

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1967 03Aug15

Venue: The Volunteer
Theale

Hares: Tequilova and Iceberg

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

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Hippies and Chicks



Louise Tanya Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Skids Simple Potty Nutty Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Booby Utopia Uplift FalseTart Dunny RampantRabbit Whinge TC Snowballs Foghorn SlackBladder LittleStiffy with dog Masie Carlross with dog Teddy ChocChuck NoStyle Harry C5 BlindPew SkinnyDipper Beaver BlowJob NonStick Zebedee Florence Motox Twanky (aka Fluffy!) AWOL Slapper NoSole Spot Swallow SlowSucker HappyFeet Alice HowLong Phantom

The 'Right On On' Hash

Theale is a truly wonderful place. In its main street are no less than eight pubs adorn the main street (albeit one is closed at present and an additional one, The Lamb, has been turned into a house. Next to The Doors was the name: 'Lamb Bar Bar'. Oh, how dreadfully witty and, indeed, embarrassing if you had to live there). One of these fine hostelries is The Volunteer and this is where we tried to fit five hundred cars into its not-too-large car park.

Hare Tequilova was on her own tonight. Though she mentioned some kind of physio appointment for Iceberg I'm pretty sure he didn't fancy the flak if anything went wrong. After all, one of last week's Hares was severely lambasted for laying an excellent Trail, in his own time and out of the goodness of his heart...

GM Slapper regaled us with a plethora of factoramas about the year 1967. Including that this was the year of the release of Pink Floyd's first album (The Piper at the Gates of Dawn), Sandy Shaw won the Eurovision Song Contest, QE2 was launched and Concorde had its maiden flight. This last is actually



in some dispute since records have it that the superbly named Brian Trubshawe piloted that graceful plane on its maiden flight on the 9th of April in 1969. I guess Slapper can just recycle this bit of news in two Hashes time. One fact from 1967 that is true is that in 1967 I found out from my Californian girlfriend (I went to a great school where there were a number of American kids) that people were getting naked and stoned at Love-Ins during The Summer of Love. Trouble was, when I asked my Mum if I might go (just to sample the culture of social change, you understand) she said no, you've got Scouts tonight. Ah, if only...

We On Outed, directionally confused even as we left the car park. Left or right? Even the FRBs seemed confused. And when we did run a little way up the main street we all dived off to follow flour into a cul-de-sac only to have to backtrack entirely. Yes. It had started well.

But I'm a Believer and we (after getting lost in a field) found a stretch of Trail... that led a long way right up to a Bar. Rampant and Dunny exhibited just a little tetchiness at this point. Let's just say they weren't Happy Together. Our frustration increased when, after a fairly long tarmac stretch, we found an 'F' the wrong way round. Ignoring it, we then found an arrow pointing left away down the road. And then it got very confusing. The Walkers and Runners were intermingling. Some Runners were trying to check out the Walkers' Trail while some Walkers were going down the Runners' Trail. We heard three different On Backs and duly ran back, forward, then back again. So just to set you straight, the Runners ran back through the Walkers. Bearing in mind that the Runners were about to go round a massive loop, over the M4, then back and then return to where they had just run back from... Well, you wonder if we'd have done it if we'd known ☺ But none of us did Somethin' Stupid, just gave the proper Respect to our Hare (who was, after all, trying to round up both the Walkers and Runners on a figure-of-eight course) and did not turn A Whiter Shade of Pale. Though Dunny confided to me that, though she was not having a major stop, it might not be too far off.

After crossing the incredibly noisy M4, descending the fast-food container-strewn steps down the other side and eventually careering into some almost quiet farmland (after all, Silence is Golden) I found myself with Foghorn, discussing blue moons. Mainly because he had been to a Blue Moon Hash weekend. As we turned into a field containing a sea of golden corn we noticed a curious phenomenon



in the sky. Like the picture on the left. In the almost clear blue sky, something (cue spooky Twilight Zone music) was refracting the light, breaking it into its colour constituents in a kind of Turner-like aerial brush-stroke. I thought, Can't Take My Eyes off You.

We were with Uplift and Louise when it all got rather gnarly by the golf course. On the other side of the undergrowth (we were on a forest trail) we could just about see a number of Hashers and could just about hear the cursing. The flour had become rather non-existent

and they'd gone the wrong way so we had to call them to us. How Can I Be Sure? They asked. But we were following Foghorn who knows every inch of this place. Shitfor dashed past, breathlessly bemoaning the fact that he had been way up a hill with no flour. Then Mr Blobby, Dunny and others.

Eventually, we popped out on Theale High Street where we spotted the curiously lower case 'on in'. Problem was, the pub was at the other end. Miles away along the tarmac and past all those welcoming pubs mentioned earlier. I found myself on my own, looking way up the road. I Can See For Miles, I thought. Here We Go Again. It wasn't exactly a Funky Broadway but I trotted along it all the same, finally swinging into the car park to be met by C5 and Mr Blobby, who agreed that the last bit had been a tad long.

For What It's Worth, I quite enjoyed the Trail. It didn't exactly Light My Fire but it wasn't Kind Of A Drag. Oh, and it confused the FRBs (and most of the Pack) perfectly. Thanks to Tequilova and IceBerg.

You may have noticed that the above is dotted with song titles from the 1967 Billboard Top 100. Some of you even might remember them... ☺

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 complain after hearing about the dearth of flour on the Trail tonight. If anyone would like to avail themselves of my vast Trail-laying experience I would be happy to oblige. I'll supply the flour (½ lb only).

Yours,
BGB

Sir,
In the last two effin' Gobsheets there has been mention of me being so**ing tetchy and using foul language. I'm nothing of the bl**ding sort and thoroughly enjoy being effin' well misled and generally bu**ered about.

Reasonably yours,
R. Ampanteffin-Rabbit

Down Downs

Having kindly asked us in the pub whether we would rather have the Down Downs in or out (out was the resounding vote), Shitfor presented the following in his own ebullient way.

Who Got It

Twanky
HowLong

Whinger of the Day
BlindPew

Why

His stage name is 'Fluffy'! And he's done 300 Hashes. Well done him!
He was unable to recognise which car he had left his gear in and told everyone it was with an attractive young lady. Desperate, in fact. How true.

Foghorn – cursing and fulminating about the lack of flour.
Pun of the Day. In a field full of cows he exclaimed, "I've pulled a calf!"

Rampant	Accidentally slamming a kissing gate on SlowSucker. Naughty.
Phantom	Constantly on the mobile tonight.
ChocChuck	Who's sister, Carloss, had allegedly been flirting with the RA. No wonder she has a dog – should get a stick too.
Dorothy	Constantly regaling the RA with sob stories during the evening.
Tequilova	Tonight's lone Hare.
Motox	Went left-field on the Trail and hardly saw anyone else all the way round.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
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
1970	24Aug15 * 19:00 *	SU470668	Cake and Microbrewery Run. The Flower Pot 11 Inch's yard Market Street. Newbury RG14 5DP	AWOL