

**CH3 Run 1984,
Sunday 9th October 2016
The Poacher, Elsworth**



Hares: Klinger & Klingon

Visitors - Miss Obedience (GM of our colleagues in the very lovely Cantabrigensis hash)
<https://www.hashing.org/>

G-Spot + Linnea from the Stockholm Underground Hash House Harriers
<http://www.hash.st/ockholm/sections/11>

Some words

Despite the arrival of the soft touch of Autumn, as the leaves that are green slowly fade to brown and fall, the warm dappled sunlight of autumn is a beguiling thing and with unseasonably good weather, a good free house close to Cambridge it was always going to be a big draw, consequently the faithful (as well as the feckless to be honest.....) arrived from all quarters.

I was delighted to see the welcome return of **Daffidildo & Doggy Style**, Daffi having been away for some 6-8 weeks to sort out some 'W' related shenanigans. As Daffi works for the military, we were informed it was "*somewhere with camels*" – Why the feck they decided to send Daffi to Woburn Safari Park for two months is anyone's guess, but as I'm not American, I don't really understand the politics if I'm honest, so I decided to keep uncharacteristically quiet, Oh well, it was good to see him back in action.

The car park began to fill with **Muthatuckatucka, Googly, Kermit & Antar, Chimp & Gorilla, Bastard, It'll come off, Slaphead, Big Swinger, Blowback, Little Blow, Wai Wai & Josephine, While You're Down There, Sox Maniac & Horny**, beloved GM **Shamcock & U-Bend, Dave El Rave & Paparazzi, Checkpoint, Deep Shit, Shiggy Two Shoes & Legover, Haven't Got One,**

Czech Her Out & Orion, Only Me, Strap On, Mad Monk & Frasier, Benghazi, Double Top, Debonaire, Wrongkeys, Wimp & hound Sam + birthday boy Forest Dump (who shares his big day with Klingon – who knew that eh?).

At about 12 degrees, it really was lovely and with a light wind too and as it hadn't p****d it down we didn't face the prospect of an absolute shig fest either, what could be better?

So as usual, the 11.00 O'clock hash began by everyone randomly forming something like a circle and our illustrious leader welcomed the visitors **Miss Obedience** (GM of our colleagues in the very lovely Cantabrigensis hash) and **G-Spot + Linnea** from the Stockholm Underground Hash House Harriers and then venerable hares **Klinger & Kling On** wandered into the circle and half explained the trail was in the "usual symbols" and with that we were told the on-on was in front of the pub and away across the recreation ground.



With that we were off and a vast array of the hash spread out wildly in all directions trying to pick up the trail.

There were several cries of 'on on' mainly from **Daffi** and separately **Wimp** on the other side

of the field. As luck would have it, **Muthatuckatucka** & I were closest to the true trail and the hash picked up a footpath running behind the playing fields and out into farm land.

Checkpoint, Doggystyle and **Shamcock** followed and then we were looking at a wide open field that was uphill in two directions. Fortunately **Shiggy Two Shoes** headed one way and **Daffi** the other while the hash sensibly hung around trying to look nonchalant and non-committal – especially as **Daffi** appeared to be about a mile away and **Deep Shit + Shiggy** had all but disappeared from sight.

Due to a slight wind, no one could hear anyone calling anything and it was pure luck as to whether the cunning hares would catch anyone out with the well laid false trail.

In looking at the 2 trails, I opted for the left hand trail as there was a small sheltered copse half way up and I reasoned that I could hide there even if it was the wrong trail. After much confusion, I was over taken by **Deep Shit** who had reached the end of the right hand fork to

find a dead end and had just doubled back and overtaken me with consummate ease and hardly even pausing for breath.

For some reason I was oddly happy with this, but couldn't really figure out why.

The other side of the hill descended onto a checkpoint with a farm to the left, fields ahead and a main road to the right. **Muthatucka, Deep Shit Horny & Wimp** headed left,

most people just stood around doing nothing much and for some reason, **Legover** just appeared to be wandering around randomly in the main field.

I chose left and ran into the hares in **Klingers'** highly abused vehicle¹ only to be told we were on entirely the wrong trail. I swear Klingon sniggered as I clumped my way back down the trail to the check point.

The trail had cunningly double back to the right hand fork of the farm and while **Legover** could only watch in disbelief from his vantage point of the middle of a field some miles away as we all vanished from view, **Sox Maniac, U-Bend, Checkpoint** and **Kermit** lead the way down across farmland to a checkpoint. The usual suspects headed off including **Shiggy & Wimp** while Daffi headed off in the wrong direction again, much to my intense delight.

The on was called by **Shiggy** which was delightedly down hill and then up & over a small hill to a check point. While the pack was spread out, the trail really was wondrous and we headed down hill to a further check to see the **Debonair, Frasier & clan Blowback** and a host of other walkers arriving in from the right to the back edge of the Lawn Farm fisheries.

(Lawn Farm Fishery is a day ticket fishery located on the A428 in Elsworth, Cambridgeshire and was established in 1999. The fishery is a well-respected and popular family business and has grown so that it now covers four well established course-fishing lakes that contain carp, chub, bream, barbel, golden orfe, perch, roach, rudd and tench) - There a bit of education for all you fishy types².

As I paused to catch my breath, the trail was checked out in all directions and I asked **Debonair** "who's that bloke over there?" only to be told "That's **Shiggy Two Shoes**" at that moment I was sure I was in trouble with the esteemed RA.....



¹ NB Rumour has it that it was a 'car' but this point is being debated in the courts, so we can only speculate at this moment in time

² Or 'padding' as you picky bastards might be muttering.

Legover totally ignored a “Private Property, Members only” Sign and ran up the bank of Willow Tree Lake to gaze out onto the waters. A few of us ran below for **Shiggy** & I to head off totally of trail which the pack, knitting circle & several normal people out walking all went the right way.

As I got back to the check which had been kicked out, the trail had almost doubled back on itself and disappeared close to a forest area before neatly dipping into a public footpath between the houses, which lead opened out into a lovely little wooded area with small stream on either side and some fabulous houses. I noticed a couple painting a wall that had recently been rendered³ and was being decorated.

Klinger & Klingon had laid out an amazing beer stop in the sun and nervous locals studiously ignored the ribald comments and belching. They’d put on several different spirits and beers and obviously it had happily placated the masses – “*Absolutely spiffing gin*” according to **Googly** and in the warm sun, it was cracking stuff indeed.

With that, the on inn was in sight and we doubled back along a footpath and through a series of quaint quintessentially English public footpaths with their lethal head high brambles and low invisible branches and within a few hundred meters we were safely back in the pub⁴.

While the Poacher isn’t a cheap pub it is good and they had Wherry on which was a real bonus. Despite only having one shelf chested disinterested member of staff on duty, most of us managed to get a beer after a couple of months of intensive waiting.

The circle was called by our lovely GM and Down Downs were awarded to;

Klinger & Klingon – the Hares – Great trail, thank you from all of us

Visitors - Miss Obedience (GM from the Cantabrigensis hash) + **G-Spot + Linnea** from the Stockholm Underground Hash House Harriers.

Klinger – was given the Hashit (a fetching yellow number smeared with unmentionable goo & filth) for directing the pack from his ‘car’.

Wimp would have been given a DD but as he’d gone, **Haven’t Got One** had to take one for the team as **Wimp** had inadvertently tried to run the GM over on arrival.

With that it was time for the Grand Mattress **Double Top**, she awarded DD’s to

Miss Obedience – for managing to just about miss the GM’s car before the run and beautifully mastering an 87 point turn in front of 35 odd hashers, which, in fairness earned her a round of applause.

³ They’d rendered it down to the ground – this is a bad mistake. Ground water will be drawn up the render by capillary attraction the resulting osmotic pressure will bypass any DPC detail. Consequently in the freeze-thaw cycle of the seasons this will result in ‘spalling’ occurring, which will ‘blow’ the face off the render. The trapped moisture in the brickwork will exacerbate the rate of decay of the substrate, thus highlighting the crude deficiencies of rendering below a DPC level – It’s obvious they should have formed a bell drip above the DPC – twats!

⁴ Well, apart from Mutha, Daffi & I who were attacked by the aforementioned sodding brambles.....

Dave El Rave – got a DD for having a “clenchable arse” from a distance – This was only marred by the fact that after some research, it transpired to be padding in the form of a new hash cycle top (Watch out for **Slaphead**, he’ll sell you your own mother back to you)

The RA **Debonair** took over the circle and awarded down downs to;

Forest Dump & Klingon for having a shared birthday – However, this evidently backfired in announcing a birthday as they were both turned into an impromptu cake as Debs poured flour, sugar and an egg all over Forest Dumps head, but **Klingon** was spared the ignominy and had a cake formed in a bowl balanced on top of her head⁵

Horny got a DD for some reason that is still a mystery even 24 hours later at the time of writing and his beer was doctored with Chill tomato for some reason (poor bugger!)

Big Blouse – got a DD for calling **Shiggy** a bloke⁶

Daffi was given a DD via **Muthatucka** via a length of underground pipe to straight arm the DD – in Daffi’s defence, not much of the specially picked American beer missed his mouth at all!

Daffi got another DD which he demolished in under 4 seconds (well done that man!)

Mad Monk was given a DD for doing an extra 2 K to the trail by accident.

G-Spot + Linnea took a DD on behalf of Miss Obedience as she was driving – but why she received the DD is anyone’s guess, although I firmly suspect it was just out of courtesy for being a visiting GM.

And finally,

Gorilla was given a DD for advertising the pub (it says, on my scrawled unintelligible **belle**.....er ‘notes’)

With that it was all over, thanks to Klinger and Kling on for a great trail & beer stop

On On

Big Blouse

⁵ Obviously – c’mon, keep up!

⁶ I think you’re being picky, she was a hell of a distance away.