

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1923 28Sep14
Venue: The Flowing Spring
Sonning Eye
Hares: Hashgate, Donut

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

Wildlife

Chelsea Motormouth Donut Hashgate Whinge TC NappyRash WaveRider Desperate Shiftfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Foghorn Iceman C5 OldFart Itsyor Posh Bomber Booby DampPatch Motox TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Glittertits Pissquick MessengerBoy SlackBladder Little Stiffy and dog Masie Spex Swallow BlindPew RandyMandy Lonely Lemming Mother Theresa Dunny Rampant

The Wildlife Hash - A Hare's View

Donut and I have been trying to lay a Trail at our local pub for the last two or so years. Unfortunately, it has been living up to its name and its car park has been flooded to a depth of about four feet each time. So, very satisfying on this occasion to be blessed with a beautiful Indian Summer day, all very warm sunshine, blue sky and a completely dry car park!

Given the variety of wildlife seen around the pub at various times (pheasants, blue tits, kites, badgers, voles, rabbits, star-nosed moles, wildebeest, manatees, platypus ducks... um, I may have exaggerated slightly there) we thought, why not have a wildlife/wild life theme? Gives a chance for people to dress up, use their imaginations. Be fun wouldn't it? Curious then that most of BH³ hadn't bothered to read the Run Sheet and previous Gobsheets, or listened when I announced the theme at last week's Down Downs. Luckily, a few people had enough sense to check the details and DampPatch and Booby were wearing magnificent bear and tiger onesies, while Billy wore a Dinosaur Dash T-shirt and Cerberus had a rather nice top printed with wild flowers. The thing about the onesies is that they generally have a crotch that dangles somewhere below the knees, making them rather interesting to try and run in.



RandyMandy was fascinated and asked DampPatch several times how wide she could open her legs. I can only assume she was concerned at DP's ability to run without tripping over. On this hot morning Foghorn voiced the thought that was probably on most people's minds. "They're going to smell by the time we've finished." He opined sagely. The couple certainly must have been steaming. Only a mile in their top halves had been pulled down, the paws tied around their waists. It was a

wardrobe dis-function that I found pleasantly diverting in one, while fearfully disconcerting in the other. Though Booby advised me that several Hash ladies had expressed their admiration for his gleaming torso. Brrrr! The picture to the left shows them in their initial glory, accompanied by some attention-seeking nutcase.

Being a Hare is an interesting experience – you get to see both sides of the Trail. Both laying and running. Hashers can rush through the most intricately contrived Checks while you are standing there aghast, wondering how the hell did they do that? Donut and I had spent a pleasant, but exhausting, 3½ hours on the hot Saturday afternoon laying the Trail, including Bars, Back Checks, Two-Way Checks, a Field Check and One Blob Checks to tease and catch out the FRBs. We managed to run over 8 miles so it was something of a surprise (but also quite pleasing) to find out from BlindPew afterwards that he had run over 9. Can't say I'm surprised. Every time I saw him he was running back from a False.

On the other hand, the Pack misses the most obvious pieces of Trail-laying. C5 missed a dirty great big flour blob on the bridge by the Loddon Brewery and went hurtling off up the road, followed by a large number of sheep. I had to call them all back so that they could enjoy the Bar-3 that led off towards Caversham Park. This being the Bar-3 that WaveRider and NappyRash had come across when they had run over to the pub **from** their house at Caversham Park, earlier. Doh!

After a sneaky wander through an unexpected and very narrow little footpath the Pack found themselves on the road that connects the two halves of Binfield Heath. Now Donut and I had taken a risk here since the Trail was a figure-of-eight and this was the middle of it. We had placed a Check with a False in the field where the In Trail returned and we were hoping desperately that the 'F' hadn't been hovered up by a wandering agouti or suchlike. Fortunately, it hadn't. When I got there only Mother Theresa was behind me; so I scuffed out the Check and drew a large flour arrow, pointing the way we had come. Poor Mother got rather confused, turned and started trotting off the way we had just come. Luckily, she hadn't gone too far by the time I called her back otherwise I might have been in for a thick ear. I was just treated to a radioactive glare that almost stripped me to a skeleton. One can only wonder how Lemming retains any flesh at all.

Despite Spex and TinOpener getting into the playground via the wrong entrance we all managed to end up at the Long and Short split. Having run all the way round the Long loop the day before and been round part of it this morning to freshen the flour, the chance that I would do it again was a toss-up between dog's and no. And anyway there were slower runners behind who would need a shepherd, while Donut went with the faster Short Trailers. **And** the Long Trail loop came back into the Short Trail a little further up the hill. No brainer really. Where the Trails joined up again was a crafty 4-way Check. I'm pleased to report that Mother Theresa got suckered down one narrow snicket to a False while Lemming, Spex and Billy got suckered down the other. Tee hee. Glittertits, PissQuick and Swallow followed up the rear, so I pointed them in the right direction and hurried backwards down the path to meet the intrepid Long Trailers. I stood at the top of a hot, dry, dusty field to wait for them and spotted



a real athlete panting up towards me, followed by an even more panting dog. You can only admire dogs' faithfulness... while marvelling at their stupidity. On the other hand, why was BH³ running miles on this arid morning? Got to admire the genial acceptance of people, haven't you? The athletic chap was running towards a bloke standing in the middle of a huge field while wearing nothing but a Fred Flintstone outfit who had just addressed him with the very British comment, "Tad hot this morning isn't it?" "Certainly is. Be glad to get a drink." He replied as he trotted past. The fido gave me a sideways glance. But then they do that don't they? Very soon after, BlindPew, NappyRash, Rampant and Motormouth puffed up the hill so I loped back to the 4-way Check to enjoy the fun. Very gratifying

it was too. Most of them went up the False trails in the snickets before returning to the grinning Hare, who pointed them in the right direction

Now you can say what you like about One-Blob Checks but they do tend to fox the FRBs and any who blindly follow them. I thought I was way behind everyone when I saw Bomber returning from a flour-free Trail that Donut and I had figured might fox people. "Thanks for going that way, Bomber." I said jovially. "There're another thirty or so behind me." He replied. I nipped over to the field and there they were, all milling about. Wonderful! Motormouth told me later that he and NappyRash had gone way across the field. Not that there was any flour. They just figured it was on the way to the pub. If there's no flour, lads, you're not on the Trail...

The historic horse pond and bluebell woods came and went and we all managed not to go wrong at the figure-of-eight crossover – great relief to the Hares. By the chapel I was accosted by a couple and their two young children who were wondering why all these old people were running about and why I was dressed like a lunatic on this Sunday morning. I managed to allay their fears by explaining that the physical pleasure we received from our activities was not of a morally reprehensible character. There was just one more little loop for the Long Trailers that doubled back to the slightly shorter Trail and we all hot-footed it way down the hill to the pub. Just as Foghorn and I reached the bottom of it a couple of ladies appeared to our left. The leading lady took one look at my outfit, goggled somewhat and blurted out, "Well I wasn't expecting that!" "All sorts of wildlife in the country." I replied with an enigmatic smile. Foggy and I trotted off to the pub and a well-deserved pint.

We all sat in the garden, enjoyed the warmth and sunshine and had a damn fine time. Hashing at its best. Here's a picture of us. Hope you all enjoyed it as much as Donut and I.



On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

RA Shitfor performed today's Down Downs, dressed in his usual understated manner.

Who Got It

Bomber
RandyMandy
DampPatch, Booby
Chelsea
Motormouth

Why

Coming in first in today's road race.
Cruelty to animals – pulling Booby's tiger tail!
Today's excellent animals!
(being a rabid Fulham fan) Shitfor couldn't bring himself to utter the name of our Hash virgin. Motormouth (my son) was today's returnee. Chelsea (oops, I said it again!) couldn't stand the taste of the beer so gave it to Hashgate, who accepted the unexpected beneficence with exceptional grace.
Posh
Her birthday. Happy 60th...
Donut, Hashgate
Today's Hares. She beat me soundly (very pleasant too ☺)

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1925	12Oct14	SU530763	Joint Hash with Didcot H3 The White Hart Church Street, Hampstead Norris. RG18 0TB	GnomeAlone
1926	19Oct14	SU778669	The Bull Barkham Road, Barkham RG41 4TL	SkinnyDipper Iceman