

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1922 21Sep14
Venue: Pinewood Bar and Café
Crowthorne
Hares: BlindPew, RandyMandy

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Café Society

Whinge TC Donut Hashgate Shandyman Chopstix Swallow SlowSucker Straddlevarious MissDirection Spex LoudonTasteless Iceman PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Spot Slapper NoSole Foghorn Honeymonster Tequilova Rob (now Iceberg – see Down Downs) Desperate Shitfor Booby NappyRash WaveRider Lemming Mother Theresthe lack of floura TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Motos FingerFlasher DoorMatt HappyFeet Itsyor Dunny Rampant Zebedee Florence ... and late-comers OldDog, Dumper, MessengerBoy

Weather Fukawe

"Nobody knows where the f*** we are." Announced Slowsucker, while standing, panting, beneath a sign that advised, in a less exuberant tone, that this was Caesar's Camp in Bracknell Forest. Bit of a geographical gaffe but perfectly understandable since we were half way round a Trail that was snaking in and out of confusing forest. The area is Crowthorne, which has some magnificent forests, interspersed with both wide and narrow tracks. Both wide and narrow BH³ members had gathered at the Pinewood Bar and Café on this delightfully sunny Sunday morning to partake in RandyMandy and BlindPew's Hash. Our new GM, Slapper, continuing the tardy style that looks set to become a tradition, called us to order at 11:03, advised us that this is Hash number 1922, the year the BBC first broadcast (on radio station 2LO) and handed over to our smiling Hares.

Little did the Hares know that a saboteur had been decimating the Trail for the first mile or so. As we nipped off into the trees round the back of the bar/café the lack of flour slowed the Pack considerably. The Checks had been kicked away and the blobs of flour at the base of trees had pine needles and leaves carefully placed over them. I suppose this gave us a chance to stop and wave at the little train with carriages full of delighted children and parents that wheeled its way along a track. No flour blobs



needed there to show it the way. Quite why anyone would make the effort to obliterate about ¾ of a mile of Trail one does not know. One can only assume the knuckle-dragging cretin and friend(s) had nothing better to do. Perhaps they had banged their tiny foreheads together at each successful blob covering, uttering guttural chuckles, while shuffling among the leaf mould. The blobs reappeared when we crossed the road outside the wood. Maybe our Neanderthal friends had reached the kerb and stopped, unable to figure out how to cross.

There followed an awful lot of forest, a great relief after a fair bit of road. No idea where we were. I found myself running with visitor FingerFlasher to a Bar-6. The lad told me that his wife was enjoying a spa morning and that he didn't expect to be able to do much Hashing in the coming months because she was almost ready to give birth to twins! We wish them both luck. Just a little harder work than some of the Trails we do ☺

We trotted along the top of the Caesar's Camp embankment, an awkward little path about a Centimetre wide, fringed either side by low-level, foot-clutching scrub. I felt it best to warn WaveRider and the others behind me. Altruistic I know but one must consider others. "Watch your fee..." I began, just as a section of scrub grasped my foot. "Mmwwuuurrrffff!" Not the most erudite statement but when you are face down with a mouthful of gorse it's difficult to come up with a morsel of Wildean wit. Apparently, NappyRash experienced a similar Hash Crash. I only hope he didn't also experience the muffled laughter behind him.



The Trail eventually petered out on a road not far from home. We wandered to and fro until a grinning BlindPew pointed to a patch of rubbish off into the trees. We stepped gingerly over the crushed Red Bull cans, mushy copies of the Star and ancient

prophylactics. I followed Florence along the edge of a tall wire fence, ducking under bushes and trying not to trip over roots before popping out on to the pavement by a roundabout where a board advertised Evelyn's Funerals with the motto 'Go your own way'! Oh well, if the busy traffic did for us our companions knew who to call. A little further and the welcoming sight of the Bar and Café lifted MissDirection's spirits – she was dying for a drink.

A fine Trail by Blind Pew and RandyMandy on a lovely morning. Our thanks. And, yes, that drink was exceptionally refreshing.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Who Got It

OldDog, Dumper
MessengerBoy

StraddleVarious
Rob

Whinge

Shandyman
FingerFlasher

LoudonTasteless

NappyRash Hashgate
RandyMandy
BlindPew

Why

They all arrived late. The first two went to California Country Park for some reason. For some other reason (possibly 'early onset' MessengerBoy went to last week's venue. ½ a pint and 3 straws.

The new BillyBullshit for his Trail obfuscation.

Renamed 'Iceberg' since you only ever see a bit of him poking out of the many clothes he wears while Hashing. The lad did very well, with WaveRider and Desperate plying the flour and beer to that part of him we generally see (i.e. his head).

Back to his old self – as miserable as ever after resigning his Committee post ☺

Also now chilled out after resigning as GM.

Today's visitor, who professes not to like beer despite being a CAMRA member.

Complaining he wasn't dressed trendily enough, despite having a trendy haircut. Slightly weird Down!

Today's Hash Crashers.

Our Hares. Mandy swallowed manfully, if that's the right term.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1924	05Oct14	SU651667	Indian Summer Hash (& Buffet - £8.95) Burghfield Village Hall, Recreation Road, Burghfield Common RG7 3EN	Slapper BlindPew

On Two (Miles) - The Hatchgate,
RG30 3TH

1925

12Oct14

Tba

Tba

Tba