

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2181 09Sep19
Venue: Bradfield Village Hall
Bradfield Southend
Hares: Dunny, Rampant

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

Representatives



MessengerBoy SweetPea Agatha Donut Hashgate HappyFeet Spot PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Twanky BlowJob Florence Zebedee Spex LoudonTastless Foghorn Iceman Motox C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Desperate Shitfer Cerberus BillyBullshit NonStick FalseTart Shifty AWOL Ben CrownJewels Lonely SkinnyDipper ChocChuck NoStyle Phantom TC Whinge Tequilova

The AGM Hash

Not only the AGM, but the last Monday evening Hash of the year. And since food was to be provided a large contingent of BH³ turned up to enjoy our gallop in the gloom. For gloomy it was. The day had been overcast and it was very dim as we gathered in the Circle to be welcomed by and welcome back GM SkinnyDipper. She had returned from her epic bicycle ride to visit her son in Sweden. As I mentioned to her later, her son should be very proud of his old mum! Skinny used the Circle to provide us with the opportunity to celebrate the fact that she has returned. So we did. 😊

The Hares advised us that, since it would be dark fairly soon, the Trail was going to be quite fast and about only 4½ miles. Personally, 3½ would have suited most of us. Especially those who were looking forward to the nosh, professionally provided and prepared by our Hash Mash: FalseTart.



I looked for pictures of legs in cramp. Urgh! These are much nicer.

We On Outed across the wide field at the back of the village hall, those of us who had 'enjoyed' C5 and Mr Blobby's Moonlight Hash on Saturday creaking a tad in the lower joints area. I ran along with Dunny and asked her if her calf was any better. During the Moonlight she had experienced a sudden and, for her, very rare and vicious cramp. How she managed to carry on is a bit of a wonder for she was only just about able to walk afterwards – though it didn't stop her vying for position in the queue to sample C4's delicious food. Dunny said she was better but the calf was very tender and Rampant's earlier attempt at gentle massage almost turned her into the first woman to levitate rapidly through her own ceiling. Hope it's better soon, Dunny. A note also on C4, who was feeling pretty dreadful on Saturday. Hope you feel better and thanks again for the brilliant food and indeed hosting the Moonlight when you felt like that.

There were lots of longish, straightish bits and many seemed to go uphill. At the top of one of these Shifty and I noticed a run-down building next to what looked like a built-up, small sewage plant. A large sign said it was going to be sold at auction. We agreed that it all looked a bit rough but at least it had its own, significantly sized septic tank. Only

needs to emptied every ten years or when the contents start spilling over the top...

Immediately after this a learner driver came past us with a sign on top of the car that read 'Tony Hart's School of Driving'. We figured that there can't have been enough money in art work.

As we ran along a fenced path between two paddocks the horses in one ran about madly, excited at the attention they were receiving. Since ChocChuck was in front of us and she had started the stampede of cows the previous week, we blamed the current equine one on her.

At a difficult-to-comprehend (mainly because the Check had disappeared) back Check in a forest we ran along a deeply rutted track filled in parts with water, Lonely decided to cool one of his feet in one of

the puddles while managing not to slide sideways and fall in completely. A little disappointing but we enjoyed the initial splash nevertheless.

Poor MessengerBoy tramped ¼ mile (or so it looked) up a grassy hill from a Check before Rampant (who wanted to ensure he 'enjoyed' the False) called him back while the rest of us carried straight on. It was beginning to get very dim and those who had brought lights turned them on. Curious how the pool of light makes the surrounding, dark forest seem to lean in on you. We careered along a very long, straight, leaf-strewn path that was great underfoot. Hardly a root in sight and C5 and Mr Blobby actually managed to stay upright all the way along.

More uphill followed and, appropriately enough by this time, I saw a house named Witsend. Some of us knew how it felt. That 4½ miles was feeling longer as the night drew in and we trekked ever upwards. However, our spirits lifted when we crossed a minor road and saw the 'On Inn'. A quick sprint across the field that we had gone out on got us back to the village hall, now lit up inside, and we gratefully changed, looking forward to the ~~feed~~ AGM and food. 😊

Thanks to our Hares for setting this Trail. Especially Dunny, with her injured leg.

BH3 2019 AGM

The village hall had tables and chairs laid out in an open-sided rectangle. Hashers sat at the sides, opening bottles of hooch and eyeing the other tables piled with food, the waft of meats, pasta, scotch eggs teasing every nostril. At the top end, above the salt, as it were, sat The Committee, in the middle of which was GM SkinnyDipper, wearing the tie of office. She banged her gavel on the table to call the meeting to order. Most of the assembly would have been happy to order food at this point but they had to wait. A hush descended and our revered GM began her annual report. I won't go into detail since you will all receive a copy of the minutes. But I will say that she was happy to report a successful year during which we enjoyed many events. Membership is good and there is a healthy bank balance, even though Treasurer Zebedee is sorely tempted to take an expensive holiday at our expense.

Spex raised the point that there had been no opportunity to mention any items arising from the previous minutes. It was a fair point and well-made, though It was obvious that the thoughts of the group in



BH3's AGM goes well

that I wouldn't be able to attend their Hash and laughingly suggested I write a Gobsheet anyway. It's currently on the BH³ website – Gobsheet 2182. Enjoy!

The Committee members were agreed – see below for details – and the meeting closed. Whereupon there was a rabid dash for the food tables. Everyone had been asked to bring their own plate, knife and fork to save recycling, waste and washing up. Great idea, which everyone I spoke to agreed with. It was a bit like watching locusts descend on a cornfield and, by the time everyone was sitting down and filling their faces, the food tables looked a bit like the cornfield after the locusts had flown off, burping, to the next feast. Mind you, FalseTart must have been very pleased that her efforts had proved so popular.

So another successful year, ending with a successful AGM. BH³ in general thanks the Committee members for the work that they do. We like to think we are one of the best organised Hashes around. I think we are. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

general were gastronomically inclined and the minor round of applause was more to get her to **sit down** rather than laud her interjection. Motox raised one AOB point that stirred the meeting up a little. Then it was Hashgate's (that's me 😊) turn to mention that he had written (and WaveRider had kindly printed) the Gobsheet for next week's Hash, hosted by Whinge, TC and Desperate. There were a few perplexed looks with people thinking: how could he see into the future? It's just one of my side-lines. On a Friday night booze-up a while ago, I had mentioned to them

The Committee

Not much change from last year. Since they are stepping down, we very much thank FalseTart (Hash Mash) and Dumber (Trail Master) for their work and to Slapper who has taken over this role.

<u>Post</u>	<u>Post Holder</u>	<u>Reason</u>
GM	SkinnyDipper	Like John Bercow, she is reluctant to let go the reins of supreme power.
President	Ms Whiplash	She has similar coloured, but much better styled, hair to Donald Trump...
Hon. Sex	Tequilova	She is one of the few who can not only write, but spell.
Hash Cash	Zebedee	He's an ex-bank manager and well versed in the esoteric art of accounts massage.
Religious Advisor	Motox	Well, he's really rather good at it.
Trail Master	Slapper	Iceman is kindly standing in for him while he is on holiday. Slapper's powers of organising know no limits.
Hash Scribe	Hashgate	See the GM and Hon. Sex reasons...
Membership & Tick	Florence and C5	Two people you can never say 'No' to when collecting membership dues and Tick.
Haberdash	Mr Blobby	A fellow with infinite artistic flair and a feel for lovely fabrics.
Hash Mash	No-one yet – please volunteer.	
Webmaster Supreme	Iceman	Next to Tim Berners-Lee, he's the man!
Dog's Bollocks	Foghorn	He may not have a dog but he does talk boll....

Down Downs

RA Motox had to wait until the time between the main course and the puddings to award the below. He sat at his table, staring thirstily at the glasses full of beer in front of him. I'm surprised there were any left to award when the time came!

Who Got It

Why

Cerberus, Whinge

Though the Walker's Trail was only 2½ miles they decided to take a short cut.

LoudonTasteless

His birthday. Congrats. Fortunately, Motox didn't ask him to make a speech...

CrownJewels

His (happy) birthday too.

Mrs Blobby, Utopia

They led the Walkers astray and got lost. Doh!

NoStyle

Helping the above up a very steep hill. What a gent!

FalseTart

For having done a great job as HashMash. Well done and thanks to her!

Mr Blobby, C5

For **not** falling over during the Trail.

Dunny, Rampant

Tonight's Hares. Rampant had to drink both Down Downs because Dunny was going to drive. He didn't seem to mind...

Motox had a variety of lost property that he felt ought to be returned to its owners. Curiously, no-one owned up to a pair of white knickers with red motifs. AWOL eventually stepped forward to claim the red bra that Motox was waving about! Rather unnervingly, he put it on, over his jacket!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2183	22Sep19	SU666840	The Black Horse Up a Little Lane, Checkendon RG8 0TE	GnomeAlone CheapDate
2184	29Sep19	SU792742	The Elephant & Castle Lodge Road Whistley Green Reading RG10 0EH	RandyMandy Gnasher