

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2022 22Aug16  
Venue: The Shepherd's House, Woodley  
Hares: SkinnyDipper, Foghorn

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## More Sheep Than Shepherds



OldFart Itsyor Donut Hashgate TC Whinge Motox Lungs Ms Whiplash BlindPew RandyMandy BGB Jana(my apologies – I have been spelling your name with a 'Y') Swallow Dunny Rampant Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Uplift Splash Cheryl Peter (now Naomee – see Down Downs) Spot NappyRash MessengerBoy Caboose HappyFeet DoorMatt Slapper Shitfor Desperate BillyBullshit Rob Florence Zebedee TT2 Mel Duncan Lungs Twanky Nigel Kim Andy

## Skinny Innovations

“Mer.” “Mer.” The flock of Hashers began to grow outside The Shepherd's House as more arrived and fairly vainly attempted to find, but eventually secured, a parking space. Anything less like a shepherd's house I've not seen. This was a pub containing locals who were regarding the mixture of garishly dressed people with some suspicion. Understandably so since this was BH<sup>3</sup> and BlindPew was wandering about in his postman's uniform – A Pat without his cat. Why do they all wear shorts, by the way? All year round? I really should have asked him.

Our Hare, SkinnyDipper, has a flair for the innovative and she used her skill tonight to turn a wander round Woodley into a tremendous Trail. Despite barely being able to speak at the Circle, she advised us that there wouldn't be a Beer Stop, but there would be a Water Stop. Mouths hung slackly at the announcement. Brows furrowed in puzzlement. The Knuckle-Draggers among us uttered a rather depressed “Wha'?” But Skinny presented us with a quizzical smile and bade us be about our On Out business.

We were still rather confused when, after ½ a mile or so we fetched up in a ragged group next to a pair of locked gates with barbed wire on top. It turned out not to be the entrance to some kind of concentration camp but allotments where, according to Motox, Skinny goes in for nude gardening! A surprising piece of news to most of us. Probably no-one more so than Skinny herself. She appeared, on her bike, produced a key and, with much chain rattling, removed the ancient padlock, before slowly pushing the gates wide open, with horrible metal groaning sounds. We all shuffled in and jumped when that horrible groaning sounded again as Skinny shut the gates and re-attached the padlock. We thought we were in for some forced labour on the vegetable patches and we weren't far wrong. The Water Stop Skinny had mentioned turned out to be an opportunity to fill watering cans from a nearby trough and



water her vegetables. Good fun and it prompted Donut to come out with the quote of the night. “Have you seen the size of Skinny's gourds?!” She exclaimed to me. After a bit of codfish-like gaping at the thought, I admitted that I had not so she took me over to see them, growing into fantastic light-green alien shapes. Her intense interest is due to a competition among the sisters in her family as to who can grow the largest gourds from seed. Donut's are not quite up to Skinny's standard... yet.

For those of you who are interested, here's a picture of Donut's gourds. Not everyone can say that they've seen 'em.

While all this was happening Florence posed next to a well-dressed scarecrow for a photograph. Which prompted Twanky to advise me that he thought Florence was now doing much better for herself than going around with a bloke in a nurse's uniform.

We had to go through the same high-security procedure on our way out of the barbed-wire topped gates at the back entrance to these massive allotments. Interesting then that, much later, Lonely, and even

later, TT2 caught up with us. Which meant they must have scaled the fortress-like protection of the gates. I asked Lonely about this while we were wandering through a field. He touched the side of his nose and inclined his head while saying, "Growing up as a lad in Liverpool, you learn to climb factory gates..." He left it there. Never realised Lonely was a Scouser. Wonder how many car wheels he's sold?

Trotting under a dark railway bridge on my own (Lord knows how I'd lost the Pack) I encountered a young lady and gentleman, walking towards me. At least, that's what I thought they were before I gave them a friendly grin and a panted "Hello." The scowls and blank stares of the intellectually dispossessed were what 'greeted' me in return. It makes you wonder how people like that get on with other people in the world. But, of course, they don't. Voluntarily shut up in their own narrow-minded circle of grunters with similar views, they perpetuate their own negativity and blame their failures on everyone else. Oops! Bit of a rant there. I'm sure you've met a few of them.☺

The next person I met, in the middle of a huge field and heading towards a 'F'alse, couldn't have been friendlier. His large, flappy-eared dog couldn't make head nor tail about what we were doing and decided to run about, having a good old woof. The bloke was grinning from ear to ear. "He hasn't got a clue what's going on." He laughed. "I haven't got a clue either." Replied I, backtracking from the False. Which made him laugh even more.

After rather a lot of mucking about in woody bits by lakes (very pleasant too) we popped out on to the Thames towpath by which the wide river ran silently, deeply and slickly, thought its own ancient thoughts and concentrated on staying between the banks. Motox, Splash and Lungs ploughed on ahead and I chuckled at the sight of a fine cruiser moored by the bank, named 'Kids R Gone'.

It was along here that the first of the 6 special clues appeared. This was another of Skinny's innovations. A number in a circle indicated a house where a famous person (had) lived. We just had to figure out who they were. The first was easy for me, a local. It was where George and Amal Clooney live. The others were Uri Geller, Sir Terence Rattigan, Teresa May, Dwight D. Eisenhower, Jimmy Page and Admiral Villeneuve (who lost the Battle of Trafalgar). Amazing how many famous people have lived in Sonning.



Those of you who went under Sonning Bridge to check out Uri Geller's house on the other side will have been delighted to see the joke front door that someone has carefully attached to one of the brick supports. A year or so ago there was a postbox on the other side, before the Council took it down for 'health and safety' reasons. I am glad to report that someone in Sonning has a great sense of humour and Donut and I often laugh when we see the nipples painted on the bumpy road sign on the way out of Sonning. At times this sign includes the legend 'Way Hay!' or 'Norks Ahead'. All **very** politically incorrect, thank goodness.

A loop around the rugby and hockey pitches; a stroll down the old Bath Road and we were back at The Shepherd's House with it's not too brilliant beer but friendly landlady/lord.

Our thanks to SkinnyDipper and Foghorn for laying an unusual Trail through some very pleasant country on a balmy summer evening.

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,

Would the Hash like to pay for co-ordination and balance lessons from my physically challenged husband. I'm still drying out my handbag.

Yours slightly damply,

Mrs W. A. Vrider

## Down Downs

In the warm dark of the evening, RA Shitfor officiated. Though we nearly didn't have any beer for the Down Downs. NappyRash wobbled over from the pub to our grassy bit with a slightly bendy plastic tray covered in ½ pints. Just as he reached our table he warned, "Careful. I've got form." Referring to the time earlier in the year when he dropped a complete tray of Down Downs at the Duke of Wellington in Twyford. Just as he said it the tray bent and a ½ disappeared under the table, pouring its contents into WaveRider's bag. How she laughed...

### Who Got It

### Why

MessengerBoy	His birthday and he undertook Slapper on his motor bike on the way to the Hash.
Zebedee	Advising the RA there was a Bar-4 before running past it!
Uplift	She lost her car in the pub car park. Duh!
Splash	Who has now bought her own boat.
RandyMandy	Who used to 'make hay' in Skinny's allotments...
Peter	He has been pestering Shitfor to 'Name me', 'Name me' so he was named 'Naomee'. It was a messy affair, as you can see below 😊
Kim, Andy	Tonight's virgins. Well done to them.
SkinnyDipper, Foghorn	Our excellent Hares



Naomee celebrates his sobriquet with a quite reasonable Zombie impression

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2024	05Sep16	The AGM	OldFart

	* 19:00 *	Victory Room, Bucklebury. RG7 6PS	Itsyor
2025	TBA		