

The Herald



**This issue is dedicated to
Terry 'Bunter' Kavanagh**

**1937 – 2012
A Founding Member of the
Cambridge Hash House Harriers**

**The Organ of the Hash House Harriers
August 2012**

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**Terry 'Bunter' Kavanagh
1937 – 2012**

Email Date: 17 July 2012 at 22:22

..... I don't know if you want to mention the hash weddings Bunter did?

It was 6 years ago last week that Bunter 'married' us. I have enclosed a picture of him in his sackcloth. It was a really lovely part of our wedding festival and showed a much gentler side to Bunter than many people experienced...

I also remember him being very interested in the underwear I wore (over my shorts!) one valentine days hash ... (;
Deep Throat & Hand Job

1. August Blessings from the RA

The ongoing debate as to who controls the weather has finally been resolved ... is it the RA or the Jetstream? The Weather Eye, re-printed from The Times recently and reproduced here, is emphatic that it is definitely **Jetstream** who has been responsible for the tropical storms that we've had this year and the RA has bugger all influence on the weather, or anything else for that matter.



Jetstream, who controls RA, who controls sweet FA the weather

Despite rumors that the Seaside Run would be a disaster, with storms forecast and Hares dropping like flies, thanks to El Rave and the other volunteers, it turned out to be an excellent day out, and with the Jetstream moving to the north, a beautiful sunny day!

You may have heard (especially if you were at the Plough, Little Downham on 1st July) about the two old hash friends who were debating whether there would be any hashing in Heaven and they agreed that whoever died first would return and tell the survivor whether there was, or not. Well, one of them died and, surprise, surprise went to Heaven! A few weeks later he appeared to his friend in a dream. "There's good and bad news" he said. "The good news is that there is a fantastic Heavenly Hash (H4) with superb trails through fabulous countryside." "What's the bad news?" his friend asked. "Your name's down to lay the trail next week", came the retort!

Avoid middle age! Keep hashing and go straight from childhood to senility!

Weather Eye

Paul Simons



Everyone needs a villain to blame for bad weather, and the culprit for this month's dull, cold, wet conditions is the **jetstream**. This river of wind runs around the globe a few miles high, where cold Arctic air collides with warm sub-tropical air. Usually the **jetstream** migrates north of the UK in summer, leaving the country with finer weather, but it has slipped south and is steering wet and windy depressions over England and Wales.

But Michael McGrath, from Burrington, Somerset, wrote to say that this is too simplistic a view. "What we really need to know is why the **jetstream** is behaving as it is ... and why has the **jetstream** slipped south?" he asked.

Unfortunately, there is no easy answer to that question - but if we did know the answer it would give a phenomenally powerful tool for forecasting the weather weeks and months ahead. What is clear is that across the whole globe, the **jetstream** tends to meander in great loops in the same manner as bends in a river. Big blocks of high pressure behave as if they are boulders in that river, making the **jetstream** bend around them, and this is affected by the seasons. In winter, for instance, a huge block of high pressure builds up over the snowfields of Siberia, and by late spring that snow melts, the high pressure breaks down, and so the **jetstream** changes course.

These large-scale seasonal patterns of the **jetstream** in remote parts of the world can affect our weather, but this does not quite explain exactly why the UK is currently in the path of the **jetstream**.

However, there is a fear that our wet weather may be driven by the Arctic warming up. It may be no coincidence that this is the sixth wet summer in a row in the UK, and this has happened just at the time when the Arctic ice cap is melting at an alarming rate. This melt could be upsetting the balance of cold and warm air masses in the northern hemisphere that drives the **jetstream**, leaving the UK vulnerable to a wet and windy weather pattern.

2. Terry 'Bunter' Kavanagh

Terry 'Bunter' Kavanagh passed away in his flat in Kings Street sometime around 7th July 2012. Known far and wide, the Hash have lost a formidable character and friend of many.

I asked for contributions for this issue of the Herald and it provoked a *huge* response. Rather than try to find the words myself, I have reproduced details, thoughts and experiences that many of you had, with a man who will obviously be missed by a great many people in a great many countries.

Big Blouse,
Steeple Morden, Cambridge, 24th July 2012

Terry 'Bunter' Kavanagh was born on 26th February 1937 at Harrow Middlesex. He attended the local Secondary Modern from c.1950-1954. He was called up into RAF c.1955 and remained there for 4 years. Terry used the RAF to travel all over Europe. He was also was a Services prize winning Morse coder.

Around 1961- 1963 Terry travelled overland to the Far East in a Volkswagen camper van with 3 others. Terry eventually ended up in China. Howard 'Old Bollo' Taylor, one of the 4, stayed on in Thailand where he encountered the Hash (or had heard of it) and whose subsequent advert in Cambridge newspaper led to founding of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers (CH3) in September 1978.

Around 1970 Terry was living in Ely and working for NCR selling cash machines 'decimalisation-ready' to all and sundry (For those who remember and those who don't we went decimal in Feb 1971)

Shortly afterwards Terry took another overland trip with two others but they fell out in Tripoli. Terry plus Lew Silverman (aka Lewd Silverperson of Cambridge) went to Athens where Terry stayed for about 3 years ending up as editor of an English language paper (thought to have been the "Athens Daily News").

Circa 1974 Terry travelled to the USA with Warren. From there they travelled on to Canada and latterly South America before eventually returning to Cambridge in time for to co-found the Cambridge Hash House Harriers (CH3) 1st run on 31st September 1978.

In 1982 got a job with the Grand Met who ran projects on the Falkland Islands as "refreshments' supplier". The publican was born at this point although he'd had bar experience before in Cambridge at the so-called Suicide Club in Northampton Street. In 1983-4 as well as in Bali running the Beggars' Bush pub (owned by Victor Mason aka Champagne Bali)

In 1992 Terry started at the St Radegund. The rest is the present history.....
(Details kindly provided by the Mad Monk)

From the Hash Stats:

Bunter was present on run number 1 on 1st October (31st September) 1978, and he ran a total of 290 runs with CH3, the last being run 1563 on 14th September 2008.

On-on,

Kinky

Remembering.....

Bunter, I knew him well, or did I? Although we met in the early days of the Cambridge Hash, it wasn't until we bumped into each other at Pan Indo Hash in 1984 that we discovered common ground. He was On Sec of the Bali Hash and I had the same role in Surabaya and although we didn't hash together again until we returned to Cambridge, we kept in touch via third parties such as Tineke Tan, our local Bintang Beer rep.

Our friendship was defined by the hash and didn't extend other areas of his personal life, such as his flat, which was strictly his own private space, not to be invaded. As you can see from the photograph he did actually run (at least once), although to be honest he only burst into a sprint when he could see the beer truck ahead. He stopped coming regularly to the Cambridge Hash as he became more involved with the St Radegund and Cantabrigenis H3, but he continued to join us on IndoNostalgia where he delighted in recalling real hashing, as they do it in Bali, where after the run, the rest of the evening was spent around an oil lamp drinking Bintang, singing songs and telling jokes whilst swotting mosquitoes. He always drank his London Pride out of a Bintang glass in memory of those enjoyable days. I recall that the Indonesians had a problem pronouncing Bunter, so he became Willy Wunter – On-Up!

Jetstream

1984 PanIndo H3, sprinting to the Bir Bintang truck

My enduring memories of Bunter go back to happy times I spent on leave from work in Malaysia, in the early 1980's. As somewhat of a stranger in my own country, the Cambridge Hash House Harriers instantly made me feel at *home* – part of a fellowship. Bunter was a prominent protagonist of that happy group and I have valued his friendship ever since.

I particularly recollect my participation in the King Street Run for which Terry was largely responsible: I still wear the tie with pride. He stamped his unique character on his beloved Radegund, and I believe my name is still there, burnt on the ceiling after a celebratory (Gispert) Hash Run.

Farewell then Bunter, innovative landlord par excellence, character extraordinaire and dear friend

Great White Hope



Checkpoint and Umplebum both independently came up with our first memory of Bunter. It was on a hash very shortly after we had joined in our early 20's, we joined on runs 188 and 187 respectfully.

This was Run 191 from the Hardwick Arms at Arrington, 23 May 1982. It was Bunter's 100th run and we set off for quite a strenuous and fastish trail (there were many front runners then and if you were a slower person, intelligent short cutting was the order of the day; no walkers' trails then). Bunter was of course wearing his usual striped shirt in true Bunter fashion, as he did for most of his runs. Anyway, part way through the hot, summer's day trail we got to the folly on the mound above Wimpole Hall where we re-grouped for a pink gin stop organised by the hares, Bunter & Eyes. This was exactly fitting for the persona that was Bunter; quite a brilliant way to celebrate his 100th run achievement.

On On,

Umps (Umplebum - 22nd July 2012)

From: Philippe DEYMES [mailto:vivelefrog@wanadoo.fr]
Sent: 22 July 2012 09:33

Subject: Bunter, adieu mon ami

Fellow Hashers,

My first encounter with Bunter was in Bali when he was tending the upstairs bar at the Beggar's Bush in Tjampuan. This must have been in the mid eighties.

I loved the old bastard and particularly the fact that behind his rough-cut, "is the beer too strong for you?" bit lied an extremely well read, well travelled man, with impressive knowledge of European history. Then there were many runs in Cambridge or for Indonostalgia. And many an evening at the Rade Gund's, one of which ended with me, on Bunter's shoulders, trying to draw the picture of a frog on the ceiling with the fumes of a candle. Perhaps it is still there!

It is sad that we could not join you for the memorial ceremony. Henry "Wet Dreams" is in Indonesia, Archie "Pheelthy Tadpole" is in Le Mans and I am currently travelling in China. Our thoughts and prayers will be with all the lads, and I hope many can make it to bid the old bugger a proper farewell.

ON IN to the paradise that he deserved, and may he rest in peace

[Pheelthy Phrogg](#)

From: [D. Sweet](#)
Sent: Monday, July 09, 2012 3:41 PM
Subject: Re: [Hashers] Bunter RIP

All,
Greetings from Afghanistan...

We all have a Bunter story, to tell. I can remember the first time I met Bunter at the Rad as a new "yank" hasher... He looked me up and down and then proceeded to take the piss out of me. You had to have a strong character to know Bunter. If you survived an encounter with him you lived to drink another day. Or perhaps you didn't or were tossed from the Rad for using a mobile... but his (_____) personality (insert your own adjective) is what made him so great. There are few individuals like him any more. I used to marvel at the

pictures on the wall at the Rad, especially the route map for the excursion he and his friends took in that VW Combi-van down through to India.

I am most grateful to Bunter and the late Tim Cotton for founding the Cantabrigensis Hash House Harriers. I have attached some pictures (circa 2003) of a Bunter signature Hash event the RIVER RUN. I still hold my blue scarf as cherished possession.

To all of you who love the St Radekund Pub... It would not have survived as a Free Hose to this day without a bloke like Bunter... Sadly I must now curtail raising yet another drink to yet another friend lost this summer... Please have a pint for me today...

[On On](#)

[Redeye](#)

From: GEORGE MASSIE [mailto:georgemassie393@btinternet.com]
Sent: 08 July 2012 11:13
To: jetstream@whittle.org.uk
Cc: NoreenCaine; WarrenDosanjh; GORDONSTUART
Subject: Re: Bunter

Jetstream

Thanks for passing on the sad news regarding Terry. Noreen sent a similar message 20 mins later. I was very fond of Bunter who came up with my hash tag [McJeckyll - McHyde] following a late night unsolicited visit by me and Boghopper to Bunter Towers.

Terry had been having one of his 'Maria' periods of solitary confinement in his flat and wouldn't answer his door to what he later described in Hashmag as "two-death wish Scotsmen". I climbed up the drain pipe [as you do when completely pissed after an extended on-on.] went in through an open bog window and opened the door to let in Boghopper. We then SURPRISED Bunter in his living room!!!!

He was apoplectic with rage. I had never before or since experienced such an extended diatribe of vitriol and expletives which lasted some 10 minutes. That's how long it took me and Boghopper to realise he really did mean for us to "Fuck off!" GOD help Hash heaven when he meets up with his old friend [and nemesis] Sammy Singh. Life is very much poorer without such special friends.

On -on.

[McJeckyll = McHyde](#)

On Jul 8, 2012, at 8:59 PM, Linda Sharples wrote:

Sad news indeed. He was a great character, his contribution to, and pride in the cantab hash should not be underestimated. At the very least the Rad needs a plaque?

[Spooks](#)

On Sun, Jul 8, 2012 at 2:43 PM, Rob Schofield M.Sc. MIET <schofiel@xs4all.nl> wrote:
On 08/07/2012 07:46,

Hermione Crease wrote:

Jeremy, that's sad news. Bunter was definitely one of life's condiment people - he added a lot of flavour, and initiated a number of the best things in Cambridge. I agree, he will be missed. Raise a glass for him on my behalf, tomorrow, someone! Sad news indeed.

[Peanut](#)

From: [Gunpowder Plod](#)
To: cambridgeh3@googlegroups.com
Cc: jetstream.whittle@ntlworld.com ; mike@umpleby.org.uk
Sent: Sunday, July 08, 2012 2:41 AM
Subject: Re: [CH3] Bunter

RIP "Leaving my Fucking Chairs Alone!" Bunter Kavanagh:

Many ALE readers will fondly remember Terry Kavanagh who had the St Radegund in King Street Cambridge from 1992 until his retirement in 2009. "Bunter" compensated for the smallness of his pub with the size of his character; it still bears many of his hallmarks, now being in the hands of James Hoskins who worked for Terry for many years. Among Terry's innovations were the Veil Ale (which involved taking bottles of beer all over the world), the Vera Lynn Appreciation Society (huge G&Ts on a Friday night to the accompaniment of the wartime sweetheart), the Rain Check Tree (which enabled you to buy a pint for a friend to sup next time they came in) and the ceiling adorned with Eagle-style signatures. Terry himself was a great traveller (partly through his association with the Hash House Harriers) and loved nothing more than sharing memories of far-flung places with customers. I was there once when a chap came in and answered Terry's usual "where are you from?" question with "the Falklands". Turned out Terry had spent time there so dissolve to tales of penguins, sheep, Port Stanley....

Wednesday, 4 November 2009

Bye Bunter: an ode to the pub

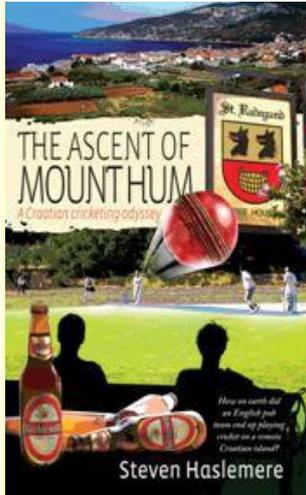


And so it was an era came to an end. Terry Kavanagh rang the bell last Saturday to call time on a fabulous 17 years as landlord of the [St Radegund](#), King Street, Cambridge. The Rad may not have the fireplace, secret garden or pewter pots of [Orwellian design](#), yet there is perfection in this Cantabrigian institution. It's locals are loyal but not jingoistic, often seen in other pubs. Despite a knowing cynicism, a faint whiff of the bear pit (one of Terry's many taglines extolling the virtues of the pub being 'St Radegund...a better class of insult'), its patrons will, and do, stand by each other.

Readers will understand the communal bonds between disparate men and women forged in the best of pubs. The St Radegund is the best of pubs. Several met wives or husbands there for the first time. When I wanted my wife, then girlfriend, to understand what I was about, taking her to the Rad seemed the finest possible shorthand. She is now a regular, too.

As a student, it was the place to intrigue in shady corners. It is still and ever shall be a place to hail triumphs, see off the day, battle the demons, right public wrongs, castigate boulder politicians, cheer sporting triumph, wallow in defeat and drown immeasurable sorrows.

Of course the beer is good. It stands to reason. And we talk about the beer, chew over it. It's difficult not to when local brewer Richard Naisby of [Milton Brewery](#) is in there, supping his own wares and holding forth. And he does hold forth. But we can forgive a man who's brought us the delights of Mammon, the winterly splendidence of Nero and has conjured magic with Hackney's [Pembury Tavern](#). Even if he did go to Oxford.



But the pub itself is also the talking point - so much so there's even a book about its overseas exploits. Steve Haslemere's [The Ascent of Mount Hum](#) chronicles a Rad cricket tour to the Croatian island of Vis. Other sports undertaken by Rad regulars include running with the [Hash House Harriers](#) ('a drinking club with a running problem'), rowing and conkers. Those preferring extreme sports should consider the biennial [King Street Run](#), a brutal eight-pint drinking race down a street that used to boast a far greater number of pubs. Don't worry, the good'uns are still there, so competitors double up now. The course record, fact fans, is 14 minutes and was carried out in a monk's costume by a man so skinny you'd assume him abstemious. How wrong you'd be.

Put off by the activity? More a culture vulture? Would the true sackcloth 'drawers of St Radegund' tempt pilgrims? Those of a religious bent ought not to sneer - committed theologians from nearby Westcott House will often drop by to admire the undergarment, parading down King Street holding the bloomers aloft, with Terry ejaculating hastily improvised Latin chants by way of accompaniment.

Perhaps Friday's Vera Lynn Appreciation Society would be more up your alley - listen to the forces sweetheart and indulge yourself with a double G&T aperitif as god intended. On the subject of our 1940s heritage, the Rad has its own homage to the [Eagle's](#) famous RAF bar, with names of regulars past and present burned on to the ceiling for posterity. *Ex officio* of his Blue Flame Club membership (don't ask), *jesusjohn* is very proud to be up there himself (though, arguably, far less proud to refer to himself in the third person).

The pub is a maelstrom of variety, in no small part courtesy of its patrons. But getting the pub to this point, holding it together, providing the glue, setting the tone, arguing the toss and belligerently ruling the roost has been Terry. He's seen B52s fly over Cambodia. He's done Bali and the Falklands. He's ushered countless students through evenings of unbridled alcoholic vice. And he's pissed in each barrel to make sure it was up to scratch.

He coined the moniker *jesusjohn* in my very first term as a sign of true belonging. Thanks to him, the St Radegund will always be the pub I go back to.

Cheers Bunter.

The Pubcast video, below, we made a year ago features a long segment on the Radegund and an interview with Terry Kavanagh - watch the whole thing if you've time. If not, scroll to 07:25.

I'd like to take this opportunity also to wish new landlord James Hoskins the very best of luck in taking over the Rad - I'm sure he'll do a cracking job.

*The top picture shows *jesusjohn* in typical Cambridge attire - at the Rad, naturally.*

I remember that Terrance Bunter Kavanagh used to hang up signs in the St Radegund on King Street that clearly stated "No Dross" during fair days, both Midsummer and Strawberry. I never saw any trouble there.

Pub Review: Small Is Bunterful

I was astounded on my most recent visit to the St Radegund in King Street Cambridge to find out that "Bunter" - the world famous Terry Kavanagh - had been at the helm for 15 years! His fame derives from the fact you can go to the four corners of the world and find that his involvement in the Hash House Harriers has touched everywhere.

Now my visits to Bunters are not as frequent as they used to be so as to avoid a former Mrs Brown who works nearby, but I was pleased to see that nothing had changed about the smallest pub in Cambridge and that the quality of the ale is as excellent as ever. I was also pleased to see a local pump - someone listens to Mr Brown; Milton Brewery's Sackcloth, is brewed especially for the pub. Bateman's England Expects, London Pride and a very delectable pint of E.S.B. Swing Low were also on offer. I have yet to see Greene King served here so if that's your poison, hard luck.

Hash night is still Monday and it truly is a great night where anyone is welcome. Bunter has really stamped his authority on this old pub; there are the usual catch phrases like "If the beer is too strong, then you aren't strong enough", and he famously only sells powerful cigarettes like Captain Full Strength. Vera Lynn night is Friday when our wonderful English singer's songs thunder out, and there is a special price on your double Vera Lynn and tonic. There is also jazz on a Sunday, no food, no jukebox, no nonsense, no *Gregory's Sausages* (if you want to know about that one, you will have to go and ask) - a real pub. There is an old well in the cellar that is very deep and apparently goes back to the days when Jesus College used it as a source for their water.

The Rad is also the start and finish of the world famous King Street Run, which Terry delights in telling you involves supping 12 pints in an hour, with no peeing or puking. I was with Terry around 12 years ago when to celebrate Nick Barraclough moving from B.B.C. Cambridgeshire to Radio 2, we did the Run and recorded it for our listeners. There were 13 hilarious minutes broadcast and it was considered worthy of a repeat broadcast at peak time on the following Saturday morning. A great sportsman and follower of our rugby and cricket clubs, especially the University, Bunter encourages his own cricket team that plays matches against the likes of the Queens Head at Newton.

We are unfortunate to have so few quality pubs in the centre of Cambridge, but I rejoice that this little time capsule and pubs like the Champion of the Thames and of course, a little further out, those in the beer quarter around Mill Road continue to thrive. I grieve over the loss of pubs like the very former Cambridge Arms in the days long ago when Les Theobald was the landlord, and the Criterion with Len Thompson at the helm. Our task is to keep what we have got going for many years to come.

St Radegund, 129 King Street, Cambridge, CB1 1LD,
Tele 01223 311769

On 8 July 2012 04:07, Mike Umpleby <mike@umpleby.org.uk> wrote:

It's hard to know what to say and do. He was of course a great friend to so many and a great hasher. So sad.

Of course there will be hashing in heaven.

Umplebum & Checkpoint

From: cambridgeh3@googlegroups.com [mailto:cambridgeh3@googlegroups.com] **On Behalf Of** Jetstream

Sent: 07 July 2012 20:59

To: cambridgeh3@googlegroups.com

Subject: [CH3] BunterSome very sad news. You may have heard that Bunter was diagnosed recently with terminal cancer. This morning he was found dead in his flat in Kings Street. We have lost a good friend and great hasher and he will be missed by us all. Once we have got over the shock of his sudden death, I am sure that there will be lots of anecdotes and tales to tell, but for the moment it's difficult to feel anything but grief. May there be hashing in heaven! On-Up!

Jetstream

3. Run 1761. Anchor, Little Downham.

Hare: Haven't Got One

The omens weren't good, the original Hare, **Bastard**, had gone off to Bratislava (where the hell's that?) and let the Trailmaster down badly. However, being the good chap that he is, **Haven't Got One** stood in at the last minute and took over. Leaving his rece to the last possible moment he discovered that the designated pub had been closed for two years and so he had to switch to the Anchor. No time to sort out the trail he set off to lay it on Sunday morning with map in hand and hope in his heart.

Mike and Jill on holiday from Oz, joined us and for once **Potty** had done something noteworthy and, not only had he brought along a virgin, **Sarah**, but had even completed his run report from January, worthy of a free beer later in the circle. Only one trail for both runners and walkers (that's how it should be!) but the hint that walkers would be able to short cut was greeted with enthusiasm. A short stretch of road and then we were on one of the numerous drives which criss-cross the fens. Bounded on each side by high hedges, and being fairly overgrown, the trail proved to be a lot better than expected.

It was only when we crossed the road and completed a rather unnecessary loop, that the going got tough as we attempted to run along ankle breaking footpaths, which was tedious to say the least. Then it was a long run in along the road and through the village to the pub. A pretty good effort **Haven't Got One**, especially due to the lack of time available to sort it out.

The highlight of the circle was undoubtedly the celebration of **Toed Bedsores** 1100th run. He looked a bit put out when presented with a boomerang (which didn't come back but got stuck in a tree) to celebrate the fact that he keeps on coming back, but cheered up when he was given his real award, an embroidered T-shirt, which he considerately put on over his existing shirt in response to the pack's "No, No!" rather than "skin!". **Toed** had worked out that the shirt would have cost about £2,200 if he'd paid run fees for all those years, which of course he hasn't, being a beneficiary of a previously lax mismanagement who decreed that after so many runs, run fees were no longer payable. A perk that was withdrawn just before **Gorilla** qualified, I wonder why?!

As soon as virgins and returnees were called into the circle, **Billingsgate** gathered her tribe together and pointed out that they all qualified for a free beer, which meant a quick trip back the bar for **Blowback** to order additional pints. **Wed Awwow** passed the little potty on to **Klinger**, who is always pissing on trail. **Benghazi** got a beer for failing to remember who the mismanagement were, and in particular who was the Grand Mattress. He wasn't alone as nobody seemed to notice that **While You're Down There** stepped into the Mattress slot, despite being Ass Hash Cash with no claim to the sisterhood. She attempted to charge **Blowback** for reckless running and for splashing poor **Googly**'s nice white trousers, but it backfired with **Googly** getting the down-down for pussy footing around the puddles rather than going straight through, like a REAL hasher. Finally a beer for **Crappy Nappy**, can't remember why!

On-On! Mentionable

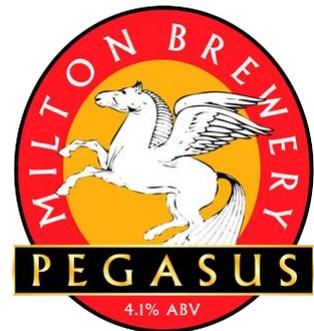
4. Blokes What Booze Evening Saturday 12th May 2010

The cast

1. Dave El Rave
2. Bastard
3. Big Blouse
4. Taxi
5. Antar
6. Kermit
7. Lightning
8. Beerstop
9. Joe (soon to be in-law of Beerstop and generally all round top bloke)
10. Ian (as yet un-named)
- and latterly.....
11. Klinger
12. Bloody Barbie

It seemed like an eon since the last “Blokes Wot Booze” (© *Kermit* 2008) evening and with the milder temperatures, longer evenings and the change of the seasons, spring was in the air and a male hashers’ mind turned to thoughts of beer and curry. The call went out and was warmly answered.

6.04PM – Devonshire Arms <http://www.individualpubs.co.uk/devonshire/>



On arrival at the usual starting point of the Devonshire Arms at 6.04pm, **Blouse & El Rave** were soon met by stalwarts **Kermit** and **Antar** and the fine array of Milton Brewery Beers <http://www.miltonbrewery.co.uk/index.html> were being offered – in particular the Sparta (4.3%), Justinian (3.9%) and Pegasus (4.1%) were being sampled enthusiastically along with ‘Hecks Angel’(3.9% ABV) a Golden Ale from the Great Heck Brewery In Yorkshire. This is a regular casked ale, dry and delicately bittered pale in colour with loads of American Cascade Hops producing a delicious hop flavour and aroma. Fermented with American yeast, this session ale had a very clean thirst quenching finish and was well received by all.



By this time we'd also been joined by **Bastard &** and the rarely seen **Lightning. Kermit** decided to buck the trend and opt for a pint of 'Mr Chubbs Lunchtime bitter' (3.7% ABV) from the West Berkshire Brewery

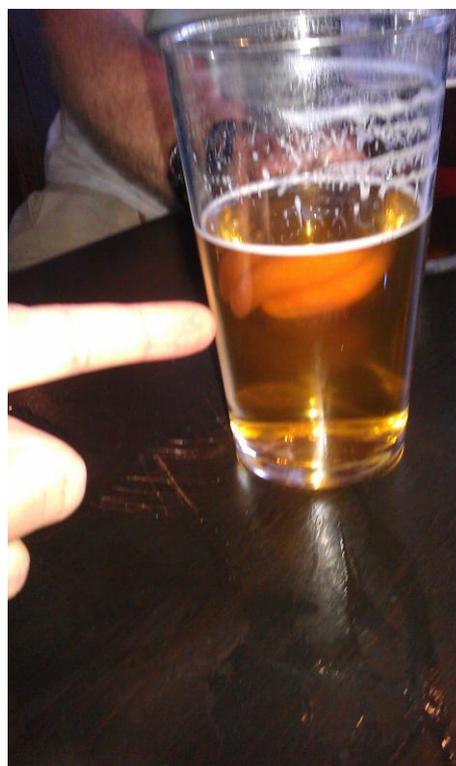


A silver medal winner at the 2002 SIBA South East Regional Competition. A traditional style beer with all English hops and a good bitterness balanced by Maris Otter malts from Wiltshire and Suffolk. This beer is named in memory of the brewer's father, who was the lock-keeper at Whitchurch-on-Thames, and sometimes nick-named Mr Chubb.

My personal favourite was the Justinian – (pictured right) the thirst quenching properties of this wonderful ale should not be underestimated, in my home village of Steeple Morden we have a Greene King pub (Waggon & Horses) but anything that they produce just can't compare to the Milton brewery, although **Bastard** does put a good point forward that A well kept Greene King IPA is a very good pint.

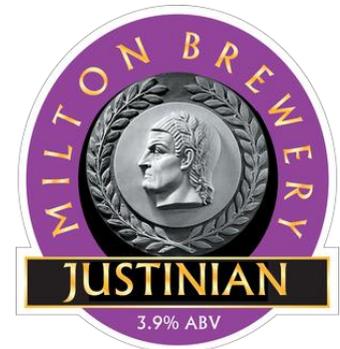
I take this point on board, but I remain unconvinced.

By this time we were into the second & third Round and there was a particularly confusing episode at the bar where they temporarily ran out of one of the main ales and there was mounting trepidation that the Justinian was off for good, this caused intense confusion and as you can see by the photograph by the time the round did arrive no one had a clue which beer they'd ordered or if they'd got the right one in the first place.



From my notes from the evening, I note that at this point one of the favourite topics (arguing about trails) had arisen and I remember thinking that usually, it just depends on opinion as to whether a trail is good or not.

That said, you can't usually fault the trails of **Antar & Kermit** (usually – there was one duff one Antar was involved in, but that was 3 years ago and the exception proves the rule does it not?) and **Bastards'** theory of get a beer stop in just before the end of the trail and get 'em drunk school of thought is a bloody clever idea.



(Above) Bastards' complete horror at the realisation that he may have the wrong beer



"say Lightning, did you hear the one about the Nun, a cucumber and the boy scout....."



By this time, and with military precision it was time to move onto the next venue, so off we headed to;

7.13pm – The Live & Let Live <http://www.the-live.co.uk/>



Meeting up with Beerstop and soon-to-be son in law Joe at the Live & Let Live there was a fantastic range of Oakham Ales <http://www.oakhamales.com/> on including Asylum (4.5%) and a special edition beer called 'Dream Catcher' also from the Oakham Brewery, but at a barn storming / headbanging 6.7% we sampled it, but this produced some bemused looks, followed by, I think I'll try something else from the assembled masses, leaving only the brave Ian, to batter a few back (brave man that!) There was a more realistic Rev. James (4.5%) from the Brains Brewery <http://www.sabrain.com/beers/draught/cask-beers/the-rev-james> and a beer called 'Dreadnought' but to my disgust, I didn't write that particular detail down, so the brewer remains a mystery.



Ian, samples a 6.9% Dream catcher.....

By this time, several pints of very fine ale was Making it's presence felt and the call of Nature was being answered. In the gents there was a blackboard and it was quite disturbing to see that someone was anticipating the arrival of the Hash and had made some rather rude comments!



Unbelievably we were slightly behind schedule, so we girded up our collective loins and headed off to the next venue – this time there a change of scene as we headed north through the centre of town.

8.35pm The Mitre

<http://www.beerinthevening.com/pubs/s/54/5429/Mitre/Cambridge>



The Mitre, a pub of long and venerable history, stands on the site of two former inns Blackmoor's Head and The Cock and Magpie. The first inn took its name from Robert Blackmoor, a medieval chantry priest. The coming of the railway took away much of the river trade upon which both inns depended to the point where by 1874 the Cock & Magpie was the only remaining pub.

By the time we arrived at the Mitre we decided to randomly point at a spot on the pavement for no particular reason, other than to establish how many people were still with us and not stranded at the Live & Let Live.

I think that this marked the Spot Where we remembered that we ought To be toasting the health of the Brigadier Who had sadly passed away.

By now the evening was Beginning to fragment owing to Copious beer intake and Wonderful company.

A popular beer at the Mitre Was Bob (4% ABV) from the Wickwar brewery <http://www.wickwarbrewing.co.uk> and as this had been named after our illustrious leader we paused only to knock back about 18 pints of the stuff collectively.

Also on offer was Hopfest (3.8%) From the Red Squirrel Brewery <http://www.redsquirrelbrewery.co.uk/shop/product-category/hopfest/>



This wasn't as popular as 'Bob' which was going down an absolute storm. I can recall Ian buying a beer for everyone and I have absolutely no idea why, I think it might

have been something to do with his general enthusiasm for the evening, but even my
er 'site notes' aren't helping me with this one.



Old Bob being imbibed heavily at the Mitre

By this point we were joined by old mate **Bloody Barbie** who was regaling us from tales of old. Maybe **Klinger** can throw some light on this, but most folk were completely bemused when Barbie said, "ah, that was the night I slept with Klinger....." To be honest, I'm quite interested in the tale, but only in certain company.

*Lightning and Beer Stop
Muse on the
Incongruities of the
Phrase " ... that was
the night I slept
with Klinger....."*



*What the hell Ian is
doing to the back of
Taxi's head is anyone's
guess!*



By this point in time there were so many beers being sampled and passed back and forth by the enthusiastic hashers it took **EI Rave** by surprise and the poor man was forced into implying the legendary 'double hander' technique to cope with the beer flow



It was eventually time to eat and after some considerable effort the lads were goaded/cajoled into drinking up and heading off for the main event

9.07pm Maharajah Tandoori, Castle Street CB3 0AH

<http://cambridge.openguides.org/wiki/?Maharajah>



As usual when presented by a wall of inebriated hashers, the staff welcomed us with a mixture of warmth/apathy/thinly veiled malevolence and we were shown to a large and what I perceived to be remotely placed table, several miles away from their normal customers.

In order to wet everyone's appetites, about 20 poppadoms or FBC's* were ordered Along with 1 xpint of Kingfisher, 3 x Pints of Cobra and 4 x pints of Mongoose which I'd never heard of and just thought that **Bastard** was taking the piss frankly.....

(* FBC = F*****g Big Crisps)

Antar musing on whether to have another Mongoose or possibly a Kingfisher

I think that the food was generally well received although to be honest, trying to remember what 12 p****d hashers had to eat is bordering on as difficult as finding an honest politician with an expense claim.



The final photo's bear witness to the fact that we did actually eat something to accompany the beer intake, and from memory (ok, hazy memory, I'll grant you) I think **Bastard** had one of the y hotter/sweatier/eye watering/trouser disturbing curries, but aside from that the memory and actual ability to write any notes was slowly being eroded by the passage of beer, er, I mean time.....



Oddly enough, I tried a small social experiment and it's amazing how conditioned we are by our surroundings, there was a brief pause and silenced followed momentarily so I just started to sing "How would you like, my finger....."

You'd be amazed at the frosty looks that we were given by the staff.

It was evident that we had now joined the ranks of the thoroughly smashed



and the evening began to unravel with mind numbing predictability, and the evening began to take on a surreal air, I swear I was literally seeing the weirdest things at this point in time.....



*Taxi, complete with flowers (*Poppadum 'hat' just out of shot)*

The evening was drawing to a close, and after extracting money from the assembled throng, we paid and **Kermit**, **Antar** and I think **Klinger** departed. This left us with a small quandary of what to do for the final part of the evening. Brilliantly, **EI Rave** came up with the perfect answer, "I know, let's have a night cap in the Radegund" so off we trotted.....

11.07pm St, Radegund, King Street (note, this photo was not taken at 11.07pm)
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St_Radegund_\(pub\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St_Radegund_(pub))



A brilliant suggestion from **El Rave** and the final few made our way down to the legendary venue for a well deserved night cap.

I have no idea what we talked about or even who we talked to, by the time we arrived at the pub there was only **yours truly, El Rave, Bastard, Lightning and Taxi** left from the original group. I think that there was Milton Brewery Justinian (3.9% ABV) <http://www.miltonbrewery.co.uk/beers/justinian.html> the ever popular Fullers <http://www.fullers.co.uk/> London Pride (4.3%) and a fabulous Woodforde's <http://www.woodfordes.co.uk/> Norfolk Gem. Not part of their usual range, this was commissioned especially for the Diamond Jubilee and described as

“A careful blend of cara, and crystal malts coupled with English challenger and Pacific gem hops from New Zealand deliver a well balanced amber ale with intriguing hints of malt, blackcurrant, citrus fruits and a satisfying bitter finish”

I'd lost the ability
To focus at this point
In time and taking
Photos was clearly way
too advanced for
what remained of the
evening .



So it was time to head home, safe in the knowledge that
We had managed to organise a piss up near a brewery
– A great evening !

On – On
Big Blouse

Note. If the Harriettes view this feature as gratuitous pandering to the boys, why have the ladies opened up a tea shop in Green Street??



5. Ex Grand Masters, Mattresses and R.A.s

Who's done what through the years – who to blame etc

Run

Run No.	Year	Grandmaster	Grandmattress	Religious Advisor
1	1978	Chis		
53	1979	Old Bollo		
105	1980	Bear		
157	1981	Bear		
209	1982	Boghopper	Three Litre Anita	
261	1983	Harpo	Terry Tannoy	
313	1984	Booseby	Clippo	
365	1985	Barker Singh	Ruby	
417	1986	Godzilla	Billingsgate	
469	1987	Gorilla	Noratizoff	
521	1988	Uncle Bob	Upper Class Tart	
573	1989	Crabbo	Bigleg	
625	1990	Toyboy	Chimp	Great White Hope
677	1991	Great White Hope	Tootsie/Debonaire	
729	1992	Farmer Kit	Bigleg	
781	1993	Katz	Debonaire	
833	1994	Goldfinger		
885	1995	Benghazi	Checkpoint	
937	1996	Bedsore	Thumper	
989	1997	Klinger	Lurcher	Mad Monk
1041	1998	Jetstream	Ubend	Hold it for me
1093	1999	Slaphead	Yellow Peril	Pedro
1145	2000	Pedro	G Spot	Goldflinger
1197	2001	Goldflinger	Ooh La La	Kermit
1249	2002	Donno	Snow White	Taxidermist
1301	2003	Umplebum	Teutonic	Shamcock
1353	2004	Taxidermist	Thumper	Bast@rd
1405	2005	Bast@rd	The Countess	Calapso
1457	2006	Calapso	Doubletop	Dave the Rave
1509	2007	Kermit	Paparazzi	Big Blouse
1563	2008	Dave the Rave	Paparazzi	Haven't Got One
1614	2009	Kinky	While you're down there	Blowback
1667	2010	Have't got one	Three Swallows	Legover
1719	2011	Debonaire	Lady Slipstream	Jetstream
	2012	???	????	????



The coming years doers to be coerced, forced into it at the coming AGPU

6. Run Write Up - Run 1744 March 4th 2012, Old Red Lion, Horseheath, CB1 4QF

Hare: AWOL / Invisible Man and another.

We started at usual 11.00am from The Red Lion On arrival in the car park, me being chauffeured by Potty Trained, realised we were in deep shit when Klinger informed us both we were supposed to have laid the trail.

We both forgot, Lucky just having returned from a month in India.

Thank God for the invisible man Bob was talking about.

Jetstream thrust a green note book and pencil attached with a bit of string in my hand and I was obliged to do the run write up.

Sorry about the delay, I have at long last done it after having been punished by having to sit on a block of ice on a cold winter's day.

You don't get this severe punishment in civvy street for theft or mugging an old lady.

Off we went into the countryside, Deep Shit to first check.

Charlie Arse Licker and Poggo first to second cheque.

Shiggy Two Shoes injured herself somehow.

Cabuse was first to 3rd cheque. Deep Shit first to next.

It was a long run 7.2 miles there where 26 Hashers.

Down downs to Haven't Got One, Klinger and Three Swallows. It was her 200th run (well done);

Jetstream was the Religious Advisor. The Invisible man turned out to be Haven't Got One. Thanks Conrad for laying the trail a short notice for myself and Potty Trained.

On On.

Potty.

7. The Hash 'Business Cards'

Cambridge Hash House Harriers (CH3) Founded in 1978

With over 1700 groups worldwide, The Hash is an international disorganisation of people who enjoy having fun and some exercise.

Runs are at 11.00am every Sunday from pubs within Cambridgeshire area, usually noted for their real ales.

New runners are always welcome! - Interested?

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

A drinking club with a running problem!

Rear – That's right, double sided so we can explain what this hashing lark is all about

What is Hashing?

- A non-competitive run set in and around the Cambridgeshire area across fields & footpaths usually. Speed/fitness is not important.
- A great way to meet people from diverse backgrounds in a very informal setting.
- The run gets your endorphins flowing and the camaraderie and beer help fine tune the mood.
- There is a small charge per run to cover the cost of drinks after (and sometimes during!) the run.

What Hashing is NOT.

- Only for fast or elite runners. Walkers are most welcome.
- Nothing to do with drugs or a mass drunken brawl. We like to run and drink, sometimes at the same time (!).
- We don't want people who are just out to get trashed. Mutual respect, courtesy to others and the countryside are equally important.
- Politically correct. Part of the fun is letting your hair down
- If you don't have a broad sense of humour and a sense of the ironic, then hashing is probably not for you.

© Big Blouse Approx Size 90mm x 50mm ish so they're about the size of a big business card

8. The Acme Run Write up!*

Stuck for words that adequately describe your feelings?, then simply copy, cut & paste and delete where applicable – it'll save you hours of effort!

Acme Run Write Up (updated due to public demand)

Run XXXX -

**Venue – E.G 1)The Red/Gold/Black Lion
E.G 2) Bricklayers Arms/Foot/Pancreas**

Hares -

Visitor -

The Words

The sun shone brightly / it was cloudy as usual / p*****g with rain as the good folk of the CH3 began to arrive from all quarters muttering about the hash being miles away in Bedfordshire / Bloody Essex / Suffolk again. The weather ensured a fantastic / reasonable / pathetic turn out of the usual suspects / weirdos / some who were obviously lost.

The circle was called and our lovely / slightly unhinged / deranged GM welcomed us to theat.....as the circled geared itself up for the hash the clear and detailed / reasonable / completely illegible trail marks were explained by the hares, the pack, with what can only be described as good cheer / astonishing apathy / a “can't be arsed today” attitude ambled forth with a clearly restless knitting circle ambling aimlessly in several directions.

The huge and powerful form of the bearded **Muthatucka / Babysham / Posh** overtook / lagged behind the coy and demure **Legover / Bedsores / Slaphead** and within seconds the 1st official moan of the day was registered by the pack

Then we were away through a small copse lined with buttercups / wood / graveyard / swamp full of s*** (you can't have it all ways) and across the fields to see the peaceful and slumbering village in the distance, soon to be woken by the assembled madness that is the CH3.

Pausing at a check next it was evident that the trail had been laid by a genius / accountant / drooling vegetable as the obvious FRB **Deep Shit / Debonnaire / Swampy** sped into view and Sprinted / ran / jogged pathetically onwards with joy in their hearts at the unfolding and wondrous trail.

The pack were then led over a very wobbly bridge / field / culvert with a picturesque weir and stream / slag heap / building site, along a tow path and

past the wonderfulpub, where unfortunately there wasn't a beer stop, back over a narrow bridge / sand dune / golf course / Motorway and we were away up & over the hill (in more ways than one) and the knitting circle roamed majestically / paused dramatically / ground to a halt as only a clump of hashers can with various folk nattering about how it "wasn't like this in the old days".

A smiling but very sweaty **Bastard / Lady Slipstream / Ah, Swipe** clumped into view and was startled to see a partially undressed **Babysham / Bedsores / Undressed / Kermit** which caused great consternation / raised eyebrows / ceaseless vomiting amongst many.

Despite some brilliant tactical trail laying / advanced planning / pure luck from the hares, the previously well held together pack started to disintegrate through age / general wear / alzheimers but by this time the end was in sight and eventually all good / terrifying / retarded things must come to an end and with some last minute beautiful sights of a magnificent beech tree / electricity pylon / car crash we took the back entrance into the village and were soon in the safe realms of the bar / prison / asylum.

After in small delay as the bar tender blinked in disbelief as **CH3** ordered a total of 91 pints / 6 litres of white wine / 1 x bag of pork scratchings, down downs were awarded to ;

Big Blouse / Bedsores / Dave El Rave / Bastard / Legover/ Lady Slipstream / Swampy / Uncle Bob / Bear / Slaphead / Deaks / Posh / Ohh La la / Double Top / 3 Litre Anita / 3 Swallows / No Knickers / Crash Test Dummy / Ferret / Toyboy / Antar / Kermit / Duncan Disorderly / Dances with Wasps for saying.....

Visitors

The fabulous Hares

The sun still shone / it was still p***** down, warmth and good natured bonhomie spread over the hash and the day ended perfectly as **Bedsores** wasn't there to f**k up the mood with his bloody raffle.....

A Great/Mediocre/s**t day indeed!

Big Blouse

9. Run 1979, June 17th 2012. (No it wasn't Lady Slipstream – it was Run 1759 ???)
The Plume of Feathers – Ickleford



Hares: Kermit and Googly

Another sunny Sunday, (well actually they're quite rare these days but it makes me feel better if I pretend our summer's been hot and sunny), we set off for Glasgow, sorry no, the **Plume of Feathers** in **Ickleford**, but we could have flown to Glasgow in the time that it took to get there! Was it worth flogging all that way out to Bedfordshire, well yes I'd say it was. I've been told that the pack left late in order to account for The Whittles but I don't believe it, we were on time as always and it took a good mile or more to catch up with the pack, and at my athletic pace too! The Yanks it would seem were also caught out by an early start, and with the exception of **Pinky** (with an advantage of long legs) the rest took their time to catch up.

A lovely run with a bit too much bestiality along the way for my liking...other than a bloody great big horse guarding the gate, **Diesel** was responsible for most ...either chasing at my toes to trip me up, causing a heard of young bulls to charge at me, or winding up a territorial spaniel which happened to be in my path ...does diesel have something against the GM, I'm starting to wonder?! Still, a well laid trail through lovely countryside and a nice pub to return to ...and SUNSHINE! Hurrah!!

Back at the pub, some lovely ales at the local beer festival and a chipper band to keep the pack jovial...although the beer probably would have done that job on its own. We headed out to the car park for some much needed refreshment and some not so choral voices in comparison to the band. For the down-downs we saw the usual suspects step up, **Deep Sh*t** avoiding the ice with a no show, coward! A few notable mentions in the RA's down-downs: one to each of the well trained children for buying their fathers a pint on father's day (**Muff diver**, **Blowback** and myself **Lady Slipstream**), to which I returned the honour by awarding my dad, who just happens to be the **RA** a deserving drink – nepotism I hear you cry! Well, hell, we're in charge (for the moment) so why the heck not!! **Venus with a penis** visiting from the SH3 got a drink for her lack of sewing skills, as her array of badges were all attached with safety pins. **Haven't got one** had a beer for leaving his decrepit shoes behind at previous run...like a bad penny, they just keep on turning up! Congratulations to for the milestone achieved by **Imelda**, she was awarded an engraved wine glass for completing 100 runs. **Bastard** has also reached a milestone, but he clearly has less of a life than Imelda...Well done for 500 runs Bastard! Enjoy the silver wine goblet.

There was more to be told but this is enough.

Thanks to the hares **Googly** and **Kermit** for a great run, despite it not actually being in Cambridgeshire!

On-On!

LS

10. RUN 1763 SHERINGHAM BEER FESTIVAL / WINDHAM ARMS



On arrival at the beer festival we met a gaggle of Harriets heading off to do what they normally do, shopping. Up at the bar huge crowds were queuing at least 10 deep finally we gained BEER. Settling at a table with the other Cambridge drunks we set about trying to catch up with them. **B@stard** had a cunning plan he sampled everyone's beer to "revue" it in his program.

Umplebum supposedly one of the hares was also slumped at a corner of the table, he explained that he was laying the trail by proxy or had some poxy person laying it for him. I put it to you that they are showing far more than the half mind that hashers should peak at.

Having been let off the leash for the weekend **Antar** was operating at full throttle, the only time he wasn't drinking with both hands was when he had food in one of them. After many pints of old gusset strainer and a few other choice brews things were much mellower for me. The hares and poxy hares arrived at the beer festival they had no hope of catching up with the drinking pack.

Billingsgate was fully up to race drinking speed on high octane cider and was dancing with some very strange locals and they looked very afraid. Having had enough at the beer festival I headed into the town for a drink, this didn't improve sobriety. The 5 hashers who went into the Windom Arms couldn't find each other there deviously being more than one bar. Having endeared ourselves to the landlady a bit after midnight we were invited to leave. Back at the youth hostel we had a quick game of how many hashers does it take to enter an access code to get in. The answer is all 5 and about 15 minutes and lots of swearing.

The day of the run dawns quite late, and with a bit of a hangover. The weather is excellent moving the **Jetstream** just a little to the north of Cambridge has worked. People drib and drab to the station. We have a reserved carriage and all climb aboard. Just as the fat controller blows his whistle the Whittles arrive and we chuff off.

We circle up at Weybourne and **El Rave** spent the next 20 minutes giving us details of the run. These were mainly about the deep dark woods where if you

strayed from the trail you were liable to be attacked by wild boar, trolls, vampires, zombies or mutant rabid owls hiding in holes.

We set off across Weybourne heath and at every check I chose the wrong direction. We entered some woods (not the deep dark ones) and our esteemed R.A. **Jetstream** led us astray by calling when short cutting.

We exit the woods and get our only brief view of the sea. Into Sheringham Park a bit of road through Upper Sheringham. We move onto Pretty corner and enter Sheringwood (the deep dark woods). I am prepared and lay a trail of breadcrumbs so I can find my way out if necessary. It worked for Hansel and Gretel didn't it?

The woods were very deep and very dark, things got even more scary when **El Rave** gave another warning to us about not deviating from trail, and then said I don't think were on trail! We finally escaped the very very deep very very dark woods and found the swampy area that **El Rave** warned contained a long turn back so nobody ran it. We entered the town and to the ON INN. On the walkers unofficial breakaway rebel trail the only thing my spy **Googly** can recall is seeing **Double Top** stripping off to have a swim.

The Windham Arms had a good selection of beers and welcomed us with open tills. The Hares were called out there were 15 to start off with these were whittled down to **El Rave**, **Paparazzi** and **Checkpoint**.

Other Down Downs I can remember are **W.Y.D.T.** on 3 occasions for abusing **Double Top**, losing her mug and wearing a patriotic bra. **Googly** for eating a cheese sandwich, **Crappy Nappy** for hiding his mother away or exposing her to the hash I can't remember which, **Sperm Whale** for not making the run and a visitor. I think there were others but I had lost the will to live by then.

ON ON

Kermit



11. Cuming Runs

Run	Date	Hare	Venue
1766	5 th August	Muthatucka	Admiral Vernon PH Over, CB24 5NB



Note from the Hare:
The pub does Sunday breakfasts and beer!. Liveners available for early birds.
Further note: This will be an invisible trail!! – Old duffers are to bring the bifocals to ensure a hope of successful navigation

1767	12 th August	Haven't Got One	The Broken Arms (*cough – CHECK THIS) TBC
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1768	19 th August	Great White Hope	White Hart, Alconbury Weston PE28 4JA
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1769	26 th August	Double Top	The Fighting Cocks (fnarr, fnarr) Wendens Ambo CB11 4JN
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