

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1943
Venue: The Diamond Tap
Newbury
Hares: Centaur, AWOL

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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L O L A Lolas

("But I can't understand why she walks like a woman and talks like a man")

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate Glittertits PissQuick Booby DampPatch Butterfly Dribbler MessengerBoy TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit NappyRash WaveRider (Sort of. Read below) Skids Simple Nutty Potty Dunker Mr Poo ChocChuck NoStyle Wendy Karen John Chopstix Shandyman Foghorn Motox No Sole Slapper Flash Iceman Jason Slippery Snowballs Uplift Spot OldDog Dumper C4 C5 TinOpener Julia Scoot Dwight Twanky BlowJob Dorothy Dave Tequilova Iceberg (met en route in Newbury while shopping!) IceKitty ABoyNamedSue

The BH³ 2015 Red Dress Hash

Jung, Freud and Adler would have a joyful day. More psychological dysfunctionality than you could shake a stick at. Tomes of psychiatric evaluation more riveting than the Kinsey Report. BH³ was in serious cross-dressing mode and more confused than a psychotic episode. Psychotic meaning 'loss of contact with reality'. This is a description that could be applied to the Hash generally but today before the start, not only were most Hashers wearing red dresses but some of them were in one car park, some in another, some at the pub and WaveRider had, in the words of our RA at the Down Downs, 'got



a right monk on'. She had got so hacked off at parking at the multi-storey (which is where we parked), then trying to find where the Hash was to start that she stonked off, a small, dark thundercloud above her, and went shopping instead of running. Unfortunately, our Hares had omitted to say where we should all meet so people were all over the place. When our disparate group of truculent, hair-tossing trannies (and delightful red-attired ladies) had all been corralled in a single location one of Centaur's friends, Wendy, asked for a photograph, handing her iPhone to Centaur. To the left is the initial result – he managed to take a photograph of himself with a pencil sticking out of his head! Certainly didn't have to

ask us to say 'cheese' for the next picture since we were all falling about laughing, having seen what you can see to the left on the iPhone screen that was facing us.

The second picture appears to the right. Slightly better, though Desperate (with boa) looks like a manic Magenta out of Rocky Horror Show, blonde-haired NappyRash appears more than miffed that titanium-haired I have spurned his unwanted advances and Slapper (aptly named) with the Titian curls, well let's just say it would probably be the last thing you'd want to wake up next to (apart from that horse's head, of course).

Booby had opted for a swishy, full-length, satin number (a horrid picture appears below) that showed off his hairy chest perfectly. TinOpener had on a



very weird kaftan. Iceman had augmented his manly chest by adding his traditional two balloons. A consensus was that the owls in question (a pair of hooters – oh, do keep up!) were marginally more

delicate and slightly elongated this year. Possibly an improvement on previous years where he had managed to attach by a variety of webbing, strapping and scaffolding, a couple of barrage balloons. Talking of Hooters, DampPatch advised me that the best edition of this particular club exists in Birmingham. Whether she is a life member or works there wasn't made clear. Perhaps she will send in a letter... with photographs?

Our Hares today were to have been Centaur and Dwight but, unfortunately, Dwight recently had a knee operation and AWOL kindly offered to stand-in (geddit?! Knee. Stand-in. Oh, please yourselves). Though those of you who have had the worrying experience of running along behind AWOL with his wonky rubber leg might wonder whether it would be up to the task. Fear not. Even though his Red Dress hat and sunglasses made him look suspiciously like Keith Richards on a, er, trip.

The Trail, for there was one, even though I haven't mentioned it until now, was lengthy and a mixture of town, urban, suburban, with a dash of off-road shiggy and pasture thrown in. Of course, one of the main prerequisites of The Red Dress Hash is to be seen and bring joy to the hearts of those denizens who do not suddenly require the services of a person trained in the arts of the defibrillator (BlowJob for example. And, yes, I'm writing about the Hash person, not the remedial activity). Mothers and young children particularly seem to delight in the sight of large, sweaty blokes wearing red frocks, grinning and waving at them as they run past. "Mum. That man's wearing a dress!?" Is the usual puzzled and amused question asked of the smiling parent. General silliness brightens up many people's day and it's great to see the smiles break out as we run past. Under our veneer of seriousness most people like to laugh along with others – especially those who are happy to laugh at themselves.

Half-way through the Trail, Centaur, efficient as ever with the organisation of today's Hash, advised us that there would be two Regroups. We thanked him for his drip-feed of information and continued on our way, thoroughly enjoying the salubrious sink-estates through which we were running. It certainly kept the Pack together and moving fast for no-one wanted to have a pitbull sicked on to them. The upmarket ambience of one of the areas was underlined perfectly as we ran 'neath a bedroom window along a narrow path. The window was flung open and a florid youth urged us, in no uncertain terms, to "Get yer tits out!" We politely declined his request and continued on our mincing way past a business entitled 'Diverse Beauty'. Nothing, I felt, could quite top this exquisite description of our flouncing horde.

I must tell you about the creation MessengerBoy was wearing today. Apparently, it was based on Liz Hurley's Versace safety-pin dress... except his was made out of two pillow cases ☺ The sweaty sports top and lack of a shave gave the ensemble a particularly feminine look, I felt. Victoria Beckham, look out.

After 6.5 miles the Long Trailers were still zig-zagging back and forth across Speen Lane before we turned properly for home. Though Slapper and Booby took a short detour to have a couple of throws of frisby with a slightly bemused young couple in the park. A trot along the canal with TinOpener, AWOL and Rampant and we were back in the centre of Newbury... and wondering where our various car parks were.

The Trail was good fun, as it should be for a Red Dress Hash, and the pub was perfect. Our Hares had arranged for us to have the entire upper floor, which was perfect for the size of our group. Many thanks to them and we look forward to next year.

For those of you with strong stomachs a selection of photographs appears below. Enjoy(?)

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,

Your mention of Messenger Boy attending the circle in his shorts has prompted me to dash off this literary masterpiece to you.

I propose that, between 1 September and 31 March it should be compulsory to wear at least three layers above the waist and long trousers, socks and proper shoes below it when attending the circle. That includes the RA.

When down downs are in progress and there are people inadequately attired, it gives those of us with Raynaud's Phenomenon (or those of us without it who just feel the cold) an inferiority complex and a feeling of whimpishness. This is very bad for the ego and can cause an acute lack of self-confidence and esteem.

I look forward to my proposal being implemented with immediate effect.

Yours Hashingly

A Cold Hasher (C5)

Down Downs

Our notoriously efficacious RA, Shitfor, enjoyed an indoor event, complete with footy on the TV.

Who Got It

Why

Jason	Today's virgin and Aston Villa supporter who was as delighted with his Down as with the goal Villa scored on the telly just after he sat down.
C4	Who had driven a little too far away from the car park exit money machine and who had to rely on Simple to slot home the silver.
Flash	For remembering to bring his trousers today.
Hashgate	Got two Downs. 1 – for being too fat to get into a dress. 2 – announcing he and Donut are going to get married. The delightful lady joined me for the second one.
Dunny, Rampant	F'ing and blinding at Hare AWOL. They obviously had enjoyed their Hash.
WaveRider	For having a 'right monk on' earlier and stonking off to go shopping instead of Hashing. The lass took it very well ☺
Best Dressed...Man?	AWOL – check out the Keith Richards picture above.
Best Dressed Lady	Uplift. She just looked very nice.
Dorothy	Awarded his 100 runs mug by Motox.
Centaur, AWOL, Dwight	Today's Hares enjoyed their well-deserved reward.

Sir,

I hesitate to bring to others' attention the meretricious, nay, pernicious nature of your specious rag since you will no doubt revel in the publicity. But I have to correct the barbarity of your libellous ramblings with regard to my good name. Your unspeakable mendacity vis-à-vis my alleged illiteracy knows no bounds. I trust you will have the common (a word that perfectly describes your foul publication) decency to publish this letter.

Good day to you.

Mr B. Bull-Shit

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1945	01Mar15	SU649698	The Fox and Hounds Station Road, Theale RG7 6BE	Slapper NoSole
1946	08Mar15	SU581622	(At 3 o'clock, Ireland vs England) Coffee and Cake Hash Heath End Village Hall Baughurst RG26 5LU (Coffee and cake provided. Please bring beer and a glass)	OldDog Lonely Dumper



