

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1974 20Sep15
Venue: The Cottage Inn
Upper Bucklebury
Hares: Dunny, Rampant

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

Old Goats and Their Nannies

Skids Simple Donut Hashgate Spot Iceman Motox PissQuick Glittertits WaveRider NappyRash CouchPotato Slippery Snowy Potty Nutty MessengerBoy OutdoorPursuits Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Slapper SlowSucker BlindPew RandyMandy C5 SkinnyDipper Lemming Mother Theresa Desperate Shitfor Caboose Tinopener Lilo and dog Minx Tequilova ChocChuck Florence Zebedee... and from Sydney, Nutcracker PolarBeer Christine

Three Billy Goats Gruff

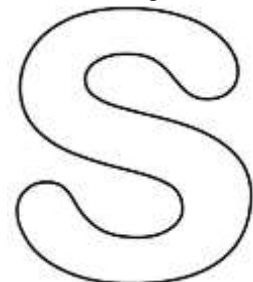
The goats mentioned were extremely friendly and inquisitive, standing on their little pallet mountain in their enclosure as we trip-trapped past to park in the overflow field. Since we had parked quite close to their wire fence the little fellows had a good opportunity to engage with us. Particularly after the Hash when one eyed the biscuit I was nibbling with what can only be described as naked desire. Fortunately,



it didn't exhibit a similar, more sinister, quality when I bent over to untie a shoelace. Though its face was fearfully close to the Hashgate *derrière*. It brought to mind the moment when TC did the same thing at The Black Horse, Checkendon and, but for a nick-of-time warning shout from yours truly, would have found her pert left cheek firmly gripped in the teeth of an equine perv. One does learn curious things on the Hash. Iceman confided that he'd never realised that goats have weird, rectangular pupils... as you can see from our picture on the left. An interesting image – the question being, of which drunk male Hasher does this remind you? Do let me know.

Not only were there goats in the pen, but also a few chickens. Now you wouldn't think a chicken would be a threat to anyone would you (apart from, as you know, the giant Ninja chicken of Kyoto c. 1625)? But there was Donut, towel round waist after the gruelling Trail, attempting a decorous lower limb garment switch when I caught one of the feathered freaks essaying a sneaky beak peak at a cheek in an up-towel manoeuvre. It soon clucked off when I threatened it with a well-worn sock. You have to be sooo careful in the country.

AT the Gather Round we had welcomed our guests from Sydney, enjoyed the information from GM Slapper that he had nothing to say about Hash 1974 and listened intently to our Hares, since we know from before that these blighters can lay a Trail so long by the time you finish it you'll have forgotten the start. Curiously, they told us that the Trail wasn't actually too long. Okaaay. And that there was an 'S' for 'S'lippery at one point. Before they could explain further there was a loud cheer and a fist-pump from Slippery – how nice to have one's very own Trail! When the tumult had died down there was a further explanation. Apparently, there was a small stream where a thoughtful soul had placed some sawn logs for people to cross. When Dunny attempted the crossing earlier, while laying the Trail, she hadn't realised quite how slippery they were and executed a perfect (and unexpected) Triple Salchow before coming to rest in the slimy sward. Some unfeeling swine asked her if she might have a video of the event. Oops. That was me.



We On Outed. To a hint, nay, a glimmer of sunshine. It had been misty and dank earlier, a bit like the inside of Motox's training shoes. But now it was distinctly brighter and warmer and we skipped about, trying to find the Trail, like goats on speed. The advantage of this area to Trail-laying is the volume of forest and multiplicity of tracks. It's a fantastic area to run about in aimlessly and we took full advantage of the opportunity.



One of us was taking advantage while on wheels. Glittertits had brought his bike and alternately lorded it over us on the straight and downhill bits or puffed like an old bloke pushing his bike uphill on the uphill bits. Got to hand it to him though. He didn't fall off and he managed to ride up most of the slippery slopes. Talking of Hash Crashers, I must mention C5. He was running at the front of a group comprising Shitfor Nappyrash and me. The other two mentioned that I had joined them (and CrustyToasty) at Maidenhead United the afternoon of the day before to watch the 1 – 0 demolition of Chelmsford in a game (played in glorious sunshine) where the object seemed to be who could punt the ball on to the railway line, over the stand or generally into orbit. On the rare occasions when someone actually controlled the ball in front of the opposition's goal it was promptly leathered so far over the bar that local wags (Shitfor and NappyRash) were awarding the kicker two points for a conversion. C5 was obviously so overcome by the knowledge of my attendance that he tripped over a small, protruding root and mimicked the object of the attention of a Maidenhead striker's boot before coming to rest in a crumpled heap on the forest floor. Since he seemed to be moving, albeit feebly, we chortled heartily and leapt

over him before crashing on our way ☺

Lemming and Mother Theresa have returned for their Autumn/Winter BH³ sojourn. We welcome them both back. Though the former initiated some dreadful behaviour by Shitfor and C5 by stamping in a large puddle full of shiggy next to them. Being juveniles at heart they reciprocated heartily, which resulted in a partial mud dousing for our Antipodean friend PolarBeer, who didn't seem too phased. My fellow Hashers and I discussed the seismic consequences should either Dunny or Donut be caught in the spray. Lips were pursed and shoulders shuddered at the thought. We trotted on, each with their own thoughts.

As we skipped happily through the forest, I overheard the following. Which makes you realise the diversity of conversation that occurs during the Trail:-

- Florence advised NappyRash that she would love to be able to run a Marathon in under eight hours.
- SlowSucker mentioned he had bumped into his lady neighbour while she was clipping her hedge and told her, "I like to see a neatly trimmed bush." Apparently, there was no reply. I believe the surrounding air may have turned a little chilly.
- Simple chatted about the fact that he is gutting his house. Makes a change from housing his gut I suppose... (apologies Simple – couldn't resist it)

Unusually for Rampant, he was chortling most of the way around this Hash. Particularly when a group of us went up and down a slippery, mud hill a number of times when trying to find his Trail. At least we now know how to keep him happy – he needs to lay more Trails.

I ended up scampering back to the goats, chickens and car park with Dunny and SkinnyDipper, which was very pleasant. Just like both the Trail and the weather, which had brightened considerably. A thoroughly enjoyable Trail; very professionally laid. Thanks Hares!

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,
Your correspondent might like to know that goats are the gentlest of creatures and that, despite him waving his huge bum in my face I felt not the slightest inclination to nibble, preferring the lush sward within our paddock. I was similarly unimpressed with the biscuit-torturing. They were stem ginger Duchy of Cornwall biscuits. Oh yes, we *capra aegagrus hircus* are epicureans in our own way. And the slitty eye description was, to state the least, goatist.

Yours gruffly,
Mr B. Goat

Sir,
Unbelievable! You left my name off the list of Committ... Oops! Sorry. Just read below.

Yours mistakenly,
S. H. Itfor

Down Downs

This organ owes Shitfor a heartfelt apology for missing him off the list of BH³ Committee members in the AGM Gobsheet. In its defence, the Gobsheet can only say that a person with a personality as big as his hardly needs advertising. He does a great job as RA and is remarkably generous. Oops! Quick, pass that bucket :-O

Who Got It

Why

Simple	Offering ChocChuck a 'visit to my office'. Dirty beast!
Glittertits	Offering to park his bike between SkinnyDipper's bum cheeks. The cad!
Hashgate	When it was mentioned that Desperate found her bike rather heavy he said it was only heavy when she got on it. The swine!
Motox	WaveRider and NappyRash had taken the p*ss out of him over the price of his Cyprus air fare. The blighters!
PolarBeer Christine Nutcracker	Today's visitors and Christine the virgin (and dislike of beer ☺)
C5, Slapper	Hash Crashers.
Lilo	Exhibiting a total inability to control her well-trained dog, Minx.
Donut	Starting the Goat Swingers Club in the car park (and her newly married too – shame!). She nominated Shitfor, who got it down his neck like an old pro...
Lemming	Today's Mud Monster
Dunny, Rampant	Our excellent Hares. Dunny got a very girly Baileys!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1976	4th Oct Sunday 11am	SU558622	The Ship Inn Ashford Hill, Nr. Thatcham RG19 8BD	C5 SlowSucker