

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1897 30Mar14

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

Venue: The Red Lion  
Peppard Common

Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: Lungs (the Mother)  
NearlyTwice (the daughter)  
Booby (not sure what he is...)

## Mothers, Fathers, Daughters and Sons

3 mothers and offspring are mentioned in this Gobsheet.

A free drink to the first person who comes up to me next week and tells me who they are. ☺  
(Cerberus and Billy aren't included in the 3 – it's just the way they are)



Slippery Snowballs Donut Hashgate Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfor Ms. Whiplash Spot Waverider NappyRash MessengerBoy Twanky LoudonTasteless Whinge TC C5 Iceman Motox Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Dumper OldDog BlindPew RandyMandy Georgina JohnnyWalker Bumwiper and dog Ebony Kaeti and dog Pepper Foghorn SkinnyDipper NoSole Slapper DampPatch Shandyman Tequilova Rob AWOL Bomber

## The Mother's Day Hash

How well I remember (now with great embarrassment) nipping up to the Scouts jumble sale in Cambridge in 196..., ahem, a long time ago and picking up the first white clutch bag I could see, wistfully parting with my 1/6d and patting myself mentally on the back for buying an excellent Mother's Day present so easily. Though Mum expressed a lot of pleasure at the (unwrapped – how gauche one was!) gift it was only much later that I realised I had never actually seen her using it... Now hopefully the Mums amongst BH<sup>3</sup> received much more thought-about presents today. Being a Mum is a difficult job some of the time – you deserve all the thanks you are given.

Today's Hares were mother and daughter, assisted by a fairly vagrant hanger-on, and they had selected not only a superb pub (we **do** like The Red Lion!) and excellent countryside but had ordered up the warmest day of the year. What could be better? Why the On Out! It went exactly the way we expected.

And then it got rather complicated. Our Hares led us all the way down the steep hill in the wood... and then back up the steep tarmac hill that ran in parallel. None of the gentle lead-in we like to enjoy. Just straight into an eyeballs-out, tongue-lolling, gasping slog. Which is probably why Whinge lost concentration for a moment as we entered the wood on the other side of the road, turned his ankle right over and landed on what by now will be a badly bruised elbow. You could tell the poor chap wasn't in good shape since he was rather quiet. A less serious Hash Crash and the root he slid/tripped on would have been damned thrice over and accused of performing unmentionable activities with members of its genus. There were two other fallers today. C5, whose pirouette and graceful swan dive I missed, unfortunately. And Desperate's muted scream and plummet into a pile of leaves and mud towards the end of the Trail, which I did not. There were those among us (well, one in particular) who intimated that "the earth moved" as she landed. How ungallant, Shitfor! As an attendee at the scene I am pleased to report that only the trees in a 25 yard radius trembled and a mere 10 badgers hurtled from their sett in a mistaken belief that the South Oxfordshire culling group were bringing up Big Bertha in order to reduce their numbers.



**This one was so traumatised it turned to drink**

The Trail teased us. Many of us knew where we were and had a pretty good idea where we were going but no sooner had we nodded knowingly and expectantly than the route shot off in a totally unexpected direction. Bomber appeared, as if by magic, and joined our confused group. Only to confuse it even more. He seemed today to have a singular ability to **not** find flour while FRBing. Booby and I discussed this unusual ability and came to the conclusion that he might be colour blind to white, powdery stuff. As reported to me (I hasten to state in

case of litigation by the good Bomber) his best moment was when none of us could find the Trail from a Check in the woods. He had streamed off towards a country road and allegedly (note the careful use of that word) called out a False when it was actually a 'P', for Petrol. Much was the wailing and gnashing of teeth as we cast about hopelessly, not exactly assisted by Cerberus, who advised us in clear and ringing tones that "That's a False up there." "No use going that way. It's a False." Everyone's checked all the Trails so nobody knows where to go and nor do I." I thanked her profusely for her clear assessment and helpful summation of our predicament. She threatened to clip me around the ear. We had to wait until NearlyTwice floated in, led us down towards the (to everyone other than Bomber... allegedly) road and diplomatically pretended to freshen the 'P' to keep Bomber happy.

There was some very nice, springy field as we ran over to a nearby wood and I chatted to Iceman. "You don't mind a Down Down do you?" He enquired. "Er.No." I replied, wondering what I might have done. After all, it wasn't until much later that I had uttered a merry "View hallooo!" on sighting, with Spot, Ms Whiplash bending right over (with lovely straight legs I must say) wearing aught but a T-shirt and a vivid pair of undercrackers. Iceman scurried on his way, an enigmatic smile playing round his lips. See Down Downs for the reason why.

The rest of the Trail was tricky and reasonable fast. Tequilova and Rob turned up out of nowhere. Motox kept appearing at the front of the Pack (how's he do dat?). And Billy told me all about how well he understands women. It was a fascinating verbal dissertation and the more I heard the more I wondered how I have ever got through life without knowing as much as this babe magnet. I can only hope that Billy will one day wish to create a 'How To' booklet for the benefit of gentlemen. It would be what Wisden is to cricket, Debrett's is to etiquette, what the OED is to the English language. I'd happily ghost write it. Or at least convert the upper case to lower.

A last, sneaky loop saw us on the way to The Butcher's Arms (scene of a much colder, wetter Hash earlier in January) before crashing off down into the woods (this was where Desperate frightened the badgers), up the valley side and then over Peppard Common to a welcome pint in the pub.

Happy Mother's Day Lungs and thanks to you, daughter NearlyTwice and hanger-on Booby for a most enjoyable Trail.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

Presented by our inestimable Shitfor and his guest RAs.

### Who Got It

Kaeti  
Bomber  
WaveRider  
  
BlindPew  
BillyBullshit  
C5  
Whinge, Desperate  
Hashgate  
  
Georgina  
Lungs, NearlyTwice

### Why and How They Did

Abusing her poor Mum and sayig she didn't want to be like her. Shame!  
Booby, as guest RA, awarded this for lack of ability to identify flour.  
Slapper, as next guest RA, thanked Wave Rider for the excellent job of printing the Run Sheets... and for leaving them on her kitchen table.  
Asking civilians for directions!  
Who is back and running. Hurrah!  
Starting his own Derby and Joan club...  
Today's Hash Crashers. She won the race by a neck.  
Sending Iceman a Gobsheet to upload to the website and signing the email with 3 kisses. Not sure who was more embarrassed or confused.  
RandyMandy's little girl.  
Our Mother and daughter Hares today.

## Up and Coming

| Run  | Date              | Grid Reference           | Venue   | Hares                           |
|------|-------------------|--------------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| 1899 | 14 April<br>19:00 | <a href="#">SU849802</a> | Wharf Car Park, Newbury RG14 5AU<br>On To<br><b>The Diamond Tap</b><br>42 Cheap Street, Newbury<br>RG14 5BX | Shifty<br>Butterfly<br>Dribbler |
| 1900 | 21 April          | <a href="#">SU340685</a> | EASTER MONDAY   | Tinopener                       |

19:15

**The Railway Tavern**  
Station Road, Hungerford  
RG17 0DY

Dwight

**BH<sup>3</sup> 1900<sup>th</sup>  
Celebration** Saturday  
26 Apr  
**16:00**

[SU645645](#)

**The Scout Hut,**  
Birch Lane,  
Mortimer RG7 3UB  
Ticket Only £5 (£10 non-members)

C5  
Mr Blobby