

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1939 18Jan15  
Venue: The Mill, Thatcham  
Hares: LittleStiffy, SlackBladder and  
Masie the dog

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Dustys

Iceman Snowballs Slippery Donut Hashgate Glittertits Pissquick Twanky MessengerBoy Whinge TC Desperate Shitfor Don Simple Skids Hamlet Fukawe Dunny Rampant Tracey Deborah Itsyor Motox AWOL C5 TinOpener Ms Whiplash Slapper NoSole HappyFeet DampPatch Shifty FalseTart ChocChuck NoStyle Tequilova Chopstix Shandyman Brian Denise Spot

## The Mill Race



Before we do anything else let us congratulate MessengerBoy (and the rest of the people in his company) for winning an Emmy recently. It was for highly technical stuff related to high quality image compression technology and you can see the details at <http://nevion.com/news/press-releases/2015/nevion-engineering-team-brings-home-technical-and-engineering-emmy-award>. As he described it, the picture to the left is a highly dodgy one of him with the award. ☺

Amazing! We don't see SlackBladder and Little Stiffy for ages and they return by laying an absolute stonker of a Trail. It had everything, including deep shiggy, a stream, new people and no shortcuts. Mind you, it was a bitterly cold January day. Even more so for those who had forgotten to bring their trousers for later... see Down Downs.

Slippery and Snowy were particularly happy today since their journey to the pub was a three minute walk from their house. How nice to have a lie-in. The rest of us were having a bit of a stamp-in to keep warm during the Gather Round, which was mercifully short. GM Slapper had little to say about 1939 and the Hares hurried us on our way through an early bit of wet, sucking grass, then into suburbia. It was interesting to hear later that some of the residents had queried Hashers on the flour markings. It seems that some rather nasty thieves of both animals and property leave similar markings to indicate to their colleagues that there are items worth stealing. Hopefully, the residents were assuaged and the flour marks have b\*ggered up the thieves, may they rot etc.

We weren't to stay in the relatively flat and dry ground of suburbia though and made off rapidly (or unhurriedly, depending on one's perambulatory style) uphill along a stony, slippery track. It got the lungs going and we were glad when we reached a Check. Those who did the Bar-7 (Rampant, Don) were less pleased. The rest of the Pack followed Simple along what appeared to be an edge-of-forest squelchy track that had three blobs of flour, a 'W' (for the Walkers' Trail), then nothing. Great bit of Trail-laying, I thought, since no-one knew whether to continue or go back and there was no Hare in sight. Eventually, a Check was found. There were a few confusing parts to the Trail. A little later we fetched up at another Check where some bright spark (it may have been Simple but if I have done him wrong I apologise) called 'False' down the real track and most of us slipped and skidded into what looked like a paintball place. Luckily, it was only a fairly long run back along the nearby road to get us back on track...

Today's newbies, Brian, Denise and Deborah surprisingly seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely in all the mud and biscuits. I had only ever heard of the Euro Carve (a snowboarding term to describe a turn where your forearm acts as a sliding support when you lean right over during the turn) this very day and darn me if Brian wasn't trying to do one down that extremely slippery, grassy hill that we ran(!) down after the Regroup. It was a fair old shock and awe (snowboarding term) execution and he was fortunate enough to stop himself disappearing into the small culvert he had been hurtling towards. Radical!



Now at the bottom of this treacherous slope was a stream and next to the stream where we crossed was something that 90% of us failed to notice. Surprising really, since it was the stripped bare skeleton of a sheep (I nearly wrote 'dead' sheep. But then it would be, wouldn't it?). I noticed a number of stepping past the grinning carcass and making no indication that they had seen it. Such as, "Ooer! A dead sheep's skellington!" Or "Must remember to take that shoulder of lamb out of the freezer." Perhaps they had an idea of what was to come. This was a shoe-sucking, wet, shiggy-laden snake of a Trail that criss-crossed the stream and made sure that everyone had shoes full of slime and water. Lovely stuff. Desperate and Tracey short-cutted rather cleverly in order to avoid it, as did Slapper and Motox. Though



Motox assured me he was merely following the GM. Iceman decided to slip and fall in leg-deep at one point, receiving eight points from all judges on style and execution. Even Dunny began to despair of ever leaving this valley of mud, saying, "The Hares must have been out for ages to find all the worst bits." But the Trail was one of two halves. If the first was damp and full of shiggy the second was, well, damp and full of shiggy but it was on top of the hills, with superb views and the knowledge that things were all downhill (in a topographical sense) from here.

C5 and I enjoyed a pleasant trot back down the slippery tracks, waving to a little lad on a bike with his mother (no, his mother wasn't on the bike too). We figured that he was wondering how he could get as muddy and smiley as us and not get a crack round the earhole from his mum. ☺

We ambled back into the increasingly cold car park with our legs muddy and wet. It was then I realised my trousers lay at home forlornly wondering why they had been so cruelly abandoned.

Many thanks to our Hares for a superb winter Trail.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to [hashgate@hotmail.com](mailto: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 but the editor's version is final.

Sir,

Am I alone in thinking that Hashing rots the Hasher's brain? I have been covering my Hashing owner's backside for some time now, yet he deserts me at the first opportunity. I feel like zipping off as soon as possible.

Yours,

Mr Pair O'Trousers

Sir,

I beheld a rather curious sight after the Down Downs. A line of eager, yet furtive chaps, queuing up with money in hand to give to Ms Whiplash. They all said it was "For the Skittles Evening". One may only wonder if this is some kind of euphemism.

Yours

Mr B. Wildered

Sir,

May I take this opportunity to remind your male readers that the Red Dress Hash is but a few weeks away and they should be thinking about this season's couture. I understand that charity shops provide excellent frock-based clobber for the discerning gent.

Yours

Mrs O. X. Fam-Shops

## Down Downs

RA Shitfor took charge of today's proceedings.

### Who Got It

### Why

Hashgate	His birthday. Forgetting his trousers. Pushing in front of poor NoSole during the Trail, the cad!
Whinge, Iceman, Brian, DampPatch	All Hash Crashers (more like Splashers) today
MessengerBoy	For his Emmy award. Yeay. Well done!
Brian, Denise	Two of today's virgins.
Snowballs	300 runs, awarded by Motox.
MessengerBoy	Again! 200 runs.
Rampant	200 runs.
NoStyle	50 runs.
Rampant	An innovation by our RA. Rampant was given the black sheep award for generally being 'dodgy'. This is a knitted black sheep hat which he will hand over to the next 'Black Sheep' next week.
SlackBladder	Today's fine Hares. She smashed it!
LittleStiffy	

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1941	01Feb15	<a href="#">SU830800</a>	<b>The Novello</b> 228 Bath Road, Littlewick Green, SL6 3RX	Doormatt HappyFeet
1942	08Feb15	<a href="#">SU522799</a>	<b>The Swan</b> High St, Compton RG20 6NJ	Zebedee Florence