

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1961 22Jun15
Venue: The Red Lion
Rotherfield Peppard
Hares: Lungs, SkinnyDipper

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

Five Milers (apart from one...)

OldFart Hoppity Donut Hashgate Iceman Simple Snowy Slippery Swallow Slowsucker Foghorn Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TinOpener DampPatch Shitfor Desperate NappyRash Whinge TC Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Uplift Utopia Motox Spot HappyFeet Spex LoudonTasteless Slapper Florence Zebedee Maria Sonny and dog Patarel Dorothy Twanky JustMoist OutdoorPursuits... and later Cerberus Billy

Confusing and Enjoyable - A Perfect Combination

OldFart declared himself mightily pleased that he didn't go to the Summer Solstice Hash on Sunday. Apparently, he was happy to see the sun at 11 o'clock in the morning, rather than at 4:43. Many of us felt the same way, especially the exhausted revellers who had spent a happy last week at Challaborough, in Devon, enjoying the various events during the days and nights. It was after one such day and evening, followed by a 'challenging' drinking session at WaveRider, NappyRash, TC and Whinge's (im)mobile home that I promised cheerily to pick up NappyRash and bring him to tonight's Hash... And completely forgot to do so. Mortified? I was and I offer him a very public apology. Even worse was the fact that he ran 4 miles from his house to join the Hash, which meant he ran around 9 miles altogether. Aaargh!

We had started the Trail with much confusion since quite a number of people headed off left (facing the pub), which is the usual way out. It wasn't. Lungs called them back. Though this was entertaining since her voice sounded like Madge Simpson with laryngitis. The poor girl was suffering badly with some kind of nasty cold virus and really should have been tucked up in bed with a warm Chippendale. The real Trail went in exactly the opposite direction – where we got lost at the first Check along the woodland trail, much to the amusement of a mountain biker, who stopped to watch. When we finally worked out that we should be heading along a very narrow, stinging-nettle infested track Twanky found himself at the front of the rest of us. Poor chap. There was no room for him to step off to the side and all he could hear was pounding footsteps and heavy breathing behind him. Thinking about it, perhaps that was something of a comfort ☺ (sorry Twanky – couldn't resist. I'd have said the same about Spex). Finally, we came out at a well-known field and pasture junction where Twanky collapsed to one side while we all streamed past his gasping body.

Now a fair bit of this Trail had been run one way or another in the last two weeks. Either during Outdoor Pursuit's Moonlight or Donut and my Wedding Hash. People were beginning to whinge a bit. Especially when flour was found that could either be fresh or two weeks old. Then we went up and down the soft earth paths in the Old Copse in Sonning Common three times before we found SkinnyDipper lounging at The Regroup. From my perspective it all seemed to be going very well. The FRBs couldn't find the Trail and the Pack was keeping together. Aren't they the criteria?



The Hares had done even better a little further on after The Regroup. Across a longish field and Zebedee had found a False off to the right, up a grassy track. So everyone headed for the wood. Bad mistake really. All we found was a Bar Check, a few fresh flour blobs and some distinctly older flour blobs. After much messing about we returned to the entrance to the wood where we spotted our Hares in the grassy pasture from whence we had come, Le Dejeuner sur L'herbe **without** the blokes and **with** clothes. We found out from them that the Trail actually went into either side of the

forest, returning to where they were and going up the Trail Zeb had found to be False... now that they had rubbed out the 'F'. Very sneaky.

The rest of the Trail was fairly uneventful, though enjoyable. Although not quite so enjoyable for TC, who twisted her ankle quite badly running sideways while looking for flour. A last, breathless climb up the steep woodland hill (reminding some of us of the cliffs the kind Devon Hares of South Hams Hash made us go up last week) and we were back at the cars, where the good Donut had bought a round of drinks. Fine woman. Would make someone a good wife ☺

In the pub later, Desperate and Shitfor drew the tickets for their raffle to raise money for Action Medical Research, which is a charity dedicated to saving and improving children's lives through medical research. The pair have raised nearly £1,000 so very well done to them. More information can be found at <http://www.action.org.uk/>.

Many thanks to Lungs and SkinnyDipper for an enjoyable Trail. We all hope you feel much better soon, Lungs!

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,
It's curious how you think someone's your friend and then they drop you in the poo. Not only that but I'd only expected to run 5 miles instead of 9. Next time he agrees to pick me up I'll make sure there's a tattooist handy so he doesn't forget.
Yours somewhat grumpily,
N. P. Rash

Sir,
It's curious how you can offer to give a hand to an injured Hasher and have it tossed back in your face. Hopefully there won't be any friction or anything coming between us. However, if he's a little stiff on his return from holiday I'll completely understand.
Yours or mine,
T.W. Anky

Down Downs

RA Shitfor officiated at his last event for a few weeks while he and Desperate breeze off to Bangkok and similar places for a holiday and visit relatives (including that cute grandchild!). We wish them well.

Who Got It

Why

Desperate	Unable to tell the difference between piglets and squirrels (tracks in the woods)
Twanky	Shitfor tripped over and grazed his arm. Twanky asked if it was his winking (I believe that's what he said) arm and when Shitfor replied that it was, offered to do him a favour
Slowsucker	Severe Hare abuse. He apologised most magnanimously to SkinnyDipper and drank his Down surprisingly swiftly
TC	Who advised Shitfor that she didn't get wet all week, last week, which was, of course, because it didn't rain. She cavilled at it initially, then downed it almost as fast as Flo would have done
Hashgate	Forgetting to pick up NappyRash. Oh, the shame.
Utopia, Mrs Blobby	The friends are back on the Hash again, wearing exactly the same jackets and even winning the same prizes in the raffle. They 'enjoyed' a ½ with two straws
Lungs, SkinnyDipper	Our fine Hares. Excellent drinking by both!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1963	06Jul15 7pm Walkers 7.30 pm Runners	SU629647	The BH³ 'Fun Run' YMCA Hut, Ramptons Lane, Padworth RG7 4QT Bring Drinks and a Glass £4.00 Members £6 Non- members (Ticket only)	BH ³ Hares and Andy Cappers
1964	13Jul15	SU465687	Three Horseshoes Donnington, Newbury RG14 9AG	AWOL