

The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

April 2013



Dave "Odd Sox" Radcliffe (1952-2004). Sadly died while laying a trail on 25th April 2004:



Welcome from the Edithare (B@).

Receding Hareline

Not much to report this month due to me spending more time watching rugby than actually hashing. It has been horribly cold and I have only one run report which, due to rugby, I didn't attend! I know it's a nice pub, though, as we have run from there before. No doubt more reports are on their way (sure!).

Preparations for the 1801 are under way and I trust you have all signed up for the pub crawl and meal plus the run on Sunday (I am the scribe!). It should be a cracking weekend.

The annual trip to Mojacar (late May bank holiday weekend) has been planned and there appear to be quite a few people turning up this year, including a contingent from the Hastings H3.

This is meant to be the Odd Sox memorial issue but I have run out of stories about him. Next year is the 10th anniversary of his death and there will be a special issue and run to celebrate that.

Odd
Socks
Day

On On

B@

Each month a different scribe produces the Herald.

- Apr B@stard
- May Bedsoars
- Jun Ferret
- Jul Thumper
- Aug Slaphead
- Sep Kinky
- Oct Taxi

We 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.



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Run 1793 - Cock, Broom

Hare - Antar

Scribe - Jetstream

No scribe announced in the circle, I wonder who **Bastard** has nominated this week? A week after the run an email from **El Rave** informed me that the **Bastard** had nominated me but unfortunately had overlooked asking/informing me. So to be fair to **Antar** who'd put in a lot of effort and laid the trail, I'll try and recall the highlights.



Arrived early as usual and after what seemed an age the **GM** called everyone into a pre-run huddle before setting off in all directions looking for dust. Initial impressions were that this was a well laid trail with lots of cunning checks and turnbacks which kept the FRBs confused (not difficult) and allowed the slower runners to keep in touch. Just when we were thinking that this was **Antar**'s previous run backwards we did a sharp left turn and found ourselves in a clump of trees. At this point **Kermit** is reported as saying "if I was a betting man I'd go this way" and that was the last that we saw of him, and the last time he saw any dust. Luckily he's not a betting man or he'd have lost his shirt with this wager.

Off we trekked into the countryside with **Klinger** leading the pack round the lakes and along the footpath. A smart short cut over a field of dog shit allowed me to catch up, although I ended up on the wrong side of a fence declaring that the side I was on was dangerous. What

the heck, lets live dangerously and run on the wrong side of the fence! Pack still together, despite the fact that most ignored **Whimp**'s attempt to get us running up a turnback, only **Caboose** obliged. Then over the main road, except for **Kinky** who had the brain cell this week and turned left on a very sensible short-cut.

Although **LegOver** (is he in training?), **Deep Shit** and other FRBs attempted to turn off across a field boundary they soon came back, presumably having found the bit where **Antar** had laid the wrong



markings. So it was a kilometre or so up the track, and then a left turn and a kilometre around another field boundary (at which point I was caught by **Pedro** celebrating the year of the snake, one eyed trouser variety) and then another kilometre back along another farm track to the road.



Another tedious bit and we were back at the Cock, an extremely interesting pub with lots of little rooms and, in the absence of a bar, beer served directly from the cellar. The Landlord had only taken the pub over on the previous Thursday but this didn't stop him giving us a great welcome with chip butties thrown in.

Can't recall who did what to whom in the circle, although I obviously got the little potty for pissing on the trail. I seem to recall that dog shit was much in evidence but whose dog I can't remember. Only **Great White Hope** was properly dressed for the Chinese New Year – Gong Hee Fatt Choi to everone!

Well done **Antar**, an excellent first half and if I'd been sensible and followed **Kinky** it would have been an excellent second half as well.

Jetstream

Run 1794 - Crown, Little Walden

Hare - Blowback and Little Blow

Scribe - Muff Diver

We arrived before the **Whittle's** and the circle so we were off to a good start for this sunny run from the Crown, Little Walden. The bright winter sun had brought out the sparkle in the Harriet's eyes, as this was a Valentine's Day run. The occasion had also caused little more strangeness in **Toed** (Ted, who said ted) in his baby pink Teeshirt!



As we bumbled to form a circle past the given hour up walked our illustrious leader in a bright pink TUTU (well he has the legs for it as the misuses would say) with a cigar and hat. The cigar and Mexican hat were in homage to our visitor and former GM **Bog Hopper**.

After short circle with no flour and no singing (thank god) "ANDERLAY", we were off.

I was running for the first time in many months albeit slowly after giving the lovely **Hangover Blues** and me food poisoning after our romantic Valentine's meal, (she won't ask me to cook in future- "RESULT"). I jogged across the pub car park toward the trees, to find confusion and what looked like harriers running round in circles checking for the trail however after a few minutes, we were off in earnest.

Now this were **Blow Back** and **Little Blow** where sneaky, significant number of hashers began to follow the route we ALWAYS follow and after several hundred yards of running on fresh air we realised the trail wasn't going that way (change, I fear change!). Therefore, we were off back toward the pub breaking new ground so we thought. Up the road past the

walkers and slap bang into a turn back, **Crappy Nappy** went for the route through the hedge and across the river although it later transpired he had sneaked back to the pub.

Hold it for me, and I ran the long way back down the road and into the field. We ran up a steep hill that nearly killed me, to a farm. As I arrived, there was confusion, the FRB's were running back down the lane saying there was a turn back further up past the farm house. This however turned out to be a check back and after a little searching, we were off on trail again. Somehow I ended up following **Shiggy 2 Shoes** and **Deepshit** in the opposite field to the actual trail, they'll converge I told myself and promptly fell arses over tit in the mud, **Shiggy** ran back to make sure I wasn't broken but nothing hurt but my pride and few nettle stings and lots of mud.

We ran on to the top of the track finding a check letting **Deepshit** and **Legover** check out the false trail down a steep hill... Down the track and back into the mud across a ploughed field, when we reached the end my shoes were so weighed down I could hardly move. **Shiggy** was holding the check at the other end giving out Chocolates, is she an Angel?



Across another more muddy field lots slipping and sliding when I caught up with **Paparazzi** who was trying to blow her dick shaped whistle while eat a chocolate, "chocolate dick" she laughed. Then insightfully she commented that "Running through a muddy field is like life, you pick up one load of shit and just as get rid of that, for you find some more to replace it with", philosophy on a hash whatever next!!

We run on down a hill and as if by magic the **Earl** appeared at the check, he asked if we had found the chocolates on the previous checks. We said we had but they seemed to be mostly Twix's, "that cause I don't like Twix's" he said having been round and scoffing the others.

After a slight detour lead by **Derrick (El Rave)** though a deer wood in the wrong direction we were back on trail. I arrived at the next check to find **Deep Shit** running round in circles like a six foot spaniel chasing his tail. "Want to hold the check for me?" he asked, seeing as he seem to:-

- A. Need to toilet
- B. Need DE fleeing
- C. Something else
- D. None of the above

I agreed and he was off on whatever quest he was so excited about (separation issues from **Legover**, who knows). By now even my dull brain had worked out the sneaky game the hares had played, we were running the old trail backwards!!.

Running down the hill with gusto and back to the pub where **Hangover Blues** was waving a pint of beer for me, I am not driving I thought, Happy Valentine's day!!.

Circle Highlights

RA - Big Blouse

- Punished **Leg Over**, which is the tradition
- Gave a DD **Ted** for his pinkest of pink tee shirt

Grand Mistress - Hangover Blues

- Awarded **Legover** and **Deepshit** a DD for the most romantic couple award, and no one was surprised!!!
- Best Dress went to **Paparazzi** in her tutu, which had fallen down twice on the run, **El Rave** is that why you went into the woods?
- **Gorilla**, got a DD for bothering the security guards at the research institute, "what do mean I can't short cut through here, don't you know who I am" etc...
- I also got a DD off my wife for keeping her up all night on Valentine's Day, up at the toilet puking that is after giving her food poisoning..

Grand Master - Blowback

- **Crappy Nappy** got a DD for doing about 10 minutes of the run then sneaking back to the pub.
- **Shiggy 2 Shoes**, was awarded her 300th run Cambridge Map, well done.
-

What Have we learned on this run?

1. **Blowback** likes wearing skirts (watch out Little Blow)
2. **Toed** likes baby pink??
3. **Legover** LIKES **Deepshit**
4. I can't Cook!
5. The **Earl** doesn't like Twix's
6. And Finally the **Bog Hopper** and the **Merry Monk** can't follow a trail (arriving back an hour late..)



De end. ON ON Muff Diver!!!!

Run 1797 - Blind Fiddler, Anstey

Hare - Klinger and Megan

Scribe - Big Blouse

As it was Mother's day we were asked to park about half a mile away in the village hall car park, oh well, we've had it worse I suppose.



The biting northerly arctic wind was primeval in nature, raw and unbending, its icy talons unceasing in their search for pale flesh to rend of all warmth and forcing all to seek shelter from its pitiless clutches. Scything through clothing, the savage, harsh distillation of winter seemingly formed at the dawn of time coiled around the hapless group of weary travellers. The winds ethereal edge and the brutal surroundings completed by the vast and bleak canvas of grey sky merged with the dank eldritch mists borne from the dawn of time in a land that time forgot, laid all low with a feeling of bleak emptiness and desolation.....

.....er, sorry, got a tad carried away there but I'm just tryin' to set the scene y'know.

Hares **Klinger** and daughter **Megan** arrived in **Klingers** impact mangled old car and observing the vehicle at close range I noted at least 5 separate instances where collision had obviously been the more acceptable alternative to driving normally.....

About 20 hardy (ok, foolhardy) souls turned up including **Pedro** in his usual summer attire and it was good to see a tired & shagged out **Umplebum** and **Checkpoint** and a newbie who turned out to be best man for soon to be wed **Blowback** and er..... **Mrs Blowback** and the usual suspects.

We circled up, **Klinger** mumbled some vaguely unintelligible words about the trail (*luckily laid in sawdust - as we had a dusting of light snow) and then we were off. **Lady Slipstream** arrived from out of nowhere with an entire clump of other **Whittles** in a glistening white top - de rigueur for the appalling shiggy and generally extremely damp run that was about to unfold. We came to a check halfway up a hill as **Jetsteam** stated the bleedin' obvious that it "always goes this way" so it was only your intrepid scribe **Blouse**, who magnanimously agreed to head in totally the opposite direction to placate and soothe the vanity of the elderly hare and plucky daughter. Elsewhere a heavily covered **Kermit** and a heavily exposed **Antar** in shorts & T Shirt (!) wandered off trying to find the trail.

Up a hill and across a wide open space allowed us to enjoy the cold without fear of being sheltered by anything at all as **Taxi**, **Computer** and **Unmentionable** clumped by sniffing heavily. **Bedsore**s ran past, bravely exposing his legs to the cold. This devil-may-care attitude was only matched by his head gear - it looked like a 1970's tea cosy had been adapted by a pissed welder for the occasion, truly disturbing.

A brilliantly laid checkback caught out most of the pack as we all huddled behind a bush to await the arrival of similarly unfortunate hashers including a clearly miffed **Dances with Wasps** who walked off muttering in a dialect that can only be described as "Tourettes". By this time the knitting circle

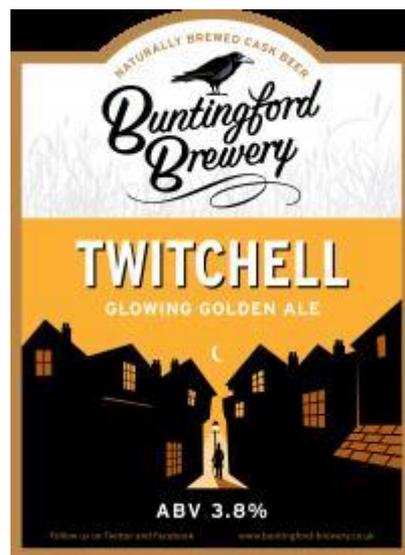
comprising of **Taxi, Computer, Slaphead** (who managed to source an old hash T shirt for me – what a legend!!) had disappeared altogether and had probably gone back to the pub.

Oddly with so many keen hashers absent it was a weird day all round (no **Bengahzi, Bastard, Shiggy Two Shoes, Deepshit who was supposed to be the scribe, Legover, Dave El Rave, Bear,** or **Papparazzi** for starters) but credit has to be given to **Klinger & Megan** for organising a really original and well planned trail. Several checks, a couple of well placed checkbacks and even the lunatic genius of **Duncan Disorderly** and the usually spot on **Ferret** couldn't second guess this trail - fields, woodland and muddy ditches to cross – epic stuff indeed, including the site of a gallant **Blowback** astride the stream helping old ladies and the odd poofter to cross the ditch.

As with all good things, they must end – fortunately, the trail ended after a spot on 5.5 miles (or thereabouts) and wearily we made our way over a last nondescript field, across a timber footbridge and we were magically back in the car park – a beguiling and almost ingenious trail, well done **Megan** (ok & **Klinger**).

The free house pub offered a good range of beers including Adnams and a fabulous golden ale called Twitchell.

From the Buntingford Brewery. At 3.8% and in front of a roaring open fire, 'Twitchell' was the perfect way to end a good run. A rather snooty couple adjacent to the fire eyed us with considerable disdain, so, respecting their lunch reverie, I farted softly, expunging the remnants of last night's hot Chinese cooked by the lovely **No Knickers** and moved away, leaving them to savour the ambience.....



The circle was called and down downs were hurriedly awarded to the following miscreants;

- The Hares - **Megan & Klinger**
- **Bedsore**s – For having the "Ted, who said Ted....." song invented for him at this very pub some 2 years earlier, by your humble scribe **Big Blouse**.
- Newie – er, Best man to be of **Blowback & Mrs Blowback**
- In all honesty I can't remember who else got down-downs as the honour of 'scribe' was passed to me at the 11th hour and I was unprepared with any form of note book to record key details.....

Oh well, a brilliant and well executed trail. Pausing to shake hands with **Slaphead** , I checked that he hadn't sold me something – (last time I shook hands with him I bought one of his gloves!) and bade a fond farewell to the intrepid band.

On-On to Run 1798 at the New Sun Inn, Kimbolton PE28 0HA for next weeks run, laid by **Swampy**

Big Blouse



Rad Bingo

Last month would have seen Bunter celebrate his 76th birthday, to remember the old codger here is a list of a few of his wonderful sayings in the form of a bingo card.

CARD 1

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| Lash of my tongue | Alcoholic Monsoon Season | Come on, Grandad! |
| Give us a kiss | It should be, I p*ss in the beer every morning | Bar Billiards, Shove Ha'penny and Dominoes |
| Either I drink it, you drink it, or you sign | Sounds like 'Don't Ask!' | Snot and the Four Nosebleeds |
| Good one! | Don't do that! | Some Prat! |
| I'm going while I've still got legs | Back up the hearse and let them smell the flowers | Harpoon the bearded clam |
| Social Cripple! | Put that one on the book | Is that you Colonel Lawrence? |

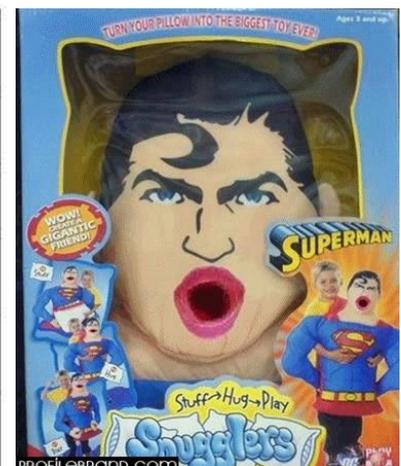


CARD 2

| | | |
|--|---|--|
| Did mine roll off the bar? | The wise ask questions the foolish cannot answer! | Frosted horsep*ss |
| Brush the flies off it! | Owww, come on! | Mount now, she's ready! |
| Good stinkies | Not bad, Steve, not bad! | Wilson! |
| Failure to plan is a plan for failure! | One against the head | North Wall of the Eiger |
| Left sucking an iron tit | Thank you for flying St.Radegund Beerlines... | The secret is not to let it matter |
| Up yours, Tojo! | Bacchus and Aphrodite | Thank you for that spontaneous burst of utter indifference |

CARD 3

| | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|---|
| It drives me mad! | How can people live like that? | That's my Serving Area! |
| Never is a long time, Effendi | Some Arsehole! | It's a bar stool, not a middle-of-the-bar stool |
| He's not barred, he barred himself! | Rum, shipmates! | Marshmallow into a doughnut |
| Bed-wetting, Guardian reading, pinko Social Worker | Al Boy! | When a lady slaps yer, yer stay slapped |
| I don't see why I should have to work! | Too strong for you? | I'll give him the bum's rush |
| Not bad? Double Negative! | The mass orgasm of the Working Class | Temple of Low Debauchery |



And finally...

A typical warm Radegund welcome:

"Hello Millie darrlin come here and give Terry a kiss..... Ooh nice stinkies (perfume), what are those fucking awful jeans you are wearing you look like a Kansas city dirt farmer"

On Sex Biz....

Upcoming events:

Surrey 2000th

Due to Plumpton College mistakenly double booking SH3 with a summer school up to 13 August, regrettably , (despite long negotiations), the summer school won due to the fact they are booking for a month and will return annually. This was despite the fact that the date had been agreed with Bonn Bugle in April 2012. Popeye contacted over 72 other venues to try and get the 2000th run date but no other venue could match the same facilities and cost. To this end Surrey Hash 2000th - will be "2001 - a Hash Oddity" and will be celebrated in the same way at Plumpton the following weekend on 16 - 18 August. All details the same. All registrations will be changed for the following weekend. We do regret the inconvenience to our 135 hashers who have already signed up and thank them for showing support so quickly. There is a limit of 150 hashers to this event so if you have not already signed up, to avoid disappointment, do it as soon as possible.

On On Bonn Bugle Any registration enquires to chunderos@surreyh3.org

Any general enquiries to 2000th@surreyh3.org

CHENNAI HASH celebrates its 13th Anniversary from **Wednesday 9th to Sunday 13th October, 2013** at **Kochi-Athirapally-Munnar-Alleppey**-"God's Own Country", Kerala, India.

The mis-management committee has worked out the best rates after negotiating with hotels, transport and vendors at Kerala over the last few months. For your info, the Indian Govt. hiked up fuel price thrice last year & early this year in Jan and now the latest in Feb. If there is any further hike in fuel price (we hope not!), we might have to pay the difference on registration fees.

WIVES.

Look this ad over carefully. Circle the items you want for Christmas. Show it to your husband. If he does not go to the store immediately, cry a little. Not a lot. Just a little. He'll go, he'll go.

CIRCLE ALL THE QUALITY DORMEYER APPLIANCES YOU WANT!

| | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|--|
|  STAND MIXERS |  AUTOMATIC TOASTERS |  COFFEE MAKERS |  WAFFLE GRILLS |  HAND MIXERS |
|  FRYING SKILLETS |  POKER COOKERS |  KETTLES |  CAN OPENER-TIMER COMBINATIONS |  HAIR DRYERS |

Husbands:
Look this ad over carefully. Pick out what your wife wants. Go buy it. Before she starts to cry.

Dormeyer
MADE IN GERMANY

Cuming Runs



April 2013

All runs start at 11 am
www.ch3.co.uk

Latest details
Hare raiser Kermit

Run 1801: April 7th

[Right Royal Piss Up!](#)

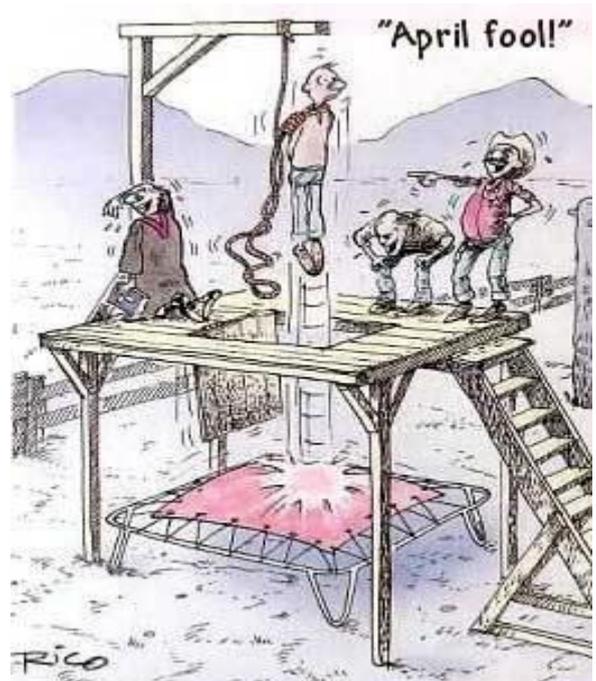
The Kings Head, Fen Ditton CB5 8ST

Hares: Kinky & Klinger

Run1802 April 14th

The Bees in the wall, Whittlesford CB2 4NZ

Hares: Umplebum, Checkpoint & The Earl



Run 1803 April 21st

[Odd Sox Memorial Run](#)

Red Lion, Brinkley CB8 0RA

Hare: Bastard & Dave El Rave

Run1804 April 28th

The Bull, Langley Lower Green CV11 4SB

Hares: Kermit & Antar