
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

May(be) 2012



He bit down and she screamed! – Well it serves her right for offering him to taste her meat sandwich!

On-on (to what is expected to be the wettest May on record - yet in the middle of a drought!)



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All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely intentional

An ode to Brigadier (By Bear)

**Some die of constipation and some of gonorrhoea
Some die without their trousers on and are deemed to be quite queer
But there are those amongst---us, whose memory we revere
So let's raise a glass, let's raise a cheer
To the dear old Brigadier**

Welcome - from your April fool/May scribe

Well, after nearly 2 years as RA (surely we don't count **Blowback**'s occasional appearances during my reign?) and failing to get even a single mention in any run write-up for any of my terrible circles or naming ceremonies, I finally have a chance to make amends and remind you that I do actually exist!

(Even the run list says that **Deepshit** laid a trail all on his own this year! OK, OK, so I admit he planned it all out and recced it whilst I was at the Mardi Gras in Galveston and then he laid most of it and all I did was chat up the Landlady for some cheap grub – but hey, someone had to do that.)



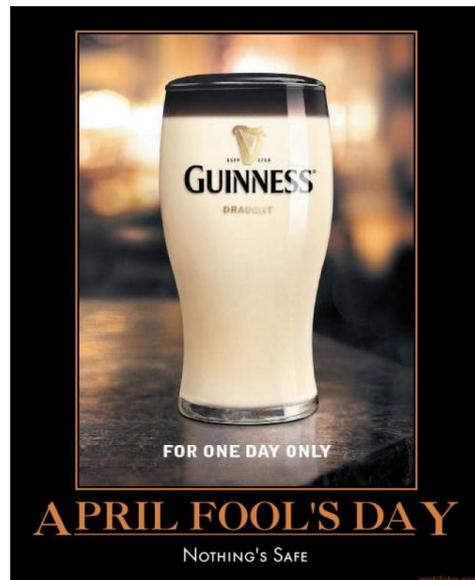
Speaking of naming, whilst I can never compete with “**R Swipe**”, I was quite proud of “**Perfect Head**”, “**Prickly Bush**” and not forgetting “**The Brazilian**” but my legacy must be the unofficial re-naming of **Derrick** and **Smuggling Peanuts**.

That got me thinking – “What the hell is the meaning of some of our names, apart from generally describing a random bunch of misfits?” Well read on and all might be revealed....

Enjoy

LegOver

That's me there,
see, I do exist!



P.S. This month's Herald has many, many words and few pictures, so someone will need to read it to **Antar**



Cuming Herald Scribes.

- Mar El Rave and B@stard (*Has-beens*)
- Apr Bedsoars (*Has-been*)
- May LegOver (*THAT'S ME!!!*)
- Jun Kinky
- Jul Jetstream
- Aug Big Blouse
- Sep Taxidermist

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

(Ed. So that explains why the May Herald is published in April and contains run write-ups from January, March and April....DOH!)

Receding Hareline

Hhhaving just returned from Belgian Nash Hash - only a weekend and several thousand hellishly strong beers away, I found my inbox (that's not flange) heaving with processed meat from a vegetarian so I thought I should provide some intellectual input into this month's Herald.

The Belguique know how to throw a party (virgule) if not a dwarf - keep up.

The pub crawl on the Friday night involved about 50 drunken hashers wandering around the streets of Oostende (say it like the Swedish chef from the Muppets, you Muppets). The beer over there (can you see a pub report coming?) started at about 5% but the weak stuff was hard to find so we mostly had to contend with anything from 6 - 12% (I'm not kidding, there was a 12% beer and it was really nice! well, I think I remember it being nice). **Calapso** and **Bogey** and I found ourselves in the pub over the road from the hash which served over a 1,000 different beers (yes! Kin Hell!). We all tried different ones so that's 3 we did! All very fine and dandy but they didn't want to cater for the hash, so... back over the road a guy (not a hasher) was playing keyboards - well he was pushing the button that did a tune and then singing badly; so it sounded just like the OniOn band but without the class (see what I did there?). He spotted we liked living next door to Alice (Alice, who the...) so he played it over and over again, not that anyone noticed 'cos of aforementioned ale.



Any hoo....

Saturday we took a tram to some god forsaken spot on the Belge coast and were told the trail was 'only' 21k. Fuck's sake, why didn't I get off with the walkers? Mind you, if you'd seen the state of **MeMe** at the drink stop, I think the walkers trail might have been a bad plan! So after a mere 10k (I don't do metric but it's an effing long way) we had a drink stop and **Pyromaniac** said I could hop in the beer truck if I helped with the next drink stop and the circle - result! Carrying crates of stupidly strong beer is a hell of a lot easier than running up and down sand dunes.

That evening there was a fancy dress party - **While You're Down There** told me she was going as a Pirate but I misheard and went as a Pilot, **Bogey** also mis-read the info (Nautical but Nice) as Naughty and went as a dirty old man. Funnily enough it really suited him!

Obviously, this was just a pathetic attempt to get free beer in the circle but, hey, it worked. We stayed up 'til stupid-o'clock trying to sing a ruder song than the last one - you know me....

Sunday's hangover run started with the landlord of the youth hostel bringing out his stash of malts for Bruce Almighty who thought I might like to check some of them out - Huzzah! It was all downhill from there and there was a point later when I thought I might be walking home 'cos **Groin Biter** was so pissed off with me in the car. Hey ho. I'm back and I hope you all did **Odd Sox** a good job on his 10th analversary, the first one I've missed but I wore odd sox and the shirt and persuaded my roommates to do the same (well, obviously not the shirt) so his story is moving around the world.

The **Brigadier's** funeral in Golders Green saw a few of his chums (**Benghazi, Posh, Control Freak, Slaphead, Slapper** and your scribe) shed a tear and raise a glass of Rioja in his memory. When we go to Mojacar we're going to look at somewhere to put a memorial for him. I think a plaque on the crop circle would be good but we need other suggestions (there's a clue there somewhere).

Hopefully this is the last death and alcohol hareline this year - next month it's back to just alcohol!

On on **B@stard**

Run 1735 - White Swan, Stow Cum Quay

- 1st January

Hare - Haven't Got One Scribe - Double Top



A very fine affair starting with a sign: **Car Parking Reserved**

A shiggy lay ahead of us; not to be thwarted by this the latest addition to the hash was prepared for anything. **Little Roo** snuggled up to his mummy.

And off we set, seemed to be a lot of brief showing throughout the run...what is it with Hashers and their underwear? **Duncan Disorderly's** showing with his oh so sexy tiger pouch was paled into insignificance by the Hasher modelling his Family guy knickers.

And we got back to The White Swan...I used to go there many years ago with my children mmm those were the days....oh sorry just drifting.

Blowback sampled a tasty brew from his oh so new shoes. And then the underwear theme

continued....**Double Top** shared a story about her Boxing Day BBQ.....**Bastard** whilst necking a few wines round mine found himself encouraging a young woman to remove her clothes, not a hasher she was a little perturbed by this. **Up all Night** and **DT** came upon this and automatically assumed that everyone had to take their clothes off, it's the hashers way! In the midst of doing this **Bastard** ripped **DT's** bra off using nothing but his bare hands resulting in the bra being forever unwearable. Guests at BBQ were only slightly bemused by this activity.

Back to the circle **DT** slipped the bra over **Bastard's** shoulders and a Down down.....Here's to **Brastard** he's ok.

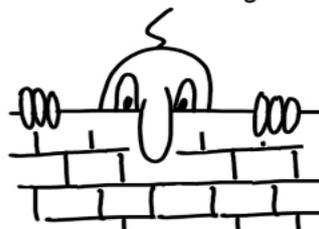
And On the Piss

Lots of love

DT



Wot no LegOver?



Qu: If you're supposed to learn from your mistakes, why people have more than one child?

Song of the Month (Ed. God knows which month)

ChoirMaster – Taxidermist

There are two versions of this month's song, which Taxi himself admits "Tricky stuff this.....Given our record of remembering stuff".

Apparently the song is to be sung as the RA enters the circle (to shouts of..."I am Spartacus") but I suspect we'll forget. Anyway, here'tis: -

Either:

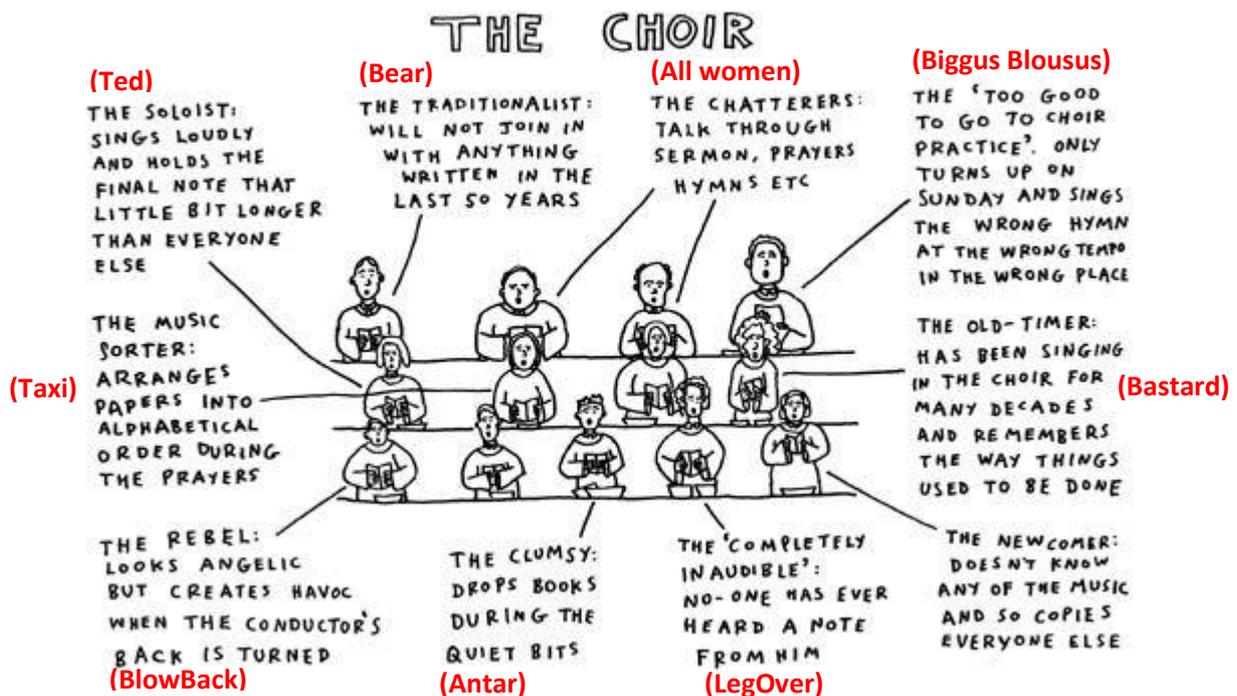
Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah, Zip-a-Dee-Day
My O my what a wonderful day
We've had plenty of sunshine cuming our way
Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah, thank you RA

Or:

Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah, Zip-a-Dee-Day
My O my what a shit of a day
We've had plenty of rain clouds cuming our way
Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah, fuck you RA



"He's here to hit the high notes."



RA's Blessing for the Darhhling Buds of May

Will this month's rant get published? Hopefully it won't fall foul of the budget cuts and end up in the edithare's waste bin this time. As **LegOver** is this month's edithare, we can expect a huge publication, with March's Herald running to 12 pages, and April's to 14 pages, can we expect 16 this month? (*Ed. Pah, a mere 16 pages, that would barely be worth getting out of bed for! This months is a veritable Tome my young padawan*)

What about the environment? What about hash funds? I am unreliably informed that ink for the laser printer costs £170 a set! That's two firkins of beer! I know which I'd rather have. As I am down as edithare for July you can expect a budget version of two sides that month, soft Andrex, recyclable paper, with copies available for purchase at a pint a copy!

May is being billed as Harriettes' Month, when the harriettes are let loose and allowed to lay trails by themselves, or is this just a cynical ploy by the Trailmaster to offload some of his responsibilities? Having been Trailmaster myself many years ago, I suspect it's the latter! So why is **Ferret** laying the run on 6th May, is he a closet harriette or just a typical transsexual verger?

To avoid excessive environmental damage, and further abuse of hash funds, I will cut this month's rant short. Another reason for such a short rant is that **LegOver** has probably insulted most of the hash elsewhere (*Ed. Hell yes!*), so that there is little left for me to rant about. I therefore refer you to **LegOver's** Heditorial (who said head?).

As it's Harriettes' month I would like to share the following message with them all: "A good man can make you feel happy, sexy, strong and able to take on the world oh sorry that's wine wine does that"



My neighbour knocked on my door at 2:30am....2:30am?!

Luckily for him I was still up playing my Bagpipes.

The History of Hasher Names (Part 1)

As mentioned in the intro, I have been pondering the reason why some of our more illustrious hashers have strange names and so I decided to investigate the meanings (basically the anagrams) of their names. Below are my findings: -

Normal Hash Name	Alternative Hash Names	History or meaning of Names
Ah! Swipe	None – It's Perfect!	- Never, in the history of hashing, has a name been more appropriate!
Antar	A Tarn	- Basically he's a large wet blot on the landscape "up Norf"
B@stard	Bad Tsar	- Oh shit, now he's a right royal Bastard!
Bear	A Red	- He's a communist! This once highly trained KGB killing machine could still kill you with a single cheek – If he sat on you!
Beerstop	Sober Pet	- Well you never want a drunken dog – when they cock their leg, they fall over and piss in the air!
Benghazi	Ah Big Zen	- Tell us the meaning of life oh large beardy one
Big Blouse	Bob Ugliers	- Well he's not a "looker" is he? <i>(NOTE: Standing 8'6" and weighing 7 stone 3 pounds wet through, this string bean of a man is scared of his own shadow – well wouldn't you be if an 8-foot runner bean chased you around a field every Sunday?)</i>
Blowback	Blob Wack	- Being this ugly means that he has to "whack one off" whenever he needs some relief
Calapso	Cola Spa	- Because he's not manly enough to bath in beer!
Charlie's Arse Licker	Hare Kiss Earl Circle I Kill Her Rear Access	- Never kiss another man's chocolate circle! - No Comment
Debonaire	I Rode Bean I'd Bare One	- Poor old Mr Bean! - But the other one stays fully covered up?
Dances With Wasps	Ass Sandwich Wept	- Umm, Chewy - an ass sandwich would make anyone cry
Dave The Rave (El Rave)	He A Vader Vet Reveal	- Is that a Sith Lord that puts his hand up a cow's arse? - When he's not hashing, he's flashing! <i>(NOTE: This Linton lighthouse spotter has a memory significantly shorter than a dead goldfish and is therefore more commonly called 'Derrick' - Because we remember to and he can't remember why)</i>
Deepshit	Hide Pets	- I'm not going in to details on this one for legal reasons but trust me, hide your pets from him!
Double Top	Bold Toe Up Poodle T'up	- Kinky – but not totally surprising! - How many times must I tell you - Poodles and Hamsters are NOT sex aids!
Kermit	I'm Trek	- This little green amphibian is obviously from a different planet!
Duncan Disorderly	Candid Lord Nursey Crude Oldy Innards Sly Nude Rancid Rod	- Now that is a truly great hash name! - Sums him up perfectly - I suspect it is probably quite hard to be sly with your rod when it is rancid
Haven't Got One	Agent Hot Oven	- This ex-GM is always looking for a new oven to put a bun in – dirty boy! <i>(NOTE: This ex-GM's organisational skills were often described using the words "Brewery" and "Piss-up". When he bothered to turn up, he had about as much idea of the pub name and run number as Derrick)</i>
Hangover Blues	A Herb Love Guns A Lush Borg Even Us Love (to) Bang Her Bravo Huge Lens Shaven Orb Glue	- When they're herbal love guns, they're shmokin' - For all you Trekkies out there, she is actually 7 of 9 - It's the way she does her down downs in the circle! - Said the lady hashers to Pedro - No comment if she needs to shave her orbs before they release glue!
Jetstream	Jam Street Jest Me Rat	- That's one euphemism I am not exploring! - No one finds a rat funny – Roland is a prime example
Kinky	Nikky	- Is how she now prefers to be called after the op - explains the lack of horn! <i>(Famous for always running with a horn and after a quick blow, he waved it in the air and then flicked it hard until a small amount of fluid shot out of the end – oh dear!)</i>
Klinger	Ken Girl	- Does that make him the original Barbie?

Normal Hash Name	Alternative Names (Anagrams)	History or meaning of Names
LegOver	Ogle Rev	- Why do you think he was an RA for so long – it was simply ogling all the girls from the middle of the circle – now, where is Smuggling Peanuts?
Muthatuka	ham ka tutu	- Desmond's long lost brother? <i>(This weirdy-beardy features in the top 5 list of most hashes visited. So over 150 hashes visited and still no friends – bless)</i>
Paparazzi	A Pizza Rap	- Yo, bro, I got me some dough...etc. etc. etc.
Pedro	Roped	- Pedro is short for Pedrophile: Someone who likes young Mexican boys (tied up by the sounds of it)
Potty Trained	Darn Petit Toy Randy Tit Poet Try Inept Toad Rotten Tip Day Die Top Tyrant Tart I'd Type On Dortty Pantie	- Like a vibrator without batteries - Someone who uses poetry and then his love sword? - Kermit's less successful cousin? - The day your tip is rotten, is a very painful day - Watch out Bastard, this hasher hates Tsars! - Personally, I'd f*** her, but you type away you strange little Tsar killer - A soiled nappy in Geordie speak
Shiggy Two Shoes	Who's Soggy Shite? This Egg So Showy Wiggy Hostess - Oh! Got Wig So She Shy	- Come on; own up, who laid that soggy Cleveland Steamer? - Is that like Humpty Dumpty in a Mankini? - Nothing turns a man off more than a Hostess with a rug! - Shhhhh. Don't tell her that you know about her wig
Slaphead	Had Lapse A Shed Pal	- Explains a lot! - His only real friend is made of old flower pots and lives in the shed <i>(Not many people know that Slaphead was the stunt double for the little bald chap on the Benny Hill show and it is actually his head that takes the beating – all in the name of comedy.)</i>
Taxi	iTax!	- A special tablet for the modern HMRC tax man (or Her Majesty's thieving BASTARDS as we generally call them!) <i>(Surprisingly, Taxi is not named after a strange desire to stuff dead animals but it is simply that he cannot read standard hash symbols or road signs, so like any normal taxi driver then)</i>
Three Litre Anita	I Tether A Reliant Trainee At Hitler Rare Athlete Init Leather Retain It Eat her In Real Tit He Let In A Rare Tit A Real Tit In There	- Well those Reliant Robins are powerful beasts! - Don't get her angry or she'll invade Poland – again! - Nearly 1000 hashes and still able to give me a run for my money! - Careful ToyBoy, she's banned from wearing leather – it can't retain her! - Does this mean only one is real and thus edible? - I assume you're talking about the RA? - Ah, a real tit – you mean Antar then!
Three Swallows	Tell Her Arse Wow All Whore Sweat Has Swell Tower	- You tell it wow, it scares me! - So I'm told - SHE-MALE ahhhhhhh!!!!
Wrong Keys	Gorky News	- And the news is, no one gets to ride in this hasher's amusement park <i>(Ron is a long standing member (no pun intended) of a large wife-swapping club and holds the unfortunate record of having his keys picked by his wife on every single occasion – he has even changed his car 3 times but still no luck!)</i>
While you're down there	Here unto de wily whore	- Let's face it; this hasher's main reason to exist is to drop to her knees and relieve any stressed male hasher – Note to self - must look more stressed!
Unmentionable	Be A Linen Mount A Mobile Nun Net I Belt A Nun On Me A Blue Neon Mint Tune Be Nominal I Nut A Nobleman	- That's another name for a clothes horse or a terrible model - Gotta catch those pesky nuns somehow - Well what else would you do when you have caught a nun but put her across your knee for a good spanking? - Noooooo - don't eat the mints in the gent's toilets! - Sounds like she should be in the Hash Choir - or band! - I hate posh people too

Run 1747 - Carpenters Arms, Great Wilbraham

- 25th March

Hare - Klinger

Scribe - Chicken Legs

Don't blame me for the subject matter (abject mutter) of this R*n write-up. **Jetstream** fingered me - in the nicest possible way, you understand - to be Scribe for the Day, then publicised said fingering before I'd had a chance to say Hold on Doug, I'm supposed to be leading a bike ride that lunchtime. So by the time I had remonstrated with him it was too late. Fingering I had been. **Jetstream** was very calm about it. I quote: 'Oh, that'll be a nice change, a write-up about the R*n.' Dream on.



Despite the complication of 25 March featuring the first 11 am since the clocks were moved forward, the Hash assembled in a timely manner, just as the sun came out from behind the mist, to be called to Order by **Debbie** (who in fact needed a bit of a nudge to stub out her ciggie and call us into a circle). **Pedro** and **Klinger** were the Hares, and they told us the trail was laid in... er... chalk! and... er... sawdust... and... er... dogsh*t... at which point we thought this was all going downhill a bit early and trooped off.

This being Great Wilbraham, known for farmers with shotguns and a rather Franco-ist interpretation of the term Rights of Way, we knew perfectly well where we were going to run: the same trails as last time we were here, and the time before that, and the time before that. But no, it was not to be! **Klinger** had fooled us all, by actually going and talking nicely to the farmers and explaining we were unlikely to damage their crops or molest their animals (though I did notice any sheep had been moved safely indoors). As a result we ran lots of places we hadn't been before, trooped through only one really deep ditch (and that was optional, since it was nowhere near the real trail) and had a Jolly Time. I particularly enjoyed the one check I held, as **Deep Shit** raced off into the distance calling 'On On', and the pack, athletically hurdling the rabbit holes, all raced after him. It was Great Wilbraham's longest turn-back, and they almost all fell for it. Well done, hares (and **Deep Shit**, for hiding so adeptly when you realised you had gone wrong).

Questions were asked after the R*n: why was **Ferret** frolicking furtively as he emerged from the forest? Actually, I think he was sharing my joy at seeing **Deep Shit** mislead five sixths of the pack (see above). All of you who thought different, shame on you.



When we got back to the Carpenter's Arms I wasn't paying much attention, 'cuz I was busily changing into my lycra for my bike ride. So I missed much of the banter, except some drivel from **Lightning** who claimed to be singlehandedly responsible for reducing the national rate of pub closure by going straight to the pub and not bothering with the R*n.

But **Jetstream's** hope that I would not waste your time by writing about the Circle, Down-Downs, Charges and all that stuff was most comprehensively nixed by **Big Blouse**, who - having cunningly established that I would not be staying for the Circle - got his Charge in early. What was 'Extra Tasty **Chicken Legs**' doing tarting himself about in Tesco for a Quid? I was gone by the time the Circle convened, so you will never know.

On On. Chicken Legs



The History of Hasher Names (Part 2)

Well, it's time for the best hasher name – **Lady Slipstream**. I am not sure which evil ex-RA handed out this name, but when I find out (and if I am still alive) I will shake him by the hand because the possibilities are virtually endless.

Below are just a few of the many, many variants, so please feel free to call her any of those or if you prefer, use the section at the bottom to make up your own – I have started you off with my favourite word (ARSE) so have fun!

<p>Lady Slipstream</p>	<p>A Lady Sperm Slit A Sly Strip Medal Tidal Sperm Slay A Tall Dressy Imp A dry lay 'til mess A Slimy Red Splat A Last Sly Red Imp A Salty Sperm Lid A Sly Tramp Slide I'd Smell A Pastry My Dallas Priest Try Simple Salad Slip Drama Style Madras, Yell, Spit Sly Mast Lip-read Trial Damsel Spy Splayed Salt Rim It's All My Spread Alert Dismal Spy Daily Sperm Salt Tell Pyramid Ass Still A Dream Spy Sadism Prey Tell? Priest Slam Lady Limp Yet Lard-Ass Piss-Me, All Tardy It's Sperm All Day Small Priest Day Dirty Amply Lass Steamy Sap Drill I spy small tear I'd Yell Tramp Arse</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - She really is going kill me for this isn't she? - Wow, they give out medals to strippers? - What a great euphemism – She's been riding the Tidal Sperm Sleigh! - Isn't a tall imp an oxymoron? - Someone always ends up lying on the wet patch! - No comment! - Thank god for that, I hate it when there are lots of them! - Well we've got to keep it somewhere - You never see a homeless person on a roundabout either - But I suspect I'll have a broken nose very soon! - JR Ewing has traded his 10 gallon for a dog collar? - My God, a clean one! - Attention seeking all the time - Swallow it down and stop your complaining woman! - Is that a euphemism for a BJ? - If she passes the trial, she'll be Jemima Bond? - Never get salt on your splayed rim! - Again, I am too scared to comment - Oh dear, she failed the trail. - Every woman needs a daily dose it seems - I'm not telling her she has a pyramid shaped arse! - Some needs to tell her she failed the test - If she wasn't before, she will be, after she has read this! - Makes a change from "slamming" the choir boys I guess - Again, I am just not brave enough to mention it - Sums up the Whittle family - Err – OK, if you say so – Form a queue behind me lads! - Hey Kermit, one day a year is reserved for short ex-RA's - Every man's dream (Lady Slipstream that is, not an ample lass) - Just the best name for a Man's Best Friend - Yes, mine, when she reads this! - But she would hit me – again!
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L D Y L I P S T E A M = A R S E _ _ _ _ _

L A D Y S L I P S T R E A M = _ _ _ _ _

L A D Y S L I P S T R E A M = _ _ _ _ _



**A little boy asked his father, "Daddy, how much does it cost to get married?"
His father replied, "I don't know son, I'm still paying!"**

The Ex-RA's Agony Column (Part 1)

(or should that be their columns are in agony?)

Having watched over the CH3 flock for many years, we, a collection of ex-RA's (Bastard, Dave El Rave and LegOver), have decided that our considerable and invaluable experience should be made available to all hashers in order to help with their various woes. Below are some of the recent letters we have received, along with our expert advice: -

BA_{stard} **D** **A**_{ve} **LE**_{gover}

Dear BaD aLe,

I need your advice. My husband seems to have lost his sexual appetite. I have tried coming down stairs in a see-through negligée or a just wearing the sexiest undies that I own, but he just sits glued to the TV watching late night repeats on Dave.

I am afraid that if this goes on, he will completely forget to come to bed and our marriage will just feel like an empty shell. I desperately need your help.

Sincerely, Unmentionable

Dear BaD aLe,

The other day I left for work, leaving my husband in the house watching the TV. About a mile down the road, my car stalled and would not start, so I walked back home to get my husband's help. When I got home, I couldn't believe my eyes. He was in the bedroom with our neighbour's daughter!

We have been married for 20 years, I am 46, my husband is 47 and the neighbour's daughter is just 19. He admitted that they have been having an affair for a year now.

I am afraid I am a wreck and need advice.

Sincerely, Imelda

Dear Bad Ale,

I have recently had a 27 foot hose rammed up my arse. The doctor says it was necessary but I am worried as I started to enjoy it. Am I gay?

Kermit

Dear Bad Ale,

My husband wants to have a threesome with me and my best friend. We have been talking about this for some time and I love him very much, but I just don't know whether this is the right thing for our relationship.

What would your advice be?

Yours hopefully,

Hangover Blues

Dear Unmentionable,

Yes, the repeats on Dave are great aren't they? We particularly enjoy the Top Gear repeats. Did you see the one with the McLaren F1 against the Veyron? And what about the one where they had to build a motor home – we pissed ourselves at that one!

The problem is not missing any of the best programs so our advice would be to toggle between Dave and Motors TV and remember that if you miss anything, there is always Dave+1.

Hope this helps - BaD aLe

Dear Imelda,

A car stalling after being driven a short distance can be caused by a variety of faults with the engine. Start by checking that there is no debris in the fuel tank or lines. If clear, check the vacuum pipes and hoses on the intake manifold and also check all grounding wires.

If none of these approaches solves the problem it could be that the fuel pump itself is faulty, causing low delivery pressure to the injectors.

Hope this helps

BaD aLe

Kermit,

Hell yes our little amphibian friend – you are now officially batting for the other side!

BaD aLe

Dear Smuggling Peanuts,

Obviously your husband cannot get enough of you and as there is only one of you, he can only settle for the next best thing - your best friend. Far from being an issue, this will bring you closer together. Why not get some of your other friends involved too? If you are still worried, maybe you should let him be with your friends without you. If you're still not sure then just perform oral sex on him and cook him a nice meal while you think about it.

BaD aLe

Dear Bad Ale,

I was married to my childhood sweetheart for 25 years but we rarely had sexual relations as he wasn't really interested.

We have now separated and I would like to start dating, but I am quite shy and very inexperienced and really cannot bring myself to go out to bars and clubs on my own.

The other day, a very handsome gentleman started talking to me in the supermarket and gave me his phone number asking me to call him.

I am very interested but I just know he will want to have sex with me and I don't know what to do and I don't know anything about giving pleasure to a man.

Can you tell me what turns a man on?

Double Top

Dear Double Top,

It can actually be very difficult to turn a guy on, but our research and the results of our meticulously conducted study show there are exactly 9 ways to turn a guy on: -

- Touching a guy (pretty much anywhere on his body)
- Touching yourself (again, anywhere on your body)
- Touching one of your friends
- One of your friends touching you
- Just talking about touching the guy
- Talking about touching yourself
- Talking about touching your friend
- Talking about your friend touching anyone who is thinking about talking about touching someone who is talking about touching anyone

In conclusion, getting a guy horny is only slightly easier than breathing. Anything even remotely relating to sex will turn a guy on. Most things that have nothing to do with sex will turn guys on. Seriously, what the hell is wrong with you?

BaD ale

P.S. Our list only included 8 ways to turn a guy on and we promised 9? The 9th thing that will turn a guy on is... **PORN!**



Kermit: I'm sick of being small - I want a tank!

Bastard: So why not get one then?

Kermit: Because they cost several million pounds, not including the floor mats! I just don't have that kind of money

Bastard: You have a credit card right?

Kermit: Yes, but how the hell am I going to pay the credit card company? They'll come after me!

Bastard: Don't be silly, you'll have a fucking tank!

Two fish in a tank. One says: "How do you drive this thing?"

World's funniest joke

Editor's Note: In light of the fact that I have been banned from using the interweb as a source of jokes, I thought the obvious answer was to do the absolute reverse. Therefore, below is what you get if you ask the font of all knowledge that is Wikipedia, what the funniest joke is.....Enjoy: -



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This article is about research on the relative humour in different jokes and cultures. For the Monty Python sketch about jokes as military weapons, see [The Funniest Joke in the World](#).

The "world's funniest joke" is a term used by [Richard Wiseman](#) of the [University of Hertfordshire](#) in 2002 to summarize one of the results of his research. For his experiment, named **LaughLab**, he created a website where people could rate and submit jokes. Purposes of the research included discovering the joke that had the widest appeal and understanding among different [cultures](#), [demographics](#) and countries.

The History Channel eventually hosted a special on the subject.

The jokes

The winning joke, which was later found to be based on a 1950 [Goon show](#) sketch by [Spike Milligan](#),^[2] was submitted by Gurpal Gosal of [Manchester](#):

Two hunters are out in the woods when one of them collapses. He doesn't seem to be breathing and his eyes are glazed. The other guy whips out his phone and calls the emergency services. He gasps, "My friend is dead! What can I do?" The operator says "Calm down. I can help. First, let's make sure he's dead." There is a silence, then a gun shot is heard. Back on the phone, the guy says "OK, now what?"

The second place finisher and early leader was this joke, submitted by Geoff Anandappa of [Blackpool](#):

Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson were going camping. They pitched their tent under the stars and went to sleep. Sometime in the middle of the night Holmes woke Watson up and said: "Watson, look up at the stars, and tell me what you see." Watson replied: "I see millions and millions of stars." Holmes said: "And what do you deduce from that?" Watson replied: "Well, if there are millions of stars, and if even a few of those have planets, it's quite likely there are some planets like Earth out there. And if there are a few planets like Earth out there, there might also be life." And Holmes said: "Watson, you idiot, it means that somebody stole our tent."

While this was the top joke in the UK:

A woman gets on a bus with her baby. The bus driver says: "That's the ugliest baby that I've ever seen. Ugh!" The woman goes to the rear of the bus and sits down, fuming. She says to a man next to her: "The driver just insulted me!" The man says: "You go right up there and tell him off – go ahead, I'll hold your monkey for you."

Other findings

Researchers also included five computer-generated jokes, four of which fared rather poorly, but one was rated higher than one third of the human jokes:

"What kind of murderer has moral fiber?" — "A cereal killer."

Run 1748 - White Horse, Witcham- 1st April

Hare - Lightning and Taxi

Scribe - Big Blouse

The sun shone on a crisp and bright morning, there was a hint of warmth and the promise of better weather to come. It was wonderful to see huge turnout of folk from all parts including the lovely **Chimp** looking chipper and happy and the ever curmudgeonly **Gorilla** who broke into a rare smile (actually it could have been trapped wind thinking about it?) as he greeted everyone with complete indifference. Apparently **Posh & Ooh La la** had coerced/asked them into coming as they were going "right past the door", and therefore didn't have an excuse not come (that'll learn 'em).

As it was 1st April, we were encouraged to come in silly costumes and this was obviously a red rag to a bull as the hash arrived in a variety of disturbing costumes, outfits, unhinged headgear and T-shirts that were offensive against reason.. It was also good to see **Uncle Bob, Toed** and **Computer, Flasher, Slaphead, Toyboy**, and the inimitable **Great White Hope** (collectively raising the average age of the hash by 8 years) bedecked in regalia that can only be described as "Gary Glitter – the geriatric years" and **Pugwash** dressed as a thug, er, sorry, 'Scottish native' and a truly disturbing vision in the form of **Googly** who for a split second looked like he'd had a very convincing blue rinse, shampoo and set, until (and much to our huge relief) **Kermit** confirmed it was just a wig. The massed gathering were chatting quite happily along with **Teutonic, Unmentionable**, an unbelievably pale **Chicken Legs**, along with **Wrong Keys** (completed by faithful hounds Lilly & Poppy) bizarrely dressed as a yokel which transpired to be the original type of cloth worn by the peasants in the area as recently as 1985....er, sorry, 1685 – my mistake.

Stunningly the collective clump of Whittles arrived almost on time and it was great to see **Deaks** and returnee **Muthatucka** in glistening virginal training shoes (surely he should have known better??) **While You're Down There** and visiting legend **Higgins** (one of the very few who have outdone **Muthatucka** in terms of hashes completed and countries visited) bolstered the swelling numbers. Eventually a sort of order was established by the GM ...er '**Bob**' and then without warning the mention of the word '**Bob**' seemed to trigger a thought in the unconscious memories of the hash and, as one, we broke into song (altogether now.....)

"Her name is **Bob** diddle liddle liddle lum,
but she's got no knob diddle liddle liddle lum,
whenever she goes out for a shag
she's got no knob it's really sad

Her name is **Bob** diddle liddle liddle lum,
but she's got no knob diddle liddle liddle lum,
she's got no knob to tug or scratch
just a slit and a little bit of thatch
her name is **Bob** diddle liddle liddle lum"



Benghazi stepped into the circle and we were given the sad news that the **Brigadier** had sadly passed away in is sleep. Better known as John Turvill he'd been ill for some time but active to the end. The **Brigadier** had been instrumental in setting up the now legendary Mojacar hash. John was rumoured to be in his early to mid 70's but ever evasive, few knew his real age. A respectful one minutes silence followed in the early spring sunshine, for a life lived to the full and remembered by friends.....

Eventually we were brought back from our thoughts and er 'normal' service was resumed. With a sense of trepidation and absolute disbelief we listened to hares **Lightning** and **Taxi** explain what they thought the symbols meant. It was immediately apparent that there could be total confusion as the trail had been laid in blue chalk and saw dust – an odd combination, and I'm not just talking about the hares.

Eventually we were past the immaculate village green with **Klinger**, **Muff Diver** and **Hangover Blues** breaking into an early sweat and not really discovering the trail at all. A bored looking **Deep Shit**, **Princess** and **Shiggy Two shoes** endlessly lapped everyone and checked out all the false trails pointing out several technical reasons why the trail

wasn't totally accurate. **LegOver** was heard muttering something about "it probably goes this way, it usually does". However, we were all wrong and there was a tremendous turn back which effectively split the pack in half and sent half through a crusted shiggy filled ankle breaker of a trail. Pausing to avoid being run over by a tractor, I heard **Antar** and **Kermit** musing on the fine beers that the pub normally provided and later on, as usual, I heard **Antar** from a distance of about a mile so all was going as predictably as it always does.

Away across the fields **Hold it for me**, **Potty Trained**, **Potty**, **Jetstream**, **Pedro** and **Kinky** ambled past and for some reason the trail obviously I got confusing and we all got split up – "bugger me, that's unusual" grumbled **Bastard** but I couldn't really take him seriously due to the stunning shorts he was wearing, a plastic false bottom on display giving the impression his arse was hanging out!. "Actually, these are normal shorts" he confided "I just let rip in them earlier".

After getting hopelessly lost with **Muthatucka**, we eventually ran into **Taxi** with a fascinating 'Duck' hat on, complete with a small brass bell adding a certain air of mystery to his outfit, carrying a huge bag of sawdust (God knows what the locals all made of these sights but there you go). Pausing to let several skittish horses and owners go by, we had by this time lost the entire pack, which had been foiled into taking a massive loop towards the neighbouring village. By this time the cunningly laid trail had split most of us up, but there was a brilliantly placed beer stop, complete with **Beerstop**, **Double Top** and **Three Swallows** as the huge pack imbibed happily on cider and some odd looking canned ale – still, top marks to **Lightning & Teutonic** for a fine and well placed beer stop, complete with classical music and an occasional table - that's CH3 for you, just pure class, adding to the oft quoted maxim of "a better class of drunk". Fortunately, we were close to the pub by now and the pack had randomly caught up with the walkers, weirdos & knitting circle and it was a short trot up a steady incline and smiling & sweaty we arrived back at the pub.

With perfect timing, the main beer went off leaving a hugely frustrated pack queued up at the bar for about 4 years while the barrels were changed. Interestingly **Blowback** had executed a perfect 'SAS' run by managing to arrive at the bar in running gear, but no one caught him on the trail! - Not to mention a huge crowd of Suffuck Hashers, who, in their traditional manner arrived about a week late and regaled the circle with some of their more interesting ditties lead by the indomitable **Soju Sonata** surrounded by young attractive ladies – I wonder why.....

The circle was prodded together by 'Bob' (Altogether, her name is **Bob**, diddle liddle liddle lum.....) and down downs were awarded by the RA **Jetstream** to many folk including (but without limit to).

- The Hares, **Taxi & Lightning** (nice trail chaps, thanks for that)
- **Bob** but I've no idea why
- **Benghazi**, but I didn't hear the reason as the Americans were being generally noisy as feck.
- **Great White Hope** – Probably for the 'Gary Glitter on acid' look he'd come in., but again I missed it as by now the Americans (who had been trying elementary athletics by undertaking cartwheels with **Myfanwy** earlier) were helplessly pissed and were instigating anarchy by now.
- A fit female Suffuck hasher for a random reason I can't remember
- **Higgins** – for er... being Belgian?? (*Ed. That is a serious offense!!*)
- And er..... **Lilly the dog** as we all sang "lap it down down down"

Toed unleashed his raffle on us once more, and even though I'd bought a new car and NEED a chamois leather, still didn't bloody win one! So, the end of a good trail and generally wonderful day, albeit tinged with sadness at the loss of the **Brigadier** – he'll be remembered.

On-On you nice people (*Ed. Who, where – what this lot – are you mad?*)

Big Blouse

Can You Spot LegOver?

Since none of you buggers ever mentions me in your run write-ups, I thought I would remind you that I do exist and do cum occasionally. The trouble is; finding photographic evidence of this is not that easy! See if you can see me in the pictures below: -



A woman has twins, and gives them up for adoption. One goes to a family in Egypt and is named Amal. The other goes to Spain and is named Juan. Years later, Juan sends his picture his mum. Upon receiving it, she tells her husband that she wished she also had a picture of Amal. Her husband said: "But they are twins. If you've seen Juan, you've seen Amal."

Run 1750 – The Cock, Henham - 15th April

Hares – The Earl and Taxi

Scribe – El Rave

I thought our RA was bad enough with ice threats, but then a Karate killing edithare threatened to cut of my private parts unless I delivered something for his Herald. It worked and I am sat here typing.

The journey to the Cock in Henham lasted forever with miles upon miles of country roads. It almost surpassed trips to the frog land! The day was gloriously sunny with a temperature just reaching 10 deg C. We all met with anticipation for a trail from a pub not known to all but the eldest of hashers. Even the **Bear** had made a showing as he thought the pub looked interesting.

It was a small pack as **Jetstream** had taken half the pack to Indonostalgia including **B@stard** who was co-hare. This led to a double problem. **The Earl** had no co-hare and had asked **Taxi** at the last minute to take **B@stard's** place. **Taxi** called **the Earl** on Saturday morning for meeting arrangements at Debdon!!! The trail was in Henham. So the second problem, nobody knew that **the Earl** had changed the venue! A quick phone call to the WebShite Master (that's me) to change the venue on Saturday morning. I rang **Benghazi** who has no email and let him call the other no-mailers. **Klinger** was in Indonostalgia with half the pack. Well deed of the day done, now back to the trail. Ungrateful rabble!

Bob with no knob was away. Guess where? Indonostalgia. So **Potty Trained** stood in as Joint Master and set us off. The trail led to a lane with many signs. 'No Cycling, 'No Horses', 'Road Blocked', 'No Fishing' (*Ed. No Welsh?*) and a great long upward hill - got to be a turn back. Everybody ran up to the top where the FRBs were hiding behind a hedge concealing the turn back arrow; hence their name.



With only a few runners and the usual FRBs not present, unsuspecting hashers found themselves coming across round circles with crosses. **Big Blouse** did more running that day than ever before but unfortunately was not used to front running and missed a lot of the sawdust shouting nothing this way. **Checkpoint** commented his brain was too far from the ground to see them. A new runner later to be named **Wed Awow** kept leading the pack with his youthfulness only to find, well yes, turn back arrows. **Checkpoint** was in her element having not run for several months; she found herself on several checkpoints and was grinning for checkpoint to checkpoint. Eventually she pulled a knee muscle; stupid checkpoint. She now joins the rank of most of us hashers with injuries, illness and gout. **HangOver Blues** was heard to say, "If I was a Horse, I would have been shot'. (*Ed. Or ridden hard!*)

Back in the Cock, the beer was good having 3 real ales. Old Golden Hen, favourite for the Cock, Doom Bar and Ramblers Tipple of Saffron Brewery.

As there was no RA or Verger so **Big Blouse** took the position and awarded down downs to:

- **Oh La La** – for site seeing
- **Checkpoint** – for holding too many checkpoints
- **Wed Awow** – for going to the wrong pub (Debdon)
- **3 Litre Anita** – for littering
- **Taxi** – for aimlessly leading the walkers

With only 23 hashers it was a great day with lots of warm sunshine, good trail, good beer and good company.

On On **El Rave**



The “Ollie” (Part 1 - What is an Ollie?)

An “Ollie” was something that a young group of men named the “Oliver Reed Drinking Society” used to do when their bodies were young and their minds had not yet formed, or melted. The basic principle of the evening is fairly easy to follow; it was drink, drink a lot more, go out for a drinking session at the local pubs (making sure they visited every pub that was open) then go for a curry. Now that it itself does not sound unusual, but that was just the warm-up as the real evening started when they got back to the hosts house and didn't finish until he had cooked everyone a fry-up about 18 hours later.....

It was back at Ollie headquarters that the real drinking started and was not considered even remotely finished until there was not a single drop of alcohol left on the premises. The trouble was, as this goes on the mixtures get worse and worse and you know you have reached rock bottom when you take your last swig of vodka & milk knowing that you have more vodka to drink, but no more milk. In fact all you are left with in the house is vodka, margarine and custard powder (but remember, no milk for the custard powder) – no problem for an Ollie - vodka margarine on toast is actually quite nice, but I cannot recommend snorting custard powder – believe me, it is still fairly bad by the 3rd and 4th lines, but what can you do?

So you're fully tanked up on vodka margarine and you need something to entertain yourselves with. Well there were a few common activities. At Neil's house (the one with the steepest stairs - with the right angle) we decided that surfing down the stairs standing (not sitting, but standing) was a good idea. Trust me, it was NOT a good idea, although the next morning the sight of a crumpled ironing board lodged several inches into the brickwork is fairly amusing.

At another house, the garage was a flat-roofed affair which overlooked a donkey sanctuary, whose inhabitants liked to sleep against the fence. Now, what do you do if you don't like your neighbours, you're all pissed as farts and looking for entertainment? Well it's obvious really, you climb out onto the garage roof with a deck chair each and you set up for the night with the remainder of the alcohol, the stereo on auto-shuffle and repeat and you spend the remainder of the dark hours taunting the donkeys until they are so pissed off that they run around the field braying louder than Concorde at take-off. Guaranteed to wake up half of Fenstanton!



On another occasion, we decided to knock down the wall between the kitchen and dining room so that we had better access to the vodka margarine on toast and custard powder. The plan was simple, we would quietly, so as to not wake up a) the neighbours and b) the owner's sleeping girlfriend, remove the stud partition and attached plaster board and carefully lay it in the garden ready for disposal in a few days time, once sober. Wouldn't the girlfriend get a nice surprise the next morning? Oh, and the only other rule was, we were not to damage the ceiling.



Well, that was the plan so we swung in to action like a well-oiled machine. Well, the well-oiled is accurate – we were about as lubricated as one could be. We also had a fabulous collection of hammers at our disposal. Now Andy, being the shortest, decided that he was going to attack the top as there was no way that he could damage the ceiling. He also decided that the best way to be quiet was to swing the hammer so hard that it would go right through the plasterboard so quickly that it there would be no time for noise – an interesting take on physics but we were intrigued - and pissed. Andy grabbed a club hammer, took about 6 paces back and started his run-up. With expert timing, he swung the hammer over his head and hit the wall. The results were mixed: The handle hit the wall with a medium clonk but did do damage whatsoever. His body hit the wall with a much louder clonk and did much more damage – mainly to him. The head of the hammer parted company from the handle but miss the wall completely as it flew up, though the ceiling (that we weren't to damage) cleared the stud partition and came back down through the ceiling on the other side. Result: 2 holes in the ceiling, an irate girlfriend and a room full of idiots who could now not stand up due to pissing themselves with laughter.

At the same house on another occasion, we were set another simple DIY task. We had to box in the pipes in the downstairs toilet. Now since this was a simple woodworking job, and in a small space, it was given to just two of use, who from that day forth are referred to as Mr Chip and Mr Dale, due the excellent job that we did. The deal was we had to finish the job before the supplied crate of 24 cans of beer was empty – easy!

Now Mr Chip and Mr Dale took this challenge very seriously. We spent around 45 minutes carefully measuring and checking before we made the first cut. After an hour and a half we were cooking on gas. We were only ½ way through the beers and we

now had two pieces cut and preliminary measurements for a third, but thinking we should speed things up, we hatched a plan. We would build the frame in the garage, then carry it through and screw it on to the wall. This went well, until we offered the monstrously over-engineered boxing up to the wall and discovered that we had no access to fix it to the wall. It was now around 3 hours in and we were dangerously low on beer. It was do-or-die so a radical solution had to be found.

The solution was obvious: Four 6-inch nails would be hammered all the way through the frame and into the wall – with a slide hammer and the biggest sledge hammer you have ever seen.

Now, there is no actual proof that the nails went all the way through the wall and fortunately the neighbours were away but it is fair to say that it takes no small amount of effort to drive a “sixer” into breeze blocks! The most amazing part was that some weeks later, when the owner boarded up our box he discovered, much to everyone’s amusement, that it was perfectly and completely square and totally level – Mr Chip and Mr Dale were in da house!



The “Ollie” (Part 2 - Where are they now?) to follow.....maybe.....

The Ex-RA’s Agony Column (Part-2)

These hasher’s letters stumped the Ex-RA’s agony column as to how to answer them: -

Dear BaD aLe,

A couple of women moved in across the road from me. One is a middle-aged gym teacher, and the other is a social worker in her mid-twenties. These two women go everywhere together, and I've never seen a man go into their house or come out. Do you think they could be Lebanese?

Dear BaD aLe,

What can I do about all the sex, nudity, language and violence on my VCR?

Dear BaD aLe,

I have a man I never could trust. He cheats so much I'm not even sure this baby I'm carrying is his.

Dear BaD aLe,

I am a twenty-three-year-old liberated woman who has been on the pill for two years. It's getting expensive, and I think my boyfriend should share half the cost, but I don't know him well enough to discuss money with him.

Dear BaD aLe,

I suspected that my husband had been fooling around, and when I confronted him with the evidence he denied everything and said it would never happen again. Should I believe him?

Dear BaD aLe,

Our son recently told us that he is taking Judo. Why would a boy who was raised in a good Christian home turn against his own?

Dear BaD aLe,

Do you think it would be all right if I gave my doctor a little gift? I tried for years to get pregnant and couldn't, and he did it.

Dear BaD aLe,

My mother is mean and short-tempered. Do you think she is going through her mental pause?

Run 1751 - Black Whores, Dry Drayton - 22nd April

Hares - Beerstop and Papparazzi

Scribe - JetStream



Should we stay in Brancaster Staithe and have a relaxing day by the sea, or get up at sparrow's fart and drive down to Dry Drayton? No contest, a day at the seaside wins every time. But wait, there's a beer festival with 16 different real ales! So we left **Blowback** and **Lady Slipstream** in their PJs and drove like shit down to Dry Drayton. As tradition dictates, we were a few minutes late arriving and as we drove into the village we looked in vain for the pack. Surely they'll be running down the hill, over the road and down the footpath (where the swarm of bees were 15 years ago) and into the field with the sheep. But there was nobody around. It transpired that we weren't actually late enough and the pack were still milling around the fields near the pub.

Arriving at the Black Whores we were surprised the find **Ulage** lurking behind the beer tent. They went that way he informed us, so we went that way, caught up with **Great White Hope**, only to discover that he was following **Bear**. The pack had gone the other way, down the hill, over the road

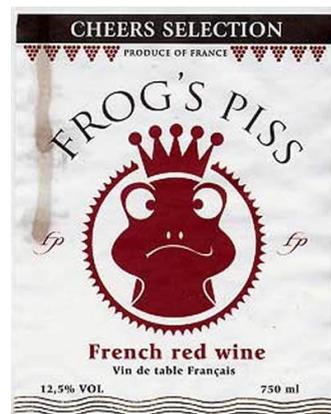


and down the footpath (where the swarm of bees were 15 years ago) and into the field with the sheep. So, we managed to catch up as they had either found a check-back or two, or failed to remember which way previous trails had gone.

In the absence of 99% of the mismanagement, the Webmaster had started the pre-run circle, only to be out-ranked by the Verger, who took over and set the pack on-on. For the second week running **B@stard** had put his name down to be Hare, only to realise that he wouldn't actually be at the run. Fortunately **Papparazzi** stepped into the breach at the last minute and assisted the other Hare, **Beerstop**. But where were the mismanagement? Who knows and who cares? Our Willing Scribe, **Duncan Disorderly**, was also otherwise engaged and, arriving a trifle late, I was unable to appoint another "volunteer".

The trail was laid in dirty brown sawdust which was extremely hard to see on the brown earth - did I say laid? What I meant to say was, a few random blobs had been dropped, 300 yards apart and often with only one blob before the next check. Half way to Girton we came across an arrow and an "R", so presumed this was for the runners and so carried on until we reached the Madingley Road. The Hares had announced that they had permission to run on private land, but failed to mention that the landowner was the Highways Agency and that most of the trail was on asphalt.

Reaching Madingley we came across the Hares (not like that, you dirty bastards!) who sent us on a pretty loop round the grounds of Madingley Hall, before returning to the



road and more asphalt. At last a beer stop came into view and a chance for the Hares to redeem themselves ... but no! With 16 real ales at the beer festival they chose to serve us Froggy piss!

In the absence of our Grand Master, the Verger stepped in to the circle, but first a chorus of the song of the month ... "His name's not **Bob**, 'cos he's got a knobetc.". The Hares, **Beerstop** and **Paparazzi**, were praised for their excellent(?) trail and the circle was handed over to the RA. Even I can't recall all the down-downs but **Beerstop** got a couple more for not having a beer stop at the ice house (where **Bear** had fortunately found a bottle of Whiskey) and for serving Froggy piss instead of real ale. Only two of the walkers actually reached the beer stop - all apart from **Taxidermist** and **Umplebum**, took a wrong turn and ended up back on the out trail. *(Ed. Best place for them!)*

It was decided that we ought to give Just John a hash handle and despite a few other suggestions he was christened **Wed Awwow** on account of his flying ability and red shorts, not sure where the Chinese influence came from but as **Bear** and **Taxidermist** had already prepared a ditty for him, we had little choice but to endorse their proposal. **Slaphead** somehow confused him with **Friendly Fire** and wanted to call him Pain!? Has he lost the plot or is he still in shock after being tongued and bitten by **Klinger**, after returning his lost teeth at IndoNostalgia last week?

For those who don't know the Gang Bang song (probably all of you), the clever and subtle naming of Sue Knock would have been lost, suffice to say that she is now known as **Shop!** What sort of shop? A Knocking Shop of course. Last weeks late change of venue resulted in half the pack going to the wrong pub, but why the two Suffuck harriettes went to Royston this week I couldn't fathom. Finally, as it was the **Odd Sox** memorial run, **Crappy Nappy** rounded off the down-downs for wearing matching, rather than odd, socks. Then, it was "On The Piss!"

Has **Beerstop** finally run out of options for trails from his local pub? I think that he has and that this one showed signs of being one trail too many! However, I suspect that he may have another one up his sleeve, which doesn't go down the hill, over the road and down the footpath (where the swarm of bees were 15 years ago) and into the field with the sheep.

On-On! Jetstream



(Ed. Don't tell me that I am the only one that has always wanted to take a bumper car down the road? I can only assume that the Rozzers have pulled him for wearing boots with shorts and for being a Ginger!

Hash Calendar - Runs for May 2012

Oh god, its Harriet's Month!

All runs start at 11:00am (ED. The RA arrives 11:05)



Hare raiser – Haven't Got One

Illegible Maps at: www.ch3.co.uk

Run 1753 May 6th

Pub: Cherry Tree at Stradishall [CB8 8PS](#).

Meet at layby on A143 as shown on the map.

(Ed. isn't that the road that Haverhill prison is on?)

Hare: Ms Ferret



Haverhill prison

Run 1754 May 13th

Pub: The hare thinks it might be the Boot at Dullingham [CB8 9UW](#)

Hare: Ms Debonaire



Slim chance of Cambs-based hash

Run 1755 May 20th

Pub: The Bell – Sandy [SG19 1AW](#)

Hare: Ms Slaphead



Bedfordshire!

Run 1756 May 27th

Pub: Rad Lion – Cherry Hinton [CB1 9JP](#)

Hare: Ms Double Top & Ms WYDT



DT Land, Cambridge

Now piss off home!

I went to the zoo the other day. There was only one dog in it. It was a shitzu.