

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1989 03Jan16

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

Venue: The Maltsters Arms
Rotherfield Greys

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Lonely (on his own, believe it or not)

New Year Hashers

WaveRider NappyRash MessengerBoy Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog
Masie Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shifter TC Whinge Iceman Motox Rambo HappyFeet DoorMatt
Lungs Posh Bomber Foghorn Slapper Spex LoudonTasteless Dunny Rampant SkinnyDipper Caboose
Florence Zebedee Spot Booby

The First Hash of 2016...

... was exceptionally wet and destined to get wetter. Rain began to pour on this cold, grey morning. A group of sensible Hashers silently blessed Sir Francis and Lady Stapleton who, in commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 had built the shelter of brick, wood and tile in which they huddled. It was surprisingly warm in there. No doubt all that hot air helped. Slapper added to it with his introductory GM chat to the masses. He read some erudite words by an unknown author to usher in 2016. They went thus:



Always leave people better than you found them. Hug the hurt. Kiss the broken. Befriend the lost. Love the Lonely. Laudable stuff which we applauded as he read each sentence... until he reached the last. Nice chap though he is, the thought of loving Lonely was a bit of altruism too far. Even more so after the Long Trailers had completed this Hash...

The shelter

While we huddled, applauded and went quiet, LoudonTasteless snapped away with his camera, looking ever more like The Lady in The Van with his silver locks cascading out from under his hat. The time had come. The rain increased. We On Outed.

This Hash was, as our younger friends would say, epic. Not an epic fail but certainly an epic trail. Lord knows how long Lonely had been out laying the thing. When NappyRash finally arrived at the pub much later, looking like something that had only recently been hauled out of Sainsbury's meat freezer, he advised us through chattering teeth that he had completed the medium Trail and it had been 7½ miles long! We certainly got value for money from Lonely on the day but there were quite a number of us who wished it had been a balmy summer evening rather than the glacial, wet Sunday morning we had 'enjoyed'.

However, this area is perfectly delightful, with much woodland and many off-road trails and we squished and slid reasonably happily through them. Particularly merry were those of us who witnessed Rambo executing a perfect mud-splatter pratfall as he exited a gate at the top of an extremely slippery hill. Both feet went up in the air and there was a satisfying 'Splott!' as he landed (without injury I am pleased to report) on his back, only to rise with the momentum and continue off down the hill with hardly a winded splutter. SkinnyDipper managed something similar and spent most of the Trail looking as though she were two people: brown on one side and not brown on the other. A tad confusing.

Early on we passed the lovely and interesting National Trust property of Greys Court. I recommend a visit. Donut was particularly galled as we went by since she knew from a recent visit that a new (warm and dry) restaurant has been created out of the old milking shed and hot coffee and (of course) doughnuts awaited the weary, wet wanderer.

As we approached the above Booby suddenly appeared, as he does from time to time. No idea how he does that. Mind you, the way we were getting lost around here would have allowed anyone to catch up. For example, Iceman led us to a clear 'F' from a Check, called it and, of course, we all turned round and headed off in the other direction. Until Lonely called us back. It seems he had forgotten he had laid the 'F' and this was the real Trail. Scuffing it out when we reached it once more, he smilingly pointed us on our way. Doh!

It's surprising how keen Hashers are to share their most intimate moments, isn't it? As HappyFeet and I scaled a cold metal gate she squeaked and advised me: "Eek! I've got a wet crotch!" I thanked her for this, um, interesting piece of information. But just as I jumped down on the other side Foghorn topped it, then cried out, "Ow! I just rolled me balls over the top!" Again, a vaguely interesting snippet but one without which I could have perhaps done ☺

After a brush with a not altogether pleased farmer. "All that shoutin' stampeded moi ceyows. Oi' am not 'appy." He told us, all baggy overalls, wellingtons and bellicose, rustic attitude. I apologised in a Tim Nice-but-Dim manner and that seemed to placate him for he turned on his gutta percha (he was old-school) heels and stonked off in the manner of one who has made his point of view clear and possibly taken the moral high ground.

Having reached the point where the Trail bifurcated into Short or Long Trail, quite a number took the sensible option. It was cold and wet. We were cold and wet. Even so, it still seemed quite a long way to the dry sanctity of the dear Stapleton's changing room-cum-bus-stop. Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Caboose, LoudonTasteless, WaveRider, Donut and I began the tortuous process of stripping off soaked socks and running clothes and scraping mud off the legs. WaveRider took this one stage further. She had brought warm water in a flask and thoughtfully stood just outside our shelter to dribble it over legs. Not so thoughtfully, she had forgotten she had only skimpy drawers on her lower half and, since she was bending over to remove the mud, drivers suddenly rounding the corner got an eyeful of The Promised Land not so much at the sight of the beautiful Greys Church but at the view of WaveRider's *derrière*! Being near Henley-on-Thames no driver hooted – there was probably a certain amount of tutting and the odd, "I say!" instead.

Lonely – we salute you for sterling work above and beyond. Mind you, if you ever do it again in this weather you'll feel much worse than Foghorn did astride his gate ☺

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,
Lady Stapleton and I are so pleased you found
the shelter a haven. However, we are certain
Queen Victoria would not be amused by the
uncovered cavorting of one of your number.
Please advise her to adopt a more modest
approach to her sartorial accoutrements.
Frightening horses is not an appropriate
activity for a young lady.

Yours from beyond the grave,
Sir Francis Stapleton



Well, he was a bit of an old goat

Sir,
Ouch!

Yours painfully,
Mr F. O'Ghorn

Down Downs

In torrential rain, under a torn smokers' canopy, Shitfor did his stuff – as quickly as he could.

Who Got It

Lungs, Foghorn,
Hashgate

DoorMatt

LoudonTasteless

WaveRider

HappyFeet, Rambo,
SkinnyDipper

Iceman, Zebedee

Lonely

Why

Their birthdays very soon. Happy ones to them.

Received 'Love Handles of The Year' award!

'Hairstyle of The Year' award.

'Miserable Bitch of the Year' award. (Entirely unwarranted, I might say)

HashCrashers today, falling into a bush, on his back and just... over. In that order.

BillyBullshit moments today by both (not expounded by our R.A.)

Today's amazing Hare.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1990	10Jan16	SU846643	The trail is set from a car park RG45 7DR On To : The Prince , 2 High St, Crowthorne RG45 7AZ (SU841641)	Slowsucker
1991	17Jan15	Tba	Tba	Tba