

CH 3 Run 1988 - 77 - Caxton

Sunday 6th November 2016

Hare: Haven't Got One (Beer stop by Czech Her Out & Orion)



Visitors: Scandal all the way from the Sunshine Coast H3 hash in Australia <http://www.sch3.org/>

Bell End* & daughter **Princess Theakston** from the our mates in the Milton Keynes Hash <http://www.mkh3.co.uk/> (* now apparently with the Hursley <http://www.hursleyh3.co.uk/> and Winchester <http://www.worthyh3.co.uk/> hashes too. By God that man is busy, no wonder we don't see him too often!)

Returnee: Great Uncle Bob

The Words

So, there was general muttering when the '77' venue in Caxton was announced as no one had any idea where the hell it was. Is it a new pub?, no it's changed hands, had a refurb and is now a rather Glitzy Thai establishment that has been refurbished and decorated in an interesting and eldritch palette of grey combined with candles & real ale – a 'Danse Macabre' for the modern pub.....

Anyway, the last time that the hash was at this venue, it was 11th March 2012, Run 1745 (admit it, you were trying to remember, weren't you?) and the venerable **Toed & Goldfinger** were the Hares and the pub was the more familiarly known Cross Keys but back then the land lord was retiring and he was always hash friendly so we were paying him a last visit.

So the RA had done her job relatively well and it was bright & sunny, but chuffing cold at about 4.5 degrees and windy too – the worst of both worlds.

As usual The car park began to fill with **Googly, Kermit & Antar, Chimp & Gorilla, Bastard, It'll come off, Big Swinger, Pedro, Imelda, Klinger & Kling-On, Open All Hours & Wrongkeys, Blowback, Little**

Blow, Wai Wai & Josephine, While You're Down There, Big Leg, Only Me, Taxi, Sox Maniac & Horny, beloved GM Shamcock & U-Bend, Dave El Rave, Checkpoint, Legover, hare **Haven't Got One, Czech Her Out & Orion, Only Me, Daffidildo & Doggy Style, Benghazi, Double Top,** RA Debonaire, Wimp & hound Sam & Forest Dump & Spicy Bear, **Lightning** & the welcome return of **Lady Slipstream.**



So with a healthily full car park at the allotted hour of 11.00am our beloved leader welcomed visitors **Scandal** all the way from the Sunshine Coast H3 hash in Australia who last run with CH 3 at Interhash in Cardiff in 2004 and still has the scars—wonderful memories of that time, complete with old mate **Bell End** from our friends in the MK Hash complete with a rather shy daughter **Princess Theakston**. Hare **Haven't got one** strode purposefully into the circle and confused the crap out of everyone with a load of weird hieroglyphics or 'symbols' that the hash had to follow.

With that we were off and a new streamlined **Antar** and your humble scribe shot off in entirely the wrong direction as just about everyone else got the trail right and exited the pub via a sharp left and through someone's palatial grounds and onto a neat little footpath onto a road. A well laid turn back caught most of the pack out and **Daffi** smugly hid around a corner calling on-on until about 12 of us were caught by it – mean, but well executed. Heading back the way we came I tried to keep up with **Lady Slipstream** who was freezing and determined to keep moving (but I failed dismally) and we went through a dip/dry ford and up a hill & literally around the bend and passed what can only be described as a sight for sore eyes – there really was a crocodile on the trail!¹

This was wonderful and photo'd by **Only Me** for evidence, so **Taxi** couldn't accuse the trail of "*Not (having) enough crocodiles*". After this brief miracle, we hit a fabulous wooded bridal way².

Wimp, Legover, Checkpoint, Pedro & Daffi lead the way closely followed by **Doggy, Lady Slipstream & Horny**. An open field greeted the hash and the wind was biting so checks weren't really being held, more sort of tolerated through gritted teeth.

A check sent us in all directions and I thought I was on trail, followed by **Horny**, but got to the Caxton bypass and found I wasn't so doubled back and we were back to the main trail, up & over the hill and down to another check.

Legover & Antar headed off the wrong way as did **Horny & Wimp**. The on ducked neatly under an underpass and headed towards Cambourne. By this time we could see the dreaded Cambourne mound. **Horny** was convinced the trail was up the mound, but those of us that know a thing or two, knew he was wrong. While I'm impressed at the man's dedication to his fitness regime, most of us looked the hill, said "bugger that" and headed right at a 90 degree angle and on towards Bourn Mill.

¹ Ok, it was a crocodile post box, but there's no need to mention it - No one likes a smart arse.

² Note – No brides were seen at all, by anyone, so I reckon that sign was complete bollocks tbh.....

Bourn Mill is one of the oldest surviving post windmills in the country, and a Scheduled Ancient Monument.

Located to the west of Cambridge, the mill has been lovingly restored by Cambridge PPF over the years to ensure that its fascinating history lives on for many years to come. This wonderful windmill was given to the charity in 1932. It dates back to at least 1636, although it may be much earlier as



this type of mill has hardly changed since the 13th century.

Bourn Mill provided inspiration for the work of one of our most eminent contemporary architects. Lord Foster prepared drawings of its elevations whilst studying architecture at Cambridge.

Bourn Mill is an open trestle post mill; the entire weight of the body is supported on a central post, which is then supported by a trestle. The sails of the mill have to face squarely into the wind and to achieve this the entire mill is rotated around the central post – a surprisingly easy, but dramatic, task for two or three people and the perfect place for a beer stop.

Czech Her out and Orion had placed a very tasteful wine stop at this point which was warmly received by everyone on the basis that it was a) Out of the wind & b) Offered free red & white wine and c) meant we could all stop running for a bit.

Doggystyle was encouraging the neighbouring Red Setter to come & play with us but this had unfortunately back fired and the poor hound was reduced to barking at us while stuck in the ignominy of a cat flap..... Drinkypoos over it was time to hit the trail again and we ran through the private garden, right onto the main road, over the bypass and then it was a right turn past a completely wind-totalled thatched bus shelter (yup, fuck the conservation officer, I'd have set fire to it to make sure it was dead too!) up the hill and back into the realms of the ~~Cross~~ Keys '77' Pub & Thai restaurant.

By now the weather had begun to change and it was evident that the RA's powers were waning. Back in the safety of the bar area, **Wimp** kindly bought me a pint of '77' ale and very good it was too – reminiscent of a good Milton Beer like Justinian or Dionysus. Once again I was mugged by **Computer** for the raffle contribution and although I protested to **Toed**, about said mugging, he seemed rather pleased with her technique.....

So, with that, another classic trail from **Haven't Got One** was over, and we were called to circle up in the p***** rain. Down Down's were awarded to;

The Hare: **Haven't Got One** - great trail, thank you sir!

Visitors **Scandal, Bell End & Princess Theakston**

GM **Shamcock** hauled **Dave El Rave & Klinger** in for 'over partying' at the previous nights "Fireworks Wot Booze" combined hashers/Harriette's event as apparently neither had a clue what they were doing past about 12.00pm ha ha.

Grand mattress **Double Top** gave **Spicy Bear** a DD for offering a "hot cinnamon roll" apparently, but let's face it, I think that's a bit harsh – who doesn't need one of those occasionally ☺

Taxi & Big Blouse were given a DD for leading **Double Top** astray (!!) this came as a big surprise to me – I've no idea what Taxi did, but all I said was that the plants wrapped in white sheets looked like members of Al Qaeda

RA **Debonaire** tool the circle and gave GM **Shamcock** a DD for scaring **Bell Ends** Daughter **Princess Theakston**, was shy and surrounded by tall weird men.

Debonaire also gave **Googly** a DD for failing to wear the Hashit (which was taken by **Antar** as **Googly** was driving.

Antar was also given a DD for seducing **Legover** (no, that makes no sense to me either, but it happened so there.....)

Great Uncle Bob got a DD as a returnee

Lady Slipstream was given DD for being attacked by a stick- in her defence, I saw it happen – it was a vicious stick that bit her causing a flesh wound to the ankle (or as **Blowback** succinctly pointed out to the quire – *“here’s to an aggressive bush, she’s so blue.....”*)

Jetstream got an ‘off the wall’ DC for burning calories off (it transpired that the previous day he’d fallen asleep while minding some hash brownies, resulting in the calories being burnt off !!)

Bastard & Gorilla were singled out forgetting to the beer stop first but hauling all the wine out into the open. And finally.....

Doggystyle achieved her 100th run, but the tankard will turn up sometime in January if we’re lucky

All in all and at 5.2 miles, a great trail & nice (if cold) day

On On

Big Blouse

