

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1954 04May15

Venue: Fox and Hounds
Tilehurst

Hares: Ms Whiplash, Skinnydipper

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

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Splashers

Slapper NoSole Tinopener Spot Donut Hashgate Iceman Dunny Rampant OldFart Itsyor Spex Loudontasteless Lonely Hamlet Utopia Uplift Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 NappyRash WaveRider OutdoorPursuits PennyPitstop Foghorn DragonLady Lungs BlindPew RandyMandy FBJ LaCrease Goldilocks Caboose Andrew Vanessa Florence Zebedee

Watching Flour in the Rain

Our congratulations to Booby and partner who, in common with royalty, have just welcomed into the world a new baby. Named Cara, she weighed in at 7lb 6oz. BH³ send our best wishes for now and the future to you all. This is a family Hash and we look forward to seeing you all soon. Check out the picture at [here](#). On Aaaahh.

The day had been delightful. Sunshine, warmth and mainly blue skies all day. Until we all set off to the pub. The skies frowned greyly and spatters of rain presaged the unceasing dampness to come. Our Hares must have been a mite ticked off. To brighten our evening (and to flog tickets and T shirts for Nash Hash 2015 – I'd give you the web page reference but it's currently a broken link☹. It's on the BH³ website homepage for when it works again) members of the Oxford Hash (FBJ, LaCrease and GM Goldilocks) had joined us this evening. Nice to see them. I felt a bit for Goldilocks, who had already run a 10k race in the morning. Perhaps he should have taken the short cuts or done the walk. However, he'd recovered enough energy in the pub later to make Del Boy look like a lethargic amateur.

C5 and I agreed that running tonight was something we should probably not be doing, since we'd both attended gut-busting barbeques earlier in the day and were as full of meat as a hyena who'd chanced



upon a group of gazelle (previously...) enjoying a meditation and mindfulness session. Most exercise with a full belly is, at least, unpleasant. NappyRash recounted to me the tale of when he attended a circuit training session after a heavy evening meal. Talk about the last supper. I won't spoil your day with a description. On the drinking side I have (only once!) attempted to play squash after four pints of beer. Neither my partner nor I could hit a damn ball – must have been highly amusing for any spectators to see two hiccupping, grunting, cross-eyed blokes stumbling about the court while the ball dropped un-battered anywhere it damn well pleased ☺

So running that first loop round suburbia, up rises in the tarmac, was something of a dyspeptic experience. Especially when one knew that one would meet up with the walkers a little later on. i.e. those who had taken the shorter, more sedate Gaviscon route. It didn't seem that Zebedee had been affected by over-indulgence. Despite arriving slightly late (no change there, then) he skipped lightly past the gasping gluttons and waved us a cheery 'View Halloo' before disappearing into the distance.

We had been advised by Ms Whiplash and Skinny that the woods were full of bluebells and well worth a look so we took her advice on entering the first of the forests. Just as well we did really since there was buggler all flour to see, while the rain increased steadily. You may wish at this point to refer to the above witty title of this piece. It will appeal to those aged... well, of a more mature outlook, who may remember 1968 and be 'Move'd by the experience in the 'Wood' (sometimes I just amaze myself with this drollery!). The lack of flour wasn't the Hares fault – we just weren't looking in the right places. Fortunately and eventually someone did. LoudonTasteless filled in the moments by snapping away with his camera. He was HashFlash for the night. The pictures will find themselves uploaded to the BH³ Facebook page no doubt.

Lonely's a wag, isn't he? After finding the Trail again, he and I trotted together for a bit and he asked me if I would be interested in the Hooray Henley run that he's organising. "What date would that be, Lonely?" I asked, interestedly. He advised me that it would be the 5th. "Shame." I replied. "Might be a tad busy with my wedding preparations." "Oh". He replied, quick as a flash. "Have you picked out a woman yet?" I can only believe he was certain Donut wasn't nearby...

We stuttered leg-jarringly down through a rapidly dampening wood, trying not to step on the slippery roots that poked out of the earth of the steep slope like ancient ribs. The cloud seemed even nearer ground level than before as we came out through the stile opposite Sulham Church. Every time we pass this spot I notice the sign over the lych-gate that advises, in a frowning Victorian manner, 'Watch and Pray'. Like many of us I was watching the rain and praying that it and the Trail didn't go on



too long. Both did. There was a long loop off the track that took the participants through another beautiful bluebell wood. SkinnyDipper asked OldFart, after he and the rest had re-joined the track, "Did you see the bluebells?" "Can't say I did." He replied. "Bit busy running." Can't really blame him for the apparent terseness. It was, after all, p*ssing down and we were all looking forward to getting back. Luckily it was only another mile or so, largely uphill, past that abandoned brick folly. Must say it looks lovely when the evening sun bathes it and the surrounding rolls of

countryside in soft red light. Tonight it looked like the last rotting tooth in a dribbling mouth. Yep – not too attractive is what I mean.

Fortunately, after a trek upwards through a dripping wood we came upon the walking group and the 'On Inn' sign. Thank goodness! We gratefully splashed our way the last ¼ mile through the deepening gloom where I met up with RandyMandy and Mr Blobby. Interestingly, she sent him off in the wrong direction as we hit the tarmac again and cackled with glee when he realised. Strange, I thought. He told me why later – see Down Downs.

Thanks to our Hares for laying six or so miles of fine Trail. The flowers were lovely. Hope you only got wet once!

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,
One has to wonder why only certain babies are included on the front page of The Daily Telegraph. Surely they are all as cute and lovable as each other (though, of course, ours is cuter and more lovable than all others). I am pleased to see that your journal is putting this right with its Facebook photo link.

Yours sleepily,
A. Parent

Sir,
Certain people have told me that Hashgate appeared to be enjoying his turn as guest RA on Monday night. I'd like to emphasise the term 'guest'. The holder of the post is elected and just because he ~~couldn't be bothered to turn up~~ was unfortunately unable to attend (for a second week) this is no reason for some tongue-tied, green-eyed interloper to slide up

the greasy pole and snatch at the glittering prize.

Yours (for as long as possible)
Thereal R.A.

Sir,
I just thought I would write to say that I have greatly enjoyed the efforts of our current R.A. Humour and innovation have been his watchwords.
I thought I would also like to say that our world is a dynamic place and that change can bring refreshment and enrichment to our experiences. Such as getting a new kitchen.

Yours hopefully,
Des. P. Rate

Down Downs

On Friday night last Shitfor waited until I had achieved, um, mellow mode, then sprang it on me. "Fancy being RA on Monday night, Hashgate?" "Shure. Be ver' hap' to." I replied and the deed was done, in front of witnesses. So it was that I enjoyed the pleasure of doling out the Down Downs. Hope it was good for you – I kept it short ☺. We started with a rousing toast to Booby's new baby, Cara.

Who Got It

Why

LoudonTasteless

The cad short-cuttled even more seriously than I did. I also short-cuttled his ability to respond verbally to the award – we all wanted to get home by midnight, didn't we?

RandyMandy

See also, above. The little minx offered Mr Blobby some 'fun 'n frolocs in the folly'. An offer he politely declined. Which is why (hell having no fury etc.) that she pointed him in the wrong direction later.

FBJ, LaCrease
Goldilocks

La Crease had bugged off on the long loop after Sulham Church, caring not that FBJ stood bereft and forlorn, knowing not where she was. Oh yes, he was crestfallen too. Since we are a dead friendly Hash Goldilocks was invited to join them.

Ms Whiplash
SkinnyDipper

Tonight's excellent Hares

Caboose

The fellow took me to task over two things earlier. 1) My ordering of the Down Down drinks had finished off the barrel of London Pride from which he was hoping to quench his thirst 2) He needed to catch the 9:48 bus so would I just get on with it puleese. Since we had done by 9:40 I figure I met both his requirements☺

Up and Coming

Run

Date

Grid
Reference

Venue

Hares

1956

18May15

[SU462607](#)

Carpenters Arms
Harts Lane, Burghclere, Newbury
RG20 9JY

Shandyman
Chopstix

1957

25May15

[SU691781](#)

The Packhorse
Chazey Heath, Mapledurham
RG4 7UG

Posh
Bomber