

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2076 04Sep17
Venue: Bradfield Southend
Village Hall

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

Hares: Snowy, Shifty, FalseTart

Delegates

Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Swallow SlowSucker FlashBangWallop NoStyle ChocChuck Potty Nutty C4 C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby MessengerBoy Spex LoudonTasteless Slippery Florence Zebedee TT2 Motox Iceman TC Whinge Caboose CabinBuoy Mags Spot Dumber NoWaiting and dog Poppy TinOpener Uplift Splash SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dog Masie Skids Foghorn PissQuick Glittertits Utopia OldFart Lonely Twanky Dorothy Slapper HappyFeet AWOL

The AGM Hash

The AGM Hash is eagerly anticipated by all who attend. Is this because each keen Hasher realises this is their chance to be elected to the BH³ Committee and server for 'the greater good'? Is it because, like North Koreans, they wish to laud and honour with wide smiles and cheers our great leader, Mr Blobby, as he presents his annual report? Is it to experience that joyful feeling of group togetherness as we celebrate the year's experiences? Generally, no. They come because the Trail will be short and there's food. Always brings people out, food. Mention the possibility of a sausage roll and a raspberry coulis the week before and everyone will turn up on the day.

I must confess that, due to my satnav having sent me on several wild goose chases, a turkey shoot and the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, my mood was somewhat, ah, strained by the time we got to the Village Hall. However, the sight of all those hungry people, preparing for a short run, lifted the spirits from festering resentment against all things technological to marginal civility. (I suppose I could have just ignored the bloody satnav and driven the way I knew... 😊)

I can certainly report that our Hares had laid an excellent Trail. It meandered and wandered through a variety of woodland, fields and tarmac, with a number of tricky Checks and a few Bars thrown in to keep our enjoyment level high. Shifty had obviously given his all during the Trail laying since he had a bit of an old sit down on a bench at the fourth Check. Presumably in the expectation that we would take some time to find the right way. He wasn't wrong. There was quite a bit of confusion (as it should be). For instance, FlashBangWallop came back from a Bar way up a hilly track to find the rest of us coming back from the last flour blob after it had led to a False in the woods! The Sneaky Hares had laid another Trail at an angle to the False. Nice one!

Shifty had been complaining for a while about the lack of 'On On' shouting. Fair enough. People further



back need to know roughly where the Trail goes. As we trotted into a field I thought it about time to let one go. (Having re-read that I realise I could probably have put it better.) I sucked in as much of the air from the surrounding area as possible and cleared the vocal chords, theatrically-like, with a couple of short bursts (one bass and one falsetto) of "Phhnaaagh". I find (and Cloggs has been very amused by this in the past) that preceding the 'On On' with a preparatory "Haaa" increases the volume and projection by a factor of about 6 and a ½. The only down side to this is due to Twanky's hearing, where he insists I'm calling (possibly in a plaintive, though megaphonic request) "Man On!" Which I would like to record is absolutely **not** the case. Anyway, having gone through my preparations I let rip with a stentorian "HaaaOn On!" that clattered around the surrounding hills, blew a

roosting flock of magpies out of a tree and nearly ruptured Shifty's left eardrum. It turned out that the lad had come up right behind me and received most of the vocal force. I advised him, through sign language, that he **had** complained about people not shouting. He gave me a 'fair enough' thumbs-up and ran off, clutching his ear.

Perhaps the most fascinating thing in this Trail was our stop for a breather (and a howl by some of our more juvenile, or should that be geriatric, members) outside the gates of the UK Wolf Conservation Trust at Beenham. You could hear the elongated whines and howls coming from behind the (thankfully high) fencing. I guess our lupine companions could smell hot Hashers and were imagining the sinking of teeth into flesh (quite a bit of it in some cases...) and the crunch of juicy bone for supper. We relievedly scurried on.

The Regroup bifurcated the Trail into, according to Snowy, 'a runner's loop' and the Short Trail. Since the runner's loop entered the now distinctly dusky (and rapidly darkening) area under the trees opposite and I was feeling a tad less than healthy the Short Trail beckoned and Potty, Motox, Foghorn, NoWaiting, Poppy and I took it, meeting up with TC and Whinge for a friendly chat on the way.

As I mentioned earlier, an excellent Trail that lasted just about an hour and had everyone back only just as darkness fell at 8 o'clock. Well done Hares, and thanks. 😊

The 39th BH³ AGM

The hall was brightly lit. Hashers sat warily either side of tables that lined the long sides of it. Mr Blobby, in his role as GM, prowled up and down the rows, gavel in hand, looking for Committee members who had not obeyed his command to sit at the Committee Table at the head of the rows. He saw me, raised the gavel handle towards me and, looking along it like a man sighting a rifle, ordered, "Hashgate! Committee Table! Now!" I snatched up my recording machine and scurried to my place next to Slippery.



Everyone was in place. Everyone was eyeing the tables of food where mountains of sausage rolls, sandwiches, cheese, salad, crusty French bread, salad and paté threatened to collapse the straining table legs. Everyone that is, except Zebedee. Committee member, *bon viveur* and rampant unpunctualist, he swaggered through the far entrance double doors before catching sight of the twin bradawl look that Mr Blobby was giving him. It was like Harry Potter catching sight of a dementor before he'd figured out how to work the Patronus Charm,. He whitened and skittered sideways along one side of the hall before sliding into his chair at the Committee Table. After a suitably chastening silence, Mr Blobby narrowed his eyes and banged his gavel on the table to denote that the AGM had begun.

Knowing that BH³ was hungry and that if he didn't move things along rapidly they were likely to start thinking about him like the wolves had thought about us earlier, Mr Blobby warmed to his GM task. The agenda came and went as follows:-

<u>Agenda Item</u>	<u>Action Taken</u>
Welcome	"Hello".
Minutes of last year's AGM	"All ok? Fine. Accepted."
GM's Report	"We did lots of stuff. Hurrah. Next. Treasurer's Report"
Treasurer's Report	SkinnyDipper had placed small sheets of paper purporting to contain the accounts on the tables. The font was 2 point Russian Cyrillic and (for those who could read it) the accounting principles seemed based on the Bernard Madoff school. She reported, "We've got some money. Any questions?" FlashBangWallop essayed one, only to be met with a fish-eye stare similar to Mr Blobby's and an answer so financially convoluted that he ended up nodding in wide-eyed agreement with everything she said.
Election of the Committee	I mentioned the North Koreans earlier. The nepotistic rubber-stamping of chosen favourites was fantastic to behold and scarcely believable in an independent society. The gavel

	banged down again to end this twisted farrago of representative democracy.
Election of President	Mr Blobby beckoned the outgoing President, TinOpener, over to the Committee Table and whispered instructions feverishly in his ear. TinOpener can take direction. He spoke briefly, then offered Spot the post. But Spot hadn't read the script and declined this fabulous offer. However, Ms Whiplash, urged on by a sycophantic Slapper, eagerly reluctantly accepted the post and was duly voted in to thunderous applause.
AOB	Mr Blobby asked if there was any, found there wasn't, moved on. The pack was getting restless and eyes were straying more and more towards the food tables.
Close the meeting	Not a moment too soon, Mr Blobby declared the AGM closed.

Just as Mr Blobby banged his gavel on the table for the last time there was a mass scraping of chairs on the floor and a stampede for the food. Kicking, biting, elbowing and gouging are allowed at these events and members of BH³ employed all four to their best advantage. Fortunately, there were only a couple of black eyes, a sprained wrist and a single groin injury. BH³ returned to their seats, tousled, bloodied, but with comestible triumph in their piled plates.

The food tables looked like a very large polar bear had been dropped on them from a great height.

The ladies who had organised the food (C4, Mrs Blobby, I believe. Apologies if I missed anyone) looked on happily. Obviously a job well done. It certainly was – thank you ladies. ☺

Later, our revered RA, Foghorn, presented the Down Downs, which are recorded below.

This year's BH³ Committee members are as follows. Our grateful thanks to those who served on last year's:-

<u>Post</u>	<u>Holder</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Grand Master (GM)	Mr Blobby	He was born to wear the mantle.
Hash Cash	SkinnyDipper	Needs to augment that teacher's pension somehow.
HareRazor	Zebedee	Let's be honest. He's pretty good at it.
Hash Scribe	Hashgate	Let's be honest... he's got nothing else to do.
Religious Advisor	Foghorn with an as yet unknown assistant...	He loves it. We love him. Be interesting to find out who the assistant is.
Hash Tick and Membership	Florence and C5	Bonnie and Clyde... with menaces.
Hash Ents	Slapper	He could organise the next Coronation if asked.
Webmaster	Iceman	The Tim Berners-Lee of BH ³ !
On-Sex	MessengerBoy	He's good at taking messages. I suppose he should be.
HashMash	Uplift and Splash	Up, lift and splash are onomatopoeia words describing their approach to preparing their whole turkey stew.
Haberdash	Vacant at present	No-one could (so far) do this as well as Slippery did last year.
Dogsbody	Vacant at present	We should hound someone to do this.

And the quote of the day comes from Mr Blobby who, while rambling on about health and safety during his annual report, brought the house down when he suggested that, "Everyone should buddy-up with a virgin." Um. Right.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

As presented by RA Foghorn.

Who Got It

Why

Snowy, FalseTart, Shifty	Tonight's excellent Hares
Twanky	Frightened a number of ladies in the woods...
ChockChuck	Apparently, she's a triathlete in her spare time!
Nutty	She came first in her age bracket in the Boys Against Cancer race
LoudonTasteless	It's his 70 th birthday tomorrow! Crikey.
The outgoing Committee	Being outgoing...
The incoming Committee	Being incoming...
Splash	Was awarded the 'La Pecorina' apron by Glittertits since she asked him why he was wearing it (not paying attention).

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2078	17Sep17 * 11:00 *	SU851663	Great Hollands Recreation Ground, South Road RG40 3EE On2 The Golden Retriever, Nine Mile Ride , Crowthorne RG40 3DR	RandyMandy BlindPew
2079	24Sep17 * 11:00 *	SU696840	The Rising Sun, Witheridge Hill RG9 5PF	Dunny Rampant