

# Oxford Hash House Harriers: The Scribe



Hares: Pony Express  
& Home Alone

Pub: Queen's Head  
Horspath.

The Beer Stop Crew: Wha De Say & Pony Express.

Next runs:

6th Aug: The Old Fisherman, Shabbington, near Aylesbury.

13th Aug: The Peacock, Henton, near Chinnor. **Themed Run.**

Wear something that symbolises holidays, or where you are going to/have been this year on holiday.

20th Aug: General Elliott, South Hinksey.

## Hashienteering.

Something new for us this week, but if co-hare Home Alone was using a compass to find her way around Shotover Park, should we be worried?

All sorts of hashers came out of the woodwork tonight. Brought out by the warm weather no doubt, or maybe they were drawn by the promise of this mysterious hashienteering. Skully, Big Squirrel and Full Term all made an appearance. The car park fairly heaved with quite the heaviest turnout in recent weeks. The hares' briefing was suitably complex: there would be posts, numbers, tokens and pieces of paper to mark. And there'd be prizes at the end! What better incentive for the cheaters. No sooner were we off than the FRBs were running through falsies trying to get ahead of the pack and be first to the collect the tokens. Me, if I'd be thinking straight, I would have taken an educated guess as to where the beerstop would be (coz it's always there!) and followed the trail backwards, collecting tokens while the rest of y'all were blundering about in the village streets at the start of the trail. But I wasn't thinking straight. Silent and Ladybird were both suspected of short-cutting coz they'd know where the posts were, and (if they had been) they would have gotten away with it too if it hadn't have been for those pesky kids. Even running the true trail, they were still a lot faster than any potential cheaters!

Once the bulk of the pack had realised they were too far behind, they slowed down a bit and started to chat. Their competitive edge having been exhausted by the climb up into Shotover. There was plenty of catching up to be done because it had been a while since we'd all seen each other. Anal Condom fessed up to getting aroused when Carol Vorderman was on telly last week. Usually he only gets no more than 5-letter words. And Trolley Dolly was complaining to Treacle Tart about her new plasma TV. It was too loud and the volume button was broken. She'd bought it for only £50 and for that price, she couldn't turn it down.

Up at the top of the hill, the calls of on on were coming from all directions, but that may have been because there seemed to be a lot of confusion tonight between "on on", "on one" and "oy you?". Where was the true trail? No matter, let's just head in the general direction of where the beerstop probably is. And it worked! We ran into shortcutters Wha De Say and Victoria and FBJ bugling at the last post and then On Inn to a prize-giving where the sweet-toothed, coke-drinking kids won the bottle of 6X bitter and beer-loving, diabetic Gadget won the chocolates. Hurrah!

## Announcements

The away weekend this year is at Blaxhall youth hostel. It's over Suffolk Way and less than 3 hours to get there. The hostel itself is a converted primary school in excellent walking and cycling territory, just a few miles from the beach.

**Friday 14th to Sunday 16th November.** The plan will probably follow that of previous years. Meet at Friday lunchtime for an afternoon hash; walkings, bikings and beachings on Saturday and return on Sunday, stopping off at another hash en route (hopefully Cambridge H3). Cooking volunteers and activities/games will be worked out later. Any and all suggestions are welcome, of course.

**Deposits are £20 cash** to La Crease, Wrist Action or FBJ **in person at Oxford hash.** Get your name down coz there are a limited number of places and it's filling up fast.

## Ha ha

Knock Knock.

Who's there?

Banana

Banana who?

Knock Knock.

Who's there?

Banana

Banana who?

Knock Knock.

Who's there?

Banana

Banana who?

Knock Knock.

Who's there?

Banana

Banana who?

Knock Knock.

Who's there?

Orange.

Orange who?

Orange you glad I didn't say banana?

So this 60 year old man gets a physical examination. The doctor tells him: "You're in very good shape for someone your age. How old was your father when he died?"

"Who says my father's dead? He's 83 and still going strong?"

The doctor then said: "How old was his father when he died?"

"Who says my grandfather's dead? He's 104 and getting married next week."

The doctor exclaimed: "That's really amazing. But why does a 104 year old want to get married?"

"Who says he *wants* to get married?"

Scribe: FBJ