

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1941 01Feb15

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Venue: The Novello
Littlewick Green

Hares: HappyFeet, DoorMatt, Spot

Frozen



Florence Zebedee Swallow Slowsucker Donut Hashgate Foghorn C4 C5 Whinge TC Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit MessengerBoy DampPatch Dunker Dr Poo Honeymonster NappyRash WaveRider Iceman PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Angella Mark Don SkinnyDipper Slapper NoSole Motox Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Tequilova Lonely Itsyor

No Socks on The Hash Please

Initially, I was too much of a gentleman to ask, but the wrecking ball of curiosity overcame my brick wall of social resistance. I'm sure many of you wondered too. Why was Lonely wearing a sock on one hand? He may, one might have thought, be in rehearsals for his next career as a sock puppet-based children's entertainer. He may, one might have mused, be suffering from not-so-early onset of gagaism and



mistaken a foot covering for an item of hand protection. Perhaps, one may have considered, he had felt it time to rejuvenate the Michael Jackson image but with a different item of apparel. Though I believe Michael would probably not have danced in the Thriller video with one sock on his hand instead of one glove – really not quite so cool. No. The reason (for I realise you are now slaving with the desire to know) is because he has a relatively little known condition known as Dupuytren's contracture and has had an operation to correct it. Briefly, the condition involves an involuntary contraction of one or more fingers towards the palm, due to palmar fibromatosis. It is also known as 'Viking Disease' or 'Celtic Hand' due to its being the result of rather too much axe-swinging. Apparently, Lonely used to do quite a lot of it in his youth and he believes this may be the cause. So there you have it. I did promise Lonely there would be little sympathy and he said he was ok with that... as he gave me a one-fingered wave while skittering off up the steep hill path and leaving me panting. But this was

after he had managed to trip over a highly visible tree branch, fall a over t without hurting his hand and give those of us around him cause for much mirth and celebration.

This was just one of the hills that we staggered up today. And in the freezing cold too. A wind that any Viking crossing the North Sea in winter would have recognised instantly blew around us constantly, turning many an uncovered knee (actually there were very few) blue, tingling fingertips and bringing forth blessings to Mr and Mrs Damart from those who had invested in their warming undercrackers.

The Trail, so carefully laid by our three Hares – despite one of them (DoorMatt) going off and losing the other two for about an hour, writhed and wriggled about on Ashley Hill Forest, High Knowl Wood and Bottom Boles Wood. Note the 'Hill', 'High' and 'Bottom', signifying the ups and downs of the route. It may have been little more than six miles but the rises (in particular!) and falls made it seem much longer... for those who ran all the Trail. There was a large group who somehow 'accidentally' missed off quite a big loop. Having risen to the top of one particular mud-covered hill we had a choice of left, right or almost straight on. Lonely and Foghorn found the False to the right. Slapper, unable to make head or tail of a dash of flour on the straight-on, came back and many of the rest turned left. That is, just before DoorMatt turned up and called us back. It seemed that the straight-on Trail was correct. Trouble was, many other Hashers had gone left and, by the time the 'On Back' call had been made, had found flour further down their path. Oops! It also turned out that the flour that had foxed Slapper was a splash of the stuff that DoorMatt had made while refilling his flour container.



Since there was just a small band of us that completed the course much of the time we were just running and sliding about on a variety of shiggy, thick and thin. Perhaps the best of this was that orange-mud path that slithered through the works area. Foghorn, Honeymonster and I skidded and slipped through this, wondering how on earth (appropriately enough!) we remained standing upright. But we got through it and joined DampPatch, Slapper and Dr Poo in a vain attempt to find the Trail from a Check. HappyFeet

reckoned later that the wind had blown the real Trail away which was why Slapper, Foghorn and I got suckered into going uphill to 'enjoy' the False. I think we were all quite pleased when we hit the 'On Inn' since the air had become increasingly cold and fingers and ears were turning blue. We gratefully crossed the A4 and turned into the car park where we saw all the Short Cutting B*stards changed and ready for beer – the blighters!

Our thanks to all three Hares for taking the time to lay the Trail and run it with us over a couple of very cold days. And well done to HappyFeet – for losing a glove on the Saturday and finding it on the Sunday ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

I am pleased to announce that we received our first electronically delivered letter today, which is published below, without abridgment or censorship. The letters editor was also bombarded with no less than **four** hand-written letters from a single source that wishes to remain nameless. One letter only will be published since the editor wishes to ensure that, since space is limited, other contributors may have their say.

Sir (or Madam when given the chance),

Could all hares please put sufficient self-tan lotion in the shiggy, so that I can keep my glowing tan for just a bit longer. I find that ordinary bog standard shiggy washes off too easily. Maybe till May if that's not too much to ask, when we might get some decent sunshine here.

Ms S Kinny

PS There is no need to dunk me in completely naked, I don't mind tan lines.

Sir,

Having seen that wonderful tattoo (sic) of Shitfors, apart from Mother Theresa's big albatross are there any other Hashers with a work of art (also sic) inked on them? We could have a tattoo (sic again) gallery on the website. Don't be shy if it's in an intimate place. I'm sure there will be volunteers to peruse it.

Yours,
Anon

Down Downs

Presented in the freezing cold by our R.A. Shitfor. MessengerBoy wore his shorts and sandals, having forgotten his trousers. How could anyone forget their trousers?! (See Gobsheet 1939)

Who Got It

Why

Florence	Her birthday. Slapper serenaded her with an ancient, adapted limerick.
Lonely	Hash Crasher today. He brought his sock puppet.
RandyMandy	Thinking that the beautiful snowdrops we saw today would later turn into bluebells. Doh!
SlowSucker	Actually calling 'On On' today!
Florence, Zebedee	Actually turning up early today. They got a ½ with two straws since they always come together.
Slapper, NoSole	A week ago they said they were definitely not going to drink out of their new shoes... they did today ☺
Dunker	Losing a shoe in the shiggy.
DoorMatt, HappyFeet, Spot	Today's fine Hares.
MessengerBoy	Awarded his 200 runs top by Motox.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1943	15Feb15	SU472669	Red Dress Run Diamond Tap. Cheap Street Newbury RG14 5BX	Dwight, Centaur
1944	22Feb15	SU629649	YMCA Hut, Ramptons Lane, Padworth RG7 4QT	MessengerBoy