

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1940 25Jan15
Venue: The Thatchers Tavern
Woodley
Hares: RandyMandy, BlindPew, Slapper

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

Birthday Guests

NoSole Blowjob Donut Hashgate Diver Treacle NappyRash WaveRider Desperate Shitfor BillyBullshit Cerberus Whinge TC OldFart Motox Horny Brian Bumwiper and dog Ebony JohnnyWalker Lungs Honeymonster TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Bomber Posh Snowballs Pissquick Glittertits Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Lemming Mother Theresa Foghorn Uplift SkinnyDipper DampPatch Dunny Rampant Spex LoudonTasteless HappyFeet Dunker Dr.Poo Eddie Toni Florence Zebedee Booby

Randy Mandy's Big Birthday

Appropriately enough for Mandy's **big** birthday (this pamphlet is far too gentlemanly to reveal exactly which birthday) a big crowd met at a big pub with a big car park. Just to add a touch of the surreal to the proceedings a number of people had turned up wearing what they pathetically expected would link them inextricably to the Scottish bard, one Robert Burns, for tonight was to be Burns night where the haggis would be addressed poetically before being stabbed theatrically. So it was that Snowballs sported outsize tartan head furniture similar to LoudonTasteless, who lived up to his name by having red hair sprouting from under his. Slapper had girded his loins with a home-made Black Watch-style kilt (excellent seamstress is NoSole). HappyFeet wore a mini-skirt in light plaid which I felt was much more attractive than any of the above...

Now Hare BlindPew was somewhat *hors de combat* due to a back muscle tweak. Your reporter understands from an inside source that this was sustained during a failed attempt to land in position 134b sub-section a after a wardrobe leap from left of centre while carrying a caterpillar birthday cake (with lighted candles) and wearing naught but army boots and an Eton collar (I trust that ladies reading this will not feel light-headed at the very thought). I further understand that Mandy was uninjured during the *melée* and managed to get most of the chocolate off her face with a small trowel kept by the bedside for such purpose. Slapper had kindly agreed to assist with the Hare duties and, though he freely admitted to us during the Trail that he hadn't a clue where it went, his participation was very much appreciated.



There is one other news item that cannot go unreported. I refer you to the picture on the left. Nope, this is not the scarred aftermath of a bramble-strewn Hash but the results following Shitfor's tattoo augmentation. A while ago, he had had inscribed a bottle of Stella Artois on the left leg. This now spurts liquid gold into a Stella glass etched on to his right member. And both now have shadow for additional effect. As I understand it, future additions will include a small bowl of pistachio nuts and a packet of pork scratchings. Apparently, Mother Theresa is a

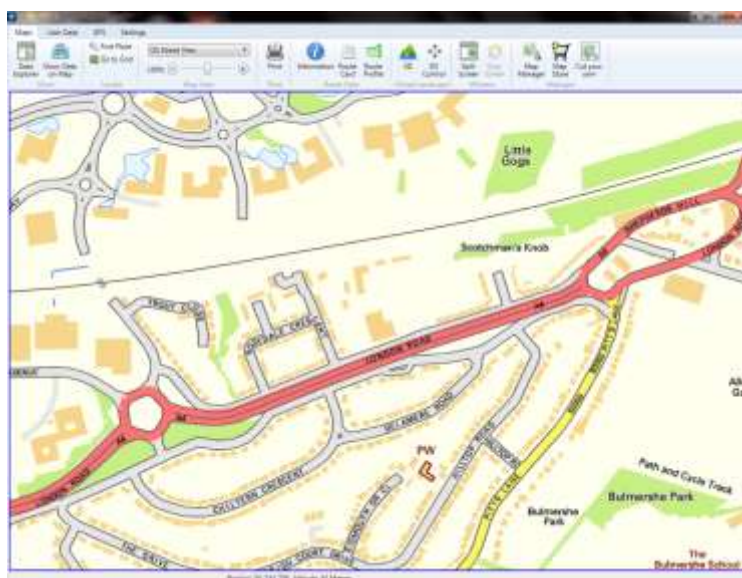
tad miffed that her magnificent, buttock-based, flying albatross has been eclipsed by this exquisite, artistic *trompe l'oeil*.

This Trail was another of those that are made up of two distinct types. We either stamped stiff-kneed through urban streets or slopped and skidded in thick shiggy. It was terribly dirty stuff. As TinOpener found when he was rugby-tackled by a playful collie dog while we were slopping our way across a mud track in Dinton Pastures. The hound raced towards him before sticking the shoulder into his lower legs. The poor fellow fell like an axed tree into the mire, coating his entire side in the sticky mixture. The thing I found most interesting(?) was that the dog's owner neither berated the animal nor apologised... to the dog ☺. There was also a concrete wall later, about a foot wide, that spanned a foul ditch. Some of our group approached it apprehensively. They needn't have worried. Of all people, Lemming showed he can be a true gentleman when he gave Uplift his hand and helped her across. Slapper too, led Spex

across by walking in front of her while she held his hands from behind. Since LoudonTasteless and I were watching from the other side I playfully suggested that, usually, the gentleman is behind the lady. L&T commented ruefully that, "It shows who wears the trousers in our house." Lungs decided there was no way she was going across and took a fairly lengthy detour. We saw her again later, standing forlornly (until we came in sight) in the middle of a patch of very wet scrub. Nice to see her face light up when we got there.

The Dinton Pastures part of this Trail got quite a number of us confused. There were lots of bits going off into bushes and returning to the main paths by the lakes. NappyRash tried to walk into and through a medium-sized tree - unsuccessfully. Foghorn led me (so naïve) through a gate and into a short path that led only to the lake. Desperate, Florence and a couple of others milled about in the woods for no reason at all next to the path where the Trail had clearly been laid. We eventually fetched up at the Regroup and stood about steaming and joking until Slapper pointed us in the right direction. Past Sindlesham Mill we came out by the air museum where OldFart, on spotting one of the tethered airplanes, advised us loudly that the Trail, "Goes right, behind that old Fokker." We looked around, to see who he meant...

After a whole lot of delicious shiggy and semi-flooded fields we arrived back in urban heaven. Dunker pointed out to me that the Hares had obviously done their Burns Night homework since we were running through streets named Oban, Dunbar and the like. When I mentioned this to Slapper he gave me the kind of look a sheep might when asked to explain the theory of relativity. Dunker also mentioned, with girlish enthusiasm, that she had earlier seen a place named Scotchman's Knob. I didn't quite know what to say to that so smiled encouragingly. She and Dr. Poo later sent me fascinating evidence to show that they were not joking. Got to wonder who named it and why!



The legs were getting tired so it was a great relief to pull into the Beer Stop at Mandy's, enjoy some of BlindPew's excellent home-brew and exclaim how cute Mandy used to be (photographs from long, long ago were hanging from her garage door). Her daughter was there. Her old mum was there. A variety of relatives, friends and Hashers enjoyed a thoroughly well-deserved break. Trouble was, it was getting really quite cold and members were stiffening (steady ladies, I meant legs). We creaked out of the drive and stonked as fast as we could the last mile or so (with a Long and Short split for goodness sake!). It was fairly plain sailing except when BlowJob and I carried (not surprisingly since there was no other indication) straight on at the On Inn. Two hundred yards along our path we were called back and the marginally irked BJ very nearly uttered a rude word. Being a gentleman I said it for her.

Our Hares certainly put plenty of effort into this Trail and served up lashings of shiggy for good measure. Not only that but they very kindly organised a reserved area in the pub later and provided some very nourishing health food for us to scoff ☺. Our thanks to them.

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 but the editor's version is final.

Sir,

(re: your letter dated 20Jan15)

I am pleased to report that my Hasher actually remembered to bring and wear me today. I have actually been worn more than once this week so I expect my usefulness is on the increase. Unless I am pressed.

Yours,

Mr Pair O'Trousers

Sir,

I understand your journal represents a certain Hash fraternity. I would like to make it clear that if any of your out-of-control members attack my collie in future they will be in for a damn good thrashing. The behaviour of that degenerate popinjay today was disgraceful. In my day the horsewhip would have been the least the boundah could have expected.

Yours,

A. Dog-Lover

Sir,

I find your journal so fascinating. It can be the work only of a discerning talent and sensitive mind. Truly, if the person writing this flowing prose is half as magnetically attractive as it I feel I might have found my soulmate. Pray, do send me a signed photograph for my bedside.

Yours,

Donut

Sir,

SOZ BUT I CUDNT FINK OF ANYFINK TO RITE THIS WEEK.

MINE,

Mr B. Bull-Shit

Down Downs

Since everyone was comfy and warm and it was a bit nippy outside the pub our RA, Shitfor, presented the following inside.

Who Got It

Why

Cerberus, NoSole

They don't care about Motox any more!

Motox

Because he isn't cared about.

TinOpener

Decked by a dog!

Slapper

Wearing a tartan dress made by wife NoSole

Akid

Today's Reading Road Runner virgin enjoyed his Down

RandyMandy

Her birthday. A pint of lager proved slightly too much for her ☺

Lungs

Deliberately getting herself lost (see above)

Booby

Awarded his 100 run tankard and badge by Motox

RandyMandy

Also awarded a 100 run tankard and badge by Motox

WaveRider

Her 200 run award. A fine, pink rugby shirt.

Rampant

He already had his award but not his Down. So here it was.

Diver, Treacle

Allegedly moving in together. Despite having lived together for some time!

Lungs

Given the Black Sheep hat by last week's wearer, Rampant, because she strayed from the flock today.

RandyMandy,

Today's Hares. PissQuick was nominated by Mandy since it was her

BlindPew, Slapper

birthday recently.

A huge cake with what appeared to be a raging fire atop it (actually 50 candles) was brought in for Mandy who not only blew out the lot with one mighty puff but distributed bits of it to one and all. Quite delicious. Happy birthday Mandy!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1942	08Feb15	SU522799	The Swan High St, Compton RG20 6NJ	Zebedee Florence
1943	15Feb15	SU472669	The Red Dress Run Diamond Tap. Cheap Street Newbury RG14 5BX	Dwight Centaur