

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1979 25Oct15

Venue: The Cricketers  
Littlewick Green

Hares: SkinnyDipper, Desperate

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

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## Lost Boys (and Girls)

Lemming Mother Theresa Donut Hashgate Lonely Swallow Slowsucker Shitfor Desperate Cerberus BillyBullshit Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spot ShutupWally TC Whinge MessengerBoy Horny Mr Horny Posh Bomber Honeymonster Florence Zebedee RandyMandy BlindPew Lungs Twanky Lilo with dog Minx Tinopener Dorothy Slapper Glittertits Pissquick Motox Foghorn Nick Rambo HappyFeet Spex Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Julia CabinBuoy

## The Hash

Before we get into this most enjoyable, if partially confusing, Hash I thought you might like to see the editor's take on some cricket fielding positions and to whom the descriptions might apply. Appropriate, given our location today, and a bit of fun.

<u>Position</u>	<u>BH3 Hasher</u>
Long Stop	Got to be HappyFeet. Though she doesn't hang around at Checks she did make a fairly lengthy stop last week... for a, ahem, bio break.
Long Leg	Lonely, of course. He's got the longest of all of us.
Fine Leg	Now there are many ladies in the Hash who would fit this description. But, since I have mentioned Florence's fine set of calves more than once, she gets the accolade.
Short Backward Square Leg	AWOL, of course!
Long Off	Lord Lucan... haven't seen him for years.
Deep Extra Cover	Donut. How many layers can a girl wear?
Cow Corner	Desperate loves the creatures so this is hers.
Silly Point	ShutupWally because he's always making them.
Short Leg	Lemming. S'obvious innit?
First Slip	C5, from Hash Trail 1974.
Second Slip	Slapper, from Hash Trail 1974.
Backward Point	The direction in which Glittertits had to turn his bicycle many times on today's Hash

So what characterised today's Trail, apart from the quintessential Englishness of our start and finish location? Probably the considerable and complete confusion during the first half. Not entirely the fault of our intrepid Hares. They had been out most of Saturday afternoon laying the Trail when, just as they were completing it, the tons of water that had been hanging about in the dark clouds were released in a torrent. Eyebrows streaming water like gutterings with no downpipes, faces like gargoyles... but let me explain hastily that this is absolutely no reflection on their attractiveness. Merely the similarity between their rain-streaming appearance and the function of said objects. Whose carving, I must say, is delicate, nay beautiful... ok, when in a hole, stop digging. The point is that the heavy rain did its best to wash away much of the ground-laid flour, which contributed to the confusion of the Pack. Perfect Hashing conditions in fact©

However, there were a couple of instances when at least one of our Hares hadn't a clue where we were



going. Not that we did either, of course. So at least we were all in the same boat. Somewhere in the woods we split into two groups, mine following SkinnyDipper (wearing the stylish black sheep hat, awarded to her last week) who we think was (for some reason) following Slapper. The complete absence of flour settled it. "Go leftish", advised young Skinny, knowing that the other group were somewhere over that way. Glittertits glided up to me on his bike (if one can do that in three inches of mud

and on knobby tyres). He glanced around us furtively and leaned closer. "Who's idea," he whispered, "was it to let two women lay the Trail?" The air around us fizzed with Political Incorrectness. I thought I could see for a moment the ghost of Emmeline Pankhurst grasping GT none too warmly by the throat. Fortunately, SkinnyDipper augmented the moment by stating, with a certain amount of brass neck, "Well, we're nowhere near the Trail we laid yesterday." Eventually, we found some flour and caught sight of the back side (not the 'backside', 'back side') of Twanky and the none-too-pleasant sight of Lemming slipping off into the woods for a whizzer. Ugh! Makes me shudder to think of it. But at least we were back on Trail.

"On Back!" "You're right." "Go to the left." Three statements uttered in quick succession by Hare Desperate as we all spread about across a wide, flat, sunlit green space. I think the poor girl was living up to her name, as the Pack shot off in all directions. It was like we had all been shot out of a wide-mouthed cannon. A lady with two delightful spaniels appeared and ShutupWally decided to irritate her by asking if they were King Charles Cavalier or Charles 1<sup>st</sup> spaniels. Before she could answer a voice came from fifty yards away, "Watch him. He's a dognapper!" A perfect moment, supplied by Foghorn☺

BlindPew and Slowsucker eventually found what was either a ReGroup, largely washed away, or the remains of a dead pigeon. Since we had all been running like lunatics for no little time we decided it was indeed a ReGroup and waited for the rest to appear. A bit of a chat and we were off again. This time missing the (washed away) Bar Check in the woods and catching sight of the pub before being called back by Desperate. It was a bit like the parched bloke in the burning desert, seeing water that turns out to be a mirage. Not only that but most of us were daft enough to take the Long where the Trail split just afterwards. "Just a bit of a loop." Advised Desperate blandly. Jeepers! If that was a bit I'd hate to run a long one! A somewhat challenging ¾ mile later we finally pulled on to the sunny Littlewick Green and the blessed relief of the cosy pub.

Just ignore the above moaning☺ This was a fine Trail, a good run in lovely sunshine and fresh air. Thanks to our Hares and we hope you didn't get too wet laying the thing.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to [hashgate@hotmail.com](mailto: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,  
Though we understand it may break your conformance to the Data Protection Act we feel it necessary that you inform us of the location of your Mr Glittertits. We would appreciate your swift response.

Yours,

Mrs E. Pankhurst (deceased)  
Ms G. Jackson  
Ms G. Greer

Sir,  
Would you be so kind as to inform us of our location?

Yours,  
Des P. Rate  
Skin E. Dipper

## Down Downs

Shitfor officiated, in his own inimitable style, in the warmish October sunshine and overlooking the bright green of the cricket green. Lovely ☺

### Who Got It

Florence

Slapper, TC

Spot

### Why

She actually said on the Hash that Lemming's head was 'pretty'. Should've gone to SpecSavers.

Enjoyed a 'tingling' together on the Trail...

Accused of being with HappyFeet rather too much. They're just good friends.

Rambo A very welcome return after many years away from BH<sup>3</sup>. He recognised 4 people!

Ms Whiplash Handing out sweets earlier that were from Christmas 3 years ago!

SkinnyDipper Awarded the Black Sheep hat to Desperate for forgetting where the Trail went. Talk about pot and kettle!

Desperate, SkinnyDipper Today's excellent Hares. Desperate shaded it.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1981	08Nov15 * 10:50 *	<a href="#">SU427648</a>	Rememberance Sunday <b>The Craven Arms</b> Enbourne Berks RG20 0HG	Simple, Snowy, Nutty, Potty
1982	15Nov15	<a href="#">SU891770</a>	<b>Jolly Gardener</b> Moneyrow Green Holyport Berkshire SL6 2ND	Shitfor, NappyRash