

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2033 06Nov16
Venue: The Black Horse, Checkendon
Hares: Florence, Zebedee and TT2

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

TC Whinge Donut Hashgate Jeannie Paul CouchPotato Dunny Rampant Twanky Motox Iceman OldFart Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Spot BlowJob Swallow SlowSucker WaveRider NappyRash Slippery Snowy HappyFeet DoorMatt RandyMandy BlindPew Gnomealone Lungs MessengerBoy Lemming Mother Theresa Tina Dawn ICC TinOpener Lilo Posh Bomber Anorak TrainSpotter Slapper Pyro and dog Whisper PressGanger and dog Qualcast HotLips Stiffy Tequilova Caboose AWOL Zorro

Checkendon it Out

The best drive to a Hash this year. The trees in the woods that lined the road from Sonning Common had dressed gloriously in vivid russet and bright yellow and had carpeted the road with crisp leaves that scattered drily as we swept by. Smaller trees and bushes in red and translucent pinks burst into vision. The fresh clear air and bright sunlight gave the view a delightful, shifting, dappled effect. We almost stopped, just to enjoy the view. In fact, we did almost stop in Stoke Row when we found ourselves behind a small group of lycra-clad cyclists intent on spoiling anyone's morning drive. Like a fishball they kept tightly together so that no-one could pass, ignoring all other road-users. A surreal vision of my (largeish) car as a killer whale came to mind, speeding up while the bonnet opened lazily to swallow the fishball, gulping down the black, slippery-looking arms, legs and wheels and with a mighty burp, slamming shut and slipping rapidly back on course. Perhaps just as well that our daydreams don't come true...

We eventually arrived at the excellent Black Horse. Normally a quiet, secluded country pub. But today it was like Bluewater car park on a sale day. Hash cars were jammed in everywhere and one of our clever band had parked partially diagonally on the single-track road, making it somewhat difficult for the bloody great big tractor that appeared from nowhere, to pass. Fortunately for my sensitive disposition I cannot lip-read too well. Otherwise, I feel sure I would have blushed to the roots at what the gentleman



driving (or rather, attempting to drive) the tractor was saying. I managed to pick up a little of the fulmination. As I understand it the diagonal parker had had no married father in the family for several generations, some of their ancestors hailed from a porcine branch and (yes, I think this is right) had the tractor driver had his plough attached to said vehicle he would have (yes, I almost have it now) ploughed a furrow into the parker's ass (didn't know he had one. And why blame the creature?) that could be seen from space. I think I got that right.

Even after we had all parked and joined the Circle it was still bedlam. Quite a number of Didcot and Oxford hashers had joined our large, chattering group. Dogs barked, keen to be off. Mr Blobby (our revered GM) tried to keep order but, as we were all across the road and Range Rovers kept coming along it, splitting us in half each time, it was a difficult job. The friends and virgins we had finally persuaded to come Hashing, Jeannie and Paul, wondered what on earth was going on. Hardly surprising when, in addition to the general mayhem, everyone was calling each other by daft Hash names. Amazingly, we actually managed to On Out, with the Hares pointing us the wrong way. Their Trail today was generally quite sneaky, with a soupcon of Back Checks here and a pinch of Bars there. The Back Check by Checkendon Church fooled everyone, since we usually go over the road and across the cricket pitch. Not so today, though there was a sizeable group who ended up inspecting the wicket before dragging their way regretfully back. The Bar-7 way down a steep forest hill caught out quite a few people. Particularly since Hare, Zebedee ran half way down it with us. The blighter! Florence actually apologised to me for it. Which was somewhat galling to Iceman who was running alongside since she didn't apologise to him.

Today's cabaret moment was provided by a herd of young black cows. As we started running across the middle of the field after returning from the Church they stampeded across the track we were on from

left to right. The Pack slowed a tad, undecided as to what to do. The cows, initially also undecided but finding themselves on a completely different part of the field from whence they had come, suddenly hurtled back. The ground shook and several roosting crows flapped lazily into the air to see what all the fuss was about. The cattle, having returned to their original location, figured their best course of action was to stand in a dark group about 50 yards away from us, eyeing the timidly trotting Pack with what can be described as singularly more intelligence than the Pack that was eyeing them. We reached the safety of the stile and gratefully hopped over. The crows, disappointed at the lack of bloody action returned to their roosts, shrugged their wings and went back to sleep.



The first of the two Regroups appeared and again the Pack blocked the narrow country road while a couple of cars tried to squeeze through. Amazing how little people notice isn't it? Presumably if their bum was on fire they'd think it was someone else's. Lemming and I noticed an interesting sign as we left the Regroup. It read 'Slow cat crossing'. We discussed how slow this cat was. Whether due to obesity or because of very short legs. Possibly drunkenness. Perhaps it was a Marcel Marceau moggy. We figured that to wait for it to appear would take too long and skipped off down the road. The second Regroup was notable for its view: a panorama across the spread-wide Oxfordshire countryside, spoiled only by the remains Didcot power station. Our Didcot Hash friends enjoyed it immensely. It was here that I plucked up the courage to ask Zorro, the rather tall, well-built gentleman, why he was carrying a double-sided axe. A number of us had discussed it during the Trail but we didn't want to stir things up if he turned out to be even more of a lunatic than the rest of us. He was a very friendly chap who, since the thing had been left over from Halloween, thought he'd bring it along for a laugh. Bit of a relief to many of us. Whew!

It was Lemming again that I was running with as we turned by a field full of pigs, the huge mummy pigs either snouting about in the mud or suckling little ones. There was a set of busy pink and black piglets in one corner. Lemming and I looked at each other: "Bacon sandwiches and crackling on legs." We agreed.

We passed a mother, father and children in the forest, greeting them with a cheery "Good morning!" Then greeting them later with a "Hello again." As we ran back after a False. The father, friendly and with an Oxbridge accent called after us, "I seh. Do you ectually know wheah youah going?" I nearly replied with, "Not a fuppin' clue pal." But managed to restrain myself in front of the children. People do wonder (sometimes even more than we) what the hell we are doing.

Passing yet another herd of young, black-haired beeves it was decided that they were probably Dexters. Or un-belted Galloways... The rubbish we talk about on the Hash.

Fortunately, we were now not too far from the pub – because it was getting rather nippy out in the now sunless forest. Mr Blobby and I stopped yakking long enough to put on a bit of speed as the 'On Inn' appeared. Then slowed as we came across SkinnyDipper who was bending to pick up what was left of a bunch of white roses. Possibly a bit of a poignant moment. A spurned lover? A broken engagement? Or a drunken ladette from the pub the night before who had come out to park a tiger, dropped them and forgotten to pick them up? We shall never know...

The warmth of the pub, the conversation, the pint and the bacon sarny banished the cold. A very nice Trail Zeb, Flo and TT2. Can't go wrong in this beautiful countryside and you kept the Pack together very cleverly. Thanks.

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,
My colleagues and I would like to admonish your readers for their unthinking interruption of our cud-chewing. One moment we were peacefully enjoying stolid bovine company, the next we were forced into a fair approximation of a Wild West film stampede. I for one suffered serious dyspepsia and added considerably to the methane content of the atmosphere following the incident. A little more

consideration, please. And, yes, we are Dexters. Black in colour, though we do have relations in dun and red.

Yours moodily,
A. Cow

Down Downs

Standing in today was Motox who led the teeth-chattering masses through the cold Down Downs.

Who Got It

Why

GnomeAlone	Kicking out a Check the wrong way because, "A lot of people went down that way."
ICC	Vaulted a gate and then got himself all wrapped up in a bit of tape.
Lemming	Opining that it is an advantage to be of his height since his willy is closer to the ground. Nope – I don't get it either ☺
Slapper	300 run award. Well done Slapper!
Mr Blobby	Awarded one as GM so he can race against Slapper. Looked like a dead heat to me.
TinOpener	For leading Motox' walking partner Swallow off in the wrong direction last week.
Swallow	For being daft enough to listen to TinOpener.
Mrs Blobby	Listening to Twanky's ignorant advice on whether to eat a mushroom. Silly girl!
Whinge	Wearing that amazingly bright hoodie at the Down Downs.
Zeb, Flo, TT2	Today's excellent Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2035	20Nov16	The Pelican, Silchester Road Pamber Heath RG26 3EA	Mr Blobby C5
2036	27Nov16	The Blue Ball High Street, Kintbury RG17 9TJ * Park at Jubilee Centre, Coronation Hall or canalside car park *	Dwight Shylite