

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2357 24Sep23
Hash Location:	St. John's Hall, Mortimer Common
Hares:	WetWipe HashTray SkinnyDipper

Delegates



PissQuick GT Donut Hashgate Posh Bomber RandyMandy BlindPew Rob Swallow SlowSucker Iceman Motox Gannet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Caboose TreeT Foxy Floater Potty Nutty Slips Snowy C5 Twanky Blowjob SkinnyDipper Cuddles SexSlave Dunny Rampant Dumb Dumber FalseTart Shifty Spot Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Crusty BGB Utopia Gnasher WellLaid Pimp Plod Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener CouchPotato Florence MessengerBoy and dog Willow NoSole Slapper Karina Yvonne SpecialBranch Dorothy

The BH³ 2023 AGM Hash

Attending the AGM is always a pleasure. Watching the GM struggle to read... their prepared speech, the naked (not literally! Though that could be a feature next year) power struggles amongst the committee members, verbal fisticuffs during AOB, the sudden slide under their table of people who have 'accidentally' dropped something when volunteers are called for - there's something for everyone. Of course, the AGM has to be preceded by a Hash. This is a crafty ploy by the committee that ensures nearly everyone is so knackered after the Trail that their ability to think rationally and thus disagree with any of the committee's pronouncements is severely curtailed.

This year that stratagem may not have worked quite so well. The carefully chosen Hares were WetWipe and HashTray who are (compared to the rest of us) young and fit and SkinnyDipper who has a Trail-laying PHD (Professorship of Hash Deviousness). But, at the Circle, Hare WetWipe admitted that they ran out of time when laying the Trail because they (the two chaps that is) were a mite hungover after the excesses of the previous day.



Now before we continue let me introduce you to Cuddles' leg, as shown in the picture to your left. I'm sure you will be struck, as was I, by the sheer number of kitties peering from the patellar, clinging thoughtfully to the thigh and shinning up the, well, shin. The other leg of the trouserage was entirely devoid of pussycats, which meant that her left leg garnered considerably more interest. When I asked for permission to photo said leg both Posh and SkinnyDipper, who were talking with Cuddles, expressed disappointment that I had not wanted to take a picture of theirs. I did try to make up for this while running behind Posh later on but when I asked if I might visually digitize her shapely calf with my mobile camera she told me in no uncertain terms, "Certainly not, Hashgate! I've changed my mind." It's difficult being a bloke sometimes (he whined).

Let's sprint straight into the Trail. HashTray and I were 30 or so Metres behind Iceman, toiling up a steep, grassy hill. He suddenly let off one of his thunderous "ON ON!!!" yells so I thought it would be amusing to call back "ARRRRRE YYoWWW!?" Iceman stopped, turned and gave me a perfectly executed Harvey Smith which had HashTray sniggering. A well-judged riposte to a jocular cliché that fairly trips over the beard it has grown. 😊

A fairly lengthy hack got us to the amphitheatre that sits at the heart of Silchester in what was the Roman town of Calleva Atrebartum. Here we enjoyed a rest and a chat by the flour mark of 'RRG' which our Hares said stood for 'Roman Regroup'. I was very disappointed at Twanky's ageist, chuckling



comment that, “Hashgate was here when the Romans were.” A little harsh, I feel. But of course he has to try and deflect people away from his many failings... (Miaow! Wow, that was scratchier than all the kitties on Cuddles’ leg put together). Actually, Twanky’s comment provided a fair bit of merriment later. He was running with Dorothy and they and I occasionally overtook each other, saying things like “Ave”, “Ancient Briton coming through”, “Et tu Brute”, and my favourite as I sped past them, “Vincit qui patitur” (he conquers who endures), accompanied by one of those Harvey Smiths so loved by Iceman.

Getting back to the Regroup, Hare WetWipe told us that he had wanted to provide a lecture on the Romans and their occupation of the area but, sadly, we’d run out of time. ‘Sic vita est’, we thought. ‘Such is life’ and we trotted off to find the Trail, eventually, and go for a long, sunny and windy trot atop the old Roman wall.



Hashgate leaves Twanky and Dorothy eating dust.

We finally turned into a farm and ran between two paddocks. To our left stood 3 horses, wearing coats and bored expressions. To our right were 3 sheep, two donkeys and a llama (no, it wasn’t an alpaca – I checked) who regarded us in an inquisitive manner while chewing thoughtfully. Bomber slipped lightly past as we entered a large field that sloped gently downwards in the sunshine. Lovely. Twanky, Dorothy, BGB and Crusty took full advantage of gravity to canter down it.

After a pretty long straight bit we entered the environs of the delightfully named Summerlug, near The Turner’s Arms and spotted what might once have been an ‘On Inn’ that had mostly dissipated amongst the grass on which it had been laid. Still, we knew where we were and that we didn’t have long to go. We came up alongside the group of walkers and I enjoyed a warm-down chat with Slips as we approached St John’s Hall.

Our Hares laid a pleasant Trail, containing much of historical interest (mainly the older Hashers). Our thanks to them and we trust the hangovers have now retreated.

The 45th BH³ AGM

HashMash FalseTart, kitchen elf Shifty, sausage turner Dumb and chief potato masher Dunny set to work preparing our Hash grub GM (for the moment) Rampant called the roomful of rabble purporting to be meeting delegates to order. I should note here that ensuring that the food was not served until after the AGM was over was another sneaky ploy by the committee. As delicious scents of bangers and mash wafted throughout the hall you could see people’s eyes swivelling to the serving hatch, their minds only half on the business in hand.

Rampant had a pile of notes in front of him that would assist in his summing up of BH³’s activities for the year. Trouble was, they seemed to be out of order and his shuffling of them didn’t appear to be helping. Visions of Boris Johnson swam into our heads and we expected at any moment that he would launch into an oration lauding Peppa Pig. Luckily, he found his notes and delighted us with memories of the past year’s events and charity donations. You will, I know, read the full details in the minutes that will be shared with you.

Rampant gave the floor to HashCash, SkinnyDipper, who told us that BH³ currently had plenty of money and she’ll shortly be moving Barbados. I may have misheard the last bit. Skinny performed an unplanned committee member ploy when she sat down to rapturous applause. Realising she’d forgotten to ask, she whispered, “Any questions?” But, of course, none were forthcoming. 😊

Then came the announcements by Rampant of who would be in next year's committee. After longer than is usual in their respective posts, both he and RA Motox were standing down. See comments under the Down Downs section regarding Motox. With regard to Rampant, he has done a fantastic job and we thank him for leading the committee and helping BH³ to continue to thrive. The incoming GM will be SpecialBranch and RA will be Foxy. They were rightly applauded by everyone for stepping into these roles. Others who volunteered for roles are Gnasher (Hash Ents), Dumb and Dumber (Dogsbodies) and Plod (assistant to HashMash FalseTart). They were equally well received. A full list of the committee members and roles appears below.

As soon as the meeting was closed the hard-working kitchen staff put out sausages, mash, rolls, gravy and sauces. A snarling, lip-licking dash of frenzied, shiny-eyed Hashers bearing plates were whipped back by Dunny into a (dis)orderly queue that could be served by the dinner ladies. Slaving Hashers with full plates curled a defending arm round their food, daring other snarling eaters to try their luck before scampering off to their seats and falling on the rations like hyenas on a carcass. Puddings followed and, burping with a surfeit of nosh, BH³ enjoyed Motox's last session as RA.

Many thanks to HashMash and all who helped in the kitchen and to those who put out and later put away the chairs and tables. As usual, an excellent BH³ event.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

This was Motox' last set of Down Down awards after about 4 years of doing this job. His commitment should be applauded. He has been a natural at being RA and has performed the task very well, week in, week out. Our thanks to him for entertaining us so often.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Motox	C5 awarded this to our outgoing RA for his outstanding service.
Pimp, WellLaid	They had intended to have sex in the amphitheatre but had been put off by the crowd. Not into dogging then. They had to drink their Downs bum to bum with a hand hold between their legs. Well done both!
PennyPitstop, Dumber	Hapy Birthday to them!
FalseTart, Shifty, Dunny, Dumb	The main kitchen staff. Well deserved. Dumb was described as the Chief Sausage Turner!
Rampant, Motox	Outgoing committee members.
SpecialBranch, Foxy, Gnasher, Dumb, Dumber	Incoming committee members. Plod had had to leave.
Slapper	Foxy had wanted to pass on the 'David' apron to MessengerBoy but, since he'd had to go, she gave it to Slapper.
WetWipe, HashTray, SKinnyDipper	Today's hungover (and not hungover) Hares. 😊
Spot	He hasn't missed a single week's Hashing this year!
Rob, Nutty, Potty	Very welcome returnees.

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2358	01Oct23	Glamour theme - Ritz up the run; the swankier the better! Prize for 'Best Own-Made Outfit' and for 'Best prêt-à-porter Outfit'. Hash chips! The Hare and Hounds 12 Woodlands Road	Hashgate Donut TC



		Sonning Common RG4 9TE What3words: solder.laugh.s.louder	
2359	08Oct23	The Bell & Bottle (the old Bell & Bottle, now an Indian Restaurant) Bath Road Maidenhead SL6 3RX What3words: overcomes.protest.losses	Shitfer Desperate

The New BH³ Committee (The Dream Team, according to Slapper)

<u>Position</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Reason</u>
GM	SpecialBranch	Rampant bribed him.
HashCash	SkinnyDipper	Legendary massaging and siphoning skills.
On Sex	Swallow	She's the only one who can spell.
Religious Advisor(RA)	Foxy	She has a wicked sense of humour.
Trail Master	Dunny	She's damn good at 'persuading' people to Hare.
Scribe	Hashgate	He's just hanging on for the long service award.
Tick/Membership	Florence & C5	They're experts at extracting cash from Hashers.
Haberdash	Mr Blobby	He's always had designs on the job.
HashMash	FalseTart Plod	Chef and sous chef – works for me!
Web Master	Iceman	He's the best to do it... the only one who can do it!
Hash Ents	Gnasher	She's a highly entertaining personality.
Dogsbody	Shifty, Dumb & Dumber	They wanted to form a pack.



Incoming committee members Dumber, Dumb, Gnasher, Foxy and SpecialBranch.



GM SpecialBranch receives the ~~poisoned~~ ~~chalice~~ GM trappings of office from outgoing GM, Rampant.

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