

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2000 20Mar16
Venue: Bradfield Village Hall
Hares: Dunny, Rampant

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

Celebrators

Swallow Slowsucker Donut Hashgate Nutty Potty Skids Simple Posh Bomber Lilo and dog Minx Tinopener OldDog Dumper Little Stiffy Slackbladder and dog Masie ChocChuck NoStyle Slippery Snowy Desperate Shitfor TC Whinge Cerberus BillyBullshit C4 C5 NoSole Slapper Motox Iceman PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Iceberg Tequilova MessengerBoy WaveRider NappyRash Twanky Blowjob DoorMatt HappyFeet CouchPotato Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Butterfly Dribbler SkinnyDipper BlindPew RandyMandy Spex LoudonTasteless Hamlet DampPatch DryRot Florence Zebedee Cloggs Foghorn Dwight ShyLight HighVis Rambo Shandyman Spot Peter Beth Sheryl and dog Rosie

BH³'s 2000th Hash

Congratulations BH³ and all you founders who are still members (God bless 'em) on an unbroken 'run' of 2000 Hashes! A brilliant achievement, spanning nearly 40 years! It was in 1978 that the very first Berkshire Hash House Harriers Trail was laid from Bracknell Sports Centre. Use of a health-conscious location was swiftly dropped in favour of louche debauchery at a variety of public houses, I am pleased to report, and the tradition of 'drinkers with a running problem' was embraced wholeheartedly. On an historical note and for those of you who might be interested, Gobsheet 1327 describes the 25th anniversary of BH³ in 2003 when we ran from Bracknell Sports Centre on a Trail laid by founder members Butterfly, Dribbler and Effin.



Our somewhat grainy picture to the left is of the very first BH³ T-shirt. None of your fancy-wancy, namby-pamby, wicking, technical modern rubbish. Good old-fashioned cotton that soaked up the sweat and stuck to the skin. Ahh. Happy days. ☺

Tonight's Trail was approached with some anxiety by the majority of the attendees, since it was laid by Dunny and Rampant who are notorious *aficionados* of 'eternity' running, where running shoes actually wear out through overuse, along with Hashers of a sensitive disposition. Fortunately, today, they had managed to put on a leash their wild dogs of enthusiasm, supplying us with an elegant Trail that meandered through some delightful countryside in areas named Stanford Dingley and Tutts Clump. Until today I believed that this latter was a somewhat embarrassing medical condition, alleviated solely by liberal applications of embrocation and a warm turnip-base poultice that drew out the fluid. Clumpers (for so they were known), as I understood it, affected a wide-legged stance while walking, which prompted me to muse that Whinge might be a sufferer...

Due to the final phthisic throes of my pathetic man flu, running with any purpose (other than finishing without speckling the entire county in gobbets of sputum) was entirely pointless so, after the Regroup – at the end of a series of longish straight bits – I slowed down considerably, which meant I can report on very little about The Pack, since no-one (apart from a kindly, concerned Donut) was in sight. But spare a thought also for WaveRider. This intrepid woman was dotting and carrying along on very tired legs after running 11 miles **and** taking a spinning class the day before! And, knowing her, probably enjoying more than a single glass of *vino* on Saturday night ☺

So, what did I see? Some wonderful, pre-Spring, rolling farmland and woods. Some of it dry's a bone. Some sticky with shoe-sucking shiggy. I saw Rambo's T-shirt, on the back of which was the interpretive legend: 'I came on Eileen'. I saw a shaggy group of highland cattle who were lying about in their field waiting for the sun to peep out while Desperate (a lover of everything beefy – well, just look at her partner) tried to engage them in 'low' conversation.



Then a most beautiful church – I believe it is St. Denys at Stanford Dingley. Large and ancient trees benevolently protected its peaceful, bluebell-stippled graveyard, the fine old building standing out in its midst. Recommend a visit. This was where we dropped further and further back. But it was ok. The grey clouds began to clear. It began to be warmer. The sun began to show through, lighting the landscape and changing its character. The Trail wound through a variety of places: a steep, shiggy track down to a road, gloopy forest, between a row of dilapidated old garages with a squat propane tank at the end. Our Hares had certainly pulled out all the stops today.

The most memorable place that we noticed was what had been a rather nice and large house. I say 'had been' because it had a blackened hole in the roof where it had obviously been on fire. Hopefully, no-one had been hurt. Now you may think that fate doesn't have a sense of humour. Maybe it does. The house was named 'The Beacon'...

Not too far away and across that final field was the Village Hall. We ambled over, coughed a bit, changed and entered its warm environs.

After The Trail

The Hall was alive with chatter and movement as Hashers nibbled crisps and olives and cracked open cans and bottles of booze and fizzy drinks, their fervid eyes swivelling to catch glimpses of NoSole and her band of helpers as they loaded an increasingly groaning trestle with a variety of sliced-up cheeses, similarly sliced French bread and a little bit of salad (well, most of the blokes wouldn't want any, would they?). The tables in the room were arranged so that, at the far end, there was a top table. I noticed distractedly that Donut and I, along with Desperate, Shitfor, WaveRider and NappyRash were sitting as far below the salt as it was possible to be. Not sure what that says about our social status but I was pleased to note that if a) it all got a bit tedious, or b) there was a small fire, we were nearest the exit.

So on the top table were two venerable, be-robed ecclesiastical gentlemen. One (Simple) in the scarlet vestment and biretta of a Catholic cardinal (or possibly the blood-red of a witchfinder general). The other (Shandyman) in regal black and skull cap. 'His Eminence', I thought. Then realised we were lucky that it had been deftly hidden beneath his copious vestment.

The two were there to perform the Hash Wedding ceremony for Slippery and Snowy, who had attended a more secular ceremony a couple of weeks ago to legalise their living arrangements. Snowy stood in front of the top table, nervously fingering his ring (not a pretty sight) as his bride entered the doors at the below-the-salt end of the room, given away by Whinge and attended by bridesmaid Nutty who held up the train of her jersey. WaveRider tossed her a jaunty boater to wear as she passed our table. I am pleased to report that the loved-up pair repeated their Hash vows beautifully, especially the bit about not farting in bed. They were duly pronounced man and wife by our clerics and retired, exhausted by their second marriage in as many weeks.



Remind you of anyone?

2016 seems to have ridden in on a tsunami of wedding plans. Slippery and Snowy announced theirs. TC and Whinge. Now Little Stiffy and SlackBladder. Apparently, Little Stiffy took advantage of February 29th and the fact that she was cutting Slack's hair with a very sharp pair of scissors at the time, to ask The Question. He eyed the poised scissors, the glint in her eye, gulped and squeaked, "Yes please." Little Stiffy popped a sugar lump into his mouth, patted him on the head with a "Well done." and continued cutting his hair neatly, instead of leaving him looking like the victim of an enraged cat.

After the Down Downs (see Down below), our Honorary President, TinOpener presented a fine speech about the longevity of BH³ and the enjoyment of our many and varied events. There was to be celebration cake-cutting he informed us, pointing at the rather yummy-looking object that sat atop the top table awaiting its fate. He teased us a little by asking who would be the most apposite people to perform the confection surgery. Of course, who else but founder members Butterfly and Dribbler! Their slicing technique was perfect and we all enjoyed mouthfuls containing enough sugar to see us through to 2017. Delicious!



Not quite like this cake :-)

Thoughts on 2000 BH³ Hashes

You might think that we are extremely lucky that BH³ has been in existence for so long, so successfully. Hashing every week without a break for nearly 40 years. You'd be right, of course. But it's not just luck that keeps us going. It's the fact that a very friendly, open-minded group of people (and some dogs and babies) like to run or walk at least once a week and round it off with a drink, a laugh or two and a chat. Backed up by those who volunteer to lay Trails – sometimes in the foulest of weather – and those who like to organise the excellent events that are enjoyed by all, those who provide our food, those who tidy up after us, those who give up their time, those who do all those large and small things that contribute to our success.

We have our weekly Hash, the BLT, Moonlights, occasional walks, Ratarse pub crawls, visits to other countries, Bashes, Christmas meals and events such as our upcoming 2016 in 2016 extravaganza. Aren't we lucky?!

If the people in this world could get along with each other as well as BH³ Hashers do it would be a much happier place. ☺

So congratulations BH³ and to all its members and characters over the years. Some no longer with us, but not forgotten. We look forward to many more years of going to places we would never have gone to and running about there with smiles on our faces.

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,
Congratulations indeed to BH³ on its 2000th. I would like to suggest some future activities such as sheep racing (with fences), competitive Hashing where participants shoelaces are tied together, Down Downs before Hashes and poppers (now legalised, of course) to be provided at Regroups. I trust the Committee will review the above positively.

Yours,
Reckless B. Haviour

Sir,
I beg to differ. It is actually a swede-based poultice that best draws out the fluid... and, of course, can provide a handy snack later should the need arise.

Yours embrocationally,
A. Clumper

Down Downs

RA Shitfor, wearing a woolly hat with sheep faces to aft and forrard presented the following.

Who Got It

Dunny, BillyBullshit,
Bomber

NoSole, Slippery

TinOpener, Zebedee,
Florence, C4, C5,
Butterfly, Dribbler, Mrs
Bobby, Mr Bobby,
Foghorn, Dumper,
Motox

LoudonTasteless

Dunny, Rampant

Why

Their birthdays. Happy ones to them.

Congratulations on their 200 Hashes awards – a nice gilet and a fine red anorak-thing.

A tribute to those founder members and long-time supporters of BH³. Cheers to them!

The Black Sheep Award was presented to him by MessengerBoy for his inability to decide whether to wear his girly long hair up or down. The lad took it all in good spirit. ☺

Our excellent Hares today. Dunny enjoyed her second Baileys of this Down Down session...

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2002	Sunday 03Apr16 11:00	SU438761	Joint run with North Wilts H3 The Stag Shop Lane Leckhampstead RG20 8QG	Peacemaker Dr Doolittle

Monday Night Hashes Begin

2003	Monday 11Apr16 19:00	SU847685	Peacock Farm Pub Peacock Lane Bracknell RG12 8SS	Iceman
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