

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1966 27Jul15

Venue: The Dewdrop Inn
Knowl Hill

Hares: Twanky, TrenchFoot, DoorMatt,
HappyFeet

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

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

World Cup Willies

Iceman Donut Hashgate Blowjob Vlad Drac BGB BlindPew RandyMandy Dunny Rampant Whinge TC Desperate Shitfor BillyBullshit Cerberus NappyRash Foghorn CrustyToasty and dogs Minty and Pickle OldFart Spot Louise Tanya Horny and dog Robbie Brian Itsyor Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Slippery Snowballs TinOpener Dorothy C5 Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Caboose OnDuty Diane with dog Murphy Motox JustMoist Slapper OutdoorPursuits Lonely Uplift MessengerBoy Nicole Florence Zebedee Swallow SlowSucker NonStick Alison Rhianna Tom Lucy Geraldine 2Bob and dog

They Think It's All Over... It Is Now!

It was a Hash of two halves: Out and In. We covered every blade of grass in the field(s). We opened our legs and showed our class. Just about every Colemanball in the book. Our 1966 Hash of course



harked back to the glory year when England thrashed West Germany 4-2 to win the World Cup. A toothless Nobby Stiles dancing here. A high-pitched Alan Ball giving an interview there. And the lordly Geoff Hurst's magnificent hat-trick. What more could we need? Well, we actually got tonight's Trail which was a superb teaser that wound around the stunning and peaceful (when we weren't shouting about in it) countryside, confusing the FRBs and keeping everyone together.

Two of our revered 'elder' representatives provided amusement in the packed car

park before the event. Itsyor wandered about sheepishly, asking gentlemen Hashers if they had a spare T-shirt since he had forgotten his own. We wondered how he might run about the car park with his shirt front over his head if he actually managed to get back first tonight. The consensus was that he could always use his belly if no T-shirt was available (we were only joking ☺ he's a magnificent specimen who should be pickled in a large jar and marvelled at by the paying public when the time comes). And OldFart exhibited a 'senior' moment when he spoke of our Hare "Twinky". In fact, the urban dictionary describes a 'twinky' as 'An INSANE female, usually Caucasian. Someone who has not one but TWO twinkles in their eyes due to their high degree of social insanity...'. So perhaps OldFart was half right after all...

As mentioned, the car park was completely rammed. When full you got the impression that the only way out for some people later would be if the cars were moved singly like one of those puzzles where you have to make a picture by moving the jumbled pieces into the single open space available at any one time. One person found this particular enigma almost too much. After the Down Downs, when a number of people had left and the car park wasn't too full, Donut and I walked out with BlowJob to find BGB executing a thirty four point turn in order to get his not-that-large car backwards out of the parking area. His main problem seemed to be a total inability to use his mirrors. So, like some giant, pink myopic mole with only the concept of advancing, he sat in the driving seat inching eagerly forward before frightening himself, and us, with a *souppçon* of reversing. Unbearably close to other vehicles. Not mine, I'm glad to say. It was painful to watch. Almost physically, like when I thought I'd sneak in front of the car since it would be nice to get home before the dawn chorus. With a grinding of gears he shot forward, causing me to sprint a lot faster than I had done during the Trail. I believe he is still in the car park, waiting for the petrol to run out so he can order a taxi...

In fact, two of the visiting ladies, Tanya and Louise, enjoyed a similar moment while the car park was filling up. Cerberus, whose car they had parked behind, ordered them (you know what she can be like!) to move their mini, which was sticking out a bit so one of them got in to'd and fro'd a fair bit and, exceptionally skilfully, managed to park the vehicle in exactly the same spot that it had been in! Wonderful stuff. A small ripple of applause exuded from Cerberus, Billy and me.

So, the Trail. I know you're eager to hear about it. And if I had more time you'd hear quite a lot. But I don't. You might have noticed. That my. Sentences are becoming. A touch Hemingway-esque. Too much to do. And too little time. "Live life to the fullest." Said Ernest. Great idea. If you have enough time to fit it all in. ☺

The Trail coiled around this beautiful area and we followed its loops and Falses (some of us seemed to go down every one) up hills, along woodland tracks, through fields, down rocky pathways and across paddocks. One of the latter caused us some consternation when a group of horse thugs crowded around



us like a bunch of hooded juvenile delinquents. They were far too close to us, whinnying a bit in a menacing manner, then skittering away and kicking their heels up. HappyFeet had mentioned to us at the Circle that she had been bitten by one of the blighters while laying the Trail so we were only too glad to hop out of the gate to their field and flick them a few 'Harveys'. "Garn! Take that yer hay-munching tossers!" Offered Mrs Blobby, giving them the finger. Actually, I may have mistaken the identity of the person there, but never mind...

Two Regroups at which sweaty, heavily-breathing Hashers gathered to steam. Rampant gave his opinion on the Trail: "We're being ridiculously p*ssed about." Which was perfectly true, since this is a Hash and that's what's supposed to happen. I'm pleased to report that he saw the funny side. He also saw the funny side of Desperate who was teetering about with a leg either side of a metal farm gate when I tripped the obvious latch and opened it. She described a graceful arc and also what she would do to me when she finally dismounted.

After the second Regroup Snowy and I decided on a trot round the Medium Trail. Guess we were being lazy. But, with just the two of us running through this green, rolling, English landscape we appreciated its silent beauty all the more. At one point, atop a grassy hill and between two large, perfectly manicured horse fields, we turned back to look at the view. Green fields bordered by trees and hedges stretched out lazily. Wherever we looked was tranquil, satisfying and restful. We are so lucky to live in this country. It was an enjoyable canter back to the pub, though we only didn't get lost thanks to Snowy's iPhone ☺

The pub was a cosy haven. The beer (Hooray Henley) exceptionally light and pleasant. The food tasty and filling.

I thoroughly enjoyed this Trail (as you can probably tell). You don't get much better than this so thanks to all the Hares for their excellent (voluntary) work. Well done.

They think it's all over. It is now (well, apart from the stuff below ☺).

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,
I really must take issue with the ridiculous posture taken against man's (and woman's) best friend in your scurrilous rag. These gentle creatures are well-fed and content and the story that they tried to eat one of your members cannot be true. Why, the girl has hardly any meat on her and wouldn't make a good pie.
I trust in future you will rein in the excesses in your columns.

Yours,
Irma Horse-Lover

Sir,
We at the Infirm Drivers Club would like to offer your readers a special discount on membership and lessons. Our instructors are friendly, caring and have no physical or mental issues with turning round to look out of the back window.
We look forward to hearing from you.

Yours,
Mr J. Clarkson

Down Downs

RA Shitfor fought bravely against cramped conditions, eating Hashers and constant interruption to bring us the following.

Who Got It

OldFart
Itsyor
Cerberus, Mrs Blobby,
Nicole
Tom, Lucy, Louise,
Tanya, Alison, Rhianna
Rampant
Twanky, HappyFeet,
Trenchfoot
Vlad, Drac

Why

Believing that rams can get pregnant. It's a long story.
Almost having to go topless
Getting stung by wasps and blaming this on the runners who disturbed the nest.
Girls vs boys in a two-straws-and-½-pint battle. Unclear who actually won.
Severe whingeing tonight (see above). Took in in very good spirit.
Tonight's (very deserving) Hares.
½ pint shared for being returnees.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1968	10Aug15	SU742592	The Shoulder of Mutton Hazeley Heath Hartley Wintney RG27 8NB	OldFart Itsyor
1969	17Aug15 * 19:00 *	SU893549	Basingstoke Canal Centre Mytchett Place Road, Mytchett Surrey GU16 6DD ON2 Frimley Green Working Mens Club, 18-20 Sturt Road, Frimley Green, Surrey GU16 6HX SU887565 No food but low cost beer and Domino's Pizza and Fish and Chip Shop opposite!	ShutupWally Confused.com