

CH3 Run 2036 The Shed at Lode

Sunday 8th October 2017



Hares: The Earl of Pampisford, Three Swallows & It'll Come off

Visitors - **Injector Gadget** from the New Orleans Hash <http://www.noh3.com/> & **Sheri** – A software Engineer from China!

Returnee – **Wrongway** from the New York City Hash

Words. The term 'Lode' dates back to at least the 16th century, where the literal meaning (at that point in time) denoted a watercourse and the 'Lode' was one of many artificial channels to drain the fens, the artificial watercourse created here eventually feeds into the river Cam. So, while the water course is in itself ancient, the village itself is thought to be much older.

The Shed is actually the former Lode labour club built in the 1920'/30's before changing its name to Lode Social Club and re-opened in 2016 after a 24-month complete refurbishment. The original structure has been kept, but there's a new oak fronted gable fenestration complete with (possibly faux) mortice & tenon joints, (the hardwood mortice pegs were a nice touch) coupled with the closest brickwork to the original Cambridge whites you can get (though, obviously not in the original 'Flemmish bond' style), not that many of you reading this will give a toss TBH.

Judging by the opulent frontage and rather grand surrounding houses, one can only assume that the reason the place was redeveloped is that there aren't any socialists left. I did wonder how a small village could support such a grand, light & airy restaurant but Anglesey Abbey & The Lode Mill trust are just around the corner, that was actually a smart bit of marketing me thinks, and it does look very classy & welcoming and just the sort of place the hash would never knowingly be invited to.

The management had obviously listened and got it bang on with the beer too as we had Wherry, London Pride & Tribute + a Guest beer.



I've included the photo on the previous page in a vague attempt to pad out yet another staggeringly dull run write-up with a pointless shot of beer pumps. However, as you all looked at it, I think that worked quite well didn't it?

So, early October and the Sun shone and despite some patchy clouds, it was warm and a great day to get sweaty and have a beer or two.

My Sat Nav sent me to somewhere near a village that at first glance appeared to be called "Swarfega Ballbag", but after a more focussed look, I realised it was actually called 'Swaffham Bulbeck' where I didn't find any of the hash and spent about 4 days trying to find anyone I knew. I found a sports centre and several athletic types, but none of them were



swearing & most of them didn't smell of beer, so I knew I was in the wrong area.

It's at about this point in my run write ups, I usually insert a pointless photo of the village sign to ensure I hold the attention span of the hash, so with theatrical flourish, here it is – tadaaahh! (on the left, you blind twat.....).

Anyway, I slowed to get a look at an address as a reference point and there was the sound that a few will be familiar with, the sound of intransigent concrete mangling my newly refurbished alloys. At this point the language in my car was a place even Bernard Manning would have been offended in. Disproportionally pissed off, I thought f*** the sat nav and applied some common sense and drove to the middle of Lode, where I spied the hash and could look at the savage damage inflicted on my alloy.

There's something uplifting about seeing folks for the first time in several weeks (following a back injury sustained in the first half mile at CH3 run 2033, Fulborn Social Club) and seeing **Muthatucka, Hangover Blues, Muff diver, Wimp, Keep it Clean, Calamity Jane** and the

rarely spotted, but most welcome **Rear Admiral**, along with **Googly, Kermit & Antar, Pedro, Checkpoint**, ever faithful beer master **Benghazi, Toed Bedsores, Legover, Computer**, our beloved leader **Hold it for me** resplendent in the rather mangled yellow Hash Shit Shirt, **Ooh La la, Big Swinger, Jetstream, Unmentionable, Klinger & Kling On, Blowback, Little Blow, Wai Wai & Josephine + Lightning** to name the ones I can actually remember.

So, the circle was called, visitors **Sheri** from China, and visiting hasher **Injector Gadget** from the New Orleans hash were sort of introduced by **Hold it for me**, who then promptly lost the plot, forgot to introduce the hares and then muttered something about 'oranges' I think, and was then steered towards actually getting on with it by the grand mattress. The symbols were explained to the visitors and the use of sawdust through the medium of a forest always keeps everyone on their toes.

After about 12 hours of intense faffing about, the on out was called and we were away up the main road. Several routes amounted to nothing and the on was called down a public footpath and we were away across a slightly moist field with cries of on on- sending the local dog population into a barking frenzy.

A check appeared to baffle newbie **Sheri** as everyone tried all manner of trails, including a promising one through a forest, but these all turned out to be false and the trail snaked past a house & away across open fields. It was damp underfoot and a bit squelchy in places but nowhere near as treacherous as some hashes have been in the past.

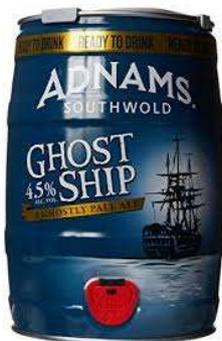
While the Hash know this area well, the hares had done a great job of laying the trail and we went past the mill at Lode and along the tow path before realising the trail was back through the adjacent forest.

There were several false trails and all manner of hashers were utterly thwarted until **Antar** and **Mutha** called on and there was a great section through the undulating forest which was spectacular in the autumn sunlight.

Rear Admiral has been getting a lot fitter and was seen checking out several trails – ok, she was wrong on all of them, but at least she was on it.



The trail then dipped down and across a field to a well-marked check. I say “well marked” as some immense hound had disgraced the check with an enormous “Douglas Hurd” (bloody cheek commenting on the hares’ trail like that).



Blowback headed past with consummate ease and I wish he'd just perspire a little and appear to make it look difficult, even if just to make the rest of us feel a little better.

Elsewhere **Wimp, Injector Gadget, Checkpoint & Keep it clean** tried an array of false trails before the real on was spotted and we had effectively done a huge loop and arrived back at the edge of the village, where the **Earl** was directing everyone to a well-executed beer stop containing a party barrel of Ghost Ship and Old Speckled Hen as well as a massive bowl of peanuts & popcorn – impressive hares, very impressive & most welcome. Now, while the beers were most welcome,

the operating taps for both were clearly designed by someone with a grudge against humanity. The instructions may have well have been in ancient Greek as no matter of what degree of manipulation, beer ventured forth with all the reluctance of an incontinent wombat.

So much so, that the **Earl** tried to get himself a beer and promptly spilt half of it, missed the cup completely and then slipped, crushing the cup to the point where it leaked everywhere. In the history of beer pouring, this was a complete fucking disaster, but hilarious for me as I was helping him out 😊.

Several dog walkers and allotment keepers viewed us with a mixture of interest, veiled with a veneer of sheer distaste (lest we should make off with their dogs and root vegetables by nefarious means) but we shrugged it off and followed the footpath back to towards the pub. A child asked if we were an “adult park run” which was a fair question and in order to avoid confusion, we agreed it was, but it was amusing for us at the time.



Back at the pub we were amazed to be let in to buy beer and I looked in wonderment at the fabulous refurbishment and rather spangly new toilets – You can always spot a good venue when the toilets are warm, well stocked & fragrant. When they're freezing, stained with condensation and have the deep-saturated urine smell, it should make you wonder what the kitchens look like shouldn't it?

After a general catch up with several folks, the circle was called and down downs were awarded to.

Hares: The Earl of Pampisford, Three Swallows & It'll Come off – With thanks for a brilliant 4.6-mile trail and great beer stop.

Visitors – Injector Gadget & Sheri

Big Blouse – for what, I can't remember but I think it was for swearing/general belligering on the trail and offending anyone who would listen.

Calamity Jane – Apparently the previous week she'd miss-pronounced the Adnams Ghost Ship to such an extent it came out as 'Goats Shit' much to the amusement of everyone.

Toed Bedsores (surprise, surprise) was singled out for pointing out at 10.59am "What time does this 11.00am run start then Grand Master" for the 3rd successive week – Much to the annoyance of the GM, who frankly does have a rough idea of what goes on occasionally.

Taxi – for apparently "*advertising his wares in a phone box in Kings Cross*" But if you think about this, as **Taxi** was blissfully unaware of this and **Big Swinger** was the one that pointed it out, who is actually the guilty party here?

Toed – got a DD from your humble scribe for being "Fecking irritating" but that's a bit rich coming from me TBH.....

And there were a couple more, but as the scribe duty call was taken by me at the very end of the day, quite frankly, you're lucky you've even got this to read – if I'd have known at the start, there would be some depth to it as I'd have taken a pad with me and made notes.

Anyway, a great end to good trail & top venue – thanks hares. Aside from my bugged alloy, just about a perfect day.

On On

Big Blouse