

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1993 31Jan16
Venue: The Swan, Pangbourne
Hares: Florence, Zebedee

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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The Poor, Cold, Huddled Masses

Desperate Shitfer Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash TC Whinge OldFart Mother Theresa Lemming SlowSucker C4 C5 Foghorn PennyPitstop ChocChuck NoStyle FalseTart Shifty Iceman DoorMatt HappyFeet Little Stiffy and dog Masie Twanky Pyro and dog Whisper Cerberus BillyBullshit Carol Belinda Caboose Tequilova Iceberg Lonely

Swanning About

Typical January day today. Cold and wet. The rain had been sheeting down earlier and a number of people I spoke to had indicated that staying in a nice warm bed had been infinitely preferable to slogging round Pangbourne on a miserable day. For, of course, Pangbourne is on the river and most of the routes around it go up hills. Since we were cold we cut short Hare Zebedee's interminable instructions and stiff-legged it round the back of the car park where we all fetched up short in a, what in summer would be pleasant and peaceful, graveyard for a bit of an impromptu Regroup. Not that we really needed one for our Hares had set three(!) of these along the Trail. Very thoughtful.

Pangbourne received its name from Paega, a Saxon chief, who settled here by the river. Pangbourne meaning 'Paega People's Stream'. The other point of note that is of particular interest to me is the



My next year's Christmas present - please!

Lamborghini, Bentley and Aston Martin garages opposite the Village Hall, where we parked. There are always some perfectly beautiful examples of automotive design and engineering resting shinily on their forecourts and should you have more than £150,000 you can own one. Or if you're feeling particularly flush you can purchase a stunning Bugatti Veyron 16.4 Grand Sport Vitesse for 2,032,000 Euros! One day perhaps ☺

The first part of our Trail was mainly on tarmac (ever upwards), with an enjoyable sojourn through the tunnel that led under the railway station. Iceman could not resist an echoing, epiglottis-tingling "ON ON!" Our Hares started us off with a route that led up and up on the switchback path by the hill road. All very breath-consuming as TC, Desperate and I agreed when we finally turned left into a pleasant area full of large houses, one of which had a wooden garage that Desperate described as 'bigger than my house'.

Ok, fed up with describing the Trail in great detail. Let's get down to the funny bits.

Having reached the first of the Regroups by a field gate, NappyRash got all cliquy and announced that only 'Super Hares' like him (yes, he's got the T-shirt) could be with him on that side of the field. However, this did not stop him skipping off into nearby bushes with Lemming for a bio-break. According to Twanky they were 'cottaging'. I advised Shitfer (a Fulham supporter) to join them.

Nearing a Check at the base of the hill that led up into Sulham Woods we tut-tutted and harrumphed at seriously ungentlemanly conduct by Iceberg who, despite being told by Zebedee that the Trail led up the hill, refused to advise his lady, Tequilova, who was rushing off along the wrong field path like a gazelle being chased by an invisible cheetah, which way she should go. If there was a domestic later I can understand why.

That hill was steep, muddy, slippery and designed to turn leg muscles to jelly with the option either to sob wrackingly or fulminate mightily, assuming one had any breath. WaveRider and I had just pantingly reached the edge of the forest and the second Regroup at the top when a helicopter shuddered the air away to our left. It looked rather like an Air Ambulance and, in my hallucinatory state, I giggled to think it might be a geriatricopter, coming to pick up most of the ageing/gasping Hashers. Whisper, Pyro's delightful dog, shamed us all by running about and fetching me a stick (yes, I checked that it wouldn't break and choke her) to throw for her... Then brought it back for me to throw for her... Then brought it back for... you get the idea. I was more knackered throwing the damn stick than she was retrieving it!



So a gentle (but still up and downhill) trot through these fine woods and just as Lemming, Foghorn and I were running down a muddy track Lemming asked us, "Do you know the difference between a pint and sex?" When we shook our heads he told us, "When you've had a pint you always want another one." Just as Mother Theresa jogged past. "I heard that." She advised her husband, with a look that could have stuck him on a spit, roasted him for 2½ hours at Regulo 4 and scraped his flesh off the bone ready for sandwiches. It struck me that that would be the only pulled pork he might experience for some time...

We reached a deepish crater and, as Hare Zebedee whizzed past and down into it he called something out to us all. FalseTart misinterpreted what he said and tittered. Instead of "Everyone into the bomb hole", she had heard the last bit as a rather rude instruction. So naughty, that girl.

My day was made when, following WaveRider and Desperate up and along a particularly muddy track they agreed I was 'beautiful'. Honestly, no money or favour changed hands and the feeling is entirely mutual ☺

So on to the final Regroup where we caught up with Iceman who had evidently decided earlier to *luge* his way down the steep shiggy track to it on his back. The chap's yellow top was covered in sticky gunge that dripped off him. An invisible sign above him announced 'The Monster from The Bog'. He raised an important and interesting metaphysical point to the snickering group. Since no-one had seen him slip, and slide, had it actually happened? i.e. like the tree that fell in the forest, unseen by anyone – did it really fall? You could actually hear mental gears grinding as cogs meshed, un-meshed, stripped their threads and collapsed into useless chunks as Hashers tried to a) understand the question, and b) produce some kind of answer. To shut him up we agreed with Iceman that, no, he hadn't really fallen over... but the evidence was pretty compelling.

Some rather long old straight bits ensued for those of us who decided to do the full Trail. But it was quite interesting going along by the side of the railway and that huge house and garden, named Springs Farm, was fascinating, with a fine, long drive up to the front door, banded along its length with arches of clematis and viewed through the arch of a huge yew hedge. We were very pleased when we slopped into the quagmire that was the riverside meadows that led up to Whitchurch Bridge and a brief chat with Billy and C4 before the blessed car park (and that wonderful garage) came into view.

Only 6 1/3 miles said our Hares, before we On Outed. It was, but it seemed longer. Probably that 2 steps forward, 1 step back thing in the shiggy bits. Most enjoyable though, so thanks to our Hares Floe and Zeb.

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.

Sir,
If Lemming's free I can do half past two on Saturday in Reading town centre bogs.
Yours hopefully,
Mr N. A. P. Rash

Sir,
Here's mud in your eye, and on your back, and on your leg... But I'm not falling for you.
Yours only metaphysically,
Mr I.C. Man

Down Downs


We sang very quietly inside the pub in our reserved area (thanks again Flo and Zeb) as Shitfer officiated.

Who Got It

Why

Iceberg	Fearfully ungentlemanly conduct. The boundah!
Iceman	Today's Hash Crash... or was he?
NappyRash	Cottaging with Lemming
HappyFeet	Wearing those lurid pink over-the-knee socks today ("From the Pound shop." She told us. At least no-one was thick enough to ask her how much they cost.
Shifty	Acting as our French waiter auhord'hui. We sang 'Frère Jaques', ending in 'down down down' instead of 'ding ding dong'. How witty.
Florence, C4, Mother Theresa	All birthday girls. Happy days to them. (And thank you for the cakes!)
Zebedee, Florence	Today's Hares. Florence of course won ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1995	14Feb16	SU807687	 Hope & Anchor Wokingham RG40 2AD (SU807687) Park in the The Paddocks Car Park, Elms Road, Wokingham RG40 2AA	Slapper Blowjob Booby
1996	21Feb16	SU645644	Turners Arms Mortimer RG7 3TW	C5 Mr Blobby