

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1938 11Jan15
Venue: The Duke of Wellington
Twyford
Hares: Caboose, Lonely, Slowsucker

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

Old Boots and Slippers (it was muddy)



Booby Snowballs Lungs Donut Hashgate FalseTart Shifty Twanky Mother Theresa Lemming Don Waverider NappyRash Whinge TC RandyMandy BlindPew Spot OldFart Lilo Tinopener and dog Minx Desperate Shitfor Dipstick C5 Ms Whiplash BillyBullshit Foghorn Cloggs NonStick TT2 MessengerBoy Swallow, Uplift, Slapper, NoSole, HappyFeet, DoorMatt AWOL and a host of very welcome guests from North Wilts., London and Oxford Hashes.

If Only We Had Wellingtons

Coincidentally enough, I bumped into Caboose today (Monday 12th) while he was browsing the cold meats in Waitrose, Twyford and we exchanged pleasantries about yesterday's mass Hash. I think he summed it up perfectly by saying, "It could have been a disaster. But, luckily, it wasn't." Given that Hashers were arriving by train, car and bike from London, North Wiltshire and Oxford, let alone Reading, Hampshire and Hertfordshire I readily agreed with him. We chatted by the chickens, conversed by the curries and talked by the tins of tuna. After all that alliteration we were thoroughly knackered and gave up gaspingly (Aaargh! Can't stop!)

There were certainly an awful lot of people, including Cloggs and NonStick, who live near Twyford and who we haven't seen for ages, milling about in the car park. Both Booby and Spot gasped in. One had seemingly run from Reading. The other had opted for an early run to Wargrave and back before the Hash. Nope. I can't figure out why either. Billy rolled in on his mountain bike and asked Shitfor, who was standing by his car next to the metal fence by the railway line, to place it behind the car, out of sight. As Shitfor picked it up some wag (might have been me...) called out to him with the suggestion that he should just throw the object straight over the fence for the 12:07 to reduce to scrap. Billy didn't seem taken with the idea.

Since Slapper (our GM) hadn't arrived yet C5 took the event firmly in hand and called the Circle to order. Everyone largely ignored him so he tried again, using his gruffest headmaster's voice ("That boy there! See me afterwards!") and welcoming us to... what was the number of the BH³ Hash, he wondered vaguely. A thin voice squeaked up (...me again) "1938 sir." Lost in thought our very own Beak ignored the Hashgate Minor interruption. I tried again. Then agreed with BlindPew that it was fairly obviously a waste of time. Rather like Slowsucker's explanation of the Trail-laying protocol. It seemed that there was a mixture of markings. The intention was to simplify the Trail process for the various Hash Chapters who had appeared on the day. A saying came to my mind: 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions.' I just hoped that today's primrose path would not lead us to an unseasonably warm hobs and pitchfork area. Though with Lonely marking single-sided arrows with a piece of plasterboard, the other Hares using flour and London Hashers used to the concept of one-blob-and-you're-on I had my doubts. We On Outed warily and headed for Twyford station in a roundabout manner, before stopping *en masse* there for no apparent reason.



We found out that we were opposite Caboose's house and he opened the front door to let out what seemed like a never-ending stream of asylum seekers. Spot, a couple of London Hashers and I viewed the scene with raised eyebrows. But not solely due to the benefits tourists. It was the upstairs net curtains that (amazingly, for a group of ragingly hetero blokes). Let's just say that, while certain areas of the curtains would have been efficient for catching sprats, other parts would have struggled to trouble heavily overweight basking sharks. Time for a trip to Dunelm, Caboose. Tch. Tch.

After about ten minutes we nipped up the track next to the railway line, crossed the main road and splattered into a large and semi-flooded field where I fell in with Lonely. Not literally fell in, that is. More of a trotting/splashing across the field together. He told me about his experience earlier, while laying a False just before this part of the Trail. A 'gentleman' in a car had asked the boyish Lonely what on earth he thought he was doing, marking the pavement like that. Lonely explained as best as he could, with

the old chap interrupting all the time. The fellow accused him of writing graffiti, vandalism, then stopped to have a bit of an internal explosion. Lonely took the opportunity to ask him politely, "Are you going to shoot me?" At which the beetroot-red expostulant uttered a very 1940s "Tchah!" and drove off in a huff.



Some tarmac time and muddy fields later we caught up with the walkers and stopped at the first of the Regroups. Twitchy people like Shitfor, BlindPew and HappyFeet almost immediately continued on the (pretty obvious from here) Trail, thereby missing Lonely's interesting discourse on yonder Stanlake Manor, that viewed us benignly across the lake and up the hill through its blank window-eyes. For those who wish to know, its name originated from one, Nicholas Stanlake who, in the 15th century, cleverly married Elisabeth Thorpe to whom the estate (then known as Hinton Pipard) had passed. The place is now a vineyard, making excellent wine and boasting of being one of the largest wine makers in the country.

But enough of history and real hard facts. You want to hear about the ford don't you? Our Hares had carefully risk-assessed the Lands End ford and, seeing it was only 3(ish) feet deep with a fast current in the middle and slippery concrete underneath, had decided to include it for the foolish amongst us. A group of us watched as C5, NappyRash and a few others braved the torrent first. It was curious and somehow hilarious that both the two mentioned made it all the way across before falling in. C5's was a sideways slide that soaked a diagonal half of his upper body. NappyRash's was more dramatic. Gloating over his slip-free crossing he plunged an unwary foot into a pothole to the side of the underwater concrete ramp and provided us with a fair imitation of a diving seal wearing gloves and going "Ooer". The unfortunate bit was that his lady, WaveRider, had only just lent him her gloves and needed them that afternoon for when she was watching their daughter play rugby. An arch of the eyebrow was not the only indication that all was not happy in the WaveRider household. Still at least he got to wear some ladies clothing for a while...

On leaving the ford my thighs felt like two slightly defrosted chickens and OldFart's comment as he trotted lightly (and drily – he had gone over the bridge, the wimp) by: "I expect your nuts will reappear in about half an hour, Hashgate." did not ease the feeling of nether dampness. Just the Long Trail to go then. Fortunately, it wasn't very much longer than the Short Trail and we slipped (literally) through the dank Twyford Nature Reserve, geese honking mournfully, ducks desperately trying to drown themselves, fish jumping on to the bank to do the same. It was a depressing place but brightened considerably when I ran into (not literally) Uplift and we trotted lightly up that last hill to the welcoming pub where the landlady advised Caboose later that they had had the best Sunday trade for ages. Hashes do their best to brighten landladies' Sunday afternoons☺.

Many thanks to our Hares for the (lack of) organisation and Trail laying today. Great to see such a large group of friendly people.

p.s. don't forget the new net curtains, Caboose.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment and the editor's version is final.

Sir,
I would like to say what a fine job the R.A. does. In all weathers he has to find things out like Poirot!! It would be easier if he didn't get abuse from that ghastly Desperate. I think the next R.A. should be LoudonTasteless, a fine stand-in he has been.
Yours faithfully,
Anonymous.

Sir,
I feel I really must issue a complaint regarding the unintelligible piffle written by one of your readers. How he can liken his misfiring, single, bilious-coloured brain cell to the triumphal grey cognitive mass of the famous Belgian detective is beyond me. And describing Desperate, that delightfully coquettish doyen of intellectual femininity in such a deprecatory manner... Well. Words fail me.
LoudonTasteless as R.A.? The sooner the better say I.
Yours faithfully,
Also Anonymous

Sir,
Hello. Hello. Is anybody there? It's taken me an hour to start Emmess Words, let alone send this eletter. $\frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$ Oops! How did I manage to type that? Well it's been a pleasure talking with you all but that lady librarian with a face like a bag full of cats says I should finish the session. Thought we were actually going to start that after I'd written this. Oh well. Do you think I should go on that Faceache social modicum thing?
Cheers
Motox

Sir,
Does anyone have a pair of gloves I could borrow. Some that are too small for my husband to wear?
Thanks.
Yours faithfully
WaveRider

Down Downs

Three RA's stepped forward to dish out the Down Downs today. Many of us expected it to drag on for an hour or so. Fortunately it didn't.

Who Got It

Why

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Dipstick | Cycled past the pub and waved at everyone before we started. |
| Mr Doolittle | He berated the lady, UglyButterly for not keeping safe the keys to their car |
| AWOL | Offering an unnamed lady his dry top in exchange for her wet one, after they'd been through the ford. The dirty blighter! Since he's having a dry January he nominated Lonely for laying 2 'F's on the Trail |
| WoodenChew | The London RA nominated this lady since she is a scientist based in Brussels who said that finding the Higgs boson particle was easier than what she is trying to do... |
| Desperate | Talking to horses on the Trail. One nag to another, as the RA pointed out. She also is having a dry January and nominated Hashgate as her champion, who absolutely smashed it |
| C5 | One of our ford fallers |
| Slapper | Awarded his 200 Runs fleece top by Motox. Unfortunately he took his top clothing off to try it on. Who ate all the pies? |
| TT2 | Awarded his 400 Runs badge. Well done! |
| Reacharound | A 43 rd birthday. Happy birthday! |
| Swallow and Lilo | One does it in wellingtons, the other in rubber gloves. Oooer! |
| Goldilocks | Since giving up beer his running skill has tailed off. Awarded ½ a pint of water. |

Caboose, Lonely,
Slowsucker

Today's excellent Hares

Up and Coming

| Run | Date | Grid Reference | Venue | Hares |
|------|---------|--------------------------|--|------------------------|
| 1940 | 25Jan15 | SU759722 | Randy Birthday Bash (21 again!) Thatchers , Woodley RG5 3EZ | RandyMandy BlindPew |
| 1941 | 01Feb15 | SU830800 | The Novello 228 Bath Road, Littlewick Green, SL6 3RX | DoorMatt HappyFeet |