

# Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribe



Hare: Victoria

Pub: The General Elliot,  
South Hinksey.

The Beer Stop Crew: The pub landlord, John/"Not in the Good Pub Guide 2008? What the f\*\*\* is that about?"/Wat'llya've?.

Next runs:

17th Oct: The Kite, Osney.

24th Oct: Exeter Hall, Cowley Road.

31st Oct: Coach and Horses, Wallingford. **Halloween!!**

Ah, the Hash AGM. Every year all the Mismanagement positions change hands with the exceptions of the Webmaster and Hash Cash. Except... what's this? Dingaling's standing down as webmaster? Noooooo! But everything's OK coz Gadget's not taking over. Silent has volunteered to pick up the virtual reins as Hash Techie. Hash Cash Maneater still has her hands on the purse strings though, and that's coz she's the only one who can count. And where's this year's new scribe, you're asking? Well, you lucky people, you can look forward to some highly entertaining guest scribes over the course of the next 12 months - quite possibly written in foreign too, if Angel can be persuaded.

What other unchanging traditions happened at the AGM? Oh yes, there's always an "I've only laid a short one" from the hare, describing a trail in which he (it's invariably a he, I've noticed) manages to cover half of Oxford and lose half the pack, while the other half just give up after 30 minutes and head back to the pub for the laid-out food. Oh yes, that's another tradition whereby it's the one week where the quitters are in no danger of missing the beerstop.

Back to the start and On Out with a f\*\*\*king pointless loop around South Hinksey and back past the pub to rejoin Big Stiffy and Ladybird who were sat waiting on the park bench, discussing their aches, pains and, most of all, stiffness while comparing their respective lengths and hardness of the previous Sunday. On on across some ankle-turning fields which was a bit of a worry for back-from-broken-ankle Shitstix – he'd been told by his doctor that he shouldn't be running yet, and his efforts to protect his ankle weren't helped by having to fight off half a dozen hash hounds desperate for a piece of Badger action.

Eventually, as we all knew we would, the trail crossed the bridge over the lake and onwards to a bit of pointless running back and forth, up and down Abingdon Road. Time now for the quitters to go back to the pub grub while the lost ones vainly tried to find trail – not helped by the whispered "on on"s of the disappearing FRBs. After a bit of a trespass onto a college playing field, Pony Express took the lost ones in hand and led them stooping through some trees and back to Hinksey Park where it turned out that "clever" Victoria had laid the On Inn as back over the bridge which had been the On Out. They got back just in time for the start of the circle, so not that late really.

Prison Pussy's swansong was fitting finale to his two years as RA – verging on anarchy and chaos. Maybe the next scribe can have a rant about politeness and respect for the circle and the RA.

On Inn to the pub grub and this scribe was collared for not filling in his timesheet at work! So much for f\*\*\*king hash names and anonymity!! Just one question... under what section of the timesheet should I log the Scribe writing? (Only joking. I write it at home.) (Or do I?) (I have a photocopier at home too, of course. Oh yes.)

**The Circle** – Prison Pussy gathered the pack into the beer shed for his last and final circle ... and there was much rejoicing!

**Dipstick** was disciplined for nicking food from the pub before the circle.

**Victoria**, the hare, was commended for keeping the pack together for at least 400 yards. Apart from that, shite.

Quote of the night went to **Creeper** – “I can’t do it right, it always ends up pointing at my feet!” I think she was talking about her head ~~technique~~ torch

A few downdowns from the Clarendon marathon. **Spaced Man** received his gay blue T-shirt. And disappeared while trying to put it on.

To our great disgrace, two of our teams were beaten by Didcot! The weakest links, **Angel** and **Ladybird** (who’d gone home) were called up.

The Hash Shit holder, Victoria, attached something interesting to it – **Lockjaw**’s fleece, left behind on the rowing trip. Lost property now returned to its proud owner.

**UB40** showed the height of rudeness by wandering into the end of the circle with a plate of chips. And got ketchup in his hair for his trouble.

And finally, a last and final naming. Jane confused the RA by her remarkable resemblance to Fetch [only from behind – *Scribe Ed*]. Were they long lost twins? After spending the whole run trying to think of words that rhymed with Fetch [Lech? Retch? – *Scribe Ed*] he thought outside the box and named her .... :-'' It’s easy to pronounce. Just put your lips together and blow!

And that was that. There may have been a few more, but I’m sure I heard people complaining the circle was too short ...

Thanks for putting up with me for the last two years, it’s been a pleasure. Apart from in winter!

AGPU business:

If you’re going on the away weekend, please get your questionnaire filled in and back to Wrist Action or PP

The new mismanagement voted [Voted? – *Scribe Ed*] in for 2007/2008 were:

Grande Maîtress: La Crease

Religious Advisor: Mr Sloppy

Deputy Religious Advisor: Wha-de-say

Hash Cash: Maneater

Habberdash: Hopeless

Hash Tick: Shit Stix / Gadget

Hair Raiser: Shit Shoveller

Social Sex together: Two (I’m not the RA!) Trains and Dingaling

Webmaster: Silent

The new RA put together a short circle in the pub: Beers for the outgoing mismanagment: **Victoria**, **Far Canal**, **Dingaling** (I think). **Prison Pussy** has finally reached 100 runs and got his centurion’s downdown as a pint of Leffe [what, no real beer? Ugh! – *Scribe Ed*]. And the very obliging landlord got himself a downdown and a name: **Wat’Ilya’ave?**