

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1946 08Mar15
Venue: Baughurst Village Hall
Hares: OldDog, Lonely, Dumper

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

Tarts and Fancies

Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Hashgate TC Whinge Desperate NayyRash WaveRider BillyBullshit Cerberus Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Shandyman Chopstix DrPoo NoStyle ChocChuck NonStick Cloggs Itsyor Glittertits PissQuick Nutty Potty Simple Skids Carol Iceman Foghorn Slippery Snowballs Twanky Swallow SlowSucker Spot Zebedee Florence NoSole Slapper C5 C4 Tequilova Dunny Rampant Dorothy Maggs Caboose Motox FalseTart RandyMandy BlindPew Jason Hamlet OutdoorPursuits

Cakes and Ale (and tea and coffee)

If you were one to enjoy a slice or two of bara brith, Battenberg or bucellato this was the place to be. There was much more fruit cake here than on our usual Hashes. Some fat rascals (no names supplied). Have some madeira, m'dear? Thanks very much. The Great British Bakeoff was alive and kicking in Baughurst Village Hall. OldDog and Dumper had organised a cornucopia of cakes, fancies, scones, brownies and lemon drizzle, all washed down with tea and coffee, made and served with aplomb by OldDog, PennyPitstop, Cerberus and Lilo (with kind assistance by others with the washing up and cleaning). I was most impressed by the ladies' buns. It's quite unusual (well, for most of us) to round off a Trail with anything other than a pint – a welcome and entertaining change, though standing up after scoffing all that cake was quite difficult. Though this wasn't a competition like the GBB, if I had to choose **my** favourite it would be that particularly succulent fruit and nut confection that had been lovingly fed with brandy. I tasted as many of the others as I could physically accommodate – they were all fantastic. OldDog has already sent round an email, thanking people for their efforts. Well done BH³!



Some of us had definitely earned our cake calories after the Trail. Hare Lonely mentioned at the Gather Round that the Long Trail was about 10 miles. Happy Feet was not content with this meagre amount and returned to the Hall after everyone else, having run, she reckoned, about 13 miles. So those huge slabs of cake on the plate that DoorMatt gave her were entirely appropriate. She fell upon them and was last seen behind a rising mound of crumbs.

The Trail was a bit unusual in that it had red flour (for the Walkers) and blue and white flour (for the Runners). I asked Lonely to explain the difference. "Well." He said. "The blue and white are synonymous. Except for the end of the Trail where there is only red." Not only this but it seemed that, at the first few Checks, the gentlemen were to wait, in order that the ladies would have an opportunity to Check It Out. Confused? So were we. Though it was all good fun.



Talking to Lonely again, along with C5, he asked us what phrase would describe particularly viscous shigg. We found out a little later why he had asked the question. On some of the tracks and land by stiles and gates it was like running through cake mix, or the topping of a chocolate cake that's been left out in the sun. Gelatinous, sticky, glutinous, sucking. NappyRash found out when a he ran/squelched across one bit of mire in two shoes and exited on to slightly firmer ground with one! The other had been sucked off by the morass, leaving no sign of it but a couple of fetid bubbles. Some kind soul fished about in

the muck and extracted it. Must have been a pleasure to put it back on again.

RandyMandy also fell foul of the slippery underfoot conditions and was reported to have been flat on her back in the forest at one point. Now a number of ribald comments have been made about this incident and this journal would like to make it very clear that Mandy certainly did not feel perfectly comfortable in what was certainly not a familiar position. And she certainly did not delay her rising in an opportunistic and optimistic expectation of being joined by muscular masculine company. Perish the thought.

I think TC came up with a perfect one-word description of the conditions when stepping through a gate and sliding suddenly sideways on a patch of ordure. "Sh*t!" She squeaked.

After rather a lot of this stuff we came upon Simple, sitting by a road (surprisingly enough) on the edge of a bridge. To his right was a large plastic box full of empty bottles of various kinds of booze. "Looks like Simple's drunk all the Beer Stop." Said Itsyor, echoing our thoughts. This was where the Long and (allegedly) Short Trails split. Certain of the mentally challenged (Zebedee, Slowsucker, TinOpener, Spot to name a few) opted for the Long, even though they had heard Lonely's earlier information about the length of that Trail. The rest of us scurried after Itsyor, up a tantalising shiggy and shingle, uphill track. Pity really, since there was no flour and the Trail went along an almost parallel track the other side of the hill. We scampered back down, wondering when C5 would stop going on about his buttocks to NappyRash. It was really most disconcerting. After the third reference to his ailing buns I began to wonder if we should rename him Gluteus Maximus... after that cheeky Roman emperor. (Sorry about the bum joke ☺)

We ran under a tree that had been marked as 'Dangerous' by the local council – why not make it safe, RandyMandy and I wondered. We also wondered why Desperate, who was ahead of us, had stood 'neath it for a couple of minutes. Duuhh. We passed three youths who were standing by a bonfire on top of which was a barn door, hiding what was below it. Fortunately there were no feet sticking out from under and they gave us a friendly "Hello". We also passed a beautiful vintage car with its bonnet open. It was a green Jowett Jupiter, a car I had never heard of before. Here's a picture of an almost identical one. A red flour 'On Inn' finally appeared and we gratefully slid round the back of the Village Hall, scraped off as much shiggy as we could and scuttled in to tuck into the cakes. The first person I saw was Spot, who was fashioning a small mountain of strawberry jam on top of two huge scones. He'd done the Long Trail. Good on you, Spot!



A really enjoyable event with a Trail filled to overflowing with the kind of shiggy piggies and Hashers revel in. Thanks to all who organised this one. Look forward to the next ☺

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,
Though today's mixture was a bit of a Hash it was generally light and fluffy, though the base was very sticky indeed. The cause was probably not too much flour, more likely the (Long) Trail had been slightly overcooked. I suggest a good beating for the Hares, until they can just stand up. I would remove the nuts too. I do hope this helps.

Yours,
Mary Berry

Sir,
I realise this is not a medical journal. Nonetheless, I would be grateful for your readers' opinions on my buttocks... *(the rest of this letter has been removed out of consideration to our subscribers. Please contact the originator if you wish to help him – he certainly needs some)*

Yours achingly,
Mr C. Five

Sir,
I would like to make it very clear that my opinion of this letters 'forum' is very low indeed. I have seen no letters from the Green Party, Plaid Cymru, UKIP, nor indeed the Pirate Party ("Aaaarr"). Until these important political groups are included in the mainstream of your communications I shall continue to be withdrawn from the debate.

I remain etc.
Mr D. Cameron

Sir,
Let's be clear about this. Typical. Clearly. When the Labour Party is elected to be the next Government we will enact a law that makes it mandatory for the Prime Minister to participate in the Gobsheet Letters section.

Clearly yours,
Mr E. Milliband

Down Downs

Since our RA was away being landlord of a pub for the day (not much profit for the pub that day, I'll wager) the inestimable Motox stood in. The long, long wait was made up for by his bravura performance... although it did go on for quite a long time...

Who Got It

Why

Mr Blobby	Parking in the disabled bay – naughty!
OutdoorPursuits	Calling everyone Ben. For no obvious reason.
Motox	Awarded a Down by Mr Blobby because Motox pointed out to Mr Blobby where to park ☺
RandyMandy, Shandyman	Spotted exiting a forest glade together... (see above?)
Simple	Calling Motox 'fat' (pot/kettle)
NoStyle	Misguidedly believes he is a stallion!
Dorothy	Presented with a Down by Foghorn. He had been awarded his 100 Runs mug previously and left it on the top of a car park payment machine, where Foghorn picked it up. He had a pint of cold tea to drink. ☹
WaveRider	She harangued the RA. After all, she did want to get home before it got dark.
NappyRash	Losing that shoe in the shiggy
OldDog, Cerberus, Lilo, PennyPitstop	Today's excellent tea ladies!
Spot	Managed somehow to fall in a ditch
Slowsucker, Zebedee	Being foolish enough to do the Long Trail today
Lonely, Dumper	Today's Hares. Well done!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1948	22Mar15	SU644820	The Red Lion Goring Road, Woodcote RG8 0SD Roast Dinner, must be pre booked. 01491 680483	Dunny RampantRabbit
1949	29Mar15 * Sunday * 11:00	SU733677	Bell & Bottle 37 School Green Shinfield, Reading RG2 9EE Parking in Car park opposite.	Iceman