

Down downs - BH3 Run 1429 - 8th May

Negligence of duty by hounds - for the most heinous crime of praedial larceny, Patsy, Robert and James Punnett who were seen by the entire Hash picking and eating mangoes off a tree were to be punished. However Punnett being a virgin (and so was let off), Patsy and Robert being nowhere to be found, three other allegedly guilty were quickly identified and punished.

Rule 8 - No Trollops & Hash Hog - June the Tune was called up for trying, as is her wont, to call attention to herself by falling to the ground before the run had even properly gotten going, thereby distracting busy FRBs who stopped to help her up.

Choo Choo Train Award - to George, who can always be seen chugging along, pretty much like an old steam locomotive. As a veteran marathoner he leads by example, and some of our lazy FRBs could well take heed! All agreed he was deserving of the award and being known henceforth as George Choo Choo Train!

Virgins - James Punnett; Michelle, Jack and Judy Ramsay; David Sciuk, Rob Mills; Ben Stiller

Negligence of duties by Hares - Helen and Brian - for not providing enough breeze; no views; and no mango trees - but all agreed an entertaining and well set run!

Richard Applebee award - for Haul Ass, the proud owner of not one but three pairs of new shoes! Accompanying him was Lynn, having been overheard admiring the shoes and asking if she could 'touch them'. They were both required to drink from one side each, but Lynn rebelled and attempted to drink out of her own well worn shoe. As punishment for this supreme disobedience they were required to switch shoes and drink, and they decided to 'wear' them instead, as the onlooking mob cheered...

In remembrance of Rene several Hashers shared experiences (Francie, June, Lynn) and the RA read a poem of his from 1992 "Beliefs". He will be missed but not forgotten! On On Rene!

BELIEFS

Talking to idols in a temple tall,
tambourines shaking in a chapel small-
in Worship, I wander.

For richer or poorer, better or worse:
the gentle drumming, heart-felt force-
in Love, I rove.

Turning on the moonlight's thousand turbines,
only to burn in its brutish abyss-
in Passion, I pleasure.

The great escape
from 'life as usual' into a world of ideal truth-
in Art, I flow.

The necessary evil
and the only means of measurable proof-
in Science, I dabble.

The motion of the utmost effort,
laughing ahead to enlightenment-
in Duty, I fortify.

Continually stepping with sleepless toes,
on its non-sticking path through space-
in Time, I suspend.

The breathless zone laid waiting,
and the receiving place of earthly purpose-
in Death, I triumph.

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