

Summer Barbeque 2006

*By "How's it going, Owain?" Bristow
& "Liking it, Leika" Gooneratne*

Ahhh...another end to a fun-filled Harey year, potentially a time of sadness saying goodbye to friends, but saved from floods of tears by the guarantee of the annual Hare&Hounds Summer Barbeque held on the eve of Suicide Sunday.



Aidan, in particular, experienced heartfelt distress at the thought of a Hareyles summer

By holding the barbeque slightly later this year, we were able to inhabit the cosy Darwin island until late into the evening. But “cosy” is right (ex-Press officer Andy Bell’s description of the island as “majestic” might be a tad embellished)...Where on earth (or rather, “on the island which was barely an island”) were the proposed “races” going to be held? Hold your breath – all will be revealed...

The super efficient social secretaries Claire Nance and Emma Figures had organised a vast array of food (although, to Captain Claire Day’s disappointment, no plasticky cheese) catering for the pickiest of eaters, scrumptious pasta salads, freshly cut vege sticks, dips, fruit, cake, Pimms...and of course, the Meat.

As exams have just finished, we appreciate that most of you won’t care for too much reading, so the majority of this tale will pick up in pictorial format.

Steve Benson, in his stride, assumed his usual role of barbeque maestro:



Steve, last year and this year...only a bit of excess drinking in between.

Noticeably absent was Phil Scard. Evidently his enthusiasm for barbeques had been destroyed along with his yard, at last year's barbeque.



However, where a few were missing, a number of new faces made up for it. The children of the gorgeous Rutherford family turned up. Sadly, the first person they met was a slightly demented press officer, who burst into hysterical laughter at the excitement of meeting them and scared them away with ruthless photo stalking.



*Si and mini Si (above)
(Right) The Rutherford clan: Jamie Rutherford senses he's being watched.*





Ed Dickins turned up in style, in a punt.

- Seriously, I did... Where has it gone...it was right there...

Most people were eagerly awaiting THAHRCRSFSSBTDIB (The Hare And Hounds River Cam Swimming Race From Silver Street Bridge To Darwin Island Bridge). Some were less keen than others though.



Hannah thought she'd hitch a ride over instead of swimming the river.

Sarah Kummerfeld made an appearance from Down Under. She didn't impress Andy Bell though.

-Ra ra, what what...an ex-Pommy? Good gracious.





Pete tried unsuccessfully to hide something under his hat...his mouth-watering brownies!



Lucy checks out the vege stuff while Matt A shows us some MEAT action.

Left: Lance tries to set things straight.
Below: They say as couples grow old together, they begin to look like each other...





Claire Nance, a committed Harey, goes off for a run, while Edd takes off in flight.



Andy Bell considers the swimming race, but Rich Mathie persuades him that being a fellow pirate is more useful.



Banana Special
(with help from Ben&Andy B and sincere apologies to Mary)

- "While Mary was distracted, the banana made a daring leap for Rich."

- "I couldn't help but notice that your new brooch looks suspiciously like a giant banana."

- "Finishing their rather awkward conversation, Mathie turned away and began to wonder if Mary-Katherine had been dropping hints."

- "And you're sure this will cure my gingerness?" – Sarah K
 'Oh yes. Now open wide...' - Mary.

- "Well, at first I thought it was a groin strain, but on closer inspection the banana turned out to be the real problem."

"Would you like a bite of my perfectly innocent shaped, completely normal, boring and otherwise unremarkable banana?"

THAHRCSRFBTDIB (The Hare And Hounds River Cam Swimming Race From Silver Street Bridge To Darwin Island Bridge).

This annual tradition is only 3 years old, but some people had been waiting all year for this. Or not.

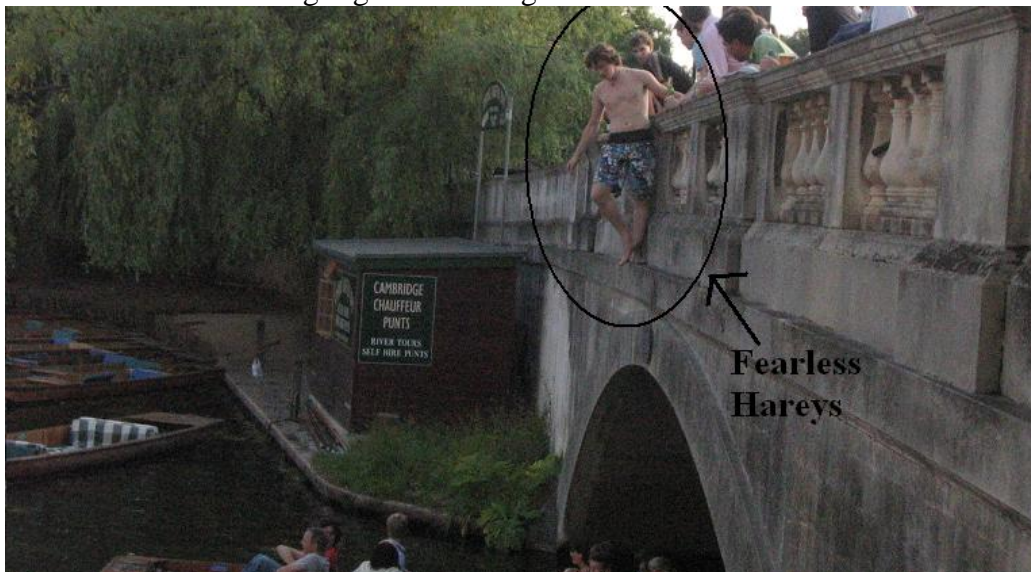
Claire Nance came prepared for the broken glass covering the bottom of the river:

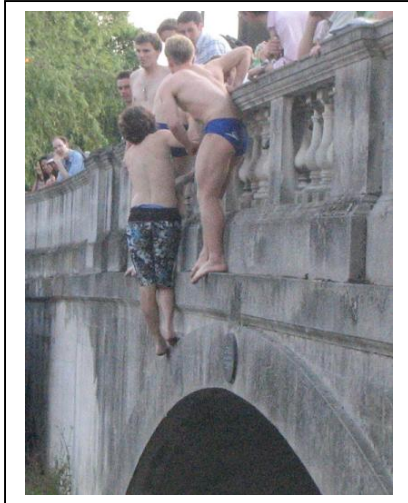


Contrary to most races, there were TWO start lines. One was hopping in from the side:



The other involved dangling off the bridge:





(left) Rich Lebon decided to get a head start



Right: And they're off!

James (the) Gill powered through for first place in a time of 1 min 50 seconds, setting a new course record by 27sec dethroning last year's winner Lee Harper.



A lone swan tried to keep up, but even Owain aqua jogging, managed to beat it.



However, Owain's decided to stick to less aqueous media in the future.

Most improved swimmers have got to be ex-captain Si and Pete Leek, whose triathlon training have made them intimidating competition:



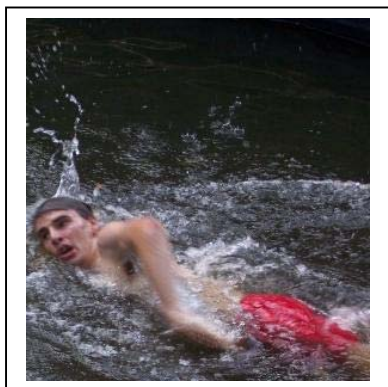
Pete is also such an expert in photography, he doesn't need a camera:



The happy swimmers:



Right, enough pictorial fun has been had, back to the textual stuff (I wonder if anyone will spot the subtle change in authorship?).



Left: Lee Harper. He will save your life if you are drowning.

With a large contingent of wet people emerging from the Cam, not unlike Botticelli's 'The Birth of Venus', the sizzling got going again. Hungry aquaHareys descended in droves on the north corner of the island, including the departing Edd Collins who had refrained from so much as looking at the main course, lest it hamper his swimming performance.

Others followed with marshmallows.

Retiring Ladies' Captain Catharine Wood, having been submerged several times the previous weekend (in substantially cleaner water), did not partake in THAHRCSRFSSBTDIB, but appeared at the grill with a foil-wrapped banana. She was on the lookout for a real man...who knew how to cook it. Tips were offered but the fate of the little yellow guy remains unclear.

Some milling about followed. Those who thought they knew what it had been about discussed NST1B.

Then lo! An announcement from our super, smiley social secretaries that The Games were about to begin. Their mystery location was revealed as ...[drum-roll]... the field round the back. If THAHRCSRFSSBTDIB was the hors d'oeuvre then The Games were the post-prandial coffee and mint. Many people were anxious to re-embrace their hyperactive seven-year-old side while others took the dismissing parent approach and stayed with the ever-diminishing food spread.

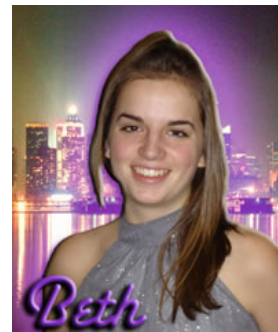


Because it was too much fun to watch first-hand, Emma had to tell me the results later:

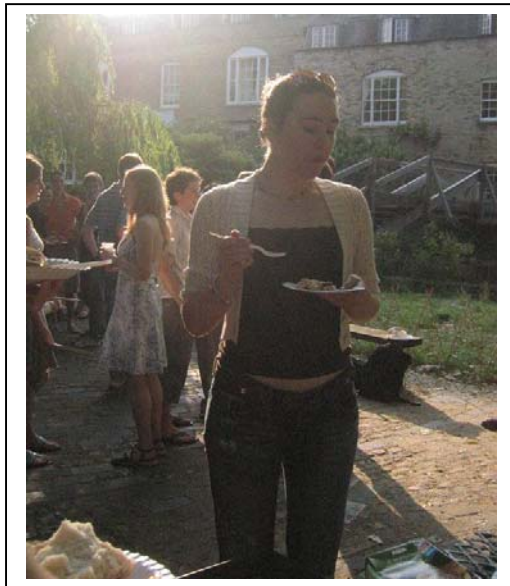
- Egg n Spoon race- Aidan Brown
- Three-legged race- One friend and one brother of Andy "you only get one chance with the CUAC President" Owen (the one-man fast twitch infiltration)
- Sack race- not contested, people too exhausted

Was there paucity of amusement with the main events over and Mr. Scard missing? Not a chance. Ali Connell issued a challenge to crush an egg with pure fist-grasping action and strictly no finger pushing. Owain unwittingly agreed, not remembering the tea bag chewing incident from Summer Training Camp 2005 [Plug- sign up for 2006 if you haven't already! "Best week of your life"-Ben Hope]. This time there was no joke, the egg remained intact...until the throwing began and the inevitable occurred.

Clearly this was all very exciting stuff, but why stay on Darwin Isle when you could be stuffing giant gorillas? A summons rang out from the Big Apple quarter of Cambridge, AKA Emmanuel initiating a small exodus of people back to the reality of preparation for the Emmanuel June Event: "Manhattan". Rumour has it that it was a great success: well done Katherine Vinnicombe, Laura Dixon and Beth Tanner!



Meanwhile a football had magically appeared on the island, yet no rampant shirt-off actions were begotten (keep reading).



Catharine was not impressed and took a short riverside nap, while former Ladies' Captain Lucy Cundliffe was having problems of the gastric variety. Haven't we all experienced those painful moments where the expulsion of stomach contents represents the best possible solution? If not, try doing 600-500-400-300-200 flat out (strange gurgling noises come as a bonus).

Could a dodgy burger have been to blame, or was it those suspicious-looking kebabs made entirely out of tomatoes?

Having "sampled" pretty much everything, these writers don't think so. The "love apples" more likely contributed to the blossoming romance on the West Bank. Leprechauns and shamrocks proved themselves to be irresistible this time round.

And of course, whether romantically-induced or not, there was the inevitable cross-dressing. Ok, it wasn't quite that, just an order of XS (cringe at pun) t-shirts:



As the sun sank low, people began to depart, perhaps leaving a small part of themselves on Darwin Island, or at least their bags. A few club stalwarts said some goodbyes. Good luck to them wherever they might end up (most likely next year's Annual Dinner and BBQ).



Jacob, Rich H and Tom A+P are only a few of the Hareys leaving us.

Congratulations to Emma, Claire and James for putting on another memorable summer funfest. Good company, good food and good weather! What more could you ask for? An injury free year. Hopefully the first of many great events to come in 2006/2007.



Bonus Read (courtesy of the Bristow)- Episode II: The Hareys Strike Back

Being a dedicated press officer, I attended both of the BBQ after-events. First stop: drinks with the Old Firm at Clown's where I discovered Ben's talent for harlequin illustration. This prepared me well for turning into a clown shortly afterwards at Sidney Bar, home to a bop, a surprisingly large number of fur clad Sidneyites (see you next season Alex Gaastra) and some partially unclad Hareys (the usual --Rich Mathie/Tim Taylor—suspects).

Rich's personal rendition of "Teenage Kicks" by the Undertones has to be seen to be believed.

It was all too much. With a Nine-mile cross-country race the next day (Oxfordshire's Roman Road Run equivalent) and obviously needing to save some of the year's partying ration for Varsity, I then left.

I'm not sure about everyone else, but my term ended drifting off to sleep to the sound of drunks, traffic and Jacob Eisler showering and undressing. Eat your heart out Andy Bell!