

Run No: 2014

Date: 07-May-2017

Venue: Edward VII, Guilden Morden

Hares: Paparazzi & U Bend

Scribe: Horny

Run 2014 - Edward VII Guilden Morden

This was the first r*n of Harriette's Month and so what could be more appropriate than the discovery of a virgin (pub), much to everyone's surprise after 2013 previous coming's together.

Sox and I arrived as usual at 10.59 to scatter the congregating circle and grab the last remaining parking spot. The pub, Edward VII, sat by a large playing field with several football pitches where some younger ones were gathering for a morning kick about.

Edward VII (Albert Edward; 9 November 1841 – 6 May 1910) was King of the United Kingdom, the British Dominions and Emperor of India from 22 January 1901 until his death in 1910. The eldest son of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Edward was related to royalty throughout Europe, he fostered good relations between Britain and other European countries, especially France, for which he was popularly called "Peacemaker", (or Monsieur le Remain).

He served as heir apparent and held the title of Prince of Wales for longer than any of his predecessors (now well surpassed by our Charlie). During the long reign of his mother, he was largely excluded from political power (Charlie), and came to personify the fashionable, leisured elite (hmm maybe not Charlie!).

The Edwardian era, which covered his reign and was named after him (must have taken a lot of thought!) coincided with the start of a new century. He died in 1910 in the midst of a constitutional crisis resolved the following year by a Parliament Act restricting the power of the unelected House of Lords (hoorah).

Our GM brought the circle together and we paid our respects to Fartin Martin and The Mad Monk, two well-known Hashers who recently passed away.

Hares, U-Bend and Paparazzi, took "control" and a walkers run was announced (and by implication a runners walk), no wonder certain hashers became confused.

The weather, as ordered by the absent RA, was sunny and dry, a little cold to begin but warming through the morning. So on-out we went and were soon off tarmac and into fields. An early check threw the pack in all directions - most followed straight on up the road while an open field lured Pedro and Toed into a fruitless search for dust. Ignoring the "on-back" Pedro disappeared for a while eventually finding his way back to the pack via a farm yard ("private, no access" signs no doubt ignored). Meanwhile Klinger identified a now closed pub from where we used to Hash. Could this be the Six Bells which went out of business in 1962, possibly so as Klinger has been hashing a long long time - did he even know George Tatham I wonder?

Lost Pubs In Guilden Morden, Cambridgeshire		
Name	Year Closed	Information
Six Bells	1962	Publican in 1916 was George Tatham. Now a private dwelling.

<http://www.closedpubs.co.uk/cambridgeshire.html>

The trail settled into the usual pattern of FRB's holding checks and checking while those lesser amongst us grabbed whatever rest we could. We crossed some well defined paths through open fields of crops with great views all around, including a windmill and an ever present church.

Mistake #1 – resting at a check I spotted a footpath sign directing through a gate and diagonally across a field past some farm buildings. With the rest of the pack spread in all (other) directions it was too good to be true, but this turned out to be the one. I enthusiastically sallied forth calling "on-on" with glee as each blob was found. My FRB days (minutes) were short-lived as I was soon joined by the aptly named Fit but Dim, we ran to the edge of the field onto a narrow path between trees on the edge of another field of crop. Mistake #2 - finding dust all the way we emerged onto a road with a faintly chalked "W" and arrow indicating back the way we came, the trailing pack nowhere to be seen or heard. Mistake #3 - taking note of the arrow (and ignoring it) the 2 of us spread out in all 3 directions. After more futile searching and head scratching and recognising that no-one else had caught us up we came to the only obvious conclusion - we were on the walkers trail. Heading back up the path (in the direction of the arrow) we were surprised to be met by the GM. Mistake #4 - thinking he missed the trail too I greeted him, wrong, he knew where he was but was just looking for a scribe - so I "volunteered".

Back we went, this time spotting several obvious blobs of dust leading into the fields - we could once again see for miles - fields, hills, windmills and churches but not another hasher in sight, long gone. Through the fields, across deep ditches (having missed the bloody bridge) and onto a tree lined track to the road, finally seeing the rest of the pack gathering around the BS. What a welcome site - the BS not the hashers.

Beautifully manned by It'll Come Off and One for his Nob - we were greeted by Pimms, a bucket of beer, nibbles and dips, a wonderful drink-stop. As we all tucked in I could hear people being quizzed about offenders, I kept very quiet, but sideways glances in my direction and furtive whispers suggested the inevitable.

Heading back towards the On-Inn we passed a field of alpacas - some hashers by all accounts (allegedly) showing more than a healthy interest.

*An **alpaca** (*Vicugna pacos*) is a domesticated species of South American camelid resembling a small llama. Adult alpacas are generally between 81–99 centimetres in height at the shoulders.*

Alpacas are kept in herds that graze at high altitude on the level heights of the Andes of southern Peru, northern Bolivia, Ecuador, and northern Chile. Unlike llamas, alpacas were not bred to be beasts of burden, but were bred specifically for their fiber, alpaca fiber, similar to wool, is used for making knitted and woven items.

Back at the pub we gathered in the sunny garden complete with whirly-gig thing for hashers to dry their sweaty smalls (or bigs). The pub laid on sandwiches, crisps, Monster Munch (are adults allowed to eat those?) peanuts and choccie fingers.

And so bang on time the closing circle opened and our GM (and several others) proceeded to enter the circle, the RA notably absent although the weather was well established. Down-downs were awarded to sinners and other worthy recipients, in no particular order but the order in which they were awarded:-

Me (Horny) - running the walkers trail and being "volunteered" for scribe duties
Pub Landlord for being virginal – it did not go unnoticed by our great leader, however, that the landlord, putting customers before the hash, took his time to join the circle, hence delaying proceedings
The hares - hooray
Fit but Dim - for being fit enough to be the first to catch Horny and dim enough to follow him
Fit but Dim (again) for first at BS, a false charge that re-bounded on One for His Nob
Big Blouse for Alpaca worrying - as clearly he's too tall for sheep
Paparazzi for leading walkers astray

Klinger for shortcutting and some reference to windmills

A. Whittle (one of the many) for stylish front running - defo not Blow Back then

The circle then took on an international flavour - despite the GM thinking Dili is an Island - I assume his geology is stronger than his geography

Dili (Portuguese/Tetum: Dili, Indonesian: Kota Dili) is the capital, largest city, chief port and commercial centre of East Timor.

Squeaky for some unlikely tale about Albania (I think it was supposed to be Macedonia) and for supplying the squashes (thank you)

Toed (who said Toed) for offering to pay £70 to any Ethiopians or Finns that wanted to attend the 2017th

Slaphead - some ridiculous story (GM was getting a little carried away) involving Ukranian smoked pigs ears and selling 10yr old hash shirts - the connection is beyond me

Kermit for being a frog and having "*Un manque complet de papier toilette*"

Calamity for being tall and blond and therefore bearing a striking resemblance to Marine Le Pen - I certainly hope the resemblance does not extend to political persuasion!

and it went on and on and on

Wimp and Keep It Clean for competitive family syndrome - Dad trying to mis-direct daughter down the obvious false trail, daughter gaining revenge by demonstrating she is clearly a better beer drinker

"beaten by your daughter"

Lightning for stealing a Ferrari (apparently) and driving it like lightning

At this point Slaphead, at the mention of the Ferrari, re-entered the circle to attempt to sell a "heap-o-s**t" car – does this man have any boundaries when trying to making a sale

Spicy Bear - clearly encouraged by Big Blouse - for (heavy) petting Alpacas

and finally Muthatucka for returning (again)

and then

the raffle - well I ran out of paper and I am sure no one read this far so all I will say is we won a bottle of white and someone won a shammy - not sure if this was a one-nighter or they get to keep him.