

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2008 16May16  
Venue: Duke of Wellington  
Twyford

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

Hares: Desperate, Shitfor, Cerberus

## Dukes and Duchesses

Foghorn OldFart Donut Hashgate Adam Yana Itsyor Fiddler SkinnyDipper Motox Dawn Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Booby Swallow Slowsucker Slippery Snowballs Simple Ian NappyRash WaveRider Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Slapper Iceman TC Whinge BillyBullshit Uplift Gillian MessengerBoy Spot PissQuick Utopia Blowjob TinOpener RandyMandy BllindPew HappyFeet LoudonTasteless Spex OutdoorPursuits Dorothy Shifty FalseTart Roz Rob Caboose with Liz, CrustyToasty and Amanda later.

## Yet Another 'Devious' Hash

The Duke of Wellington in Twyford is a great old-school pub that has been run by Karen and Bill, the friendly landlady and landlord for 16 years. They have now decided to retire and, having watched the hard work that goes on behind the bar from the drinking side, I don't blame them.



We have held many a Hash from this pub and tonight was a chance for BH<sup>3</sup> to thank them for their welcome and wish them well. Their good friends Desperate and Shitfor had organised the night's festivities and some very good weather – it was balmy, with a lovely blue sky.

The car park, as ever, was full and Snowy and Slips only just managed to squeeze their car into a narrow space by breathing out and pulling at the inside of the doors. How they managed to exit the vehicle by not climbing out of the windows and inhaling all available

air in the vicinity is a mystery. Of course, there was the highly apposite Age Concern building at one end of the car park. I was surprised they hadn't thrown open their doors when they saw that BH<sup>3</sup> had turned up. We could have donated OldFart and Foghorn, to name but a couple. ☺

Our Hares had decided to follow the Donut and Hashgate school of Trail laying. This means that their methods can be described as 'devious', the intention being to lay a proper Hash rather than the usual hell-for-leather run. They certainly achieved this in the early section. Particularly where they laid a Field Check that suckered everyone into... a field with no exit. The Check was a Back Check! Sneaky blighters. So it wasn't surprising that the second Field Check, only a hundred yards or so down the road, was approached very timidly by the Pack. At this point Desperate was obviously concentrating very hard on the Trail since she completely misunderstood Foghorn when he said to her that, "The old current bun's still out." From the confused way she was looking around I think she was under the impression that someone had left out something comestible for passers-by some time ago. Not that Foghorn was commenting on the lateness of the evening and the pleasantly sunny aspect to it. It was near here too that a Check had two Falses going in opposite directions, which had people running all over the place. Since I was one of them Shitfor advised me, "You've only got yourself to blame." How true. ☺

More flourey levity appeared after we had crossed the busy A4 and pelted up that long, long, long tarmac track that, just as you reached a corner, displayed yet another ½ mile of running. Half way along it appeared the sign "Nearly there!" which had use falling about in paroxysms of laughter, tears streaming down our faces and making great whooping noises. Um. There may have been a spot of irony there... At last we got off the damn road and trotted gratefully through the long grass by St Patrick's Stream. This turned out also to be rather a long trot that led to the Regroup by a bridge, near where the stream flowed into the Thames. I puffed exhaustedly up to the side of the bridge, viewing a spider's web there, wherein dangled quite a number of pretty, but largely empty, mayflies. Mentally, I noted that I felt the same way at this point. The spider was nowhere to be seen. Probably having a gastric band fitted to try and resolve its obesity issue.

Shitfor lumbered off on the Long Trail with the majority of the troops while Desperate teased (well, the



blokes anyway) us with the shorter Trail, like a hint of stocking top on a well-turned leg. I couldn't resist. Along with Donut, FalseTart, Spex, Motox, Adam (injured knee), Simple. Wise move on our part since, when we looked back at where the Long Trailers were going they were being chased by an excited group of black and white calves. Such fun to watch. Desperate told me that when they were laying the Trail in the afternoon the herd had been very docile and friendly, the diminutive beeves licking her hand in a very friendly manner. I breathed a sigh of relief that I hadn't shaken or even kissed it when we met earlier on...

From here, Motox and I managed to confuse each other as we searched for the Trail a little way in front of our small group. At one point he even accused me of deliberately misleading him! Would I? Eventually we figured it out, with a little help from Desperate, and gratefully made our way up the road back to the pub.

A fascinating Trail by our Hares. Yes, devious at first. Then a fairly eyeballs-out run. An interesting mix. And some fine countryside on a lovely evening. Thanks.

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,  
On behalf of Age Concern I would like to offer your more senior members a free tea and a bun should they be in the area in the near future. I should add that the latter is of the soft variety and won't present any issues if anyone has left their teeth at home.  
Yours concernedly,  
Sean Y.A. Citizen

## Down Downs

This was almost entirely sabotaged by one person: NappyRash, who had brought out the tray of drinks. Since he had been confused about where to place the tray he hid round the corner, behind Shitfor, who was RA as well as Hare tonight. A huge roar of laughter went up from BH<sup>3</sup> as a rumbling and tinkling of falling glasses on the tray, along with a few choice words, was heard. He emerged with the dripping tray, desperately placed it on the table and attempted to pick up the tumbled drinks.

### Who Got It

Karen and Bill

Ms Whiplash

FalseTart

Hashgate

SlowSucker, Mr Blobby

Andy

RandyMandy, BlindPew

NappyRash

Simple

### Why

Our excellent landlady and landlord were presented with some champagne and applauded loudly. Nice people.

Had a drink out of the tray since she told everyone that, "That's the way we always used to do it."

Awarded her 50 Hashes badge☺

Awarded my 600 hashes badge☺

Tonight's birthday boys enjoyed their liquid presents.

A returnee after many years.

She for having bra trouble in the car park. He for not having a clue how to resolve the problem.

Tonight's drink-dropper.

No-one seemed to know why but he enjoyed it.

Dorothy  
Desperate, Cerberus,  
Shitfor

Bringing new shoes to the Hash. Silly boy.  
Tonight's Hares

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2010	30May16	<a href="#">SU696840</a>	Bank Holiday Hash - <b>The Rising Sun</b> Witheridge Hill, Highmoor, RG95PE	Happy Feet Doormat
2011	06Jun16	<a href="#">SU514674</a>	<b>Thatcham Memorial Hall Car Park</b> (opposite AmericanGolf) Bath Rd, Thatcham RG18 3AG OnTo – <b>The Crickets</b> , 24 High Street	AWOL