

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1921 14Sep14
Venue: The Royal Standard
Wooburn Common
Hares: Booby, DampPatch

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

Lemming Mother Theresa Donut Hashgate PennyPitstop Ms. Whiplash Spot Iceman Motox Zebedee Florence BlindPew RandyMandy Foghorn SkinnyDipper Swallow Slowsucker Spex LoudonTasteless Slapper NappyRash WaveRider Itsyor... Chelsea and Fulham H.O.G.

Harley Just A Hash

Everyone was out and about on this beautiful, sunny morning. Runners, cyclists, dog walkers... and the Chelsea and Fulham H.O.G. As in Harley Owners Group. A vast herd of snorting, throbbing, growling monsters filled the car park (in addition to the Hashers...) as we stood and marvelled at the shiny machines, enjoying particularly the sight of one bewhiskered, middle-aged, chunky fellow backing his



hog into a parking space and bumping one of the macho, black-leather, studded saddlebags into the bumper of a car. A couple of these fabulous machines appear to the left. If you'd like to know more about the Chapter, check out <http://www.candfhog.com/index.html> for more information.

like." Not sure why our tonsorially-challenged friend **would** know or, indeed, why Florence should want the world to know that he knew. Suggest we just leave it at that.

All this and Florence advising Lemming, in front of a small crowd of steeple-eyebrowed Hashers that, "You know what my knickers are

So this was the first Hash with our new G.M. Slapper at the helm. The fellow has a business-like air about him that says 'efficiency', 'organisation' and 'punctuality'. That we started three minutes late was surely just a blip☺. He continued the thread of previous GMs by ~~being us stupid~~ providing us with interesting information. In 1921 (see the erudite political/historical/numerical link with today's Hash number) Lloyd George tasked the *Long Committee* to implement Britain's commitment to introduce Home Rule to Ireland. Fascinated by this snippet of learned material most of the Circle assumed somnolent, heavy-lidded poses and our good GM wisely handed over to our Hares. This was DampPatch's second only Trail and it couldn't be much more of a contrast to the first that she laid with Motox. That was in and around the largely suburban Tilehurst area and not too long. Today's was to be an almost exclusively country route that many felt later was almost half-marathon in length. Little did we know as we set off, amusing the coffee-drinking, leather-clad motorcyclists who chatted about pistons and chrome in the front of pub garden.

It was a bit of a surprise for both us and the participants as found ourselves slap-bang in the middle of a 10k race. Runners with numbers pinned to their chests puffed along the narrow country road and we were careful to keep out of their way. From past experience I know there is little more irritating than a bunch of elderly, shouting wallies who seem intent on spoiling your racing rhythm and possible PB. Though we did seem to be among the, shall we say, less speedy racers. But, the best of luck to 'em. At least they were out there, giving it their all. I was (as I'm sure were they) quite relieved when we snuck off into the first of many fields, with a Bar to add to our enjoyment. There were quite a few of these, and two-way Checks which kept the Pack together nicely and foiled the FRBs. One of the best was a Check that had been laid down in the bottom of a deep woodland pit. Surrounded by trees and possible Trails it had us all milling about for quite some time. Zebedee, of course, felt he had to run into the gulch, then climb out the exceedingly steep other side. Many of us stood at the top, enjoying the 'wasp in a jam jar' moment. Particularly when he slid for the umpteenth time backwards and downwards and was stopped only by an abusive sapling that parked itself between his bum cheeks. He eventually reached the top, followed closely by Booby.

After DampPatch had got herself slightly lost in one of the woods at another Bar, RandyMandy and I slipped off to try and find the Trail. She stopped ahead of me, by a large silver birch, unsure if it went that way. "Er. Mandy. Just walk towards me will you." I pleaded. Hanging above her, like a wooden Sword of Damocles, was a massive silver birch branch that had snapped off some time ago and was suspended by a few of its twigs caught in the main tree. She looked up. "Ooer." Was about all she could utter as she tiptoed out from under. A close shave.

We bumped into yet another group of walkers, one of whom, Brian (can't remember his Hash name), used to run with BH³ around twenty years ago. Amazing, these coincidences, and nice for both walkers and Hashers. We bid our farewells and stamped onwards through some truly lovely woodland, along tracks, alleys, across fields, frightened some horses in paddocks. In short, it was quite a long old haul and we were both very pleased and somewhat frustrated when a pub hove into distant view. As we stopped what turned out to be the Beer Stop Regroup Mother Theresa spoke for many. "I thought it was the pub we started at. How many more bleedin' miles have we got to run. Gor blimey guv'nor. Apples and pears. Stripe me pink." Booby appeared at the pub doorway with a tray 'pon which stood many half pints of beer. Mother stopped mid-Cockney flow and began to smile. The woman's a sucker for any bloke who offers her a drink (perhaps I should have phrased that better). As Booby laid the tray on the bench table Lemming picked one up and quaffed it like floodwater pouring down a drain. "Burp. Are these for us then?" He asked, a little tardily. They were. And very refreshing too. Along with



the jugs of iced water brought out by a friendly, slightly diffident, youthful barman. We stood about in the warm sunshine, wondering where one might find a taxi. Itsyor was in a bit of a hurry (we had been out for some time and he was due back for, I think, lunch) so waved us goodbye and beasted off down the road. After the beer and relaxation we were in no hurry at all and starting off again was a real challenge. Legs stomped stiffly down the road and, when we sneaked off sideways into a thicket, we were quite pleased at having to walk. Although the vicious, callous nettles left pink bubble-welts on our skin, even on RandyMandy and Donut, who were wearing track trousers. Florence had it sussed, with a pair of those runner's calf muscle covers beloved of Mr Blobby and Zebedee. Though designed to stop calf muscles from wobbling (though this couldn't possibly happen with Flo's superbly sculpted *gastrocnemius*) they also proved excellent defence against *urtica dioica*.

Donut and I felt we needed a different type of defence just before the end of this Trail. Very dark sunglasses perhaps. Or a sense-of-stylectomy. We met Booby and DampPatch in a mobile home park and found ourselves wandering through a wonderland of little lawns where plastic foxes peeped shyly from behind wishing wells. Moles emerged from the sward, toothily. Friendly dogs sat peacefully, surrounded by dancing rabbits. Herons strode haughtily by tinkling water features. I damn near hanged myself from the nearest hanging basket. This was kitsch city, tacky town, vulgar village. Each to their own, of course. But we were **very** pleased to be skipping out of there faster than one of those blasted plaster rabbits being pelted with lead shot by an equally plaster gamekeeper and 12-bore.

And then we were back, having watched SkinnyDipper ratchet up the mph as soon as she thought Motox might catch her up and beat her to the pub!

Really, really enjoyable Trail. As Booby and DampPatch mentioned, there were a number of woods but they were all just too small to lay a decent route, so they had to get us from one to the next via some longish, straightish stuff. Can't say we minded. A good fun morning and a different type of beer stop. Thanks Hares!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Officiated by the popular Spot, while Shitfor is off in foreign climes pickling his kidneys in alcohol.

Who Got It

Slapper

Why

Not being at the AGM to receive his honorary Down Down. As well as leading the FRBs to a spurious Beer Stop pub.

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|----------------|---|
| Donut | Whizzing in the bushes before the Trail. Naughty! Donut nominated |
| Mother Theresa | Hashgate... who was duly soundly beaten by Mother T. |
| RandyMandy | Showing 'disloyalty' to Zebedee. I know. Lost me too. |
| SkinnyDipper | Managed to catch the flowers at HappyFeet and DoorMatt's wedding. Coo – perhaps an engagement to be announced? |
| Lemming | Returning after his summer recess. |
| Booby | Today's Hares for their excellent Trail. Well deserved! |
| DampPatch | |

Up and Coming

| Run | Date | Grid Reference | Venue | Hares |
|------|---------|--------------------------|---|-------------------|
| 1923 | 28Sep14 | SU746767 | Themed Run - 'Wild Life' The Flowing Spring Henley Road, Playhatch, RG4 9RB | Donut Hashgate |
| 1924 | 05Oct14 | Tba | Tba | Tba |