

CH3 Run 1994

Sunday 18th December 2016

The Crown & Thistle, Great Chesterford

Hares; Just Andy, Just Louise



Visitors; James – Brother of **Double Top**

Returns; **Ullage** and **Body by ALF** from the wonderfully named ‘Blooming Fools’ Hash from Bloomington, Indiana USA <http://www.bfh3.com/>

RANT ALERT Right, before the words, there’s just time for me to get a rant off my chest. No one likes being a Hare particularly, and when people are asked/cajoled into being a scribe, this usually goes down like a fish milkshake with the recipient too. I’ve no problem being a scribe and in fact quite enjoy unleashing my humour and odd observations on you all.

However, if I offer and submit something for your enjoyment/irritation, as I assert the moral authority to be identified as the author of this work, you’d better not have the fucking temerity to edit, alter, add or delete sections of my submission, including and without limit to; the text, format, style and context inclusive of syntax and font, maps, photographs, plans, details, excerpts for the listings of scheduled ancient monuments, casual ramblings and thinly veiled threats, without my express written permission¹

.....right, spleen firmly vented, as you were.

¹ .and yes, that includes the bloody footnotes too – removing them altogether is not on, not only without my permission but it detracts from the scene I’m trying to create. What a bloody cheek!

The Words

So a 6.5 degree cold and slate grey sky greeted the hash at the Crown & Thistle and as I like recording who was there (even if you don't give a toss, I'm writing this so there.....) as the Hash was in Cambridge and the week before Christmas, there was quite a turnout of Grand Mattress **Double Top, Googly, Kermit & Antar, Chimp & Gorilla, Bastard, It'll come off, Slaphead**, a massed gathering² of Whittles in the form of **Jetstream & Unmentionable, Blowback, Little Blow, Wai Wai & Josephine, The Earl of Pampisford, While You're Down There, Dave El Rave & Paparazzi, Checkpoint, Deep Shit, Shiggy Two Shoes & Legover, Haven't Got One, Only Me, Benghazi, Klinger & Kling-On, Debonaire, Wimp & hound Sam, Daffidildo & Doggystyle, Taxi, Big Leg, Computer & Toed Bedsores and Pedro.**

The Crown is a lovely pub and listed as *"The Crown and Thistle is a 16th Century Traditional Village Pub and Restaurant located in the heart of Great Chesterford just 3 miles north of Saffron Walden, Essex. Serving Home cooked food using the finest ingredients and locally sourced where we can. We are just 10 miles away from the University City of Cambridge. Also on our doorstep we have The Imperial War Museum at Duxford, Audley End House and Gardens also Audley End Miniature Railway"*.

This was about spot on as they had Timothy Taylors Landlord, Betty Stoggs and Oakham Ales 'Citra' on tap, two of which are fabulous beers and the other one is the Betty Stoggs, which is like asking for a pint of extremely bland with all the taste boiled out of it.

At 11.04, we found ourselves in a roughish circle and **Double Top** ambled into the circle and absolutely no-one stopped talking, even whet the Hares 'Just Andy & just Louise' tried to explain their trail.

Apparently it was on sawdust and that's all I heard and before you could recite the Koran and translate it into Finno Ugric, we were off and away right out of the pub, up a hill and into the misty dawn³

It really was bloody foggy and mostly the trail consisted of cold, fields and some well laid checks, and check backs, there was an interesting and savagely long downhill straight of about 37 miles where very little happened but it was on tarmac and quite frankly, the only ploughed field we r*n over was a shiggy filled mess and hard going, so a lot of tarmac was very welcome.

The usual suspects were well ahead of everyone (**Wimp, Deep shit, Shiggy Two Shoes, Daffidildo & Blowback**) and lucky for us, they found all of the false trails, turn backs and



² I'm not sure what the collective noun is for a group of Whittles??

³ Ok, it wasn't dawn, but it sounds more poetic, than we wandered off scratching bits and it was about 11.15ish.....

check backs leaving **Antar, Pedro, Checkpoint** and I to bring up the middle ground. In fairness **if Pedro** wasn't injured then he'd have been up the front too.

The trail was just the right length at about 5.4 miles and we went past a fabulous looking playground and as I like a picture or two, here a shot of the said playground.



I was marginally disappointed that the hares hadn't taken us through the middle of it, but I'd have got stuck on some of the equipment, or possibly even arrested knowing my luck.

Anyway, there was a great beer stop with mince pies, sausage rolls & lager about half a mile from the end which re-grouped the pack together again beautifully as the huge knitting

circle ambled up to swell the ranks, graze on the pies and quaff the remaining beer.

Then there was a short burst marginally downhill (always welcome) and we were back in the realms of the village and then safely back in the pub. After being mugged by **Computer** again, the circle was called and down downs were handed out.

Double Top welcomed in the hares Just Andy and Just Louise and as it was cold we had a double naming ceremony as Andy was christened **Good layer** and Louise, **Well Laid**.

Gorilla was singled out for falling in a ditch and was given a DD for cross country swimming (!)

Then it was the turn of the RA **Debonaire** who pulled in returnees James, **Ullage** and **Body by ALF** for their DD's

There was the disgusting apparition of the hash shit being worn on trail by hound Sam and I was unsurprised to her that the nominations for the hash shit were **Big Blouse, Daffidildo or Blowback** for a variety of misdemeanours but as I'm a little allergic to animal fur, luckily, the Hashit went to **Daffi**

The Grand Mattress the decided to have another go in the circle and **Big Blouse and Checkpoint** were held to account out for being spotted walking towards a checkpoint

And finally **Klinger** was pulled in for 'losing his mind'⁴ and with that it was all over. Merry Christmas one and all!!

On on

Big Blouse

⁴ Why he should get singled out at that particular juncture when considering the last 32 years of hashing was anyone's guess.....oh well.