

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1949 29Mar15
Venue: The Bell & Bottle, Shinfield
Hares: Iceman, Slowsucker

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

Dunny Rampant Hashgate Slippery Snowballs Foghorn Motox OutdoorPursuits Lonely Hamlet CabinBuoy FullFrontal 2Bob and dog Lucy CastingCouch (from the Vienna Hash) Dumper OldDog RandyMandy BlindPew Spot PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Shifty FalseTart Caboose

Not The Prague $\frac{1}{2}$ Marathon

Since many of BH3 had foolishly opted to run the Prague $\frac{1}{2}$ Marathon numbers today reflected the fact that the elite had chosen to be at the Hash. From the perspective of distance run, this was sensible. From the perspective of the weather, it certainly wasn't. A thick, multi-grey ocean of cloud tumbled across the sky and blustery, cold winds swirled about us, blowing the rain into this ear, then that. An altogether unpleasant morning enlightened only by the knowledge that the Hares had been out in slightly worse earlier, laying the Trail.

Motox asked me if it was eleven o'clock. I wiped the raindrops off my chronometer and nodded, yes, it was indeed eleven. He called the Circle to order, welcomed CastingCouch (chaperoned by 2Bob and



who had travelled all the way from Vienna to be with us) then handed swiftly over to our Hares. The only part of the Hares' (actually Iceman's) speech was an exhortation to Motox to ensure he did not think he was a bus. This advice travelled straight over my head like the thunder of a Vulcan jet ponderously taking off. I still have no idea what he was on about. I should have asked later. Actually, I am, now. Iceman??

We On Outed gratefully in order to warm up a bit and the Walkers stayed where they were. Bit of a clue that we would be looping out and back in order to meet up with them again. Not that we runners minded. It was so cold and wet we needed to get going. It was just unfortunate for me that the only bluebottle for miles decided, after $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, to investigate my epiglottis. I guess it was somewhat surprised by my oesophagus's peristaltic reaction to its intrusion. One minute it had been merrily viewing my pink dangly thing (steady ladies!) through its kaleidoscopic peepers; the next it was being swallowed whole. Mind you, this was nothing to the surprise I was going through. You don't expect something apparently furry to execute a swan-dive into your gullet. Let alone feel the damn thing trying to crawl back out. I stopped dead and was in two minds whether to attempt the Smoker's Cough Manoeuvre – you know, where it starts somewhere around your knees, ripples in choking gushes upwards and finishes twangingly through great ~~harp~~-strings of saliva strung loosely between the teeth of the gaping mouth – or swallow the bugger. I figured the latter would be a more gentlemanly method and could provide an interesting, if quirky, addition to my diet. But it did take a long and unpleasant time to engulf the creature. In a metaphysical musing later I thought, wouldn't it be funny if reincarnation did actually happen and, in a serendipitous coincidence, I'd just swallowed evil Uncle Ernest who used to beat his King Charles Cavalier Spaniel with an egg whisk? Interesting how the Hash brings out the left brain in one, isn't it?

The Hares had found rather a lot of field and green stuff among the ever-encroaching housing in this area and we were grateful for not having to run on tarmac. Except for BlindPew, who had expected rather a lot of road running and had worn his road shoes. Silly boy. Lucy, 2Bob's pleasant collie was also enjoying herself. Every shiggy-filled puddle proved irresistible and she lolloped and splashed in every one she could find. Now the Hares may have laid the Trail together earlier but they obviously hadn't laid all the same Trail since there was an early ~~argument~~ discussion between them about where the False was, when Slowsucker called everyone on and Iceman was having none of it. We gathered expectantly to view the cobbler-kicking and eye-gouging and were most disappointed when the typhoon of rage and expostulation sputtered into a zephyr of amicable agreement, leaving us only with the cold rain and wind we had experienced since we started.

Shifty, Rampant, Dunny and BlindPew staggered drunkenly across that ankle-bending, knee-buckling field full of tussocks, interspersed with calf-deep mud and biscuits. It was almost impossible to run across and I was surprised no-one went over. Shoes full of water and shiggy, we slopped and slipped

our way over to a small footbridge that spanned a rubbish-filled culvert alongside the A33. Since it was such a delightful spot we thought we would tarry awhile, forming an impromptu Regroup to allow other staggerers to catch up. They did and we gratefully carried on. Though Hare Slowsucker messed everyone about by running the opposite way to the true Trail. He's a laugh that lad. I had to wonder what his reaction would have been if he had been running with the Pack and Hare had done it to him. Perhaps a little of that expostulation we talked about earlier? ☺

After a long and muddy straight track RandyMandy decided to try a bit of messing about with the Hares. Calling 'OnOn' at a gate, though having no idea if it was, she had figured that the Hares might call her back if she was on the wrong Trail. It didn't quite work like that since she was going partially in the right direction, though the rain and wind had removed all the flour laid so carefully earlier by our Hares. Good try though. Must remember to have a bash at it myself. **And** you get a Down Down if you're lucky. A good wheeze!

After a goodly length of fairly straight tarmac we hit a divide between the longer Trail and the Very Short Trail. Now SlowSucker, being a kind sort of bloke, called FullFrontal back, since she had indicated a partiality for a short cut. She ran on down the road. I called her back, using real and Hash name. Nothing. On she went. Both Foghorn and Iceman gave it a go, both known for their less than *sotto voce* approach to calling. The blasted woman just kept on going.

We eventually managed to catch her aural attention and she trotted back, simpering an apology. Think there might be an ear-related renaming soon. The rest of us betook ourselves into what Iceman described as SANGS. Yep – confused me at the time too. It seems that SANGS is an acronym for Suitable Accessible Natural Green Space, the definition of an area that has been natural countryside for hundreds of years



and that is soon to be covered in new houses... leaving a few SANGS for the dense new population to enjoy. Lovely. The rain came ever more sideways as we ran through the fenced areas between the large, bare fields which would disappear under concrete, brick and tarmac. In common with many, I was quite pleased when we had got back, changed and was supping a pleasing pint of Sheep Dip in the pub. The stone-flagged room was the perfect size to accommodate us and where Foghorn could do the Down Downs, out of the driving rain and wind.

I am pleased to report that all our Prague runners ran the race without injury. Well done everyone!

A fine Trail, Hares. Our thanks for your efforts on this cold, damp day.

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,
May we suggest that a pecuniary delineation between proper runners and mere Hashers would benefit BH³? Though we would not wish to completely alienate these lesser athletes we feel that any benefit they derive from copying our techniques should be compensated from club funds, rather than penalising the elite by demanding Tick. Look forward to our return. We are sure you do.

Yours superciliously,
The Prague Possé

Sir,
I would have written a letter today but am feeling so overawed by the marvellous achievements of the Prague runners that I don't feel... Oh dear... I'm wellin' up... I can't go on... they're wonderful. Gulp.
Yours damply,
A. Hasher

Down Downs

Stand-in RA Foghorn had earlier sneaked up behind me while I changed in the car park and nicked one of my running shoes. Despite the fact that they had been new three weeks ago he felt it necessary to give me a Down Down out of one of them, the blighter!

Who Got It

Why

Iceman

Today's single Hare. Slowsucker had to leave earlier for a family commitment.

Hashgate

My 'new' shoe. Actually, it didn't taste too bad just a hint of plastic ☺

CastingCouch

Today's visitor enjoyed her Down (out of a glass!)

Motox, BlindPew

Allegedly short-cutting.

CabinBuoy

Did lots of short-cuts and got very stroppy.

Up and Coming

Run

Date

Grid

Venue

Hares

Reference

1951

13Apr15
* 19:00 *

[SU726649](#)

The Crown

The Street, Swallowfield
RG7 1QY

Spex
LoudonTasteless

1952

20Apr15
* 19:00 *

[SU740772](#)

Dunsden Village Hall

Dunsden Green,
RG4 9QG

Food after the hash, but bring your own drinks and vessel.

Spot,
Damp Patch
& Skinny Dipper