

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1972 07Sep15
Venue: Frilsham Village Hall
Hares: Flo and Zeb

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Delegates

Dunny Rampant Hashgate C4 C5 Glittertits PissQuick Booby Itsyor OldFart Butterfly Dribbler Foghorn CabinBuoy Twanky MessengerBoy Slapper NoSole Motox Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TT2 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Hamlet TinOpener OutdoorPursuits Lonely Desperate Shitfor Cerberus Spot Julia Dwight Scoot Iceman Spex SkinnyDipper Potty DampPatch Simple Dumper OldDog Swallow SlowSucker NoStyle

The 2015 AGM Hash

"Only four miles." Advised Hare Zebedee at the Gather Round. On this pleasant, sunny evening a few heads nodded sagely. Four miles as the Zeb and Flo flies can be anything up to twice as much. However, they also advised there would be two (yes two!) Regroups so presumably they wanted to make sure no-one got lost as the gloom gathered. This was our last evening Hash of 2015. Allegedly a short one so we could get the AGM well and truly over and dive in to NoSole's excellent pool of repasts.

The Trail was indeed mercifully not too long but quite fast. Curious bovines stopped in mid cud-chewing to view the brightly-clad apparitions that sped or dragged their weary carcasses past them. The same was true for a field of sheep, who shared their paddock with a couple of rangy (and fluffy) alpacas, who nipped across in front of Booby and DampPatch to join their ovine companions. The entire woolly group had formed a thin (slightly off-) white line across one corner of their field, looking as though they would fight to the death over that scrubby patch of land. Not sure how they would do it – nibble us fiercely



perhaps? Stare blankly at us in a vain attempt to bore us to death? As I trotted across I thought how droll it would be if the Hares had laid a Baa Check. Oh, how I chuckled. One of the alpacas suddenly developed a neck itch and adopted a contortionist pose to scratch behind its ear with a hind hoof. I can't say this posture suited its more lordly, better-than-thou deportment but I suppose if one is built like that one doesn't have much choice. I wondered how on earth giraffes manage? Or for that matter, hippos? Stubby legs and all that. But then they do have tick birds... Not sure why we seem to have wandered into the African plains at this point. Must be a stream, or more likely, a trickle of consciousness.

Moving on from the equatorial, we found ourselves amidst a Christmas Tree plantation, where SlowSucker was trying (and failing) to outpace Scoot, Dwight and Julia's progeny, who seems to have inherited the family trait of being able to run like a demon. It seemed that almost everywhere you ran the flame-haired fellow was

either way out in front or streaked past.

Now Glittertits was having none of this running lark. The fellow had (rather wisely, we thought) brought along his trail bike and was thoroughly enjoying overtaking the Hashers. This all came to a horrible stop at a two-way Check, where many of us started going down a narrow, steep, deeply rutted track in the undergrowth. GT wobbled his way a couple of hundred yards down the thing when we heard Zebedee calling 'On Back'. It's always a little galling, climbing back up a steep trail. But not quite so galling when you have to turn round and push your damn bike up it. There was some minor tittering as we passed his gasping frame. Until, of course, we reached the fairly flat track and he whizzed (or should that be wheezed) past us again.

After the second Regroup, where we all ignored Zebedee's assertion that we could cut off $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile if we wished, we entered that section of the Hash that consisted of lush green, rolling fields that laid back in the calm of the evening and invited us to run across them. Lovely stuff it was and it was worth stopping every now and again just to enjoy its beauty. We had the added benefit of finding that

Shandyman had somehow joined us – we hadn't seen him at all before that. Not only that, but MessengerBoy provided a comedy moment by running a long way across a field to the stile on the other side, after finding a Check. Rather than follow him we thought we'd wait to see if he had found the Trail. He hadn't and completed his moment of folly by tripping over and executing a perfect pratfall as he turned to call out a rather falsetto "False!"

From here, it wasn't too far back to the Village Hall and Foghorn and I nipped down several woody snickets before triumphantly entering the car park in the gathering gloom.

Nice Hash, Flo and Zeb. Thanks for an enjoyable Trail.

The AGM

The tables down each side of the long room filled up with expectant Hashers. Expectant for the AGM? Well maybe. But more than one was eying up NoSole who was in the kitchen in mob cap and paisley wrapover, fag in mouth, stirring steaming cauldrons of alluringly smelling concoctions with a long spoon (when you sup with the devil...). Every now and then a bubble would rise slowly to the top, then with a 'gloop' burst like an exploding frog. One wondered if, perhaps it might be... But no, surely? Large cobwebbed jars, their contents dim and largely undefined, filled the shelves above the cookers. Did we see a limb twitch there? That one can't contain a pickled homunculus can it? Does that grimy label really say 'Zombie P*nis'? And why is the one labelled 'Dead Men's Fingers' empty?! We could only wait and see. And we were hungry...

We have Spex to thank for the minutes this year. She kindly stepped in (no doubt to ensure her version of the events were taken as gospel) when MessengerBoy buggered off early on some lame excuse (I don't know what it was so figured I would just give him some stick).

Slapper, our revered GM, wearing the GM's Old School Tie, rose to his feet and whacked his gavel on the table in front of him. I believe the shock of actually seeing this, rather than the noise it made, stunned the room to silence, a silence that grew as Slapper got into the stride of his filibuster.

He thanked Motox for his rôle as Honorary President, then promptly whipped it away from him and awarded it to TinOpener. Bit of a mistake really, since TinOpener went off on an oration of his own, becoming louder as the shouts of derision, boos, hisses and cries to "Get off!" rang out. Someone must have applied the hypodermic full of Valium to his rear end for he finally sank to his chair with a fixed smile on his face. I should add that Motox was presented in consolation with his 1300th Hash award. A fine achievement that was warmly applauded.



Slapper, sensing that Fate was on his side and applying the political *laissez faire* principal, announced that this year's Committee members would be exactly the same as last year. Apart from Zebedee, who had incautiously mentioned in Slapper's earshot that he just might be willing to be Committee Dogsbody. He was rousingly voted in by the rest of the assembly, who were mightily pleased to be let off any responsibility. He mentioned then that he would rather be the Dog's B*locks if it was all right with us and could he have a T-shirt please. Desperate said to me she could just imagine the dangling logo on the T-shirt so I replied that the ar*ehole would be just above them. i.e. sticking out of the neck of it...

Slapper fixed the audience with a gimlet eye, daring anyone to challenge his supreme authority. Not a squeak. He pounced on his opportunity and thrust HashCash SkinnyDipper into the limelight to give her report. She did. The thing is with Skinny, having been a teacher for so long she knows exactly how to handle a room full of juveniles. Though some of the gentlemen, no doubt, may have delighted in a touch of corporal punishment, there was no need and, apart from a minor infraction by Simple, who questioned why Down Down money wasn't included in the accounts, she sailed through the calm financial seas like a stately galleon under full sail



After some more ladles full of verbal from Slapper he finally announced (having noticed the eager eyeing of the kitchen and slaving jowls in front of him) that dinner was served and, with a howl of zombie-like relish, the entire room fell upon NoSole's delicious chillis (no obvious fingernails), salad (CabinBuoy managed to throw his plateful all over the serving table), cheese and later on, pies to die for (after having eaten them, of course). Our HashMash proved once again that she, not Zebedee, is actually the D's B's, particularly in the gourmet nosh department.

Below is this year's Committee – the usual bloated nest-featherers.

<u>Position</u>	<u>Unfortunate</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Honorary President	TinOpener	I can only believe palms were greased
GM	Slapper	Another year of power. Mugabe leads, Slapper follows.
Treasurer	SkinnyDipper	George Osborne could learn a thing or two here.
HashMash	NoSole	Her muffins are second to none...
Hon. Sex	MessengerBoy	Despite doing a runner tonight he couldn't get away ☺
Haberdash	Spot	Another McQueen. He's too sexy for his shirt...
Webmeister	Iceman	If we lost Iceman (perish the thought) would it be a net loss?
Tick/Membership	Florence & C5	They've had more members through their hands than most...
Hash Ents	Ms Whiplash	Never knowingly overcharged.
Dogsbody	Zebedee	The only change to the line-up. The fool actually volunteered!
Scribe	Hashgate	Her Majesty's Press knows no rest...

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

The admirable Mr. Fart's contribution was sent in a while ago but missed out on publication due to the Westerly nature of many recent Hashes and the inability of your editor to get to them.

Sir,
I herd a rumour in the field that your noble R.A. Shitter (or Pat as he is known to us) is thinking of mooving over to concentrate on his udder interests. I wish to nominate my partner Daisy who auditioned for the vacancy on Monday and milked the audience easily deflecting the bullshit thrown in her direction. She is Desperate for the job, has very shapely calves, wouldn't let the grass grow under her feet and

could cope admirably with the rump of silver tops amongst your members. She will not tolerate the usual load of old bullocks evident on the Hash so please give her your vote.

Yours,
O.L.D. Fart

Down Downs

Shitfor certainly wasn't going to pass up the chance of playing to an appreciative (and increasingly p*ssed) audience and he awarded the following:-

Who Got It

Why

NoSole, Slapper	Excellent food and organisation. Very well done to them!
Cripples of the Year	Mr Blobby and C5
Happiest Hasher	SlowSucker
DampPatch	Received her 50 Runs Award
OutdoorPursuits	It was almost impossible to gain her attention in order to give her a Down Down for her birthday. Finally, the light dawned that it was she who was being called up. Doh!
Timekeepers of the Year	Surprisingly Florence and Zebedee
Walker of the Year	Who else but Motox!
Trainer of the Year	CabinBuoy... ?
False Trail Finder of the Year	Rampant
RA of the Year	Since LoudonTasteless wasn't here, Spex kindly stood in for him
Tonight's Hares	Florence and Zebedee

Up and Coming

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

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1974	20Sep15 * 11:00 *	SU542686	The Cottage Inn 26 Broad Lane, Upper Bucklebury RG7 6QJ	Dunny Rampant
1975	27Sep15 * 11:00 *	SU755704	The Seven Red Roses Maiden Place Reading RG6 3HA	BlindPugh RandyMandy