

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1948 22Mar15

Venue: The Red Lion
Woodcote

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

(Nosy) Parkers

Don Donut Hashgate Iceman MessengerBoy Potty Nutty Bumwiper with dog Ebony JohnnyWalker Glittertits PissQuick Snowballs Dumper OldDog BlindPew RandyMandy Whinge TC NappyRash WaveRider Lemming Mother Theresa PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Foghorn NoStyle ChocChuck Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener NoSole Slapper Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfor HappyFeet DoorMatt Motox Twanky Dorothy DampPatch Andy Kate Nick and son (apologies, didn't get his name; he ran superbly ☺) Beaver Gatecrasher

Not So Long, But Winding

Red kites soared and spiralled effortlessly upwards in the sunlit sky, four parachutists attempted to emulate their grace, though in a downward direction and dressed less nattily. Massed ranks of teenagers clogged a football on the pitch in the middle of the green. Mums, Dads, children and relatives in the Village Hall, all dressed to the nines, prepared for a Christening in the nearby church. Which meant that, since the small pub car park was already full of cars, there was almost nowhere to park nearby. Along with Iceman and Don, we drove into the Village Hall car park, only to drive out again disappointed. When we had finally parked and walked to the pub Dunny was smilingly waving on anyone rash enough to think they might get in the car park there. As she said, "I've no idea where they're going to go but they're not going here." Donut and I had had one of those sudden, frightening, realisation moments on the way to the Hash. We realised we had forgotten to pick up NappyRash. We had promised on Friday night during a drunken revel (Billy's birthday, booze and burlesque event. Don't even ask!) to give him a lift. Luckily, as we turned back, WaveRider rang to say she would be able to bring him after all. Whew! Certainly didn't want to upset WaveRider now she's three quarters of the way through her anger management course – only five plates thrown and one producer punched – she's doing well.



We were rather lucky today that our revered GM, Slapper, had little to say about the 1948 BH³ Hash. It was rather chilly after all and we were keen to get on our way. Our Hares pointed out the On Out direction and we were off at a pace. Now just after we passed the Church I realised there was a certain looseness about my waist and realised that the tie top of my shorts was not in its usual neat bow. Not wishing to embarrass any ladies or indeed myself, if the article mentioned plunged earthwards, I knotted the laces while on the run. Only to be accused by BumWiper, who was running behind me, of 'fiddling about'. Cripes! That's rich from a floozy who runs with a dog tied to her trousers and heaves a towel back and forth between its back legs when it gets wet.

After a slightly confusing and longish yomp across fields and paths Andy and I found ourselves way out in front and at what appeared to be a Check, as we dropped down on to an inclined track with the option to go up, down, or across and up into the forest. I recognised this spot from previous Trails and knew that the downhill was a ¼ mile of non-stop running, so opted for the uphill track, while Andy took the forest route. We had actually both been well and truly suckered for the rather messy Check that we had found should have been an 'RG' for a Regroup. Someone had scuffed it about. However, I had a fairly pleasant run up the sunny hill with a couple of horses in the field eyeing me curiously. I could swear one sniggered when I found the 'F'alse. By the time we returned Rampant had laid a perfect, new 'RG' in a circle of flour to ensure that the mass of Hashers standing there were certain that they should take a break. Nice for them. Guess where we went? You got it. We enjoyed the ¼ mile non-stop running downhill. Actually quite a pleasant experience. Particularly since I was running with RandyMandy who was experiencing a severe case of degenerative flour recognition syndrome. "I'm quite observant really." She quoted to me after missing the third blob. After missing the fifth she changed her mind.

“Actually, I’m not all that observant.” Before squeaking “On On!” excitedly as she spotted the white face of a piece of flint ☺

It all got a bit squirrely from here. The sun still shone through the yet-to-green woods. We had warmed up nicely from the long downhill run and the (what seemed like) even longer back uphill, shiggy slog. But we had a problem. The Checks had mostly disappeared. Whether herds of grazing okapi (wildly off-trail geographically and curiously unseen by the locals) had hovered up the stuff or whether the local rabbit community, stung into organised group protest (NIMBYs as they are known – Nibbling In My



Burrow Yah?! It loses a little in the Rabbit/English translation but they are quite posh near Woodcote and pretty hot on tunnel rights) over the trampling of their lolloping land had covered them with earth and leaves is unknown. But they were not there. Luckily, Rampant was. With a container of flour which, when no-one was looking, he used to spatter down fresh white circles to the amazement of those who had just turned back after passing the spot. He thoroughly enjoyed the refreshment of one 5-way Check in the middle of a forest. Hashers were running about all over the place until Desperate decided to run after NappyRash and what she thought was the direction that Rampant was laying an

arrow. The crafty fellow faced that track and drew a line of flour... then drew the arrow on the end facing away from the path most people had taken. Nice one, Rampant!

Eventually, we fetched up next to the house where Jenks used to live. As I came up behind ChocChuck I noticed a large, friendly labrador standing behind the gate, wagging his tail. “Hello doggie.” I hailed it. “Yes Hashgate.” Answered ChocChuck. Instant laughter at the implied rudeness as she realised I had been talking to a dog. She had thought I’d said, “Hello Choccie.” So she said. The amusing thing was that the dog was actually a chocolate lab. Even I couldn’t make it up. ☺

We began to catch up with the walkers: Lilo, Mrs Blobby. Then Dumper, Donut, Nutty, Glittertits and PissQuick as we turned into the urban outskirts of Woodcote. An opportunity for a quick chat before scooting off across the football field and the recreation ground after the On Inn. It was curious to see that every square inch of the pitch was pock-marked with stud holes. Either an awful lot of heavy football players have been running all over it time and time again or there was a hell of a localised hailstorm recently.

Many thanks to our Hares, Dunny and Rampant for today’s Trail. A pleasant sashay in the sunshine and a nice pub to return to.

Our best wishes to all the many Hashers who are taking part in the Prague ½ Marathon next weekend. I understand that there will be a marathon bar crawl to accompany the running event ☺ Good luck all! You can check out the race details at [Prague Half Marathon](#)

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 I ran on your BH³ Hash today and thoroughly enjoyed it I shall still be suing this Gobsheet for libel and character assassination following your scurrilous and unrealistic assessment of last week's Hash and pub reception. However, I would like to thank Shitfor who was concerned for my welfare and kind enough to ask me if I could keep up with today's Pack. I mostly did.

Not really yours,
Gatecrasher

Sir,
On behalf of NIMBY I wish to protest most strongly over the rampant trampling above what we think of as our 'land of milk an dunny'. Lettuce be clear. You may offer us the carrot of peace. Or indeed, a piece of carrot. If you want to know our intentions, read 'Warren Peace'. Or any of the acerbic papers by the legendary rabbit writer William S. Burrows.

Hopping mad,
A. Bunny

Down Downs

He was a little hoarse but our RA galloped grandly through the Downs. Unfortunately, my voice recorder fell at the first fence. Since I've left out a number of people, my apologies.

Who Got It

DoorMatt
TC
Beever

RandyMandy
Dunny, Rampant

Why

Received his 50 Runs award from Motox
Received her 300 Runs award
Got one for something...She graciously nominated Motox as her champion
Inability to recognise a flour blob. Any flour blob.
Today's Hares. She got something that looked suspiciously like a Bailey's.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1950	06Apr15 * 18:00 *	SU928797	The Pineapple Lake End Rd, Windsor SL4 6QS Parking in car park on left towards Dorney or on road.	Booby
1951	13Apr15 * 19:00 *	SU726649	The Crown The Street, Swallowfield RG7 1QY	LoudonTasteless Spex