

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1945 01Mar15
Venue: The Fox and Hounds
Theale

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

Hares: Slapper, NoSole, SkinnyDipper

Foxy Ladies and Right Hounds

Glittertits Pissquick Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Whinge TC Shitfor WaveRider NappyRash Twanky BlowJob MessengerBoy DampPatch 2Bob and dog Lucy TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Horny Brian PennyPitstop Mother Theresa Lemming Spex LoudonTasteless Motox Foghorn Iceman Ms Whiplash Caboose AWOL RandyMandy HappyFeet DoorMatt John Itsyor Aqua JJ Andy Grommet StinkingBishop

The GM's Hash

If leadership is partly based on example then Slapper is an exemplar for all other GMs who lay Trails. Apart from running across private land (allegedly with the owners' agreement), one piece of which is owned by the Old Bill, he effortlessly managed to split the Pack into two entirely distinct sections, the faster of which managed to miss the first Regroup entirely. A wonderful piece of mis-organisation outdone only by Drexel a few years ago when heavy rain washed out his Trail completely so we had to make our own up. Having written that I realise I left myself out of the running for the award for total Hash mis-management. In 2007 I organised a Trail from The Fox at Cane End only to bugger off on a business trip that week, leaving things to the helpful HeyBabe and CIAC... who found that the pub had closed. Oops.

One thing that Slapper & co had not organised but which was extremely, in a tantalising way, pleasurable was the scent of cooking bacon that insinuated itself (via the nostrils) into one's very soul as the car door opened after parking in the pub car park. Taste buds stood to attention. The



hypothalamus was informed in no uncertain terms that a reward was available. Hashers with a fine sense of smell and a refined requirement for pleasure swayed gently, noses in the air and eyes closed in unfulfilled gastric ecstasy. Glittertits generously offered to buy bacon butties for all those who answered his question positively but was thwarted when he realised the pub was not yet open for business. Even of the porcine-fancier type. The nasally elevated swayers' bacon tumescence drooped in

frustration. But also with the knowledge that the pub would be open later, when they would feast, eyes wild and fat dripping down the chin. ☺

Yep. I'm not too sure what that last paragraph was all about either. But it was quite fun.

The Trail started off cold so we didn't hang about and sped off towards the first lake. Foghorn almost ran into it when he thought the flour led that way but we managed to lead him gently away and point him in the right direction. Just before it started raining heavily. I was with BlowJob at the time and neither of us (let alone anyone else) was very impressed. Heavy wind and cold rain is not a pleasant combination when slopping along in sticky shiggy, wondering if the next hour and a half will be the same. We thanked the weather gods when the rain stopped in less than five minutes.

However, the sticky shiggy did not stop. One minute it was like Bovril; the next it was the consistency of something that had spent the last couple of days inside a dog. Or actually inside several, if not a whole pack, of dogs. That had foraged in the foulest of dustbins and topped it off with laxative Bonio. You get the picture. I believe this toxic mixture to be the root cause of the parting of the sole of my running shoe from its upper, the reason why the protective toe tabs now sprout forward from the shoes like snails' horns. I'm sure you get the picture – it was horrible stuff. Which very nearly caught out RandyMandy who was striding lightly forward across an incline. She suddenly found herself two feet below where she had been, heading sideways towards the ditch. Only some rapid footwork saved her from a round of applause and rousing cheers. Unlike WaveRider as, with varying degrees of success,

we all scrambled up a steep soil, ivy and loosely bushed slope. The poor girl hit a particularly loose and steep bit where it's a bit of a toss-up whether you plunge backwards or manage to regain balance. To those rousing cheers she just managed the latter, though making forward progress eluded her for a bit (to further vocal encouragement). She finally got the toe-hold she needed and clambered up to the track at the top of the slope. At least she kept her cool and didn't go into incandescent fulmination mode like at The Red Dress Run. Those anger management classes are obviously doing some good.

The Hares had been more than a little sneaky with their Trail-laying and a number of FRBs enjoyed the Bar-5 at the top of a rather steep tarmac hill while the rest scuttled and chuckled off into the woods, led by Slapper. Mind you, we all still had to scrabble up that very steep field to the farm at the top of the world. We thought we were hallucinating while we gasped our way along the track there. Two geese flew across us, calling "On On!" At least, it sounded very much like that. Like I said, we weren't firing on all cylinders at that point. We were very glad when we came upon a lovely church and churchyard and stopped to admire the mass of snowdrops gently nodding in the wind and the memorial to the World War 1 fallen, which, 2Bob advised me, most unusually included the name of a woman. In the neatly kept churchyard I noticed the gravestone of Fred Wise, who died on the 17th June 1868, aged three years and nine months. Sad that a child should have such a short life. At least he lies in a peaceful and beautiful place.

Quite a long run took us down to the farm, and to a bit of a surprise. I was running with 2Bob and Lucy, his dog, when we came upon a slightly scruffy, brown Shetland pony, tethered by a length of blue nylon rope that had got itself twisted round an old branch stuck in the ground. While 2Bob and Lucy made friends with the pony I managed to untwist the rope. Though by this time, since the pony had trotted all the way round 2Bob, sniffing at Lucy (you'd have expected it to be the other way round!) the rope was wound round 2Bob's ankle. Sensing another comedy moment (that just might end in tragedy) we stopped the dog and pony show and carefully extricated 2Bob from the snake-like grasp of the rope before trotting on. Shetlands can be very friendly but you never know whether they have read the Thelwell books. It pays to keep an eye on the hairy little blighters.



And so to the first Regroup at the stunning setting of the police training centre and museum at Sulhamstead. This elegant building (albeit with an unsightly, squat, square, utilitarian construction sprouting aials next to it) overlooks the surrounding countryside, spreading lawn (with dog-training equipment on it ☺) off into the distance. This was the Regroup that the FRBs had missed, not seeing the large chalk 'RG' on the top of the steps because they had run across the lawn in front of it. Tee hee.

It was fortunate that Slapper was with us or we'd have got lost too. From the Regroup we all ran down the tarmac drive instead of looping off briefly into the forest. Then had to be called back by the phenomenally patient Hare, since we had missed the turn off into another wooded area... where we couldn't find the Trail at all for five minutes. Mind you, we did better than the FRBs who, about fifteen minutes later, we met, standing forlornly on a swing bridge over the canal, having lost the Trail. Had they never heard of a Back Check? Apparently not, for the forehead-smiting, tsk tsking Slapper had to remind them that it was an option. The rest of the Trail to the very welcome Beer Stop in the sailing club was a bit of a stretch along the canal, though Shitfor stopped off for a bio-break among the trees, RandyMandy calling out that he would need only a thin sapling to stand behind (cruel but true). We gasped down the bubbly beer while the wind rattled the sheets tinnily on the boat masts. Itsyor was presented with his 400 Runs badge, failed to Down what was left of his beer and earned a round of applause. Running the shortish way back to the pub car park proved challenging because a) we had stiffened up in the cold wind, and b) we were full of bubbles. But we got there and allowed ourselves to melt into the warmth of this very good pub, where tables had been reserved for us at one end – nice one, Hares.

A really most enjoyable Trail, especially when the sun came out. Thanks Hares.

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,
I f***ing well don't go to b****rd anger management classes you toad-faced f***er. Any more of your s*dding libellous cr*p and I'll stuff your b***ocks in a blender.

P*ss off,
Mrs. Wave-Rider

(Editor: there was some very necessary censorship to this letter)

Sir,
I write in an unofficial capacity. I must request that the Committee considers sight and intelligence tests for prospective members of BH³. After today's debacle, with the Pack splitting into two and neither group seemingly having enough sense between them to find the Trail (let alone the Regroup) I can only conclude that our Hash is populated with knuckle-dragging cretins (saving, of course, NoSole and SkinnyDipper).

I remain etc
Mr S. Lapper

Sir,
Am I alone in wishing to lodge a complaint regarding the behaviour of certain ponies while I go peacefully about my Hashing business? During today's Trail I found myself the subject of a creature that had evidently read that grubby 'novel', "Fifty Shades of Greys", which I understand is concerned with equine bondage. The animal mentioned did its best to bind me (having previously tethered itself to a stake), presumably to then ravish my body as it wanted. Hares should check carefully before laying Trails that pass by such louche creatures.

Yours,
Mr Predecimal-Coinage

Down Downs

It took a while but our cherished RA finally managed to get all three brain cells together to buy the beers and present the Down Downs. I blame it on Desperate. She can't organise him so well while she's in Singapore.

Who Got It

RandyMandy,
Mother Theresa

Slapper

Slapper, NoSole,
SkinnyDipper

Unknown name

Why

Got the Specsavers award for mistaking a road for a stream.

Got the Black Sheep Award because he kept forgetting to bring the hat!

Today's excellent Hares.

A visitor from, I believe, a European Hash

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1947	15Mar15	SU642858	Joint Hash with DH3 King William IV Hailey, Ipsden OX10 6AD	Gatecrasher
1948	22Mar15	SU644820	The Red Lion Goring Road, Woodcote RG8 0SD Roast Dinner, must be pre booked. 01491 680483	Dunny RampantRabbit