

The Herald

*The official organ of the
Cambridge Hash House Harriers
August 2015*



This month's Edi Hare and his Bride

Returning from a decade on Uranus.....(Read Dili !!)

Even Super Heroes go to the Hash !!!



Last month this is what Daffy, as Edi Hare, rote....

**Writing the herald is really cool and everyone should do it!
Who am I kidding; no wonder why this country banned
hand guns! Good luck to the next miserable bastard. Sorry I
didn't mean you B@stard, I meant the poor sod that gets
stuck producing this cr*p next month!
Hugs and Kisses (to some of you) Daffidildo**

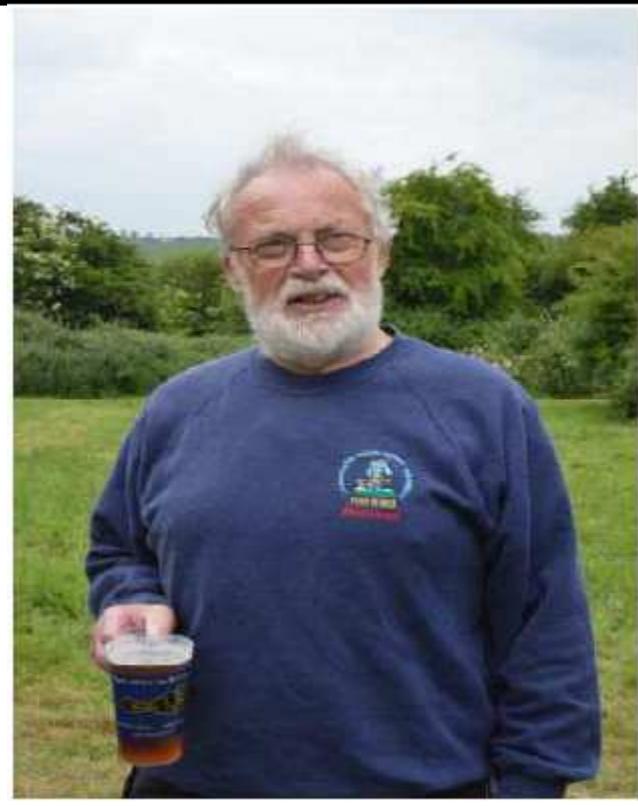
Actually we agree, so in a world overrun by referenda we propose that our gormless readers cut out the voting form below, scribble an 'X' in the box of their choice and deliver to the gentleman in the picture underneath.....

The Herald Referendum Question:

Does Cambridge HHH Need this 'Crap & Drivel' ???

<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 20px; display: inline-block;">YES</div>	<div style="border: 2px solid red; padding: 20px; display: inline-block; color: red;">HELL NO !!</div>
---	--





Actually this would be a better referendum !!!

Cambridge Hash House Harriers
ST.PATRICKS DAY ELECTION RUN

VOTE EARLY VOTE OFTEN
DRINK DRINK

1	GUINNESS
2	BEAMISH
3	MURPHYS
4	O'HARAS
5	GRITTY McDUFFS
6	DONNYBROOK
7	BINTANG AGAIN

.....Hash News from Far Away.....

Team 'Dili HHH'

.....Travels to



...and captures a DEVASTATING haul of medals...

Trosa', actually '*Treowesaa*', is a quiet little town in rural Sweden (in which all the coppers are built like brick shit houses, are 8 foot tall, have lovely bloo eyes, immense beards and are called 'Olaf') where, a few Fridays ago, (at exactly 9pm) the town saw the start of the annual 'Stadslöpp', a grueling 8.9K blast, by 3,500 competitors, thru the streets, bars and forests of this quaint and sleepy backwater (hence the presence of Olaf and his mates).

Called to this outpost of far-away-ness by 'Where's my Watch' and 'Ratatouille', the small, battle hardened 'Dili HHH Away Team' assembled last month.



The Swedes never knew what hit them.....

533	Ragnarsson	Goran	Herrar	Medåkers IF
534	Edström	Gunnar	Herrar	Solna
535	Eidvall	Mikael	Herrar	Dili HHH
536	Shamcock	Stephen	Herrar	Dili HHH
537	TSO	Joey	Herrar	Dili HHH
538	Where's my Watch	Kibru	Herrar	Dili HHH
5048	Ratatouille	Riitta	Damer	Dili HHH
540	Raneklint	Christopher	Herrar	Notar Arsta
541

Assembling before the race, tactics were discussed...



...”Now which of Olaf’s mates shall we shove this up???”...

...and the trail assessed...



“Looks like a ‘Double Righty”, said TSO...

Tactics were easy: Run like hell, and confuse the bumbling Swedes with constant shouting of the Battle Hymn of the Hash,....”ON-ON!!””ON-ON!!””ON-ON!!””ON-ON!!”

Fuelled by ample quantities of our host’s best ales and by a huge over abundance of ‘Ratatouille’s’, world famous, chocolate cake and pickled herring fritters, how could the opposition stand a chance??

Supreme fitness, mental cunning and excess jet propulsion from our insane and constant gaseous emissions had the bumbling Swedes gasping for breath and falling, inept and incapacitated, by the wayside !!!

Dili's worldly representatives created a 100% success record!! Four entrants, four medals and a plastic bucket as a prize (generous these Swedes) for 'Where's my Watch' for being the only tanned fella in the team who wooped all his old fart group opponents, except for Olaf's cousin.....hmmm something *fishy* perchance???

Medals all round for the victorious Team!!



TSO – Ratatouille – Where's my Watch - Shammy

In Order of Brilliance:

1 st) Ratatouille:	26mins 04secs
2 nd) TSO:	39mins 50secs
3 rd) Where's my Watch:	41mins 39secs
4 th) Shamcock:	51mins 44secs

Fellow Cambridge hashers, we need a BIGGER, extended, multi-national team next year!! Those Swedish buffoons may have developed new tactics to counter our amazing team effort. We WILL be ready for Olaf and his mates.....

ON-ON!! to Stadslopp 2016, July 2016





And NOW what you all HAVEN'T been waiting for....

[ANCIENT RUN REPORTS from long, long ago...](#)

Hash No:- 1909

Crown and Cushion at Great Eversden

3rd May 2015

Hare - U Bend

Despite many Hashers being in Mojacar (a sultry 30 degrees we heard) there was a good turn out even though the RA thought he had taken any good weather with him to France.

The 11.00 circle commenced with "Fit but Dim" in the role of Grand Master (was Blouse in France or Mojacar?) but no Hare. Due to the inclement weather (it had pissed down first thing) the first trail had washed away and so the dedicated U Bend was going round again to relay it. After Just Joy plus Poodle and Just Tina had been welcomed as virgins we were off – with the Vice GM pointing out the

general direction of On On. “It will be ok” said Jetstream as we went towards the woods “?sdrawkcab liart sraey tsal st'I”.

The pack held together reasonably well in the early stages with lots of calling. Just Michelle could be heard shouting “Are you on?” then remarking that this question reminded her of her mother (Dib Dib). I was surprised as I hadn't thought Just Michelle could ever be that grumpy!

As a relative novice I was relieved that Blowback at least was holding a check. Although, if I hadn't seen Ferret and Kermit disappearing down the track I would have been very confused. Why did Blowback point down the track after the others then take off on his own to the right?

The trail took us through the most beautiful Bluebell woods. Only Slaphead was in doubt but checked it out with Just Jackie - “Are these blue Primroses?” Past the mares with foals and thousands of free range chickens. The rain mainly held off (was this due to the RA's absence?) with only muddy feet for most. Some of the Harriettes developed a wide legged walk to avoid shiggy on the paths but Klinger didn't avoid it all because the paths and ditches were too wide he complained.

And so we all made it back safely to the pub. The sun came out and U Bend had managed to beat the FRB's. A few interesting conversations were overheard but the best one was from One for his Nob who revealed a predilection for the rear ends of lorry drivers, or was it builders? **ON-ON !!!.....It'll come off.**





Run 1910 — The Five Bells, Burwell

Hares — Woody Hollow and Just Gimme One

Scribe — Spicy Bear

And they went this-a-way and that-a-way and this-a-way and that-a-way and this-a-way and that-a-way and this-a-way and that-a-way ...

That pretty much sums up a comedic run that saw the FRBs at the back, the walkers trail blazing, **Shamcock** somehow running the route widdershins and the police finding more dust than some of the hashers did!

We knew we were in for an adventure when our Hare, **Woody Hollow**, admitted she might have forgotten to leave the third blobs for on-ons along some of her routes. Neither hubby **Fit But Dim**

nor daughter **Just Gimme One** — currently revising for 20 OWLS, NEWTS or whatever the hell you Brits torture your children with — were available to offer much help due to circumstances, so our intrepid Harriette **Woody Hollow** took on the Herculean task of laying trail by herself. We all got back, down downs were drunk and songs were sung — so it was another successful hash!

It was a glorious English spring day, and hashers who recently returned from Mojacar, Spain, were heard to say that the trail ticked many of their boxes:

It was flat.

It was shaded.

It was cool.

It was also in many ways a quintessentially British trail, what with the tour of the Devil's Dyke, the travellers campsite in amongst the rape, the well behaved dogs and **Googly** walking with his Ordnance Survey Map!

Apparently a few of our hashers could have used Googly's map — a large group of walkers lost the trail on Devil's Dyke once they encountered **Shamcock** running at them. In their confused amble back to Burwell, they were overtaken by FRBs **Pedro** and **Muff Diver**, this week's Hash Horn. After they surged back into the lead with a quick toot, the walkers then discovered **Blowback** running the trail backwards in search of **Little Blow** and **Delilah**. **Blowback** pointed the walkers down the true trail, which they promptly ignored in favour of the trail marked "2/3 mile to Burwell High Street."

On On!Spicy Bear





Run 1914 – Black Horse, Rampton

Hare - Muthatuka

It was a beautiful morning for a Hash but run it was 1914 was that to be an omen? Perhaps it was, on arrival both Sam and Poppy looked most put out when I had to tell them that I forgotten the Dog Biscuits yet again. Things did not get any better when I spotted the Grand Master sneaking up on me; although he was standing in the gutter he would have had to be standing in the Mariana Trench to be at my eye level. In his Sunday best voice I was persuaded to be the scribe for the run. When he announced this in the Circle, Swampy who was standing next to me said 'Who's Checkpoint', well it's nice to be known! After the Hare announced there was a beer stop, to loud cheers all around we set off down the road. After a while the FRB's realized they were running on thin air, leaving the walkers to discover an alley further back. On arriving on a parallel

road the pack milled around until Pedro shouted Check from down another well hidden footpath. This was to be my third 'incident' of the day, seeing Jetstream well ahead I continued checking and after finding 3 blobs called on, but to whom? Donno seemed to be the only other Hasher who was convinced we were on trail?

It was only after we reached a dyke that it was obvious the pack hadn't followed us and we were running the trail backwards, a first me! I then spotted what I thought was the pack several fields away. Hoping I could catch up with them I left Jetstream and Donno who were having a 'Boys' chat. It was only when I reached a wide track that what I thought was the pack turned out to be some sort of race as people were wearing numbers. I bumped into Sweaty Cake Hole and Foreplay who were surprised to see me as I them, they were running in a Half Marathon! On spotting a Checkback I wished them luck turned round much to the amusement of the other runners who kept informing me I was going the wrong way. Further down the track I could see a drinks station with Mutha sitting on a fence, he was surprised to see me coming from the wrong direction. Feeling lazy I waited with him for the pack to appear and then to rejoin them, hopefully without giving away where the trail went. With feeling of 'deja vue' I arrived back where I had been detached from the pack. A little stroll then took us to Giant's Hill where Debonaire was manning the Beer Stop. The trail then led through a nature reserve with stingers so high most of us could join the 'Where the **** are we Tribe'. Another loop round the Church and we were back at the pub. **ON-ON !!.....Checkpoint.**



Runs for August 2015

All runs start at 11 am (GM Please note)

Latest details www.ch3.co.uk

Hare raiser Doggystyle

Run No. 1922: 02-Aug-2015

Judes Ferry, West Row, Mildenhall, IP28 8PT

Hares Doggystyle & Daffidildo

Beer & Cider festival

Run No. 1923: 09-Aug-2015

Three Tuns, Great Abington, CB21 6AB

Hares The Earl of Pampisford

Run No. 1924: 16-Aug-2015

Seaside run, Mystery

Hares Big Blouse & Spicy Bear

Run No. 1925: 23-Aug-2015

Crown, Little Walden, CB10 1XA

Hares Ferret & Ferret

Run No. 1926: 30-Aug-2015

Five Alls, Benwick, PE15 0XA

Hares Fannyrat & Cockpit

.....Always remember....never forget.....



.....World Peace through beer.....!!!!

Grand Master - Big Blouse
Grand Mattress - Spicy Bear
Joint Master - Daffidildo - Fit but Dim
Joint Mattresses - Doggy Style -Woody Hollow
Religious Advisor - Moroccan Mole
Verger - Fit but Dim
Hare Raiser - Doggystyle
Edit Hare - Toed Bedsores
Web Master - El Rave

Hash Cash - While Your Down There
Assistant - Debonaire
Hash Stats - Pedro
Beer Master - Benghazi
Apprentice - Muthutucker
Assistants - Beerstop
Song Master - B@stard
Haberdash - Slaphead & Benghazi
Hash Horn - Muff Diver & Fit but Dim
Hash Flash - Paparazzi & Pedro