

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1928 02Nov14
Venue: The Bell
Waltham St. Lawrence
Hares: Caboose, DampPatch

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Running Like The Clappers

Hamlet Motox Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash Slippery Snowballs C5 MessengerBoy Itsyor Honeymonster Foghorn Slapper NoSole Desperate Shitfor Whinge TC Dunny Rampant Cerberus BillyBullshit Spot Iceman Ms Whiplash Lemming Mother Theresa RandyMandy HappyFeet DoorMatt Posh Bomber... and much later Zebedee Florence

The 'It Nearly Didn't Happen' Hash

We must thank Caboose and DampPatch for stepping in at short notice and helping out Trailmaster Booby and, of course, BH³. We have never missed a week in our long and illustrious history and these two made sure our record stands. Many thanks!

I must also thank WaveRider and NappyRash for giving me the chance to write this Gobsheet by providing me with a lift. My car was at the garage and Donut was walking a section of the Thames towpath. She and her group have been stonking solidly along various bits of it in order to complete the entire length for something like ten years or so. Let's just say it's not the quickest of all sporting events. Thirty more miles to go and at the rate they're going they'll need all-terrain, electric scooters by the time they get round to the final few miles.

Never let it be said that our not listen to the bleatings of week's insanely lengthy this week, mentioning first Harry Ramsden fish in 1928, which was also the arrived. Curious fact this. In Slapper had mildly information from Wikipedia. this teeming bog of cyber-detail that H.J. Heinz had Fortnum & Mason in 1886 Perhaps Slapper has been



patrician GM, Slapper, does us commoners. After last introduction he kept it short almost in passing that the and chip shop had opened year that the baked bean his opening remarks apologised for obtaining his My brief snorkel amongst material uncovered the sold his first tin of beans to ([click here for the bean link](#)). surfing

www.takingthemickeypedia.com...¹

Desperate spoke for many of us when she said she had looked out of her window at the heavy rain this morning and seriously considered crawling back under the duvet. It had been monsooning it down but had stopped just about an hour before the Hash. Hence, I hadn't needed to hide behind the curtains when WaveRider rang my front doorbell. The damp, grey eiderdown that had been covering the sky was beginning to roll back to reveal some blue sky and the temperature was unseasonably warm. Our Hares gave us a brief overview of the Trail (I had spoken to Caboose earlier, telling him I assumed that there would be long, straight bits, to which he had agreed – not too much else you can do in this area) and Caboose pointed us On Out with his elbow. Now there must be a reason for that but I can't figure out what it is. Someone enlighten me please. It confused a couple of synaptically-challenged Hashers (they shall not be named) since Caboose's elbow pointed in one direction while his finger pointed in the other. You can see how this might have led to misunderstanding. However, since most of the Pack went the correct way and anyone who wasn't sure enjoyed a somewhat sheeplike mentality, they followed.

After an interesting one-blob Check with a False (!?) we found ourselves on the first of many 'long, straight bits' and ran (slightly out of breath since it was early on) straight along it. We passed a bifurcation where we noted that a young girl was hanging on to the lead of a large dog, having been pushed off her bike by Billy, who was standing there looking innocent (if indeed that is possible). Figuring

¹ By clicking on this link you will now have realised you can purchase and register this domain if you wish ☺

that, if the girl wasn't concussed, she'd let the dog go and it could do to Billy what Cerberus has been trying to do for years.

Speaking of Cerberus, this morning she had worked her hair into two indigenous American Indian squaw-like plaits. Rather attractive, I thought. Unlike Zebedee later, who achieved his ambition of smashing what little reputation for being a gentleman he had by advising the Down Down group that the plaits were a different colour to the rest of the hair. He was duly given a Down (see below) for being a cad and a boundah. Dashed right too, what!



Similar to this but without the stubble

An early Regroup had been laid on a bridge over the railway line. All rather nice with the sky a-clearing and the temperature a-warming. Apart from the blasted shotguns. Up on the wooded hill by the side of the railway track a group of largely middle-aged chaps were blasting away at, well, we couldn't really see. But whatever it was was going to pretty well ventilated by the time they had finished. Just past the bridge a little path led off in the direction of the crazed gun-fanatics and Shitfor and NappyRash worked out that anyone over the age of 57 (about their age, you see) should take this route in order to cull BH³ and give the youngsters a chance. "Let's see who comes along next." Roared Shitfor, looking back the way we had come. Around the bend strode Whinge, to a huge cheer.

Now our Hares had realised that long, straight bits lead to a very spread out line of Hashers and had accordingly inserted some Fish Hooks. These hook-shaped floury markers would have a number against them, indicating the number of FRBs who should run to the back of the Pack before continuing the Trail. All had been carefully explained before we started so it was with some surprise that I found NappyRash, all innocence and wide-eyes, asking if the Fish Hook with a 6 sign meant that the unfortunates who had stumbled upon it had to run back past six Hashers. I'm sorry to say that the Fish Hooks, despite being a sensible idea, were ignored by most of the FRBs. Except RandyMandy. She alone ran back on at least one of these. She deserved her later Down Down.

What she didn't deserve was Lemming. BH³'s pet Gollum has been behaving himself quite well up until today. Unfortunately, the sight of RandyMandy and HappyFeet close by a large, muddy puddle was too much for him. His foot swung way back, then lashed forward and sideways for maximum watery impact and the two girls squealed as the coldness soaked their backs. HappyFeet at least got Lemming back with an artistically applied handful of mud to his (previously) smooth head. It almost made him look as though he had hair. I can't say it made him look any younger though.

A lot further on (the long and straight track) we fetched up round the back of Knowl Hill and lost the Trail. Itsyor offered me a snippet of information for the Gobsheet, mentioning that he had just seen a house named 'Shite Steps'. Obviously, the eyesight is going, along with the rest of his faculties, since he couldn't distinguish an 'r' for a 't'. However, it gave one an amusing visual image of the postman, having executed a pratfall, flat on his back in the poo with letters raining down around him.

What can I say about the rest of the Trail? It was... wait for it... long and straight (mostly) though the countryside around this area is quite beautiful. I found myself in a small group made up of Desperate, WaveRider and Shitfor, who was maundering on about his sore hamstring. One would have thought he would have been complaining about his calf, since it looks as though a rabid cat has had a go at it. We trotted along, thanking the railway engineers who have built a lovely new, green metal footbridge over the railway (If you ask Caboose, our railway buff, he will tell you all about it, no doubt) and caught up with Snowballs and Slippery while crossing a windswept cabbage field. Just a turn around the corner and we were back to the delightful 14th century inn and a welcome pint of Loddon Hoppit.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Our be-shortened RA was Shitfor, who had obviously decided brevity was not the watchword of the day...

Who Got It

RandyMandy
Iceman, Dunny,
Rampant

Why

Doing the Fish Hook. Good girl!
½ water and 3 straws for not doing any Fish Hooks.

NappyRash, TC, Desperate Whinge	Ditto Violence on the Hash. Whacking a cyclist round the head with his walking pole!
HappyFeet Snowballs Cerberus Zebedee	Alleged swearing and blaspheming when Lemming splashed her Suggesting that 'all of Shitfor's Twyford friends are getting Down Downs' Wearing plaits like a waitress at Oktoberfest despite it being November! See above. Ungentlemanly conduct.
Hamlet Caboose, DampPatch	Presented a Down and his 300 run badge by Motox. Today's Hares. Caboose actually moaned because he was given a pint! We wondered why, since he certainly wouldn't be driving ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1930	16Nov14	SU467688	The Castle Oxford Rd, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 3AA	Dunny Rampant (a long one, then!)
1931	23Nov14	SU775797	Movember Hash The Baskerville Arms Shiplake, RG9 3NY	WaveRider NappyRash