

# Shiggy Scribbles

Welcome to the new, erratically scheduled  
Newsletter of North Hants Hash House Harriers



Issue No.1, November 2013

## Run 1789 – the AGM 6<sup>th</sup> October 2013 Mountain Rescue The ‘back-end ‘of Rushmoor Arena

Be-fitting for an AGM when most of the committed [this was an ironic typo I decided to keep – Ed] were standing down, the run commemorated Bastille Day and the big chop.

Being the AGM it was also a) a day I had lots of beer after the run and therefore can’t remember much about it, as is apparent below, and b) a day when I didn’t know I was going to have to remember much about it because wasn’t Hash Scribe when the run was going on.

The run started with the hare muttering in the circle “Erm, there was a little problem, but I’m sure it’ll work out all right”- always a bad sign. A couple of checks into the run it became apparent as two separate ‘On’s were called from the same check. As the hare frantically called back the majority it turned out he’d accidentally met himself coming back and this was where the out-trail crossed the in-trail.

After that, about all I can remember is some stuff about Caesar’s camp, and getting a bit of sneaky information from some mountain-bikers.

So on back to Down Downs, variously awarded to: Firework and Chardonnay for talking in the circle – obviously catching up on what they don’t do at home. The Hare.

Rare appearance of Little Big Horn tempted out of bed by the promise of a curry, then got too excited and penalised for racing.

Full Frontal and Seismatters for not admitting whatever it was they were doing in the bushes together

On On to the AGM at the Gurkha Palace where lots of curry and beer was consumed by all, and we somehow managed to elect a new committee – those who will be committed next year. For details, see the website [www.nh4.org](http://www.nh4.org)

## Run 1790 – 13<sup>th</sup> October 2013 Dickhead & Flying Doctor Four Marks Golf Club

(As I wasn’t there, being very busy getting absolutely drenched on the Dorset coast, all I know about this run is that ‘Er Indoors missed it because Hobble thought he knew exactly where he was going (always a bad sign), and the curry was good in the Golf Club afterwards – sure it was absolutely marvellous otherwise.)

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### Hash Quiz

Who is this composite hasher?



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### Hash News/Events

#### Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> December – Hash Christmas Do

If you haven’t already, deposits of £10/head to Petal.

#### Weekend of 1<sup>st</sup> /2<sup>nd</sup> February 2014

#### NH4 New Forest Weekend Away, at the Lyndhurst Park Hotel.

Again, deposits to Petal, and if you want to stay the Friday night, make sure you get the details to extend your own booking.

**Run 1791 – 20<sup>th</sup> October 2013**  
**Old Thumper & Jolly Green Giant**  
**Rowledge Recreation Ground**  
**(Old Thumper's 150<sup>th</sup> lay)**

Apparently Damp Patch awoke to the sound of thunder and torrential rain, thought: "The Gods have got it wrong, my run is next week", and disappeared back under the duvet. Meanwhile the hares came within a gnat's whisker of calling the whole thing off and going back to bed themselves. However, being the dedicated hashers that they are they dragged themselves out into the deluge (sympathy is allowed at this point).

The pace was a bit slow due to the FRBs insisting on trying to read the Hare's mind (I wouldn't even venture in there myself) and second-guess which way the trail went. This resulted in Silvier mainly being behind the back runners, and Seismatters disappearing all together, half-way around the trail, only appearing again near the end, running the trail backwards. This had the advantage of allowing plenty of variety in the checking out, with the likes of Fuggles, Petal and 'Er Indoors often hitting the front.

Other incidents on the run included Raphael hitting his brother with a big stick so that Robert fell over in the mud, and then standing there with a self-satisfied smile on his face. Luxury features included play areas for the FRBs, and a toilet block specially for our new GM.

DDs:

The Hares

Full-Frontal – if you are going into the bushes for a pee only 20 yards from a re-group, it's a good idea not to have bright blond hair, nor to wear a bright red cagoule.

Soup Dragon, for admitting she had a bit of bounce from having forgotten the right sort of underwear  
JGG, for being the assistant hare in charge of admin, bringing the Hash to a venue already full with football parking.

Fruit'n'Nut for insisting on directing hashers into said already full car-park so they then had to drive all the way round and out again and park on the road, where there was loads of space anyway.

On Inn to the Cherry Tree, where we found the best way to keep the hash under control was to get a 5-year-old (Robert) to police it - no-one was allowed their drink until they'd contributed to Mountain Rescue's begging bowl ("If you haven't got change you can put in a note"), and definitely no-one was allowed more than one sweet from the open prize.

**Photo Opportunity**



*I'm waiting for an explanation...*

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**Run 1792 – 27<sup>th</sup> October 2013**  
**Damp Patch & Hanging About**  
**Hydon's Ball**

Not satisfied with the usual bit of rain, Damp Patch brought on the threat of the biggest storm in 25 years but despite this, the morning dawned clear and a good turn-out arrived. Turnover in the small car park would have been fine had it not been for Fruit n Nut delaying departures – we waited 10 minutes for a poor lady to leave who was being prevented from changing her boots by the full 70 years' history.

The run was set rather like the hare checks out – you can go half a mile without worrying whether there's any flour. The hare had said that the lack of hills would be compensated by shiggy in the valleys. We dispute the lack of hills (Hobble nearly died at the first re-group), but we certainly concur with the shiggy-ed valleys. By the second re-group we seemed to have lost half the pack, but since we still had double figures we decided that was enough and carried on. Great confusion in the woods where we caught the short-cutters checking out, and Prime8's satnav pointed 180° from the suspected direction of the car park.

DDs – The Hares (but not the hare's birthday which had to be held over to next week – you'd think the HUGE cakes would have been a clue to the RA Velcro(M) for parenting – don't put your child into new white trainers until the circle is over Fairy Snow and Little Big Horn for some fighting offence – not sure of the details but it sounded a bit like Robin Hood and Friar Tuck except the actors weren't so dishy. On On to the White Horse.