

**CH3 Run 2046, Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> Dec 2017**  
**The Geldart, Cambridge, Hash Christmas Party**  
**Hare(s) – Haven't Got One (NB, + Antar<sup>1</sup>)**



**Visitors/Returnees – Tudor Rose** from the Turd Tuesday Hash, **Titanic** from the Monday Hash. **Wandering Frog & Wrong Hole** from our fitter mates in the Cantabrigensis hash. **The Phantom**<sup>2</sup>

**Newies – Sweet Transvestite & Goldie Twat & the 3 Hares** + hounds (that had also been named (!) **Red Rocket & YUM** (You Ungrateful Motherf\*\*\*\*\*), **Richard the Turd** (or “Dick the Shit” as he was affectionately called, originally from the Nairobi Hash).

### **The Words**

So, while I always like to include a shot of the pub that hosts us, I thought I'd include a night shot as it looks better and a shot of a pub in the rain looks crap basically.

Well, here we were again, at the fabulous Geldart <http://www.the-geldart.co.uk/> one of the best hash friendly pubs we've ever known. So, one of the questions you've been dying to ask, but haven't is, what the fecks IS a Geldart? So apparently, it was a surname, “*This surname, long associated with Yorkshire, is of early medieval English origin, and is an occupational name for a tender of oxen and gelded horses*”<sup>3</sup>. So now you know.

It was good to see that Elvis is still the big cheese, but the fact we're still welcomed by him is wonderful and still met with disbelief by most of the faithful hash.

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<sup>1</sup> But he did “Fuck all” apparently

<sup>2</sup> I also heard him called “Merch” by **Big Leg**- No, I've no fecking idea what the story is behind that is, so don't ask.....

<sup>3</sup> Source - <http://www.surnamedb.com/Surname/Geldart> - not that any of you really give a toss TBH, but education is bigly important innit??

Anyway, it was madly cold, overcast and wet too – perfect hash weather!, As usual, the Xmas bash always gets people out of the woodwork and there was a HUGE turn out including **School Boy’s Dream**, the very welcome return of **Babycham**, and also **Ettles**, **Unmentionable & Jetstream**, **Pedro**, **Shamcock & U-Bend**, **Blowback**, **Little Blow**, **Wai Wai & Jospheine Bastard**, **Muff Diver & Hangover Blues**, **Googly**, **Antar**, & **Kermit**, **Dave El Rave**, **Paparazzi**, **Taxi**, **Double Top**, & DT’s brother James, our beloved Beer Master **Benghazi**, **Control Freak**, **Hold it For Me**, **Chimp**, **Gorilla**, **Toed Bedsores & Computer**, **Lightning & Teutonic**, **Haven’t Got One**, **Czech Her Out** & **Orion**, **Klinger & Kling On**, **Slaphead**, the **Earl of Pampisford**, **Oohh La La**, **Three Swallows**, **Big Leg**, **Constant Suction**, **Shamcock & U-Bend**, **Debonnaire**, **Checkpoint + Fraser & Bear** who sensibly avoided the run & turned up to the pub for the on in, **Big Swinger**, **One For his Nob & It’ll Come Off**.

Aside from that it was a very poor turn out.....

Anyway, after being let into the pub early, we circled up outside the pub where **Taxi** noticed my lack of Xmas regalia and asked “*what’s your Christmas theme then Blouse?*” Now, as I don’t have a single thing that’s remotely Christmassy, (or red for that matter), thinking on my feet, I said “I’ve brought a pair of Knickers”

“What’s Christmassy about them?” enquired **Taxi**

“They’re Carols” .....

It was at this point I was asked to leave the pub.

Anyway, the circle was sort of called, a vast pile of gaily bedecked hashers assembled outside the pub, bemusing the daylights out of cyclists & car drivers alike, but at 40 strong, they sensibly drove around us. **Bastard** noticed that a family opposite appeared to be moving out – whether this was a resultant effect of the circle has yet to be proven.....

The Hare, **Haven’t Got One**<sup>4</sup> strode manfully into the circle and explained the very detailed symbols including a check with a blob in it (!) and the fact there would be 3 beer stops (Yaay!, well done gents) and it was a very short trail and the walkers trail was shorter still. This was met with universal apathy by the hash, which is a shame because a short trail is as welcome as a tax rebate.



After a brief pause where lots of photos were taken<sup>5</sup> and then we were off through the retail Park. There’s absolutely no point in putting this photo into the left, but it’s a vain attempt to pad the ‘feature’ out to try & make it look interesting. Anyway **Shamcock**, **El Rave & Antar** looked for the trail which had cunningly been routed in front of the front doors of all the shops and the trail was eventually called on by **Kermit**.

The sight of about a large pile of hashers dressed as Satan, er, I mean ‘Santa’ was causing all sorts of merriment and people to get out of the way in a hurry. The on was called and the

<sup>4</sup> And not **Antar** who did Feck all

<sup>5</sup> Yes, I was made to stand at the back you heightist bastards!



trail snaked its way to the first of the days impromptu beer stops in St Mathews Piece where **It'll Come Off & The Earl** had provided a port cheese stop and we sang a few of the more er.. 'earthy' carols in the form of "Good King Wenceslas" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" (changed ever so subtly by the hash, almost so no-one would notice).

After some general shouting by our beloved leader **Hold It For Me**, the trail disappeared off in all directions before manifesting itself just by the Courts (quite handy for the hash who have been quite close to being "guests" of the fine prosecution services).

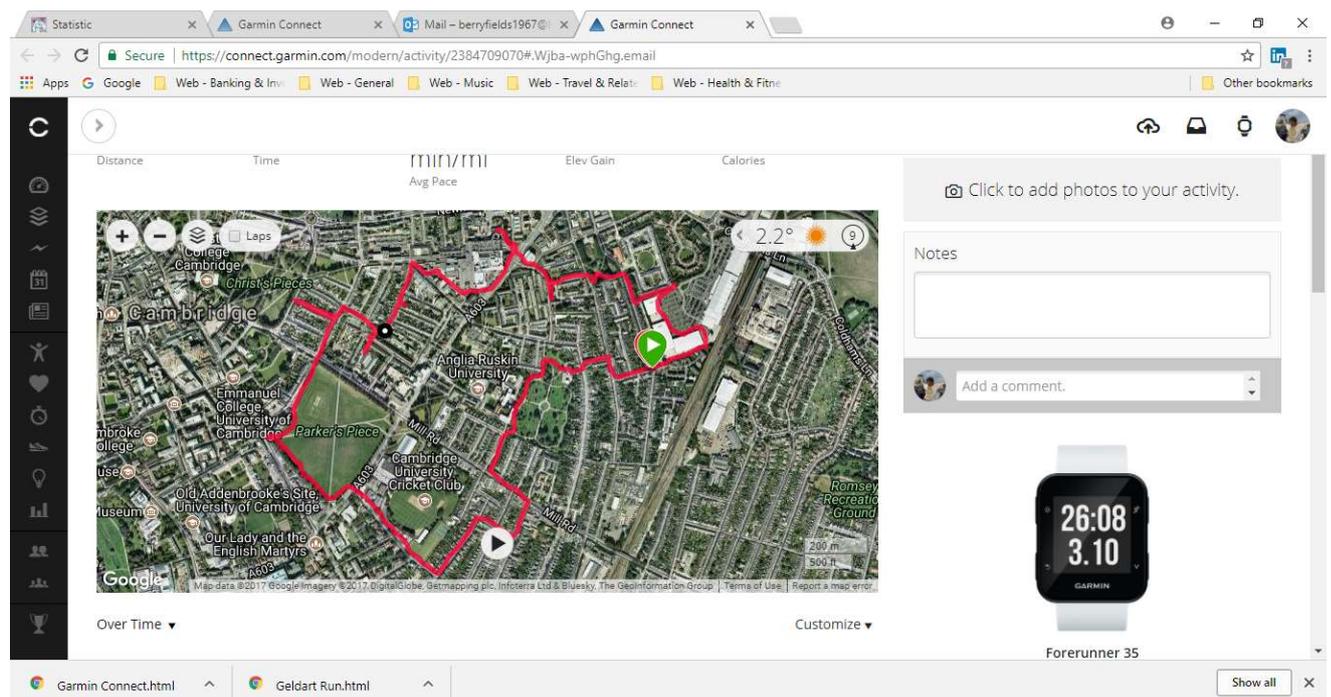
We were over the round and close to the Grafton centre, but fortunately we didn't run through the centre of it, I think that would have tipped many stressed shoppers over the edge. The trail then dipped down Paradise Street and threaded its way through various false trails until we reached Parkers Piece where there was yet another drink stop!, this time it was Whiskey & Mince pies and a few more interesting Carols including "Deck the Halls" and "Silent Night", once again, modified in a courteous & dignified way by the hash.....

With that, **Muff Diver & Sweet Transvestite** were off, relatively closely followed by **Slaphead** and **Hangover Blues**. Looking across this odd vista, there were about 30 odd hashers scattered in all directions and with the mud everywhere, a building site adjacent to the main road and a boarded up 'Funfair' it was like a comedy version of Beirut with additional mud.

Eventually, after a couple of days worth of collective faffing around, the on was called by **Checkpoint**, and the hash began to swarm and collect as they were funnelled towards the crossing on the A603, before being diverted down Gresham Road.

Various false trails and blind alleys later lead us towards the more familiar surroundings of Mill Road, where the "Blokes Wot Booze" evenings have started & finished on. Across the road and down a familiar back alley, I ran with the pack as we took on board the lovely site of Mill Road Cemetery where we reached our 3<sup>rd</sup> & final beer stop.

This came with yet more whiskey & beer and also with chocolates too –well played Hares!



With that it was just a very short r\*n back to the pub and after a short but very enjoyable 3.6 mile trail, the legendary Xmas Run was over once more. Then, as we got back to the pub, the heavens opened and the entire hash were sort of grateful to the RA for semi-organising the Xmas weather so it didn't piss down too heavily on the r\*n itself.

Given the amount of beer that was due to be quaffed, the circle was going to be a long messy affair, but that said, it was cold and there was food waiting too, so maybe not too long we hoped.

Down downs were awarded by the GM to;

The Hare (s) **Haven't Got One**<sup>6</sup>

**Antar** for doing "feck all"

At this point **Shamcock** sort of out shouted everyone and managed to get a down down to **Antar** for his wonderful Christmas carols (and for 'not driving and 'being intelligent' apparently?).

**Slaphead** was given a DD for organising the very many beer stops.

Then our wonderful RA **Big Leg** was given the circle, and she awarded down downs to;

**Oooh La La & Control Freak** for selective deafness.

**Antar** got another DD for showing his pants somewhere (no, I didn't take the details down, it was too horrible to contemplate).

**Richard the Turd** Got a DD for wasting whiskey at one of the beer stops (?? Spillage??)

**Muff Diver** got a DD for making porridge for **Hangover Blues** with 'cumin' in it – this provoked a surge in ribald comments alluding to 'cumin' in porridge' etc<sup>7</sup>

**It'll Come Off** got a DD for managing to set the security alarm off in Tesco the previous Thursday, to the point where a load of beef was singled out for setting the security guards to a level of 'interested', The fact that **Big Leg** singled this out seemed a little harsh.....

**Big Leg** awarded a DD to **Merch / The Phantom** for "*something that happened 20 years ago*" meaning that she ended up with **Mitten**.

With that it was all over bar the food, music by the On-On band and a cabaret. Owing to weird family stuff going on with me, I wasn't able to stay on for the celebrations, but judging by the police reports for the evening of 17<sup>th</sup> December there were no substantial arrests and the pub wasn't torched, so it must have gone well.

So, thanks to the organisers and the fabulous folk who organised and managed the 3 amazing drink stops and to the Hares for a great Christmas trail

On On

*Big Blouse*

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<sup>6</sup> Well, and **Antar**, but he did Feck all as we've previously established – except organise the dink stops and provide words to some of the relatively questionable Hash 'Carols'

<sup>7</sup> NB - add innuendo here to suit level of offence required.