

Run No: 2000

Date: 29-Jan-2017

Venue: The Hoops , Barton

Hares: Blowback & Jetstream

Scribe: Mad Monk

20000000th 'run' of the super-geriatric CHHH.... at the Olympians' Pub [(w)here on earth is that?] :-

THE HOOPS at BARTON!!!!!!! - again.

Such miraculous events have to be treated with... what? Certainly not respect...

Wonderment?.... NO! Well then...Incredulity?.... Now, that's more like it.

However... before the run, in fact some 16 hours before it, we had the super polite do, with the usual buzz and laughter and good food and wine that go with such events, at Girton College. This lead on to the noise and general knees-up of Hashers and guests having a Ball in Girton's rather splendid wood-panelled Hall. It was good and rather surprising to see so many combed and washed hashers girt in black and white (males) and every colour and style of dress (females) plus of course one Scot (male) in a... um...a... KILT!

If you don't read anything else on this page, read this:

FRAZER AND I, ON BEHALF OF ALL CAMBRIDGE HASHERS OFFER UP OUR GRATITUDE AND OUR CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THOSE OF THE 2000TH RUN COMMITTEE WITHOUT WHOSE DEDICATION AND PATIENCE THE WEEKEND WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN AND WITH SPECIAL MENTION OF 'WHILE-YOU'RE-DOWNTHERE'

AND 'DOGGY-STYLE' FOR THEIR UNTIRING LEADERSHIP. THANK YOU ALL.

The Run

Not every body that attended the 'festivities' was in a geriatric shell because each of us needed an able-bodied Hasher to push us-terribly-old-farts along the interminably flat, square fields in our three-wheeled racing chairs... I think we came under small arms fire as we advanced carefully round yet another square field. [How can you go 'round' a 'square'? - Ed.] Fortunately no-one was wounded, apart from those who had arrived wounded. It must have been a very easy trail to lay, but I do admire the cunning of the Infamous Whittle-Hare tribe who managed to convince the FRBs that the square field they'd just stumbled into was not the same one as they were just leaving and that they were, really were, in virgin terry tory land! Incredible! Fantastic! On!On! I am, of course exaggerating. To vary the circling of squares, and in case we'd dropped off, the hares provided their idea of the 'Chicken' game, you know, 'Last across the M11 in one piece gets the Purple Heart!' Excellent!

Well done hares, especially after our Big Night Out at the girlies' college which, I understand, if you'd stayed to the end, would have rendered you profoundly deaf and unable to communicate with each other by the usual means. Tell us, did you use smoke and mirrors? smoky bonfires and damp tea-towels? Or did the wonderful Delilah(?) carry messages twixt Hare A and Hare B and back again? I think we should be told...

Now we come to the tricky bit. The Après.

Having parked our car 1/2 mile away it took me longer than usual to get into the pub and

then longer than usual to get through the scrum to the front door of the pub... [This could get out of hand.- Ed.] By the time Frazer had got me a pint the circus had begun. By the time I'd finished it the circus was just going on... By the time I'd got my second pint the circle was finishing... I heard the usual noises off and the only 'down-downs' I actually saw were for people I'd never in my life seen before... Apart from them the Vittle Tribe obviously got dds and many thanks for an exciting trail and then, of course there would would've been dds for the visitors, ie McRonnie McStrachan and McStroppy McTavish McStrachan and I'm sure a few more 'Other Guests' and of course they all covered themselves in glory and beer. In the meantime, the Blood Wagon had arrived, w-hoops, I mean the Mexican Bandittos' Food Wagon. Suddenly there was much more space available at the bar. Gorilla, Teutonic and Lightning made a dash (okay okay) for the cantina while the rest of the foodies formed an elderly queue... thus leaving the bar free for those who never eat on an empty stomach.
On!On! Mad Monk