

# The Herald

January 2013

## Happy New Year - On On



## The RA Officially brings the drought to an end!

## Run 1785. The Geldart – Cambridge Hash Christmas Farty

### Hares: Leg-Over and Deep Shit



What a terrific day! For those who joined the EACH Santa Run it all started rather early with a quick sprint around Midsummer Common with another 300 fund raisers in Santa Outfits. No expense had been spared, but unfortunately the “one size fits nobody” Santa trousers tended to split after a km or so, revealing the odd gonad or two with **Haven't Got One** proving that he does in fact have a full set of two.



For those who didn't warm up by doing the Santa Run, **Blowback** was at the Geldart with a new version of “My Name is Christmas, Father Christmas”, with Rudolf giving the festive instructions. New runners were welcomed and the Hares introduced. It is traditional that the Joint Masters lay the Christmas trail but as **Crappy Nappy** proved to be rather unreliable on this occasion, possibly because he was still recovering from the Suffolk Hash 12 down-downs of Christmas (which he did on his own having got to the event a week early). **Leg-Over** had sensibly co-opted **Deep Shit** to assist him instead. The Hares then explained their new symbols, instead of blobs of flour, we were to follow little green Christmas trees which had been placed more or less at random. We were warned not to treat them as miniature arrows as they didn't necessarily point in the direction of the trail. Other symbols were the same as usual and so no explanation was provided for the newcomers, Monday night hashers or **Taxidermist**. The good news was that there were four drinks stops and short-cutting between them would be easy and wouldn't require the usual SCB brain cell to work it out.



A surprisingly large pack took off on the runners trail, although not all followed all the loops and turn-backs, instead making for the drinks stop as soon as it became apparent where it was located. So it came to pass that the walkers and other SCBs reached **Toed** and **Computer**'s whisky stop before the FRBs came into view. Obviously sponsored by Specsavers, **Long Story** ignored the pack waiting at Hobson's Pavilion and attempted to lead the runners in the direction of Drummer Street. A welcome nip of Bells was followed by a chorus of "Walking 'round in Women's Underwear" before we set off on the second leg of the trail through the centre of town. Not following the usual route along the Backs, we visited the Multi-storey car park and Market Square before slipping down Green Street and Kings Street, then disappearing up an allyway to the next drinks stop where **Kinky** and **Ou La La** were dispensing Sherry and mince pies. A surprisingly tuneful rendition of "The Restroom Door Said Gentlemen" rounded off this stop and it was on-on across Christ's Pieces in search of more little Christmas Trees. Despite a few false trails, the pack eventually found the next drinks stop on Midsummer Common where we were rewarded by **Debonaire** and **Double Top** with stilton and a glass of Port to wash it down with. The next CH30l was a rather muffled version "Santa's Drunks are Hashing Trough Town" which was attempted between mouthfuls of cheese and biscuits. Whilst the walkers took the shortest route straight back to the Geldart, the FRBs set off in search of the fourth drinks stop. In spite of searching high and low they were unable to find it and eventually realised that there wasn't one and the next drink would be at the Geldart, where they joined the NRBs (non running bastards) for a well deserved beer. At this point the Suffolk Hash turned up, late as usual, but, as **Anal's & Demons** was not heard to say, "better late than pregnant", they were more than welcome.

As the sun was shining and we had twenty pints for the down-downs it was not difficult to persuade most of the hash to move out into the courtyard for the circle. Virgins were given the traditional welcome, and as is becoming a habit, they did not respond with the "old Cambridge tradition", which was a shame as three of them were very attractive young ladies. More singing as we sang the fourth drinks stop CH30l, "Milton beer" and **El Rave**, assisted by **Taxidermist** and **Jetstream**, led the assembled throng in his version of Jerusalem, renamed "Public House". This rousing rendition got everyone in the mood and despite a few private parties, the down-downs rattled along seamlessly. Who got a drink and why is lost in a blur of alcoholic haze as our RA, **Antar**, was assisted by various charges from the circle, as well as numerous interruptions by **Blowback**. At last it was time for the draw for the Lucky numbered Song Sheet and in the absence of three wise men, numbers were chosen randomly by our three wise Grandmattresses, **Hangover Blues**, **Shiggy Two Shoes** and **Lady Slipstream**. By chance they all chose number 23, which nearly had **Chrispy Nipples** cuming with excitement; he being the holder of this song sheet number. However, in true hash tradition, the three 23's were added together and the winner was appropriately awarded to number 69, for which **Babysham** won a half pint of finest ale, again, no expense spared. **Benghazi** received the final half pint for excelling as Beermaster and getting **Elvis** to donate 10 of the pints for free. Admittedly, all he did was ask **Elvis** if we could have a discount, but for once his question was well rewarded.



Towards the end of the circle, a few hungry hashers disappeared back into the pub as food was being served, a choice of an excellent lamb curry (wot, no bones?) or chilli. Plenty to go round and even some left for latecomers, **Sara and Megan**. There was no end to the festive spirit as the main course was followed by a choice of Christmas pud or profiteroles. There was even more Christmas spirit as **Sonju Sonata in A Minor** dispensed shots to the smokers and others who ventured out of the pub door. Just as the Band were warming up, proceedings were interrupted by **Bear and Taxidermist**, who attempted, and succeeded, in getting everyone to play their part in the 12 days of Hashmas. With **Leg-Over** starting things off as a "wine drinking FRB", things soon got steamy with **While You're Down There** and **Debonaire** forming a partnership of two harriettes kissing, with **Pugwash, Klinger** and **The Earl of Pampisford** being typecast as three fools a-grinning. No need to name everyone who took part but suffice to report that nobody present qualified to be one of the 12 Hashing Virgins!



More music followed, as the new acoustic trio of **El Rave, Bastard** and **Fanny Rat** entertained with some good old hashing favourites. It wasn't long before **Green Gobbler** and then **Perry** joined them, proving that there is little need for much practicing when it comes to the Hash Christmas Party! I have no idea at what time the merriment ended as your scribe had to be dragged away early in order to attend another party.



A highly successful Hash Christmas Party and thanks to the numerous folk who contributed, especially our GM, **Blowback**, who took the brave decision to return to the Geldart this year, despite the increased cost, and persuaded the Band to play without the usual amplification. Well done everyone!

And it's still another week and another hash before Christmas – Bah Humbug! On-On! **Jetstream** (and thanks to **Debonaire** for the corrections and the down-down!)

## Hashmas Farty

Hhho hhho hhho hhashers.

Well, the farty has been and gone and Crappy Nappy definitely over trained as Elvis told him he'd had enough. It took him 3 days to recover – he must have a very small liver!

There were 4 drink stops announced in the circle and a large number of hashers turned out for 3 of them (the fourth was to make sure the runners followed the trail and the walkers could get back to the pub in time to get beer before the place became smelly).

The circle went on for an age, in fact it took so long the vast amount of songs that were planned to sing were cancelled (I think as I wasn't paying attention).

There was plenty of food for everyone except Lightning who was so hungry after his meal he threatened Teutonic that he was going out to get a sandwich, until B@stard kindly gave him his! Actually, I don't eat much meat so it wasn't really a great hardship to me.

The music was fairly successful and when Rong 'ole joined us it took a turn for the better. The musicians thoroughly enjoyed themselves and the audience stayed so they are either tone deaf or so drunk they didn't care.

A good event all round – let's hope next year's is as good.

Onwards to the New Year.

B@stard

## Run 1783 - King William IV, Heydon

### Hare - Klinger and Nightjar

### Scribe - Lightning



The trouble with writing a run write up a week or so after the event is that ones memory fades rapidly after the first couple of days to the point that one might have to make it up. However having thought a bit about it I do remember putting myself in the shite by opening my mouth within earshot of **B@stard** who was looking for scribes and of course he immediately volunteered me to do it.



Fantastic 16th century pub run by our old friend the painted lady, recently from Barrington. This was to be Victor Mason's (**Nightjar**) last hash with us for a while as he was going home a few days after. He amused us with hilarious monologues as usual at the end of the down downs.

So, since I am suffering from chronic memory loss brought on by acute alcohol poisoning, I have no idea who got down downs or why, nor indeed much about the run itself. Suffice to say that a jolly good time was had by all. There was a drink stop by a church if I remember correctly. That was nice.

**on on**

## **Run 1782 - Three Tuns, Finchingfield**

**Hare - Debonaire and B@stard**

**Scribe - Antar**

## ~~Run 1774 - Fox and Duck, Buntingford~~

~~Hare - Antar and Big Blouse~~

~~Scribe - B@stard~~

From the ~~shitty~~ good pub in ~~Buntingford~~ Finchingfield that ~~didn't~~ did sell beer.



~~Having asked the hares if they could incorporate a full moon element into the trail (ie mention it and have a drink stop) I got a no! When I said I'd provide the booze the positives improved by 50%. Unfortunately I arrived as the pack were setting off so I asked Blouse what he was doing about the drink stop - he seemed to think I was doing it so we had to hide £40 worth of alcohol under Klinger's car and hope it didn't get nicked.~~

The trail started fairly well keeping runners and walkers together but soon this changed. Afterwards the FRB's said there weren't any check points for the last two thirds of the trail!



~~We could have had a drink stop about 500yds from the pub if they'd bothered to support the Full Moon H3 but it wasn't to be.~~

Can you detect a few toys flying around here - fucking right!

~~Pub only had IPA (that's Greedy King undrinkable shite) so the scribe went to a pub up the road where the beer was at least drinkable.~~

Crap trail and crap pub.



**B@stard**

**Antar**

***Run 1781 - Fox and Duck, Therfield***

***Hare - Kermit***

***Scribe - B@stard***



Barmy weather followed on from torrential rainfall and the hares warned the pack that there may have been a little bit of shiggy out there and that they laid the trail the day before and the sawdust was the

same colour as the leaves which were in abundance on the ground. We set off with me pretending to have a bad back so I could hobble along with the walkers. After half a mile or so **Googly** insisted we all stop for a rest as it was such hard going; only to see the pack coming back from a long check back and heading off on the correct trail across a muddy field (hurrah!). We walked through the check back and off up the hill – my god, they weren't lying about the shiggy, at one point I tried to 'hop' off the side onto a pile of leaves that turned out to be a trap of mud some 4 inches deep.



The view from the top of the hill was fabulous and the pack caught up with us a little later on by which time we could see the village. Everyone was back at the pub before half twelve and all we had to endure was the painfully slow service. The beer was very good – especially the Poppy from the Wolf brewery. Down downs were conducted by the joint masters and RA but to whom I can't recollect. There were a crowd of foreigners that had hung out at the Rad years ago all wearing **Bunter** shirts and talking Dutch, a couple of virgins dragged along by **Waaard** and **Rip Mac Twinkle** and **Centrefold** turned up for beers later. **El Rave** and **Paparazzi** were called in for getting engaged and so was I but **Papa** drank all the beer which was good as I was driving.



All in all a very good trail and lovely day with nice beer. Let's hope we get more of the same in the next few weeks.

**B@stard**

# Run 1780 - 8 Bells Abbotsley

## Hare - Toed Bedsoars and Goldfinger

### Scribe - Debonaire

#### Remembrance Day

The 2 minutes silence was observed, minus a few of our regular beribboned hashers, where were they? It turns out that they were in Eltisley. Starts with a vowel and ends in a ley, when you reach the ages of **Toyboy**, **GWH** and **Flasher** your ability to be on parade suffers!



**Toed's** aim was obviously to ensure that the Remembrance Day run took us all back to those difficult times.

Firstly we had to cope with shiggy and waterlogged trails to remind us of the terrible conditions endured and trench foot wiki - **Trench foot** is a medical condition caused by prolonged exposure of the feet to damp, unsanitary, and cold conditions, a regular curse of Hashing in the UK

There were then the sounds of gunshot in the distance to provide the audio memories, along with the plaintiff cry of the bugle, as **Kinky** led the valiant through the loops that we walkers avoided.

The walkers found a trail going into a large open field but soon lost the dust, so reminiscent of the opening shots of Dad's Army we then spread out across the rows seeking dust, and found **Hold it for Me**, ably assisted by **Swampy** (aptly named for today!!) running the lines and not knowing where they were in relation to the pack, potential shell shock victims?



Ted's Transport

And then the unexpected authenticity, or was it planned? Casualties, **Potty** having to be carried off to the field hospital by ambulance as he was bought down in a case of friendly fire, and not a Yank in sight.

And 2 hours later we eventually arrived back at camp for welcome sustenance, although limited rations as it was too late for our **Grand Mattress, Muff Diver, Pedro** and **Imelda** to have their customary meal.

Time for the circle:

- A welcome back to **Toyboy**, as he eventually found the right pub.
- A shot of alcoholic assistance for boosting **Jetstream's** will to live after a longer than usual run
- The next Hash wedding? **El Rave** and **Paparazzi's** engagement was revealed to all by the RA



- Passenger Abuse to **Ferret** and **Wimp** for leaving **Potty** and, the newly named **Keep it clean** in the cars
- **Paparazzi** for succeeding in wounding **Potty** and attempting to wound **Kermit** in an attempt to be first up the hill
- Celebrations **GWH** was presented with a go faster walking stick which he decided had a secondary use of keeping back the hordes of rampant women!!



**Bob**

## Run 1777 - Wheatsheaf, Perry

### Hare - Slaphead and Slapper

### Scribe - Crappy Nappy

The time has come to inaugurate my first scribe, being the best part of 50 yrs the junior of most of the hares, I looked for inspiration from previous scribbles for inspiration, after reading a sentence I decided it was too mind numbing I thought I'd perform a song and a dance instead.

Speaking of a song and dance we arrived at the Wheatsheaf in Perry and where greeted by a bitterly cold reminder of the true spirit of hashing, having received a can of stella from **Potty**, to warm my cockles, we waited for the ceremony to start, and low and behold the GM persuaded the group to perform a ritual calling for the hash gods to bless us with a terrifying rendition of what I can only flummox as an ABBA cover of Dancing Queen, to which **Great White Hope**, remarked he had done his bit for the day and proceeded back into the pub, before he reached the doorway we were off!

Being that I only turn up the hash to flirt, make merry, and scrounge a drink of **B@stard**, I noticed that the first leg of the run was along a main road, note the Grafton Water was 50 yards to the left I can honestly say the hares had us fooled. Having a lack of a beer stop made the hash more depressing and possibly due to my innate memory, the less said the better, well done **Slaphead** and **Slapper**, I THINK!!!!

Arriving at the pub last (slight incursion to piss on a prison wall) we..... **SIMON TO FINISH**

Need to finish off as cant remember shit!!!

## Harvey Singh Care Consultant

### 8 Things I Hate About Everyone

1. People who point at their wrist asking for the time... I know where my watch is pal, where the hell is yours? Do I point at my crotch when I ask where the toilet is?
2. People who are willing to get off their a\*\* to search the entire room for the TV remote because they refuse to walk to the TV and change the channel manually.
3. When people say "Oh you just want to have your cake and eat it too". Damn Right! What good is cake if you can't eat it?
4. When people say "it's always the last place you look". Of course it is. Why the hell would you keep looking after you've found it? Do people do this? Who and where are they?
5. When people say while watching a film, "did ya see that?" No Loser, I paid \$12 to come to the cinema and stare at the damn floor!
6. People who ask "Can I ask you a question?" ... Didn't give me a choice there, did ya sunshine?
7. When something is 'new and improved'. Which is it? If it's new, then there has never been anything before it. If it's an improvement, then there must have been something before it, couldn't be new.
8. When you are waiting for the bus and someone asks "Has the bus come yet?" If the bus came, would I be standing here???



# 2000 & NONE A HASH ODDITY

Saturday  
Fancy Dress—use your  
imagination!



**What?: A CELEBRATION OF 2000 SURREY HASHES**

**When?: 9–11 August 2013**

**Where?: Plumpton Agricultural College, East Sussex —  
a stunning South Downs venue**

**What will I get?:**

- A choice of beer (Pilgrim, Westerham, Couch Vale) carefully selected and tested by Made Marion
- Fine wine carefully selected and tested by Blue Suit
- Lager, Cider (tested by many)
- Full board—highly acclaimed kitchen with 3 choices for each 3 course meal.
- Your choice of Haberdash
- 2 1/2 runs (Friday night crawl, Saturday and Sunday)
- A choice of accommodation—own single room or camping. (This is a college, no doubles)
- Entertainment — Andy Robinson, dancing, hash cabaret

**Price: £20 deposit secures your place. Balance due 1 May 2013**

£99 2 nights full board, own bedroom

£79 1 night full board, own bedroom

£75 2 nights full board, camping

£60 1 night full board, camping

Low, Low price (heavily subsidised by SH3)

held until 31/12/2012 then £10 extra until

29/2/2013, £20 extra 30/4/2013, £30

extra from 1/5/13 .

### Payment

Either pay directly into bank account or by cheque (details on registration form)

[www.surreyh3.org](http://www.surreyh3.org)

Click: "Events"



### Questions?

**Registration : Chundros: chunderos@surreyh3.org**

**General : Bonn Bugle: 2000th@surreyh3.org**





# Sans Clue HHH

presents: 4th Edition of

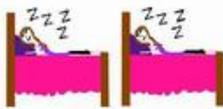
# Freezing in Frogland Weekend

Let's celebrate our RUN n° 888

Fri 11th, Sat 12th, Sun 13th - October, 2013

Imagine hashing in  Paris  during a weekend

for just 172 Euros, including:



2 nights accommodations + Hash goody



+ 1 chilly Pub Crawl

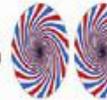


+ Hash gear to keep you

warm +



2 Freezing trails and circles

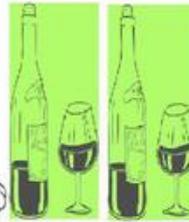


+ 1 very

bad taste party + All meals most not Freezing



And...



For further details and registration:

- Web site: <http://schhh.free.fr/>

- Email: Crappy Strappy [allanis102030@gmail.com](mailto:allanis102030@gmail.com)

- Hash Space: <http://www.hashspace.com/group/sans-clue-hash-house-harriers>



# Cuming Runs

## January 2013

All runs start at 11.00 am

Trailmaster: Kermit

Website: [www.ch3.co.uk](http://www.ch3.co.uk)

### Run 1788: Jan 6<sup>th</sup>

The British Queen - Meldreth SG8 6LB

Hares: Hold it for me, Pinball Wizard, Mini Me & Elizabeth.

Apparently Duncan Disorderly lived next door to the landlord and so naturally is barred

### Run1789 Jan 13<sup>th</sup>

The Cherry Tree - Haddenham CB6 3UE

Hares: Wrong Keys & Sir Kinky.

### Run 1790 Jan 20<sup>th</sup>

The Kings Head - Hadstock CB21 4NU

Hare: Haven't Got One

Please double park in the pub car park then use the Church car park as an overflow. Anybody requiring food is requested to order before the run.

### Run1791 Jan 27<sup>th</sup>

Rose and Crown - Ashdon CB10 2HA

Hares: El Rave and Paparazzi

## NEW YEAR THOUGHTS AND RESOLUTIONS

New Year's resolution - Date more models.

Revised- Date more.

Revised again- Get a date.

Revised one last time - Stop crying whilst masturbating.

When I thought about the evils of drinking in the New Year. I gave up thinking.

Give up jogging, the trouble with jogging is that the ice falls out of your glass

I've just broken two things with one punch. My New Year's resolution and my wife's nose.