
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

November 2013



On in:



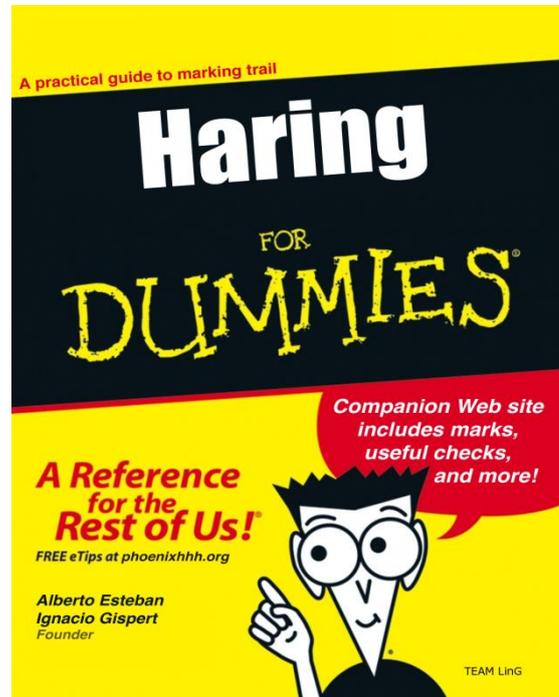
Welcome from the Edithare

It's Halloween again and we hashers like to dress up!
There is a nice blast from the past inside; guess who.

This month is a record. We have exactly zero scribe write ups. So I would encourage the new committee to read the book to the right. In place of the usual delights I have collected run reports from other events. I hope you find them interesting.

Enjoy,

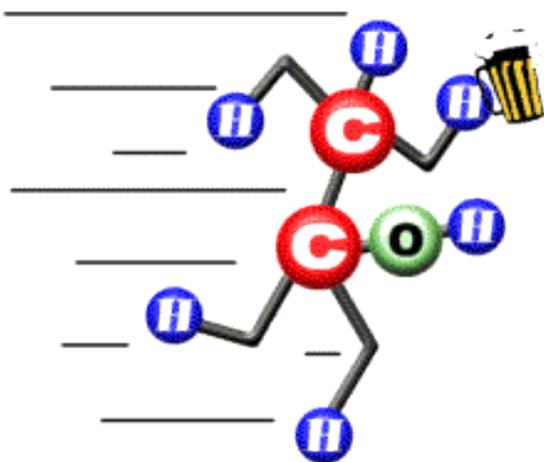
El Rave.



***The 2000th run is on Sunday 29th January 2017.
Put it in your calendars!***

Here is a list of volunteers for this year's Heralds:

- Nov El Rave 27th Oct
- Dec Strap On 24th Nov
- Jan Cinnamon 29th Dec
- Feb Kermit
- Mar Ferret
- Apr Legover
- May B@stard
- Jun Bedsores
- Jul Slaphead
- Aug Hold it for Me
- Sep Pedro
- 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 last Sunday of the previous month.

Receding Hareline:

The first committee of the new junta has been held but only a select few members were invited! Stuff was decided about the Xmas farty which will be held on 15th Dec at the Med on Perne Rd. **Cruella** and **Rear Admiral** are hares and volunteers are required to man the drink stops. It looks as though I'm providing the music but having not been in attendance I am as in the dark as everyone else! Fortunately we do have the rubbish **Jetstream** organised from last year so there is every chance that will all be recycled.

Money is still being collected for the 2000th so get your hands in your pockets and boost the funds as much as possible so we can have a humdinger of a bash when the time comes. Don't forget, the extra pound on the running fees goes towards this as does the increase in running fees (now £3 per week or £75 per year).

Onwards

B@stard



This year's Song Master is

B@stard

Run 1811 - Ice House, Dry Drayton

Hare - Beerstop, Papparazzi and Benghazi

Scribe - El Rave

June the 14th is **Beerstop's** birthday and **Beerstop** will use any excuse for a celebration. **Beerstop** lives on an estate owned by his family. It's a large area on natural land in the village of Dry Drayton. What a great location for a party. With this in mind **Beerstop** and his family have slowly developed the site and over a period of ten years they now have a fully functioning bar, kitchen and a stage for visiting performers. Each year of the event, volunteers from the local village and from the hashing community help to prepare the site. Located deep in the site is an old underground storage cave, that was used in years gone by to hold ice. It would be packed in the winter and then used throughout the following year. This was named the "Ice House" and is a historical marvel. And so the celebration was named and we all look forward to the Ice House whenever it is held.

Beerstop likes entertainment, particularly musical entertainment and again over the years the Ice House has evolved into a mini music festival. Starting at 7pm on Friday night and finishing late Sunday afternoon. The ethics of the event is free for all with free music, free food and drink. The whole event is sponsored by donations from the participants, so that over the weekend no money exchanges hands. It creates a 'Hippie' type of feeling; a feeling of calm and peace. All the bands perform for free and exchange their ideas and music. Any money left over is donated to charity and the generous donations express that fact.



The Ice House actually starts many weeks before the weekend of the event. Many volunteers meet to prepare the venue for the celebration, culminating in the erecting of the marquee followed by a pizza party.

Friday

Friday sees the start of the event and at 7 pm the Finkel Brothers begin to play. We have seen these young men grow up from teenagers and watched them develop into fine musicians.

- Finkel Brothers Trio
- Fen Boy 3
- The OniOn Band
- The Buskers

Fenboy Three performed what they class as "Swamp Rock". The OnloN band, who are all hashers, performed classic rock songs and to finish, The Buskers played up to midnight with more cover songs. The weather was kind and the audience packed the marquee drinking, dancing and making merry.

Saturday

Started at 2:00pm and finished (for some) at 6am the next day. The morning started off slowly with breakfast for the campers. The numbers slowly increased from about 30 to 330. The quality and variety of the music was outstanding. To name a few, I was particularly impressed by Rebecca Hayne who sounded like the late Ami Winehouse, Kjam (Singer of the Silverbacks and family friends) sounded like Simon and Garfunkel; I thought I was at Woodstock. The Cyriacs put on an Irish Ceilidh dance. At around 7pm we heard a drumming from the woods and a full samba band of over 40 players marched in banging their drums. It was amazing! The OnIoN hash band had their best set ever warming up the 300 plus crowd for the Silverbacks who finished off the evening with high quality rock and blues covers.



- Los Kiosk Bears – Acoustic set
- Jud’s Galleria
- JustJeanette
- Duncan Harris & friends
- Kjam
- Rebecca Hayne & Sam Ratcliffe
- Humf Finkel & Jeanette Langford
- Ceilidh (Cyriacs)
- Ettles folk
- The Banaat Bast Belly Dancers
- Cyriacs
- Samba Band (off stage)
- Los Kiosk Bears
- Samba Band (off stage)
- The OniOn Band
- The Silverbacks Blues Band

At midnight the bonfire was lit and the hardy members of the party continued singing and drinking into the early hours of the morning.

Sunday

- Jo and Roger
- Jud's Galleria

Sunday morning arrived and more breakfast was served. A few bedraggled hashers emerged from their tents. At 11 am the hash circle was called and **Blowback** started off the proceedings with one of his infamous warm-up sketches. The hares sent us on our way. It was a 5 mile route which was quite different from previous times. **Jetstream** was completely lost. There was a welcomed beer stop, provided by **Beerstop**, with the remains of last night drinking. Arriving back at the Ice House more entertainment was to follow. Jo and Roger (ex hash band players) provided a 30 min acoustic set. Very nice! Then the hash circle was called



The circle was massive having over a 100 attending. There were the usual suspects from Cambridge H3, the Monday hash and the local villagers. The visitors, including GMs, were all made welcome. It was father's

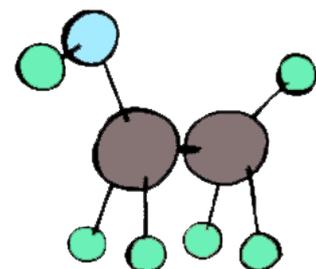


day so there were a lot of father's day jokes and down downs.

After the circle the crowd started to thin, while Jud played to us on his piano. The remaining beer was finished and I remember leaving around 5 pm. Off to the local Indian for a takeaway.

Thanks go out to **Beerstop** and his family for once again providing such a wonderful event. Thanks to all the volunteers who help before, during and after. Finally here's to the next one; hopefully in 2 years to come.

On on, El Rave



The Frog and the Prince

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful prince who had golden balls. One day, while playing in the



garden, one of his balls fell into a pond. He was very upset and did not know what to do. While he sat there crying helplessly, a frog hopped out of the pond and asked, "Why are you crying, little prince?" He told him about his golden ball. The ugly frog said, "I can help you get your ball but what will you give me in return?" "I will give you anything you want!" promised the prince. The frog immediately dived into the water and fetched the ball for him. The prince was very happy. The frog reminded him, "Remember that you promised me anything. Well, I want to be your friend, eat

from your plate, and sleep in your palace!" The prince hated the idea but he agreed and ran back to the palace.

The next morning, the prince found the frog waiting for him. He said, "I have come to live in your palace." Hearing this, the prince ran to his father, crying. When the kind king heard about the promise, he told him, "A promise is a promise and you must keep your word. You must let the frog stay here." The prince was very angry but he had no choice and let the frog stay. He ate from his plate during dinner and asked the prince to take him to his bed at night. The prince picked him up angrily and threw him to the floor.



In a flash, the frog turned into a handsome gnome! He told the prince that he had actually been under the spell of a wicked witch. The prince named him **Kermit** and sent him on his way. He warned him that if he ever met a princess, not to kiss her else he would change back to a frog.



Surrey 2000th

Friday 16th

After surviving the 2 ¼ hour drive, I finally arrived at Plumton Agriculture and Animal College. As the brochure said; stunning scenery with rolling big hills, luscious green fields scattered with cow pats and cows! A mist hung over the fields which made it feel very atmospheric.

After checking in and unpacking my stuff in my okish student room with a view out of the window that made up for it, I headed to meet the others and check out the place.

The OnIoN band were setting up stage ready for later and as the alcohol flowed everyone was



starting to chill. After a late dinner the band started to play and the party vibe had begun. Everyone (well nearly everyone) were up and dancing and enjoying the most excellent band of players and singers. **Green Goblin** and **B@stards** duet was most pleasing. All right now. **The Earl of Pamisford**, **Pugwash** and **Three Swallows** (that's me) balloon dance went down well with a few unplanned banging of balloons and not enough stage space. We were told later that it was hilarious. More alcohol and the OnIoN band played until the early hours with many happy drunk hashers staggering back looking for their rooms

Saturday 17th

After a very nice English breakfast and **Great White Hope** and **Brian** had eventually put their T-shirts on the right way round, hashers set off on the walkers, runners and ridiculously fit bastards trails (up very big hills apparently; the south downs). The walkers' trail was perfect with lovely views and a lovely old church along the way. **Toed Bedsores** was the front runner for this trail, all of the way, which made him feel young again. The circle afterwards was held in the bar as one or two drops of rain occurred. **Bear** got the Chicago song going and downers were given to many of the Surrey hashers and animals. After dinner a solo singer with backing tracks sung and played his guitar. He was excellent and hashers were up once more and dancing and being merry in some fantastic fancy dress costumes. We were then ushered into the stage room to watch was the most hilarious funny acts I'd seen; with four Surrey girls dressed in black and white costumes with what looked like extra legs that went in the most unusual positions to the song of Buffalo Joe. There was a drag act who looked stunning in his green sequined dress. He was well funny! Then three very 'fit' men dressed in white doctors coats teased us girls and flashed their boxer shorts at us and threw

some into the crowd. I have still got a pair that I sniff occasionally. They finished their act by flashing big green willy warmers. I would have been happier if they had shown the real thing or things!

Back in the booze room the solo singer was off again and the dancing re-commenced. **Computer** and **Bedsore**s showed all of those younger ones that they had more staying power. I bet they are at it all of the time. **Pugwash** is a bit of a goer as well, strutting his stuff along with **Checkpoint** and a bloke from Birmingham. **Cat** was going wild in a cat-nip ecstasy frenzy. **Buzz Lightning** then flew into action giving us the best Mick Jagger dancing I have ever seen. It was fantastic!

I was chatted up by our new Geordie hasher, **Strap On** (He was pissed!). He offered me a jelly baby as a love token but I declined when I saw the bits of fluff on it from his pocket.

All in all another alcohol fuelled dance night that was enjoyed very, very much.

Sunday 18th

Many tired looking bedraggled hashers started to emerge for breakfast. A few of us early birds sung happy



birthday to **Farmer Kit** and **Cat** gave him a present that looked like a box of chocolates that he quickly took to his room so he didn't have to share! After breakfast some of us decide to leave early as we were hashed out and were driving and couldn't drink. So it was time to leave! My journey home was hell as I was on detox for 2 ¼ hours. I had to get home for a gin and tonic.

I wasn't there, obviously, for the Sunday trail and circle but I can imagine it was fun. I guess hashers said their farewells to one another and all departed off in separate

directions; Oxford, Birmingham, Japan.

While I was happy sitting on my settee at home sipping a gin and tonic with a pair of boxer shorts on my head I was missing it already.

Thank you Surrey hashers for inviting Cambridge hashers to your 'Zoo' party.

On on to our 2000th in 2017,

Three Swallows



ROTT - 2013

Right 'Orrible Toed Trail? **Bedsore**s and **Goldfinger** have earned a reputation for laying extremely long ROTTen trails. Well that is the opinion of most hashers. In fact some mark these backwards runs as nO nOs and just don't turn up. On the other hand there are a rare group of hashers who love them. These are the sadistic fast running bastards who get a pleasure out of putting their bodies through hell. There is no explanation for this addiction. Some say they sweat a trail of endorphins which creates a frenzied path of runners. After the run they go back to their tents and beat each other to a sweaty heaven and then wash themselves down in beer to remove any evidence of their perverse behavior.

"Endorphins are neurotransmitters produced in the brain that reduce pain," says **Hold it for Me**, MD, neurological director of the Smell & Taste Treatment and Research Foundation in Cambridge. "They have also been known to induce euphoria." Drugs such as morphine, heroin and cocaine are classic endorphin-releasing entities, according to Dr.

Hold. But luckily for us, there are less-addictive ways of experiencing such sweaty rhapsody.



Then there is the beer. This is the other reason people come on these events. There is a lot of it. I quote **Kermit**. "Why the bloody hell am I doing this? I can sit at home and drink myself into a stupor. Why am I putting my body through all this shite?" But **Kermit** comes every year and says the same thing every time! Some hashers have got this one sorted. They sign onto the support crew. These slackers come on the ROTT and support the runners. They are the clever ones. They drive to the end of the trail and sit in the pub for the whole afternoon. It must be hell! They are waiting for any support calls on their mobiles. Unfortunately the mobiles never work as **Bedsore**s picks such out of the way places that even gas and electricity has not reached there yet.



This year's trail was in the depths of Suffolk; a place accessible by 'D' roads, so far from life that it brewed its own beer. We camped in the back garden of the pub. Not far to walk home. We met on the Friday evening and drank and ate together. The home brew was a bit tarty to say the least and each in turn politely sampled the drink only to switch immediately to Adam's Lighthouse for the rest of the evening. The FRBs

compared tales of their previous exploits. **Shiggy 2 Shoes** and **Deep Shit** were noticeable by their absence. They were away doing some 'Lion' Man event which made the ROTT look tiny by comparison. When you next see them next, notice the colour of their skins, now a slight yellow from the gallons of endomorphic sweat they have produced though their excessive eventing.

The trail started at 9am so breakfast was served at 8am. **Debonair** headed the kitchen crew and set us all up for the long trail to follow. At 9 am **Bedsore**s called the circle and informed us that we were not to get

lost and if we did we were in the shit and he would be held responsible for anything that came our way including wild bulls and snakes. If you were to get lost, climb the nearest, highest tree and hope your mobile would find a signal. Great, off we went, 16 ½ of us including **Kermit**. The support crew got in their cars and drove to the next pub.

The trail was laid with such cunning so the hares did not have to run a single inch. The turn backs were huge and the check backs were so cunning so that the FRBs were running around like headless chickens.

They loved it and instead of doing 18 miles, they were running 24. Even **Daffodildo** was turning yellow and frothing through his teeth. The less energetic runners/walkers like me, **Klinger**, **Strap On** and **Kermit** were managing to keep up. The hares were masters of confusion. After many miles and many hours we arrived at the lunch stop. It was 1 pm and we lay on the soft grass drinking beer and eating local pies. The beer tasted shit but it was cold. Yes it was the local brew from last night's pub. **Bedsore**s was pleased that he had done a great deal with the landlord. The landlord was pleased that he had got rid of 2 gallons of crap beer that he was going to give to the pigs, to some idiot from the city.



The first leg was 12 miles without turn backs. The second leg was a mere 6 miles more. **Klinger** collapsed in a heap and was carried off by the support crew. A few of us took the walkers short cut which was only 3 ½ miles. After another hour of torture we arrived at a new pub but it was closed or seemed to be closed. I peeked through a window to see **Klinger** propping up the bar talking at a very bemused landlord. I don't know where everybody else was but this seemed like a good idea so I went round the back to find a way in. At the back of the pub I found **Big Leg** talking to the landlady. Errr, **Big Leg** wasn't at the start! It turned out that **Debonair** had persuaded **Big Leg** to join us and told her she must come as a very unexpected thing had happened. So I found a way in and **Strap On** was at the bar too. The landlord said the pub was closed and pulled two pints of a very nice beer; the one on the right. Then the landlady came in and pulled herself a pint of IPA. Turned out she was brought up in Cambridge and knew all the local spots. Every person, place I mentioned she had a story for. She was even rescued by the black witch from Barrington. She used to drink under aged in the Fort St George with **Big Leg**. She went to school with **Big Leg**. It was at this point that the runners arrived. They disappeared into the back garden. We waited for another ½ hour, **Klinger** went to sleep and we decided they were drinking **Bedsore**s beer in the garden. So we ordered another from the one on the right and the landlady pulled another pint of IPA. Eventually the rest of the hashers arrived for dinner. It was 7 pm and I was hungry too.

Dinner was standard English pub food with steaks, fish and more beer. The fast running bastards talked about what their next event might be and whether or not we should throw **Bedsore**s in the river for buying sour beer. For the rest of the evening we debated who was going to be the next GM and GMs. At some time we went back to our tents and then it was morning.

The Sunday run was at 11 am and was to be short. Hooray! I was a 5 mile loop back to the pub with the usual cows, sheep, dogs and crocodiles; a nice route which I enjoyed. The FRBs couldn't be asked so it went at a nice slow pace. We held a short circle using the left over even more sour beer so that sinners were truly punished.

Daffodildo was on form and displayed signs of being the next RA. **Strap On** was named. After we pulled down or tents and set off home.

Back in Cambridge **Strap On** insisted we went into the Red Lion in Histon. Several pints later we went for a curry. That's it, my memory failed at that point.

Well I certainly enjoyed the **Right Over the Top Trail**. Right On On

Thanks to **Bedsore**s, **Goldfinger** and all the support team,

El Rave

Stop Press!

Kermit meets princess and loses control. After a passionate kiss he changes back into a frog and runs out into the road in a fiery rage. A passing juggernaut swerves but hits him head on!



Halloween Horrors - Paparazzi



Runs for November 2013



All runs start at 11:00am

Hare raiser – Toed Bedsores

Maps at:

www.ch3.co.uk

Run No. 1831: 03 Nov 2013

Cock, Broom, SG18 9NA
Hares Antar and Googly

Run No. 1832: 10 Nov 2013

The Checkers, Orwell
Hares Legover and Long Story

Run No. 1833: 17 Nov 2013

The Geldart, Cambridge, CB1 2PF
Hares B@stard and Debonaire

Run No. 1834: 24 Nov 2013

The Thornton Arms, Everton, SG19 2LD
Hares Big Blouse and Toed Bedsores

