

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2023 29Aug16
Venue: The Pack Horse, Chazey Heath
Hares: Posh, Bomber

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Not So Posh

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate Iceman Motox Slapper NoSole Treacle Diver and baby Katie WaveRider NappyRash Caboose Mr Blobby C5 BlindPew Randy Mandy Desperate Shitfer Cerberus BillyBullshit Whinge TC with dog Bella Spot Utopia Splash Uplift Steamer Florence Zebedee BGB Naomee Naomi Jana Adam SkinnyDipper Ms Whiplash Pyro and dog Whisper OldFart Itsyor MessengerBoy Lonely AWOL TT2 Tequilova Andy Kim

Bombing About On A Perfect Summer Evening

The evening sun tinted everything with the polished gleam of gold. It was a perfect summer's night for running about in the country. Slapper was so keen that he managed to fall asleep in his car, his placid (maybe flaccid) face wiped of all intelligence by slumber and the rays of the sun. Frankly, if Donut and I had been more awake we wouldn't have driven initially into the car park of The Pack Saddle instead of The Pack Horse. Doh!

As we gathered to hear the words of our outgoing GM (shame, I hear you cry) Slapper and Hares Posh and Bomber we were very pleased to see two people: Steamer, who we haven't seen for a very long time, and Katie, new and very cute baby daughter of Diver and Treacle, who was attending her first Hash. She had obviously taken her cue from Slapper and was fast asleep, albeit in a smart pram and covered with a soft blanket. The GM and Hares introduced and explained. We listened intently (for about 10 seconds – the attention span of the average Hasher) then hurtled off into the first of the woods.

It all went tits-up pear-shaped within 5 minutes. Everyone followed everyone else down the hill, ignoring the requirement to find flour, and lost the Trail. There were Hashers everywhere, desperately looking for the vaguest hint of *de la farine* (little French there, for those of you who want it). Poor Posh, though supporting us womanfully, hadn't really got a clue either, since (she said...) Bomber had laid this part of the Trail. C5 managed to Hash-Crash without visible damage while we laboured back up the bramble and low bush-covered hill to find ourselves by the minor wreckage-strewn side of the A4074. This is a delightful highway with many twists and turns and is known locally as 'The Thirteen bends of Death'. Somewhat appropriately, given the number of fatalities. Cars whooshed by while we tried not to slip down the short, but steepish, bank by the road, only then realising that we had to go across it. Into Sheepways Lane. Also rather apt, given BH³'s affinity with all things ovine.



What else? A pack horse, of course

The lane proved to be a calm tarmac backwater off the millrace of the main road. Despite the fact that we could hardly see a darn thing, due to the low, streaming, brilliant sun. SkinnyDipper and Donut chatted about gourds. This was after Skinny's Trail last week when we were encouraged to water her Cucurbitaceae fruits and Donut has been growing some. Fascinating to learn from Skinny that among the uses of these is their ability to be used to carry water and that some people carve them into interesting shapes. No mention of their edibility though. Mind you, given the green wartiness of both Skinny's and Donut's gourds I can't say I'm surprised. If you are what you eat it could be an epidermically dangerous thing to do (Goodbye modelling contract. Hello medical curiosity).

Skinny had yet more interesting conversation later on. She asked me if (God knows why) I knew what was the sobriquet of Helen of Troy. I see your jaw has slackened and is now resting lightly on your chest. Push it back into position gently and I'll explain the context. We had stopped by a large, corrugated farm shed where Desperate (who else? She's mad about cows) had spotted that it held a great many black and white (Friesian?) calves. These lovely little creatures stood about on spindly legs, wearing bright yellow (earrings, according to TC) tags and regarding us curiously with their bright and

beautiful eyes. Which led on to Skinny telling me that, in her school in the Netherlands, they had to translate into Dutch the Greek for 'cow eyes'... which (she said) was the nickname of Helen of Troy. I can't find anything on the Net. Anyone?

We had a most enjoyable run along quiet woodland tracks and by the sides of hushed, harvested fields, lit by the last rays of the lowering sun which painted the small clouds in the rich blue sky pink and



salmon grey. I have written it before and here I write it again. We are so very lucky to be able to enjoy such beautiful countryside.

Not only that but we do come across some idiosyncrasies. Such as the red bread bin placed carefully on the side of a track along which we were trotting. I didn't peek inside for fear of what I might find but I wouldn't be surprised if it contained a fresh bloomer for a nearby house.

Splash and Uplift were intent on having a domestic as we sped along in the halcyon setting. They had almost become lost on the way to the

pub. According to one, due to incorrect setting being entered into the satnav. According to the other, duff setting information being given. Pick, pick, pick they went. I nearly gave them both a smack. Even when we got back to the pub one of them was complaining because the other said she would wait for her out on the Trail, then didn't. They're so naughty those two (and yes, it was only fun – nice couple of ladies).

On a road, we reached the bottom of a short, but steep, climb to a kissing gate into a field. Adam let Shitfor go before him. "After you darling." He said kindly. Then followed up more quietly with. "It's only so I can check out you're a*se." Well, I had the lad down as a slightly retiring type, not the rampant, louche cavalier with serious myopia and a curious stance on what is and what isn't attractive. I shall make sure I'm well away from him next time we climb anything.

We reached The Old School, now a house at Mapledurham. Lovely place and currently up for sale at a guide price of £1,150,000. Desperate told us how she used to go to school there... a while ago. What a great place to be a schoolchild. Lucky her.

From here it was a fairly straight run back to the pub. Just as well, since that lovely sun had just about sunk below the horizon, shutting its red-gold eye for a well-earned sleep. A brief foray across the enjoyable A4074 and we were back.

Great Trail by Posh and Bomber despite our best efforts at early sabotage. Our thanks to them. ☺

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,
Had any of your readers bothered to check they would have indeed found a) sufficient flour, and b) the Trail. My Mum says you're a bunch of thickos and that I shouldn't mix with such people. I've had my say. I'm off for some

milkies and a kip. Might do a bit of yelling too.
Yours sleepily,
Katie ☺

Down Downs

Almost, if not definitely, Shitfor's last foray into RA territory since he has come to the end of his tenure. We shall all miss his subtle-as-a-stiletto wit and kaleidoscopic oratory. Who will succeed him? They are large shoes to fill (literally as well as metaphorically). ☺

Who Got It

Why

Steamer	Our returnee tonight. Very welcome back.
Diver and Treacle	New parents of little Katie. We congratulated them heartily.
Florence	She a) won a race yesterday, and b) was wearing no pants tonight! I don't believe the two events are linked. We sang 'Gold' for her.
Iceman	Wearing odd right and left shoes. He advised us they are supposed to be like that and that he has been wearing them for the past few weeks.
C5	Hash Crashing and wearing new shoes without owing up to it!
AWOL	Apparently driving a 'pimpmobile' tonight.
Utopia	Being lonely. Mrs Blobby was not here tonight. We sang 'Are You Lonesome Tonight' to her. ☺
Posh, Bomber	Our Hares tonight

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2025	11Sep16 * 11:00 *	The Black Lion Greenmore Woodcote RG8 0RB	Dunny Rampant
2026	18Sep16 * 11:00 *	COCK INN 108 Shaw Road Shaw Newbury RG14 1HR	AWOL Phantom