

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1920 08Sep14  
Venue: Frilsham Village Hall  
Hares: Spex, Chopstix

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## Committee and Delegates

Swallow Slowsucker Uplift Donut Hashgate Utopia TT2 Zebedee Florence Motox Foghorn Iceman Skids Simple Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Whinge TC DampPatch Booby Shandyman PissQuick Glittertits LoudonTasteless Spex Dunny Rampant C4 C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Twanky Blowjob Spot Ms Whiplash Straddlevarios MisDirection Busted and dog Xerxes Dorothy Itsyor Nutcracker Lewis Chris Trenchfoot

## The 2014 AGM Hash

The moon was a golden orb, painted in the pastel blue of the sky by the omnipotent, benevolent Artist. The lowering rays of the sun tipped the treetops with fire above the lush depths of the forest. The valley lay between, hushed and breathless at its own beauty. Even the Hashers were quiet and appreciative as they swished through the tall grass. The air was still. It was a magical landscape.

Halfway through the Trail and how very, very lucky we were to enjoy such things. The evening was perfect. The countryside matched it. And we were running through it.

Very good of Spex and Chopstix to lay all this on for the AGM Hash, which was constituted of no less than three Trails: Short, Medium and Long. Though those on the Medium found little difference in length between it and the Long, especially StraddleVarious who managed to get himself partially lost. Not difficult in the forest, towards the end, when darkness silently draped itself amongst the trees and we thanked our Hares for those lustrous white flour blobs. The Trail generally was a repeat of last year's,



only in reverse. No problem with that because this area is lovely to run through, with a mixture of fields, woods, tracks and trails. Everyone I spoke with thoroughly enjoyed it. Of course, with the AGM, followed by supper and the fact that the nights are once again drawing in, the Trail was necessarily a little shorter than usual (just under five miles by my GPS). Consequently, we forged on, with little occurring apart from a curious conversation between Simple and Foghorn. We reached a field where a small herd of soft-haired, long-necked creatures regarded us curiously while chewing with a sideways jaw motion. "They're alpacas, Foghorn." Began Simple. "Do you know how you can tell the difference between them and llamas?" "Er, no." Came the slightly foggy answer. "Llamas are left-footed." Affirmed the knowledgeable Simple. There was a moment or two of mental digestion as the pair trotted across the field. No doubt a number of you are pondering how this works... I'll leave it to you to ask Simple ☺

Just after this we were luxuriating in paragraph one. And then it began to get dark. We tiptoed through the sleeping forest, found the shimmering 'On Inn', scurried lightly up the last hill and back into the village hall car park. Delightful.

## The AGM and Supper

There are those who are neck-craningly eager to get the AGM under way and those who's casual approach cause the former to have a small pulse appear at the side of their forehead. The 'eagers' have one of two reasons for their fervour. The first is an aching desire to understand the esoteric machinations of the Committee over the past year, seek out inconsistencies and question the unfortunate post-holder mercilessly (these people have a fascination for wearing squeaky leather and join obscure clubs). The second is a hollow craving to get the damn meeting over with as quickly as possible in order to stuff as much food into the gob as physically possible.

The 'casuals' are far more concerned with staying out in the car park as long as possible to ensure the trousers are, at last, on the right way round, having walked confusedly in the opposite direction to the hall for a while. Then there are a couple of letters to draft to The Telegraph, a ten-minute musing on why Albert Camus was such a miserable sod (with no obvious answer except that he was French and an Existentialist) and finally the slow turning up of the mental dimmer switch that results in a sudden light burst of realisation that one should be attending the AGM. Zebedee falls into this category. I shall not list out all the people in the former or I might as well repeat the above attendance list.

The 'Committee Table' at the end of the hall ran across it, while two long lines of tables contained the rest of the company, who were deemed to be 'below the salt'. The 'Committee Table' resembled a Mad Hatters Tea Party at which most of the guests had failed to turn up. Shandyman, the outgoing GM, stood up and fiddled manically about with papers and gavel while wearing a psychedelic pair of shorts and a formal tie, knotted over his T-shirt with what appeared to be a half-Windsor. By his side the outgoing Hon. Sex, Chopstix, nodded dormouse-like over her minutes, every so-often waking with a squeak before somnolence laid a heavy finger on each eyelid once again. However, her dreamtime was short-lived as Shandyman rapped the table loudly and metallically with his mallet and the meeting (and Chopstix) were brought to order.

You will be able to read the detail in the minutes, lovingly hand-crafted by La Choppers, so I won't bore you with too much of it. The GM's report was not exactly a template for conciseness but none of the



delegates fell asleep and there was the rather curious incident of the dog on the Hash Trail. During the laying of a Trail by Slowsucker a dog-owner had walked their hound round some of the Trail and, on returning to their house, the dog had adopted a pop-eyed posture, farted loudly, blurted out a single *glissando* "Rurrrrrrrffffff", keeled over sideways and snuffed it, legs in the air and tongue hanging out.

The owner quite wrongly assumed that the suspicious white powder strewn on the National Trust woodland floor that the poor beast had consumed had contributed to its speedy demise and 'phoned the rozzers. Several bluebottles, both local and anti-terrorist, forensic analysis and a conference with the NT confirmed that the 'powder' was indeed flour and Slowsucker was not taken away to hang in chains overlooking a wild cliff. I understand that several people were somewhat disappointed with this result...

The GM brought his towering blockbuster of a report to a close amid a shattering roar of applause. I trust none of you are American or you may have trouble understanding irony. It's an English thing. SkinnyDipper took over with her Treasurer's report. She had very kindly given out details earlier of the accounts on a single sheet of A4. Hashers had flipped open glasses, balancing them on their nose and reviewed in a very knowledgeable manner, nodding at certain points and pointing an erudite finger with an almost inaudible "Ah. Of course." In the words of the old saying, 'the lights were on but nobody was at home'. No-one had a clue what the figures meant and Skinny took full advantage with a report that was to longevity what Shandyman's had been to brevity. "Any questions?" She asked after her two minutes. The room was silent. A few of the delegates essayed bright smiles below blank looks. Skinny seated herself with a knowing smile.

And so to the 'Election of Officers'. Machiavelli would have nodded in approval at the speed and execution. Committee Members were stood down and replaced faster than you could blink/think. Then the *coup d'etat*, with Shandyman deeply embroiled in the plot. He announced he would be standing down and that the vote for a new GM would be between Slapper and (at this point he produced one from behind him) a mop! We went through the vapid farce of the vote – our exhortations to elect the mop fell on deliberately deaf ears. Not only that but we were subjected to an alleged 'video conference' with Slapper. I have to say it was an exceptionally well-rehearsed acceptance, with Slapper and Shandyman speaking their lines perfectly. Slapper's disbelief at hearing he had been elected had the audience enthralled. Olivier couldn't have performed better.

By this time both 'eagers' and 'casuals' had seen the delicious food (prepared by C4 and Mrs Blobby – bless 'em both) being placed on tables and surfaces and chops were slavering. Eyes swivelled more and more often to the delectable pickings and gastronomic boots were being mentally strapped on. Shandyman wisely closed the meeting and, trying to appear to stroll casually, we stampeded for the nosh. Very good it was too. Our thanks to the ladies.

On behalf of BH<sup>3</sup> let me thank all members of the outgoing Committee for their efforts to continue to make this Hash successful and enjoyable. Here's the new Committee:-

<u>Position</u>	<u>Unfortunate</u>	<u>Reason</u>
GM	Slapper	A rabid grab for power with collusion by the previous GM, Shandyman.
Treasurer	SkinnyDipper	She knows she's got everyone by the, ahem, balls so she's making the most of it.
HashMash	NoSole	She's just too damn good. More Delia than Hairy Biker.
Hon. Sex	MessengerBoy	Voted in in his absence. 'Nuff said!
Haberdash	Spot	If Victoria Beckham can do it, so can he.
Webmeister	Iceman	Keeps the trolls excellently at bay and uploads my Gobsheets every week. What a chap!
Tick/Membership	Florence & C5	Two old stagers with too much time on their hands (very safe pairs of hands I may say...)
Hash Ents	Ms Whiplash	Lord knows what kind of entertainment she's thinking up.
Scribe	Hashgate	Her Majesty's Press knows no rest...

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Up and Coming

All Hashes now on Sundays, starting at 11:00.

<b>Run</b>	<b>Date</b>	<b>Grid Reference</b>	<b>Venue</b>	<b>Hares</b>
1921	14Sep14 *Sunday 11:00 *	<a href="#">SU922876</a>	<b>The Royal Standard</b> Wooburn Common, East Berks HP10 0JS	Booby DampPatch
1922	17Sep14 *Sunday 11:00 *	<a href="#">SU838659</a>	<b>Pinewood Bar &amp; Café</b> Pinewood Leisure Centre, Old Wokingham Road, Wokingham RG40 3AQ.	RandyMandy BlindPew