

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1982 15Nov15  
Venue: The Jolly Gardener,  
Holyport  
Hares: Shitfor, NappyRash

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Athletes (whether they wanted to be, or not)

Slapper Motox Donut Hashgate horny Mr Horny Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Florence Zebedee Honeymonster WaveRider Dawn OutdoorPursuits TC Whinge Desperate Zebedee Cerberus BillyBullshit and dogs Libby and Chilli Pinky Swallow Slowsucker C5 Foghorn Iceman MessengerBoy Spot CouchPotato Caboose Cloggs NonStick Lonely Julia JustMoist Bomber Posh Dorothy

## There Are No Rules

It's not for me to suggest that our Hares today were a sneaky pair of b\*stards intent on confusing and exhausting the Pack. Not since Cheating's marathon sojourn round Windsor Great Park a few years back have we been so misled and almost misled. Unlike the Trail. Which, in the early parts, was laid very well. It should have been, since, although the Hares put it down on the miserable, wet Saturday, NappyRash staunchly ran round it again on the Sunday morning before we all arrived, freshening the flour where necessary and tiring his own legs in addition to ours.

This was one of those Trails with lots of long, straight bits. Not much choice really, since there are mainly only long, straight bits where the Trail may be laid. But certainly the first of these long legs really prepared us for the rest. After probably  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile of slog-running we (finally) came to a Check to find an arrow pointing to the right. Not surprisingly, many took this as a sign to turn right and duly scorched off into the field after the little wooden bridge. But no, an 'On Back' was called and when we returned to the Check we found that the arrow had miraculously reversed itself. Very much like the Pack. It's at moments like these, when your breathing sounds like the wheezing of an ancient pair of leather bellows and you can't even raise the strength to bang your head on yonder tree, that you take comfort from the 'There are no rules' mantra that gets chanted breathlessly by lightly hallucinating Hashers.



For example, MessengerBoy, having run  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile up the track in front of everyone else found four blobs before he found the 'F' and came panting back, noticing with a merry glint in his eye that the Pack had gone off to the right some way back – 'There are no rules'.

C5, Hashgate, Dorothy, Non-Stick and a host of others followed NappyRash as he hared along a narrow green alley through the trees. Then he stopped. We stopped. There was muttering and a hint of mutiny. "There were no flour blobs." Said NappyRash brightly. "If I choose to run up an alley you don't have to follow me, do you?" Irrefutable logic really. Sardonic eyebrows, shrugged shoulders and rueful smiles conceded the argument – 'There are no rules'.

There was more mis-direction than at a prestidigitation performance. Poor WaveRider was caught out by the legerdemain on more occasions than most and was mumbling darkly about who would get the new kitchen in the event of a divorce from husband NappyRash. The same thoughts were echoed sinisterly by Desperate about Shitfor, despite the facts that her new kitchen still has a couple of bits to complete and they are not actually married... yet.

Talking of marriage and weddings let us pause for a breath and offer our sincerest best wishes to TC and Whinge who announced very recently their intention to wed next July. BH<sup>3</sup> wishes them every happiness and is very much looking forward to the Hash Wedding let alone the real one ☺

A close, jostling group of four small, black piggies eyed us curiously from their well-churned allotment with its snug, warm little Nissen Hut as we staggered past on yet another ¼ mile *fartlek* leg. They seemed to be chortling rather smugly, having compared their conditions with ours. I tipped a mental hat at them as I puffed past, not at all guilty that the thought of a bacon sandwich had drifted deliciously into my mind. On passing through the farm to which our porcine acquaintances were attached, we reached a large metal gate, beyond which a group of large Belted Galloway cows (with some cute heifers and one rather furry creature of which genus Desperate (our bovine expert) was not familiar)



also eyed us with the blank stare of the seemingly supercilious. I say 'seemingly' because a) it's quite a good, old-fashioned word, and b) how could we be sure? Can seemingly (coo, I did it again!) non-intellectual creatures **be** supercilious? I suppose the philosophical question is, even if they can't be, if we, as a sentient group, regarded them as such, would they then be so? Fascinating stuff, this Hashing. Whatever they were, they were determined to give voice to it and, being somewhat lacking in the articulation department, commenced mooing. Playing back my recorder was really most amusing. Do let me know how you get on with the philosophical question, won't you.

After yet another complete cock-up at a Check we bumped into Pinky, Swallow, Dawn *et al* rather worryingly approaching from the opposite direction. A touch of the mental cap to the Hares for that one. And then we were in a field with Honeymooner and Cloggs, watching NonStick attempting to be a horse whisperer to a number of inquisitive foals with their mothers. The lovely, dark, sleek creatures nosed nearer and nearer to his outstretched hand, apparently egging each other on in the way that youngsters do. Until finally they started, nostrils flaring, and ran back in a clatter of hooves behind their mums, who continued munching the wet grass in an accepting motherly manner. This and the next field were pock-marked heavily where hooves had trodden and it was damn nearly impossible to run, let alone in a straight line. A great relief when we reached the road...

... which turned to slight frustration when none of us could find any flour (though it was there, our Hares insisted) on the green at Holyport. Shitfor, following up, pointed us the right way. Glad he did, for we had a most enjoyable trot up the neatly gravelled drive between the lawns that front Julia and husband Phil's fine, 18<sup>th</sup> Century house. Kind of them to lend us their manse for a brief while. Nice people.

Having left there is was a brief (but seemed much longer) leg-chuck over to the pub and a very pleasant pint of Knight of the Garter beer. But only after we had waited some time for Zebedee (injured) and Donut (keeping him company) to get back after walking the entire length of the Trail.

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,  
Given that the concept of eternal recurrence must be true, one should then state that the cow question cannot be answered since it has not been. And since the event will recur infinitely then the question never will be answered.

I express the hope that this brings some relief to the questing minds of your readers.

I remain etc,  
F. Nietzsche

Sir,  
I'm a bit confused.

Yours? Or mine?,  
Mr B. Ullshit

## Down Downs

Since RA Shitfor had Hared today, Foghorn kindly took the chair today. Albeit with no little interference from Shitfor. Whinge had to tell him to "SHUT UP!" – it almost worked ☺

### Who Got It

### Why

Zebedee	Showing of his rather nice new red Audi TT Sportline (can't say I blame him!)
C5	Unable to tell the difference between cows and sheep on the Trail. So sad really.
SlowSucker	Exposing himself on the Trail (fortunately only the top half)
TC and Whinge	Congratulations on their wedding announcement
Bomber	Had to wait for a slightly lost Posh, since he had forgotten the trainers she was bringing with her...
Cloggs, NonStick	Returnees. Nice to see them.
Shitfor, NappyRash	Today's intrepid Hares.
C5	Not surprisingly, last week's black sheep hat holder Desperate presented him with it for his ovine confusion.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1984	29Nov15	<a href="#">SU589868</a>	<b>The Red Lion (Joint run with Didcot H<sup>3</sup>)</b> 39 Wallingford Road Cholsey OX10 9LG	Zebedee TT2
1985	06Dec15	<a href="#">SU525883</a>	<b>Didcot Hash CAMRA East Hagbourne Village Hall</b> 53 Main Rd OX11 9LR £10 for meal and 2 drinks (Tickets from Zeb)	Didcot H <sup>3</sup>