

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2109 23Apr18
Venue: The George and Dragon
Bath Road, Reading
Hares: Motox

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

Georges and Dragons

NappyRash RandyMandy Donut Hashgate TinOpener FlashBangWallop Desperate Cerberus Dorothy C5 OldFart Lungs TC Whinge Dumb Dumber Foghorn Spex LoudonTasteless Falsetart Shifty AWOL JJ Dunny Rampant SkinnyDipper SlowSucker MessengerBoy Florence Zebedee PennyPitstop Ms. Whiplash NoSole Slapper Mus Andy Justin

The St. George's Day Hash

Appropriately enough, on St. George's Day The Duchess of Cambridge gave birth to healthy little boy. The Circle applauded the fact and wished the family well, not entirely believing C5 (who was acting as GM) when he said the infant was to be named George Mr Blobby Windsor.

I had earlier had a chat with RandyMandy, who was parked next to us, asking if Blind Pew would be joining us. She said, with a roll of the eyes, that he had said he was 'bit tired'. I suppose a fit bloke like him must run out of energy some time... A number of Hashers had made the effort to wear red and



white in honour of St. George. Very gratifying to Motox, our Hare, no doubt. Though no-one had dressed up as a dragon. Motox was a tad miffed since this was meant to be one of a series of 'Couples Who Met on the Hash' Hashes. Mrs Blobby had, he advised, blown him off. Surprisingly, you may think, she had preferred to go on holiday with Mr Blobby, leaving our lone Hare to manage all by himself. He managed very well thank you. Despite misgivings by some about the concrete and tarmac surroundings he managed to find quite a bit of verdant green stuff, a mill race and a stream. Really quite pleasant it was too.

Tonight I was with the walkers, having sprunged a calf muscle. A pleasant bunch they are. Whinge, TC, TinOpener, Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Cerberus among them. And they set off at a cracking pace, crunching along gravel paths and swishing through the grass. At

one point PennyPitstop, ahead of us, bent over to tie up a shoelace and Motox and I swiftly caught up with her. "Oh!" She exclaimed. "I thought you were further away." "We don't hang about." Replied Motox. "And you won't hear us because we're wearing Hash Puppies." Penny was a bit lost for words at this point.

We entered another housing estate and laughed to see a lady being taken for a 'walk' by her dog. The fellow was straining at the lead and trying to catch up with a ginger tom that slyly disappeared under a car, leaving our dog metaphorically scratching his head and looking bemused. The lady was quite breathless and we congratulated her on her turn of speed.

It wasn't long before we found the 'On Inn', next to which was a bloody great big arrow pointing directly to a serious-looking wall next to Lidl. We decided that going over the wall wasn't really an option. The Trail actually turned right by the end of it.

When we arrived at the car park a large ambulance had plonked itself in the middle of the car park. There were lights shining down over one side, on which there were two large, dark windows, making the thing look rather like an ice cream van. The word went round our group that the pub chef had been taken ill and there was a general surmise that he may have been tasting his own food. Not quite. The poor chap had had an epileptic seizure and, although he was ok, the paramedics were taking him to

hospital for a check-up. So there was no food in the pub, despite the well-publicised 'massive menu' (apologies from the landlady) which rankled a little with the belly-growling Motox. The rest of us made do with bags of crisps and all sat in the space in the middle of the pub, despite the comfortable other end of it being reserved for the Hash! However, we repaired to it for the Down Downs.

You may note that this Gobsheet is a tad shorter and maybe a little terser than usual. Once again my recorder played up and switched itself on for the entire Trail. So the above is from memory. Hopefully, the damn thing will behave itself next week.

This was a most enjoyable Trail, laid by a master of Trail-laying. Where he found all that grass and streams in amongst the urban sprawl I don't know. But I'm glad he did.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Crikey! All that French kissing between Donald Trump and Emmanuel Macron! Pass the barf bag. I'm not averse to a spot of Gallic cheek-pecking or even an air "Mwah, mwah." But all that falling over each other and snogging in public on the BBC news is enough to turn my hair grey. Oops! It's already titanium colour. I do hope it doesn't start a trend. There were reports in London (where else) not so long ago of chaps (metrosexuals getting in touch with their female side, no doubt) greeting each other with a kiss. Bleaugh! Fellows in the Hash are a much more reserved lot. Perhaps a manly clap on the shoulder, a punch on the arm or an airy, "What ho, fatty." Are much more the BH³ way. If I find C5 sliding over to me and puckering up



I shall a) be rather surprised, and b) faint. However, if any of you lady Hashers wish to greet me in the same way... well, I suppose I had just better try and enjoy it. 😊

Down Downs

Foghorn duly awarded these.

Who Got It

Motox
Andy, Justin
Mus

Dunny
Spex
Dorothy

Why

Tonight's excellent Hare.
Tonight's returnees.
Our virgin, who thoroughly enjoyed himself and said he will certainly come again. Good on you Mus.
Doing a weee down a kid's slide.
Trespassing on a certain grassy area.
Couldn't find his shoes.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2110	30Apr * 19:00 *	SU635748	The Greyhound Tidmarsh RG8 8ER	Slapper BRC
2111	07May18 * 19:30 *	TBA	TBA	TBA