

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1931 23Nov14
Venue: The Baskerville Arms
Shiplake
Hares: WaveRider and NappyRash

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

'Tachers



Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate Motox OldFart Itsyor Slippery Snowballs Iceman Spot Ms Whiplash BlindPew RandyMandy Slapper Twanky Caboose Horny Brian MessengerBoy Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Whinge TC Foghorn Florence 2Bob Mr Blobby HappyFeet DoorMatt Mark Izzy Lungs RedRum Cinderella and young Ben Lonely Treacle Diver TinOpener

The 'Tache Hash

RandyMandy had the biggest I've ever seen. Slippery and Snowballs had soft, furry ones. Slapper's was neatly trimmed and he had added a nifty wig. The caterpillar creeping along NappyRash's upper lip had a sheen of blue, courtesy of wife WaveRider's application of mascara. I write, of course, of moustaches. This being Movember the Hash theme was 'taches and certain members of BH³ had embraced the idea with bristling gusto. I must qualify my description of RandyMandy's apparent walrus – she had taken the time to cut out a massive cardboard object that attached round the back of her



head. The flying buttress design of each 'wing' was superb, yet there was one flaw. Above one's lips is an olfactory organ comprising two nostrils (usually). Mandy had omitted to provide a cut-out for this appendage, resulting in her appearance taking on a somewhat porcine aspect, with an alarming view for those she approached of two mysterious, hair-fringed tunnels above the magnificent set of corrugated whiskers. I calmed myself by stroking Slippery's silky lip-fringe. Very pleasant it was too, though the auburn nature of it clashed somewhat with her equally silky, but beautifully silver, hair. More natural was Whinge's snow-white 'tache and beard that circumnavigated his eating hole very neatly, matching perfectly the colour of his head hair. Well done to all those who contributed to the

celebration of under-nose furniture.

The weather was, how shall I put it, damp. A drop of understatement there for it had been raining solidly all morning. Certainly from 7 o'clock in the morning, which was when our intrepid Hares dragged themselves out of a warm bed to lay the Trail. Despite the conditions there was a great turnout and we formed the Circle to admire each other's appendages (moustache-wise) and hear sage information emanating from our GM, Slapper. He has pared down his circumlocutory meanderings of late and merely offered the fact that, in 1931, the same year as today's Hash number, the first Highway Code was issued. We listened politely before rushing off to try and get warm. The wrong way for most of us, of course.

To say that the Hares had laid a complex Trail would depend on your view at the time. It wasn't actually that complicated but it confused the FRBs royally, an example being the On Out, that no-one got right. It actually sneaked along and down from the Shiplake railway station platform. Since I know this area like the back of my hand I knew exactly where I was all the time. Of course, I didn't know where I should be going which is probably, oh all right, definitely why a number of us slipped down a narrow track between the houses, under the railway and into the field on the other side, surprising a few sheep in the process. Slapper went way across it, despite the lack of flour, while Desperate, RandyMandy and I milled about until Florence noticed the Bar-4 which, though clearly visible under the railway, had been missed by all of us. Doh! The first of many back...tracks.



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The long, long uphill slog along Mill Lane emphasised just how much rain was falling, since cascades of water poured down the hill as we slapped up it. At least it got us warm. We enjoyed a further uphill trek in the shaggy-filled field that paralleled Memorial Avenue. While we slipped and slid along it Billy took the sensible route and ambled along the tarmac with that peculiar Cheshire Cat smile of his. He was smiling even more when we reached the field next to Shiplake Memorial Hall, since none of us could figure out where the Trail led. Mr Blobby followed at least four blobs from a Check to be confronted by an 'F' while the rest of the Pack milled aimlessly around the perimeter or sogged about round the washed-out cricket square. By process of elimination, Mark and I finally figured out where it went and ran past a surprised but jolly gentleman who was sheltering from the rain in a garage and wishing us all a very good morning.



It got wetter. Hashers began to resemble drowned rats, coypu, water vole and wildebeest that had just climbed out of the Grumeti river without a crocodile hanging on to their back leg. I met Itsyor, tracking back from a fruitless quest across one particularly sticky field. He offered the rather cringe-making observation that "There's a fair bit of chafing in the gusset area." Thank you so much for letting me know, Itsyor. I figured NappyRash would be of a similar mind, having been named after giving similar information to the RA some years ago. Though he had been wearing a dress at the time...

After we completely backtracked again through one field, where Caboose blew off a bit of steam (like his beloved railway trains) about being led up the garden path, we slogged off around the edge of, then into Shiplake Woods. This proved to be a delightful diversion, carpeted with bronze and bright yellow leaves. It might have been dripping wet but the vivid colours caught the eye and made one forget about the rain dribbling into one's ear. We even had a Regroup, with the option of a Medium and Long Trail. Spot solo-opted for the Medium, because he wanted to get back home to watch the Grand Prix (well worth it since Lewis Hamilton won the World Championship for the second time); the rest of us shuffled wetly off across more muddy fields and soaking landscape. At least we knew we were at the highest point in the Trail so it would be all downhill from here.

How true that was! Although Mr Blobby, 2Bob and I went the wrong way into Harpsden forest we soon followed everyone else down the long downhill track that led to Henley Road where WaveRider waved us wetly across the road and on to the next downhill track towards the little railway bridge. Thank goodness it was just a step or two through narrow tracks (that I had certainly never been through before) that led us damply back to the pub, a welcome (if expensive) beer and some Down Downs in the warm.

Many thanks, WaveRider and NappyRash for an excellent and different Trail that would be really nice in summer... ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Presented by our RA Shitfor, wearing a Michelin Man skin with the arms and legs cut off.

I must have pressed the wrong button on my recorder, for all the Down Down details have been lost. Hmm. Irritating. Especially since incredibly expensive prizes were awarded to the winners and runners-up of the moustache competition. I do remember that Slippery received Best Lady and Slapper best gent but that's it. DoorMatt got two Downs – one possibly for his moustache; the other certainly because it was his birthday. I received one for leading the Hash astray, again. And, of course, the Hares received their well-deserved pints.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1933	07Dec14	SP495005	HASH CAMRA 2014 with Oxford Hash Tickets only £10 each, Two free pints Sunningwell Village Hall,	Oxford Hares

1934

14Dec14

[SU661717](#)

Abingdon
OX13 6RD
BH³ CHRISTMAS LUNCH

Motox

Calcot Hotel

98 Bath Road, Reading
RG31 7QN

Ticket Only, Price £13 Members
£20 Non Members

Secret Santa (£3 limit!).

Bring on the day.