
The Herald

The Organ of the Cambridge Hash House Harriers

October 2012



On-on the Mismanagement:



Your EditHare this month: Umplebum

The New Mismanagement:

Grand Master	<i>Blowback</i>
Grand Mattress	<i>Hangover Blues</i>
Joint Master	Legover
	Crappy Nappy
Joint Mattresses	Shiggy 2 Shoes
	Double Top
Religious Advisor	Antar
Verger	Double Top
Hare Raiser	Kermit
On Sec	B@stard
Edit Hare	El Rave
	B@stard
Web Master	El Rave
Hash Cash	While Your Down There

Hash Stats	Pedro
Assistant	Debonaire
Beer Master	Benghazi
Apprentice	Muthatucker
Assistants	Beerstop
	Rear Admiral
Song Master	Jetstream
Haberdash	Slaphead
	Debonaire
Hash Horn	Muff Diver
	Deepshit
Hash Flash	Paparazzi
	Pedro



The Committee Over the Years

Run No.	Year	Grandmaster	Grandmattress	Religious Advisor
1	1978	Alan Wingfield-Chislett		
53	1979	Old Bollo		
105	1980	Bear	Ruby	
157	1981	Bear	Clipo	Barker Singh
209	1982	Boghopper	Three Litre Anita	Sammy Singh/David Hartill
261	1983	Harpo	Terry Hodgson	TDF/Clippo
313	1984	Booseby	Billingsgate	TDF
363	1985	Barker Singh	Fi Fi	Jellibean
415	1986	Godzilla	Sally Peake	Uncle Bob
467	1987	Gorilla	Noratizoff	Barker Singh
521	1988	Uncle Bob	Upper Class Tart	Goldfinger
573	1989	Crabbo	Tootsie	Toed
623	1990	Toyboy	Bigleg	Great White Hope
675	1991	Great White Hope	Penny Mills	Farmer Kit
727	1992	Farmer Kit	Chimp	UCT
779	1993	Katz	Debonaire	The Junta
832	1994	Goldfinger	Lakey	Benghazi
884	1995	Benghazi	Checkpoint	Mad Monk
937	1996	Bedsore	Thumper	Mad Monk
987	1997	Klinger	Lurcher	Hold it for me
1042	1998	Jetstream	Ubend	Pedro
1092	1999	Slaphead	Yellow Peril	Goldfinger
1144	2000	Pedro	G Spot	Gunpowder Plod
1198	2001	Goldfinger	Ooh La La	Kermit
1249	2002	Donno	Snow White	Taxidermist
1301	2003	Umplebum	Teutonic	Shamcock
1355	2004	Taxidermist	Thumper	Bast@rd
1405	2005	Bast@rd	The Countess	Calapso
1457	2006	Calapso	Doubletop	Dave the Rave
1509	2007	Kermit	Paparazzi	Big Blouse
1563	2008	Dave the Rave	Paparazzi	Haven't Got One
1614	2009	Kinky	While you're down there	Blowback
1667	2010	Have't got one	Three Swallows	Legover
1719	2011	Debonaire (Bob)	Lady Slipstream	Jetstream
1772	2012	Blowback	Hangover Blues	Antar

Thanks to Checkpoint for the research with over 90% verified from Heralds, year magazines or other documentation.

If you're reading this and it's a Sunday afternoon at the pub, put it down and go and talk to your friends or some hashers!

Message from Nightjar Re: Bunter.

Handwritten letter from Victor Mason, sent as a scanned copy from Philippe Deymes (Pheelthy Phrog**) to **Jetstream** – then given to **Taxidermist** as a magnified photocopy and later as a PDF – who attempted to translate it and then sent it back to **Jetstream** to correct any words he couldn't read!*

Translation started in 2012 with a grant from the Arts Council and several hundred monkeys with type writers.

No animals were injured in the translation of this valuable document.

Taxidermist , Jetstream and Pheelthy Phrogg (and Nightjar)

“Stepping off the ferry at Caen the other day, I got the news from Philippe Deymes (**Pheelthy Phrog**) I suppose I'd been expecting it since I hadn't heard from Terence in an age. When the letters stopped coming, and even the Christmas cards, I knew something was up.

He was a most conscientious correspondent, keeping me abreast of all the Cambridge news as well as his exploits in foreign lands, to which he travelled frequently and invariably alone.

Like me, he didn't care for company when conducting his itineraries, becoming ever more reclusive towards the end. The last time I saw him, which would have been all of three or four years ago, I had to winkle him out of his flat to get him to come and have a drink with me at the St Radegund.

But to get back to the first time. That would have been towards the end of the Seventies when the Cambridge Hash House Harriers celebrated their 100th run at Croxton Park, and I think I managed to get myself thrown out of the nearby Eagle. The Fort St. George was more accommodating, and I remember being locked in there on more than one occasion. If memory also serves, Terence saved my life by forcibly restraining me from jumping out of an upstairs window into the river. I would never have made it.

It was at (or soon after) another Cambridge celebration- probably the 200th – that in an unguarded moment I invited Terence to come out to Bali and run the Beggars Bush, a pub I'd built in Ubud. Which he did, calling my bluff and showing up a full twelvemonth later. Those were the days, by God! Terry boy transformed the place, turning it into a first class watering-hole, which was nominated one of the top ten pubs in Asia by the annual Newsweek poll a year or two later. I remember so well his comment on the bar canopy he constructed out of an old opium bed: “Why it's finer than the altar screen at Sienna!”

During his time in Bali he ran regularly with the Hash House Harriers, vowing that it was the best running country of the lot. He also produced the commemorative magazine for our 300th run, some time in 1983. He was, you may know, first and foremost a journalist, and had made it a point to place his reportage with newspapers that contained Post in their titles – Athens Post and South China Morning Post are two that spring to mind. I used to joke with him about setting up an English Language rag in Bali. “We'll call it the Last Post”, I suggested.

In more recent years he graced several of our runs in the Island of the Gods, including an IndoNostalgia H3 bash, when we co-hared two sorties from Naughty Nuri's in Sanggingan; and the last run we did together (though I must

admit the only jogging that I can recall was of elbows) would have been another IndoNostalgia event - this time in Somerset. When was that? It seems like the other day.

And finally, I must declare that it was Terence who bestowed on me my Hash monicker – Nightjar. In his letters to me he always addressed me as such, signing off in the style of Paddyfield Warbler. How very apt when you come to think of it; it was a name that suited him admirably. There really is such a bird. Look it up in your handbook or the Internet if you haven't got one.

The time has indeed come to sign off (and sound off) on the Last Post.

On On Terry boy!

In Cambridge a taverner named Kavanagh

Was famed for his having great stamina

When they said is it right

That you stay up all night

He replied ... "Yes it is ... if you're havin' a"

Nightjar

Answers for Bear Facts questions about the photos in September Herald: Goldfinger and Tom Goode.



Is this where the Big Blouses' Boys Wat Booze & Biryani are going to be hanging out next?



- Just down the road from the fishing shop!

This is the time of year when you can feel a little fresher every day!

Hash Stats For The Year

Name	Handle	First	Last	Total	Total
				All	Year
Whittle Doug	Jetstream	34	1770	901	48
Whittle Penny	Unmentionable	680	1770	829	48
Trippett Peter	Pedro Trumpet	883	1770	721	45
Yate Alan	Taxidermist	1202	1770	460	45
Sanders Dave	Benghazi	532	1770	962	43
Weeks Roger	Antar	1109	1769	477	42
Bellow Simon	Bastard	497	1770	509	42
Shelvey Jim	Kermit	1109	1770	478	40
Halse Ian	Klinger	70	1768	1083	40
Hunt Dave	Dave the Rave	483	1770	302	38
Hurrell Debby	Debonaire	484	1770	726	38
Howes Simon	Legover	1193	1770	292	38
Berry Simon	Big Blouse	1500	1769	173	35
Bradshawe Ann	Computer	928	1768	601	35
Shepherd John	Potty	1250	1770	386	35
Bradshawe Ted	Bedsore	224	1768	1115	34
Eggar Helen	Shiggy Two Shoes	1119	1769	284	34
Powell Mike	Slaphead	785	1770	698	34
Eggar Chris	Deep Shit	1192	1768	295	33
Monksfield Ray	Googly	1109	1770	396	33
Davies Ray	Kinky	949	1769	581	33
Forbes Stewart	Ferret	556	1769	293	32
Stroud Conrad	Hasn't Got One	1119	1770	247	32
Whittle Fiona	Lady Slipstream	917	1770	99	32
Wynne-jones Gail	Thumper	853	1769	586	31
Singh Arvinder	Crappy Nappy	1694	1770	45	30
Newton Denise	Paparazzi	1393	1770	229	30
Whittle James	Blowback	730	1770	271	29
Bartlett Sue	While You're Down There	1234	1770	180	27
Lucas Alun	Hold It For Me	880	1769	228	26
Mittins Alan	Lightning	548	1770	700	26
Caine Noreen	Posh	12	1770	406	26
Boddington Anita	Three Litre Anita	2	1770	1003	26
Jones Karen	Hangover Blues	1488	1770	121	25
Smith Mike	Great White Hope	144	1769	795	23
Jones Matt	Muff Diver	1488	1770	120	23
Godfrey Sarah	Double Top	1357	1770	244	22
Winstanley Noel		1708	1769	24	21
Purvis Duncan	Duncan Disorderly	1570	1769	106	21
Mckenzie Joelle	Oh la la!	996	1769	345	21
Corder Tom	Toy Boy	403	1764	957	21
Larque Su	Checkpoint	188	1770	635	19
Singh Lakhbir	Potty Trained	1669	1763	59	19
Umpleby Mike	Umplebum	187	1770	636	19
Trippett Sarah	Imelda	1502	1770	106	18
Tuck Sandra	Three Swallows	1348	1770	209	18

Cousens Paul	Muthatuka	1231	1770	179	16
Sapsworth Derek	F1	483	1751	36	15
Etting Lotte	Babysham	1527	1767	80	14
Crawshaw Aaron	Charlie's arselicker	1651	1754	28	14
Usit Damien	Soju Sonata	1694	1748	22	14
Brooks Alan	Sperm Whale	500	1770	118	14
Mcdonald Duncan	Long Story	1683	1765	15	13
Thomas Janette	Dances with wasps	1570	1769	72	12
Davison Peter	Chicken Legs		1770	98	11
Horny Horn Holy Ho		1729	1749	10	10
Eaton Paul		1618	1770	15	10
Hawkes Alec	Beerstop	1163	1770	277	10
Fairclough Ian	Flasher	1431	1769	88	10
King Ian	Swampy	1533	1768	60	10
Welsh David	Wrong Keys	1299	1770	268	10
Dolph Lungren		1732	1768	9	9
Winstanley Ellen		1720	1760	9	9
Winstanley Jen		1723	1760	9	9
King Derek	Snowballs	1707	1743	13	9
Eggar Samantha	Undressed	1205	1760	164	9
Evans Brian	Goldfinger	318	1765	468	8
Sahni Raj	Lepidopterist	1464	1756	17	8
Ward Jake	R Swipe	692	1770	102	8
Phoebe		1735	1767	7	7
Dosanjh Warren	Bear/FBI	1	1768	757	7
Ripley Luke	Caboose		1763	22	7
Jachniak Danuta	Control Freak	976	1764	180	7
Fordham Robin	Earl of Pampisford	75	1757	476	7
Pease Chris	Hooker	1109	1769	167	7
Rahman Rachel		1761	1770	6	6
Eggar Becky	Cinderella	1205	1749	150	6
Crawshaw Louisa	Licks Charlie's Arse	1743	1754	6	6
Hodgson Robbie	Pugwash	124	1766	161	6
Davison Sabina	Saucy	1440	1770	51	6
Anal & DEMONS		1745	1767	5	5
Riley Conor	Count Crankula	1700	1770	9	5
Deakin John	Deaks	141	1735	453	5
Wilkinson Tracy	Elle Skid	1585	1735	54	5
Brooks Lyra	Mashed Potato	1171	1763	47	5
Burton Bob	Uncle Bob	291	1769	473	5
Lachiewicz John	Wed Awwow	1747	1761	5	5
Crawshaw Lindy		1701	1750	5	4
Caparida Rachel	Blow job	1743	1750	4	4
Etting John	Ettles	417	1766	432	4
Hurt John	Friendly Fire	1718	1755	4	4
Bunch Diane	Knickers to match	1119	1736	83	4
Lucas Robert	Mini Me	1500	1744	9	4

Run 1768 - White Hart, Alconbury Weston

Hare - GWH, El Rave and B@stard



Scribe - Hangover Blues

Twas a sunny day in the middle of August, when a bunch of already sweaty hashers met in the village of Alconbury Weston at The White Hart. I felt something wasn't quite right when we arrived just before 11 and the Whittles were already parked and in the circle. Beaten by the Whittles!

We speedily donned our trainers, grabbed our water, temperature already in mid-twenties as we trotted off down the road towards the river. **Shiggy Two Shoes** ever sharp eyed pointed out **Muff Diver** had his T-shirt on inside out to which he exclaimed this is the right way round as he wore it yesterday and turned it inside out to get double wear out of it – poo what a smell !

The trail continued with much bimbbling around and the walkers became the FRBs for a short time. Across the fields we saw some horses wearing horsey type coats. **Swampy** commented to me that the horses must be very hot in their coats and I replied that they were wearing them because they had run out of horse sunscreen. **Swampy** was quite happy and interested in this

new horsey cosmetics to prevent bright red horsey sunburn! We ran up the hill, most following Cambridge rules and walking up the hill, except for those FRBS who seem to have forgotten the rules, due to the heat, obviously. After several false trails **Blowback**, **Deep shit** and the other bloke that gets a lift with him Leg something, and **Muff Diver** were eventually called back to follow the rest of the sheep through the gate. **Ted** became a little confused when running through an estate, finding a third back lab he was unable to control, thought his Alzheimer's was getting worse



until the dogs concerned owner, reclaimed him.

We continued round to where **Blowback** was holding a check, we were all feeling a little jaded when **Blowback** accused us of acting like lazy sheep, not checking far enough before giving up. Went thought an estate, found the church, followed the track and eventually found the much needed beer stop where **GWH** assisted by **Bastard** fed us and watered us and sent us on our way back to the pub. A great trail was enjoyed by all, thank you hares.

The following sinners, I am reliably informed were suitably punished for the following atrocities.

- Virgin - Ant
- Returnee - **Old Bailey** (refused to join the circle so lookalike **Swampy** got the down-down)
- **Jetstream** - parking on the corner
- **Deep Shit** - causing old lady to have road rage
- **Gorilla** - for having a tube of glue named after him
- **El Rave** - for saying to 3 Litre "if you cum with me I'll cut a mile off the trail"
- **3 Litre Anita** - Front running
- **Klinger** - driving erratically due to wearing someone else's glasses
- **Hold It For Me** - cycling to the run via St Neots
- **Sally** - scrumping
- **Sarah** - and then again on being named **Princess Albert**

Hangover Blues

Run 1769 - Tally Ho, Trumpington

Hare - Double Top and 3 Swallows



Scribe - El Rave

A good turnout for the Tally Ho being close to Cambridge, there were more than 40 hashers assembled before the run. It was the first time we were to visit **Big Blokes** new pub. We were all expecting a good day out.

The run listed the hares as **Doubletop** and **Big Bloke**. When we arrived it had changed to **Doubletop** and **3 Swallows**. The previous night it had rained. It had really rained. There had been floods. **Doubletop** is an experienced hare. Shouldn't be a problem; "Sorry hashers. I laid the trail yesterday and it's all washed away! Don't worry I'll come round with you and cover any problems". So off we went through a hole in a hedge, found 4 dots and then no more! We spent a good 20 mins looking for the trail before our hare arrived and nudged us in the right direction. During the search several of us wandered into a quarry of quicksand. Note **Legover's** shoes in the pictures. We were encouraged to follow the guided bus to the east of the village. Unfortunately we were all spread out and when the route was

called hashers tried to catch up by heading in straight line from wherever they were at the time. This created a humorous problem for several who found themselves behind huge wire fences. To name a

few there was our verger **Ferret**, **GWH**, **Slaphead** and **Flasher**. We trekked for over a mile down the bus way with **Ferret** over the fence. The others turn back. Luckily **Ferret** did eventually find a lower section and climbed over. **Lightning** liked the variation in the scenery.

It was at this time we caught up with **Big Bloke** who was running the trail. Said as he was down as the hare he had better at least run it.

After what seemed like miles of concrete we hit a Sunday market followed by a stream of super stores. **Crappy Nappy** said that this is a Fakawi trail.

By this time running around the super store and getting nowhere the hare arrived as promised. Where the dust? "It is there but it's a little moist" replied **Doubletop**.

A little later nearing Trumpington we met Jeffrey Archer who asked us if we were lost. Now for the really dumb bit. The trail headed of out of Trumpington towards Granchester. Now those with a modicum of geography know that there is no way whatsoever to get back to Trumpinton without swimming the Cam. So about half of the hash continued to follow the trail whilst the remainder went back to the pub. I was of geographic knowledge and took the pub route. We met **Gorilla** who said he had been up to Granchester and found the On In coming back the same way! Utter confusion. Later in the pub **Doubletop** explained they had laid a 2.5 mile turn back into Granchester so we could see Byron's Pool and Jeffrey Archer's house.

So back in the Tally Ho, there was Green King Abbot, Green King bitter and London Glory but the London Glory was off. There was no white wine, or lemonade and sorry Potty, the larger was off because there was a leak in the gas. Comments on the run before the circle included, educational, enlightening, spiritual experience and eco-friendly well washed sawdust. Comments on the beer were unprintable.

Lady Slipstream started the circle as **Bob** was absent. She gave the hares their water, sorry beer.

RA sinners:

Hooker for road rage
Antar for not driving Hooker
Gorilla for gluing
Uncle Bob for being boring
Kiwi for not running
Upallnight for inside information
Rachel for shopping
GWH for new shoes

Verger sinners:

Grumpy old bastard award to **Blouse** but he had gone home so **Drunken Disorderly** got it

Charges:

I awarded **Doubletop** for the quote of the day
Bastard awarded Legover for wearing thongs (shoe variety) and did a splendid job of drinking out of them.

Hold it for me awarded Wimp for front running

Presentations:

El Rave 300 runs

Jetstream 900 runs

GMs announced that there was no beer left so on the piss.

Not the best day but better than staying in bed,



On on, El Rave

Run 1772 - Pavillian Recreation Centre, Girton

Hare - Blowback



Scribe - Thumper

There was an Olympic theme suggested for this run, and some people turned up in sporting or patriotic gear (swimsuits, cycling apparatus, Wiggins sideburns, appropriately decorated t-shirts). **Dave the Rave** and **Paparazzi** OD'd on the patriotic theme, surrounding themselves in a union jack, union jack hats and big hands. First prize must go to **Muthatucker**, wearing an inflatable Sumo Wrestler suit and carrying a home-made Olympic torch.

A number of faces from the distant past turned up – **Zorro, Victor Mason, Clippo, Old Bailey**; two returnees after 5 years - **Richard** and **Jeannette**; two new runners – **Michael** and **Rend**. Youngest runner award goes to **Rowan**, progeny of and **Rear Admiral**.

The run took us past the playing fields and along some fields where the harvest had been safely gathered in, then into some pretty woods. **Muthatucker** was having a bit of trouble avoiding brambles

and squeezing through kissing gates, but a temporary deflation was soon fixed.

Emerging into a huge field, the walkers steadfastly trudged straight across to the woods at the far end, despite the fact that the trail had been marked going to the right. **DoubleTop** and I determined to follow the runners (disappearing in the distance) and headed right. We picked up the trail at the far end and followed it through the woods and then across the guided bus route. We came to a checkback, and from then on we were guessing. However, we had a very pleasant ramble along some paths, back across the guided bus route and through some more woods, where we bumped into **Debonaire** and **Umplebum**. By this time we knew we had missed the beer stop so we headed back to the free booze at the Pavilion.

The runners had done a bit more than we had. They had found the beerstop prematurely (apparently they found ON ON followed by a turnback – is this allowed in the non-existent rule-book?) but were persuaded by the hare (who was hiding in a bush nearby) to turn back and do a big loop before returning to the beerstop. The circle followed the usual chaos of dishing out down-downs to hare (well-done hare!) returnees and virgins, and then sinners of greater or less degree. The GM then announced that following the success of last year having a female GrandMaster, next year it would be an all-female committee. Members of this new committee were duly sworn in by downing a half-pint. There was a bit of restiveness among the circle but most hashers thought this a great idea. With a brief break for a wonderful Thai lunch provide by the inimitable **Kung Whittle**, the second circle began.

First things first: Hare of the Year Award – awarded for the most runs laid – was jointly won by **Bastard** and **Hasn't Got One**. The departing GM then admitted that the All-Female committee was a spoof, and they were all forced to resign again. The new mismanagement committee was then announced although the contenders for the top jobs had to do battle to establish the final winner.

Thumper

Run 1773 - Bluebell, Hempstead 23rd September 2012

Hares: **Posh, Oh La La** absent hare: **Upper Class Tart**

Scribe: **Kinky**

The first outing for the new mismanagement ... and not a **Whittle** in sight! Not even the new GM, **Blowback** - is he starting off the way he means to go on? Anyway the new JM, **Crappy Nappy**, stepped in to set us off, following the time honoured formula - no new runners - returnees **Swollen Member** and **Higgins** (he returns quite frequently it seems) - over to the hares, etc. Just forgot to appoint a scribe - still it's his first go.

Unfortunately the original hare, **Upper Class Tart**, was not able to make it due to an ongoing illness. We all hope you get over it soon, Ruth. So **Oh La La** was the substitute co-hare. **Posh** warned the pack about keeping dogs and horns on leads anywhere near the pheasant woods as we didn't want to upset the pheasant pluckers. (Big hint - the trail's heading for the woods.)

Well it was a good, tricky trail with plenty of cunning turn-backs and check-backs catching out most of the front runners at times. And that big hint about woods meant I frequently chose to check out the trail that seemed to be leading to the nearest wood - but most of these turned out to be false trails too.

Eventually we did come to the pleasant pheasant wood and the trail went round $3\frac{1}{2}$ sides of it; walkers and short-cutters simply skirting the other $\frac{1}{2}$ side where the trails re-joined and branched off to the beer stop.

As the beer stop was winding up the first few drops of rain started to fall. Fortunately it was just a short trot back to the Bluebell so most hashers stayed dry. Not a bad start for the new RA, **Antar**, holding the rain off so long - and the pub had a large canvas smoker's area so we could hold the circle in the dry too.

The Bluebell is a quaint old pub, very welcoming and with a good selection of real ales - we had down-downs in Woodford Wherry - very tasty.

So to the circle. This is when **Crappy Nappy** remembered about the scribe - picking on me because I beat him at squash - I better let him win next time ☺

Over to RA **Antar**. He gave down-down as follows (among others I've forgotten):

- **Higgins** as returnee (**Swollen Member** had scarpered)
- **Hold It For Me** for returning along the woodland trail to whisper "on-on" without scaring the birdies
- **Babycham** for "lesbian flashing" (don't ask)
- **While You're Down there** - can't remember why but she had to suck her beer through the cock

Antar's only problem was he couldn't get used to **Taxi** no longer being song-master so **Taxi** reluctantly had to lead the singing again.

Then as the new Grand Mattress was also not present, we had a substitute: **Ms Higgins** gave down-downs to **Crappy Nappy** and **Googly** for being reported in the press - or maybe it was some doppelganger with a big schnozz posing as them.

Kinky

Cuming Runs

October

Run 1775 Oct 7th – Mystery Run.

Hare: HGO and B@stard Scribe: Mystery

0815hrs Tesco's Ely

0822hrs Stretham Roundabout

0837hrs Milton

0850hrs Cambridge R/Stn

0915hrs St Neots R/Stn

Mystery Point By 1045hrs

P/U @ 1600hrs from Mystery Point and Return

Pay Hash Cash £10 for the bus and contributions to the beer. Pub will have a beer festival and music.

Festival Food available at hashers expense.



Run 1776 Oct 14th - Fleur de Lys, Widdington, CB11 3SG

Hare: Earl of Pampisford

Run 1777 Oct 21st – The Wheatsheaf Perry, PE28 OBX

Hare: Slaphead & Slapper

Run 1778 Oct 28th - Green Man, Thriplow, SG8 7RJ

Hare: Checkpoint & Umplebum Fill the small car park then park prettily along the road and around the green, but not on the grass. Also in the village hall car park, opposite the shop.

All this and other vital information available at www.ch3.co.uk (Other websites are available.)