on Saturday 16th. Neither argument stood up in the Hash Kangaroo court and **Blowback** was suitably iced. Other down-downs followed but I'll refrain from listing them all (obviously I can't remember who got what and why).



Tampon (as a visiting RA from IndoNostalgia H3) entertained the circle with a, rather long, story which involved several hashers in cameo roles, worryingly, **Kermit** appeared to enjoy being rogered by orang-utan **Haven't Got One** whilst **Klinger** could only watch jealously from the side-lines. **Bear** and **Gorilla** appeared rather worried by the violation of their jungle friends and wondered if they would be next. **The Penguin** responded to a request to sing Irian Jaya by singing a tasteless version of Yesterday instead, although he did relent and sang Irian Jaya eventually whilst **Daffodildo** sat on his own block of ice as a reward for collecting all the Dutch and Indonesian flags on the trail. Finally the circle was wound up with the Hash Hymn, led by **Tampon** who was to be avoided whenever "cumming" was mentioned; a least **Spermwhale** wasn't there or we'd all have been drenched!

Makan was served and a delicious Indonesian buffet of genuine exotic dishes, thanks to **Terri** who hails from Bandung. Just when we were worried that food was running out, more appeared until we could eat no more. Then it was back on the beer as everyone chatted away. Eventually it was time to leave and the last ones standing were rewarded by a quaich (pronounced quake) of Talisker to send us on our way, thanks to our Landlord, **Ian**. A nice blend of Indonesian and Scottish customs, if we can't introduce the "old Cambridge tradition" maybe we should adopt a quaich instead.

The day was unanimously declared a great success with the suggestion that we celebrate Merdeka Day every year as long as Terri is cooking at the Crown and Cushion. Well done **Blowback**, another successful event which obviously you couldn't have organised without the support of your co-Hares, **Little Blow** and **Delilah**.



On-On to the real Merdeka Day on 17th August! Jetstream

Run 1873. The George & Dragon. Snailwell.

Hares - Doggy Style & Daffidildo.

Scribe - Pugwash.



With a depleted attendance due to Bank Holidays, injuries hang overs etc., a pack of 34ish were present. *(Actually 35 – Hash Stats)*

What was lacking in numbers, was made up by quality including a cold drink stop.

11am. A circle where the hares explained the trail, I like a c*^t, volunteered to be scribe forgetting I had to keep up with pack.

The pack set off with the usual marathon runners disappearing in the distance, I was lucky because it was a turn back, to my amazement I found myself in front with the BEAR looking on from the other side of the road. After much confusion, the ON-ON was called and the pack found they were crossing a potato field to a check, several front runners went past a 5 MPH sign thinking they were clever. With the hares laying some great turn backs, I found I was keeping up and able to take notes with the aid of the palm of my hand.



On into a nature reserve which entered the woods. FRASER decided to test how hard the ground was with her face, she is a tough chip and carried on. The woods were full of parasites, insects etc, according to a moaning hasher. Out of the woods and along the side of a wheat field, and then a left turn back into the woods where there was a confusion crossing a ditch with water. I found a bridge



On the other side, the pack had split and I could hear BEDSORES calling his dog that had disappeared, (don't blame it). I saw STRAPON in the distance on his own, but the time I arrived at the next check he ran past. The trail took us along the side of a corn field where bundles of hay had been gathered. Hey presto, I arrived at the drink stop. LADY SLIPSTREAM kindly bent down in front of me to secure my shoe lace. A short run took us back to the pub.



A brilliant run, including many long turn backs and a trail that got us back to the pub in good time. (Future hares should take note). After DOUBLE TOP had collected some cooking apples, and TAXIDERMIST had mounted a crocodile, a circle was formed and the usual down-downs were in flow Including 2 for me, 1 for being scribe and the other for 200 runs which took me 32 years to complete. BEERGUT received his tankard for 100 runs and I'M NOT COMING was named.



A great day where the weather was good and the hares excelled themselves.
ON-ON. PUGWASH

CH3 September 2014 Runs

Run 1875 Sep 7th - [Saddle](#), Kimbolton, [PE28 0HA](#)
Hare: Slaphead

Run 1876 Sep 14th - [Red Lion](#), Histon, [CB24 9JD](#)
Hare: Strap On and Jetstream

Run 1877 Sep 21st - [Three Blackbirds](#), Woodditton, [CB8 9SQ](#)
Hare: Klinger and Megan

Run 1878 Sep 28th - [Red Lion](#), Kirtling Green, [CB8 9PD](#)
Hare: Ferret and Daffodildo



You may now kiss the Bride and the Bridesmaid!!!!



The Groom not the RA!!



Simone (AKA SEE-MOAN)