

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2020 08Aug16

Venue: The Bell

Waltham St Lawrence

Hares: SlowSucker OldFart

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

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## Dead and Alive Ringers

TC Whinge Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant NappyRash Spot Uplift Jill Twanky Joshua Steve Angela Zachary Iceman Foghorn RandyMandy BlindPew BlowJob Swallow PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Utopia Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Spex LoudonTasteless Fiddler Itsyor SkinnyDipper Ros Rob Desperate Shitfor Julia Lungs Slapper Motox Florence Zebedee

## A Clean Pair of Heels

**W**hoosh! That was the sound Fiddler heard as he raced in at the end of the Hash, right on the flying heels of one of today's virgins: Josh. The lad had heard Fiddler coming up behind him and put on a Trail-winning spurt. Not, of course, that the Hash is about winning. But it seems that Josh is a pentathlete at National level so one can understand his desire not to be beaten. He is one member of an extremely friendly family comprising himself, Steve, Angela and Zachary. A nicer bunch of people you couldn't meet. So we were surprised to know they are related to Twanky... only joking – he's a nice chap too 😊



'In the year of 1937 Henry, Lord Braybroke presented this pound to the village by a deed of gift'. So reads the plaque on the old wooden fence that surrounds four old elms and the cattle pound in front of the ancient and beautiful pub that dates back to the 14<sup>th</sup> Century. This was where we gathered before the On Out... which saw people streaming off in four different directions. An impressive start to the Trail by the Hares.

We managed to find our way and gratefully raced off into the greenness of fields, overlooked by a lovely evening sky, the clouds tinged with red and salmon grey. Very pleasant. On seeing a friendly dog as we were about to pass some walkers I called out to it, "Hello fluffy." At which point Mrs Blobby turned round and said, "Hello." in return. I never knew that that was her pet name...

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Following this, RandyMandy got caught up in a bramble by a stile, dangling thinly but spikily from a great height (not Mandy; the bramble). There were squeals as Iceman tried to unpeel her from its grasp. Her partner, BlindPew, advised her (in rather an ungentlemanly fashion, I thought), "That's the only prick you're getting tonight." Good to know that true lust isn't dead.

On a personal level, it all got a bit gnarly from just after here. Possibly, like Desperate, I had a touch of virus but could I catch my breath while running? Darned if I could. After each attempted 50 yards I sounded like Cosmo Smallpiece making an obscene phone call. Donut kindly kept me company as we walked through the calm of the evening, stiff, dry cornfields, dusky, leafy alleyways, lush green fields and dry tarmac roads where we occasionally caught sight of Foghorn, who waved us in the right direction from afar. Eventually, after spotting the 'S' for Short Trail, we caught up with a small group comprising Motox, SkinnyDipper, LoudonTasteless, Zachary, Lungs and Ros who were wandering, like ourselves, along a road which we realised would take us fairly directly back to the pub. Motox was a tad peeved that he had been misled on to the Short, even though he was bleeding like a stuck pig from his arm, which had been caught on another of those pesky brambles.

But though we didn't manage to run all the Trail, which, may I say, despite the longish straight bits one has to use in this area, was very well laid by our Hares, we did manage to get changed and into the pub just as great buckets of rain started pouring down, soaking many of the Long Trailers as they returned. Mr Blobby, in particular, squelched in to the pub like a recently saturated water vole (without the whiskers). Luckily, BH<sup>3</sup> had a rather pleasant room to itself and we poured into it, filling it to the brim with chatting, laughing people who became even happier when the bowls of chips and tomato sauce ordered by SlowSucker arrived.

Thanks to our Hares. A fine old pub in a lovely part of the countryside.

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.



**Not Mr Blobby but I thought this captured the essence**

Sir,

I wonder if your readers are familiar with the term 'ringer'? And, in this instance I am not referring to campanologists in Waltham St Lawrence church...

Yours somewhat ruefully,  
Mr F. Iddler

## Down Downs

Due to the heavy rain and the fact that everyone was ensconced very comfortably in the pub's back room, RA Shitfer held the Down Downs there.

### Who Got It

Fiddler

LoudonTasteless

Slapper

Ros

Angela, Josh, Zac and Steve

Blowjob

Utopia, Shitfer

Whinge

SlowSucker, OldFart

### Why

Being miffed at not finishing first. ☺

Advising people at the Regroup that he had a magic wand which would show everyone the way. Fortunately for all he didn't get it out.

Looking gormlessly at one of the pub's beer pumps and thinking that a beer was 3.7% in strength when it was actually £3.70 a pint. Doh!

Moaning about losing her running bag.

Today's virgins. Hope they can visit again. Josh was also awarded a toy car because he 'motors' along when running.

Her birthday! A happy one to her.

Utopia awarded her 300 Hashes badge. Shitfer didn't announce what his was for... 50?

Buying £4 of tickets for the half-time prize draw at Maidenhead FC on Saturday when another £1 would have won him the cash! Was he peeved!

Our Hares this evening.

## Up and Coming

### Run

2022

2023

### Date

22Aug16  
\* 19:00 \*

29Aug16  
\* 19:00 \*

### Venue

[SU753739](#) **Shepherd's House**  
London Rd,  
Reading RG6 1BD

[SU692779](#) **The Packhorse**  
Upper Woodcote Rd,  
Chazey Heath, Mapledurham  
RG4 7UG

### Hares

SkinnyDipper

Posh  
Bomber