

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1995 14Feb16

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

Venue: Hope and Anchor  
Wokingham

Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: Blowjob, Booby and Slapper!

## Lovers of the Hash



Motox CabinBuoy Donut Hashgate Florence Zebedee WaveRider NappyRash Spex LoudonTasteless Carol Dunny Rampant Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C4 C5 Foghorn PissQuick Glittertits MessengerBoy Lemming Mother Theresa OldFart HappyFeet DoorMatt SkinnyDipper NonStick Cloggs AWOL Shitfor Itsyor Spot Twanky Kyle Shandyman Chopstix

## The Red Dress Run 2016

Before we start, this organ must apologise to Spex and LoudonTasteless for not publishing an account of their excellent Trail at The Crown in Swallowfield last week. Huge numbers of people from a variety of Hashes turned up and were led a merry chase through (mainly squidgy) areas where they had not been before. Our correspondent proffered the feeble excuse that he had inadvertently become a grandfather last week and that 'things were a mite busy'. Any more of this and we assure our readers that he will be on the wrong end of a size 11 hobnailed boot.

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Always a bit worrying, pulling gingerly into a car park on the morning of The Red Dress Run. What will one see? Some of the dressed-up fellows mincing around the area provoke more eye-popping surprise and nausea than any of the more esoteric websites that may pop-up accidentally on one's computer screen while searching idly for 'Arsenic and Old Lace' or 'by the pricking of my thumbs'.

While our ladies generally wore their scarlet in a decorous or amusing fashion the gentlemen generally looked like they had escaped from a low-budget transvestite horror film. OldFart wore a red Tam o'Shanter at (what he felt I'm sure was) a jaunty and perhaps coquettish angle. C5 displayed his penchant for all things Alice in Wonderland (perhaps the Red Queen...?) with a disturbing blonde bob



topping off an ensemble that included a natty little handbag and the most appalling red and green striped tights. During the Trail these kept slipping down until the crotch was half way down his thighs. He would then heave up the back of his skirt and haul them up. All right unless you happened to be fairly close behind him. A location I regretted on more than two occasions.

And AWOL... well difficult to describe the depths of slatternly tat to which he had sunk. He looked like a cross between Keith Richard (on a bad day) and a somewhat raddled lady of the night frequenting the back streets of Portsmouth during a lean spell on a cold winter night. Cloggs provided the 'Most Alarming Statement of the Day' by saying, "He looks more attractive as a woman."

Of course, there was Iceman. One thing you can say about our Scottish friend is that he is consistent. Well, once a year. Every Red Dress Run he can be seen becoming more and more bulgy-eyed and red-faced as he blows up two enormous balloons, before stuffing them into his dress and saying

goodbye to his feet for an hour and a half. He quite surpassed himself this year and SkinnyDipper was so entranced she set up a book for punters to guess the size of his pneumatic hooters. (Winner in Down Downs, below).



Itsyor – well Itsyor didn't wear anything red at all!

We were extremely pleased when we On Outed. A freezing wind blew about nylon and lace, chilling areas usually securely and warmly tucked away. Cars hooted at us as we milled about in the Waitrose car park. In Wokingham market place two teenage girls tittered and took pictures to share with Facebook friends. A tall, menacing-looking young chap suddenly burst into laughter as we flounced past either side of him. Three young children beamed and smiled at us through the window in the safety of their home.

The effect on people as they see us trolling gaily past is often quite amazing. It's almost like a layer of everyday care is peeled off them and their true lightness of spirit is exposed for a while. There's nothing like seeing a bunch of people make absolute fools of themselves while enjoying every minute. It's a contagious experience and everyone is the better for it. We get the benefit of seeing those smiles and waves. Underneath, we're all quite friendly people really ☺

After looping around the town for a bit we stopped outside the Virgin Active Health Club for a group photograph

where Booby, in a long, red satiny number positioned us all before adopting a very ladylike 'sexy feet' pose (a T shape), leant back and, with a toss of his pony tail, snapped us. Which was just before Motox was pounced on and cuddled by a rather foxy blonde lady! We blinked. We boggled a bit. We quietly congratulated Motox for pulling such a hot piece of crumpet while dressed as an old tart. It seems the lady is one of his dancing partners. I believe the experience was so uplifting for him that he very nearly bought a round of drinks in the pub afterwards. Very nearly. But not quite. If only she'd snogged him.

A loud report was heard as Iceman passed a holly bush. One of his balloons had burst. He looked rather deflated until he pulled out his one and only spare. He duly puffed the thing up to a very similar size to its sister and placed it carefully to realign his *embonpoint*. He set off again, shored up by determination and tightly stretched rubber.

Mr Blobby experienced something similar while swishing his way beneath a low-hanging bramble. One minute his luxurious and luminous foil locks were hanging over his face. The next they were hanging from the bramble, much to the delight of Hashers following closely behind. You may note that our Mr Blobby's *ensemble* suffered extensively during the Trail and a letter of complaint follows. ☺ MessengerBoy too lost his woolly hat in the same way.



**HappyFeet and DoorMatt pause for a romantic moment**

But perhaps the best moment of the day was when a group of Hashers stopped just before the top of an exceptionally muddy, steep slope. They were being followed closely by Glittertits, on his mountain bike, who was somewhat unprepared for the sudden lack of forward

movement. To major applause and 'Huzzah's he toppled into the quagmire, unsettling a pair of nearby woodcock. Rising unsteadily to his feet he appeared to have painted his left side with dog poo.

Nevertheless, our intrepid cyclist mounted his machine and, with the steely determination of the mentally unsound, reached the top of the sticky incline on his third attempt. 'If at first...' and all that.

Slapper then lost his wig in a branch. This was becoming an epidemic. To punish us for it he and the other Hares had us run all the way round a little, and very squidgy, wood, ignoring all the Falses and Bars that we found. Thank goodness There Are No Rules.

Finally and frostily, Mr Blobby and I stonked our way up that last hill from the railway station and limped languidly into the car park where we thanked the Lord for warm clothing and NoSole's delicious pasties and tarts. I thought I'd had enough tarts for one day but this one was just too good to ignore.

Appropriately enough, our Hares today were BlowJob, Booby and Slapper. I suppose if Swallow had joined we'd have had a few raised... eyebrows. Our thanks to them for a fun Trail and for turning out on a freezing cold day to lay it.

We collected money for Sue Ryder during the Trail and a number of people were generous enough to put money in our tins. In addition BH<sup>3</sup> donated £30 and the rest of the days Tick money. Hope that helps a bit ☺

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.

We actually have two real letters today! Enjoy!

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am writing this letter as a result of today's awful run. I was not expecting such rough and dangerous conditions on the run. It was an absolute disaster. As a result of this I had a number of wardrobe malfunctions and returned to the car park with my whole ensemble in total disarray.

My subsequent romantic three course Sunday Valentine's lunch was ruined, much to the disgust of my fellow diners and was the most embarrassing experience in my short but very full life.

The hares should have removed much of the offending undergrowth and mud. I am convinced that that a full and comprehensive risk assessment was not completed. I therefore feel compelled to seek the following recompense for the damage caused by your totally inconsiderate hares.

Item Description Damage Cost

1 Dress Ripped and snagged beyond repair  
£220.00

2 Underwear Soiled £22.00

3 Tights Laddered £12.00

4 Shoes Scratched and heels missing £125.00

5 Wig Lost £65.00

Total £444.00

I would be very grateful if you could help me to progress this issue and forward this letter to the appropriate authorities

Yours in despair,

Ms B. Lobby

Dear Sir,

Can I just commend you for your pontifications on Sunday (Ed: The Crown, Swallowfield. Hashgate was stand-in R.A.) It was so nice to hear the Queen's English enunciated in Received Pronunciation. I understand that you have been working with Mr S. Hitfor but he clearly 'hasn't got it' perhaps a session with Professor H. Higgins would help?

Yours faithfully

Mr S. L. Owsucker

## Down Downs

Our very own injured (leg – no, not an infected tattoo) RA, Shitfor, officiated today in the warmth and comfort of the welcoming Hope and Anchor.

### Who Got It

### Why

AWOL	For being the best dressed (fe)male today
Florence	The best dressed real female today
Mother Theresa	Apparently the worst dressed female today. Frankly, I have no idea why. She always looks fragrant to me.
Glittertits	The worst dressed male today. Now that I can understand. Especially after the dog poo painting episode.
Motox	Was (easily) mistaken for AWOL's father
Mr Blobby	Losing hair and hat on trailing brambles!
MessengerBoy	
Kyle	Today's virgin, who seemed to be in need of a drink!
Iceman	For his exploding boob
Shandyman	Won the 'Guess the size of Iceman's boobs' competition with his 52 inch guesstimate
BlowJob, Booby	Today's excellent Hares
Slapper	

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1997	28Feb16	<a href="#">SU600669</a>	<b>The Butt Inn</b> Aldermaston RG7 4LA	MessengerBoy
1998	06Mar16	<a href="#">SU759722</a>	<b>The Thatchers Arms</b> Fairwater Drive, Woodley, Reading RG5 3EZ	RandyMandy Georgie