

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2018 25Jul16
Venue: The Turners Arms
Mortimer
Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

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

Birthday Guests

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Spot SlowSucker Swallow Adam Yana Snowballs Foghorn Shandyman Potty SkinnyDipper TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor NappyRash WaveRider Nicole C4 Spex LoudonTasteless Simple Lungs Dorothy Iceman Motox MisDirection StraddleVarious and a spotty dog Peter Cheryl and Rosie the dog OutdoorPursuits Lonely BlowJob CabinBuoy Twanky HappyFeet DoorMatt GnomeAlone NoStyle ChocChuck TT2 Handful Hamlet Florence Zebedee Posh Bomber BGB MessengerBoy BillyBullshit Uplift Utopia Mrs Blobby Handful Trigger NoSole Slapper AWOL OldFart PissQuick Glittertits Itsyor Jill A Boy Named Sue

C5's Big One!

70 is what people long ago would have called 'a ripe old age'. Seven score years and ten. Shakespeare's 'lean and slippered pantaloone, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side'. C5 would have been swaddled in plaid blankets in a wicker bath chair, Phyllosan tablets to one side and a bottle of Wincarnis to the other.

Not a bit of it! The bugger's as fit as a flea, wears those cut-off sports trousers that the youthful wear and laughs like a drain most of the time. Who else has just turned 70? Why, Dame Helen Mirren, of course. And there's almost nothing our C5 likes better than dressing up as a dame! His recent Miss Marple at the 2016 weekend may have been eyeball-challenging but the attention to detail was second to none. And who can forget his version of Honey Rider/Ursula Andress? Seared into my memory, that one...

Appositely enough, almost 70 people (count 'em, above) and dogs turned up at the Turners Arms to celebrate his birthday. Just shows how popular he is.☺

Not only were we in for a Trail this night but our Hares had organised sausages and chips in the pub later. Spot provided the quote of the evening as we spread *en masse* across the football field, early on: "The mention of a sausage and the whole world turns out." Maybe just a tinge of hyperbole but a true enough statement. Perhaps the term "a sausage" was his euphemism for "C5's birthday".

C5 had advised us at the On Out that the Long Trail was 6 miles long. Difficult to believe afterwards since Rampant told me he had run 8 and Dunny 7½. However, C5 was most insistent and showed me his GPS watch, which had indeed recorded just over 6 miles. No idea how that worked then. We seemed to be running and running and running. Through forests, along stony tracks, brushing through ferns, tripping over stumps and brambles. It never seemed to end.



The strangest part was running along the side of the blackened forest that had been on fire in May. The trees were charcoal stumps, rising harshly from the darkened earth. It was curiously quiet around the area and we were pleased to get past it. The rest was lush and green, an occasional stream (somewhat worrying for Spex, who didn't want to get her best shoes dirty) and an interesting trek through a narrow track that wound around the side of a lake. The bushes were dense here and it was impossible to run so we were most impressed that Glittertits managed to force his cycle through the undergrowth. More "Round Mortimer With a Bike" than "Round Ireland With a Fridge".

But what happened on the Trail? I hear you say. Actually, not very much. We were too busy running our legs off. However, there was that fascinating moment when we came across a dumped washing machine, electric heater and fire extinguisher. Makes you wonder why people are so stupid that they can't just take the stuff to a recycling centre rather than place it carefully in the middle of a forest.

We **finally** reached the Regroup where, off into the distance, we could see SlowSucker watering a bush. Not quite as uplifting as getting to the Regroup. From here the Trail split between Long and Short and, of course, the challenged amongst us took the Long. Not necessarily the best decision. However, as we trotted off on the Long Trail it did enable me to view Posh's balletic jump to the left in order to avoid a large tussock. She had been discussing the metaphysical dichotomy of being a scientist and a Roman Catholic (not her, you understand) with Lonely and I was impressed that she could combine both physical and mental agility. Of course, as she jumped, the song 'Let's Do The Time Warp Again' swept into my mind. Great how one's synapses work sometimes, isn't it?



My last particular memory during the slogging blur to get back to the pub was seeing the tops of the trees that fringed an open area, coloured a vivid orange as the last rays of the sun (unseen from our perspective) lit them up. The contrast with the lower dark green

foliage was both dramatic and beautiful.

Then we plunged back into the dusky forest and could not find the Trail. To our rescue came Foghorn, who recognised where we were from his Wednesday Whinge runs and, shouting, "I don't care if there is no flour. I'm going this way!" steamed off along a track, followed by the rest of the Pack. Just a few yards later we slipped across the road and found the 'On Inn'. Hurrah!

Our thanks to C5 and Mr Blobby for providing us with an enjoyable Trail – even if it seemed far longer than 6 miles! Happy Birthday C5!

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,
May I suggest that C5 purchases a **motorised** bath chair. Pushing him round while laying the Trail was a considerable inconvenience and somewhat hard physical labour. Not helped by his insistence on shouting "Drink! Drink!" every five minutes. We had gone through two bottles of whisky by the end. My turn next time. Oh, and Happy Birthday you old bugger.

Yours exhaustedly,
Mr B. Lobby

Sir,
We would like to register Katie as a future member of BH³. Hashing seems to 'run' in the family so we thought we'd get in early. Any chance of the student rate?

On On,
Ms W.A.V.E. Rider and Mr N.P. Rash

Down Downs

Our inveterate RA, Shitfor, initiated proceedings today. In the darkened garden... so he had severe difficulties reading his notes ☺

Who Got It

Why

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| WaveRider, NappyRash | They're now grandparents of Katie Jayne, baby daughter of Diver and Treacle. Congratulations to all and welcome Katie ☺ |
| Spex | Falling over a large log. Most amusing
A Boy Named Sue then presented C5 with a Hare T-shirt all the way from Saudi Arabia. |
| AWOL | Having a not-very-good-haircut. He gave himself a beer shampoo with the Down Down! Should make his locks nice and shiny. |

C5, Rampant, Shitfor Birthday boys. Happy ones to them. Zebedee brought forth a cake with lit candles that C5 managed to blow out with one breath without fainting afterwards.

Twanky Who insisted that he wasn't lost on the Trail...
Simple took the stage to announce that, in the Boys Beating Cancer races the day before Slippery did her 10k in 39 minutes (I understand she just went once round the two-lap circuit...), Snowy quite legitimately came 2nd in the 10k and Potty came 3rd in the Over 50s veterans. Well done all.

C5 Was read out an official birthday congratulations from the Queen. Largely by WaveRider since Shitfor couldn't see the words.

C5, Mr Blobby Tonight's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2020	08Aug16	The Bell The Street, Waltham St. Lawrence RG10 0JJ SU830769	SlowSucker
2021	15Aug16	Fox and Hounds Hancombe Road, Little Sandhurst GU47 8NP SU831624	Foghorn

