

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2034 13Nov16  
Venue: The Swan, Sherborne St. John  
Hares: Slapper, SkinnyDipper

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Cobs and Pens

TinOpener Motox Donut Hashgate Spot Chopstix Shandyman Caboose NoSole MessengerBoy OldFart Simple Skids and grandchildren Jessica and William Tina Foghorn Slippery Snowy C5 Iceman Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Desperate Shitfor ICC ChocChuck NoStyle AWOL Shylite Dwight Lonely Florence Zebedee

## The Remembrance Day Hash



**J**ust before 11 o'clock on this bright, sunny, November morning Mr Blobby read out the poem 'For the Fallen' by Robert Laurence Binyon, before we bowed our heads to the sound of The Last Post, remembering all the people who have given their lives so that we might be here and do the things we enjoy. It is always a solemn and respectful moment and always should be.

-----

We had almost passed Caboose on the final leg of a fairly lengthy journey to Sherborne St. John. Like a number of others, we had automatically typed Sherfield-on-Loddon in our mental satnav before realising we had another 12 miles to go... I say almost since we decided to see if the train-fixated Caboose would succumb to a little "Fancy a lift the last ¼ of a mile?" schmoozing. Rather surprisingly, he checked his watch and pursed his lips, eyeing the comfy leather seats and winning smile of Donut (who was lounging on one) in my powerful, twin-exhaust automobile. You could see on his left shoulder a little, smoking red imp of temptation, whispering hoarsely in his ear the words, "Go on. It'll save you fifteen minutes. No-one'll ever tell." While on the other, a rather snooty little angel in a white shift arched an eyebrow, folded its arms and advised him, "If you get in that... that... car I'll never forgive you." It was a full thirty seconds before Caboose gave in. Not to temptation of course. "Thanks but I think I'll get there in time." He smiled. "Ok. See you there." I replied, whacking the Quattro into Sport mode, putting the hammer down and leaving him blinking owlishly in a cloud of nitrogen oxides, carbon monoxide and a few hydrocarbons. In my mirror I saw him turn his head to the right. I'm sure I could lip-read him saying, "Thanks a bunch." To something there.

It took a while for us to get going. A group stonked out by the back of the pub... and found the On Inn. The rest of us milled about while the Hares, as suggested by Slapper, 'took a quick look' down an alleyway. Much to the chagrin of many of the Pack who followed them this was all they were going to do since there was a water-cress field (or similar) at the end of the alley. Ok, it was going to be a slow start. Not helped when we all fetched up at a Bar-5 (I believe) and backtracked hurriedly before running through the little church's yard – not ideal since the service had just ended and people were leaving. Apologies for that.

The other main problem was that much of the flour (laid this morning, I was advised by Slapper) had disappeared. We seemed to be running across fields with non-existent Checks and blobs. Slapper

kindly kept up with us and seemed unfazed at our 'Is this a Live Trail?' questions as he re-inscribed invisible markings.

We entered The Vyne, National Trust land wherein lies a former Tudor palace, a lake, ancient woods and a Walled Garden included in 9 hectares of land. Check out <https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/the-vyne>. Here we met two delightful children, a little boy and girl, dressed in pirate costumes, with their parents. They were excited to see that much, much older people could have fun while running about in the woods and shouting.

The Pack left the woods and started beasting across the open sward in the sunshine, enjoying the sight of the lake and house to the right. Some saw Mrs Blobby and Donut walking way across the field and followed, completely missing the invisible ReGroup in the middle of the field. Poor Slapper raced after us, dispelling the view that men cannot multi-task by hastily re-flouring the 'RG' and shouting "On Back!" after people like OldFart and Spot, who were disappearing fast. They eventually returned and joined our group, as did Zebedee, who had just managed to catch up – he was late because he had decided to read last week's Gobsheet and have a cup of tea before leaving his house. Wise chap. And here it



was that we got to enjoy the sight of (according to C5) Slapper's erection. Not quite what you think, I'm pleased to say. Since he has rather a lot to do with the building trade he was keen to take credit for the building of the scaffolding around The Vyne. It was generally agreed amongst the gentlemen that this was the first one he had achieved for some length of time...

We returned the way we had come – into the woods. Which made OldFart and Spot feel that it was worthwhile running all the way back to the Regroup.

We slithered down the slippery wooden staging by the bird hide that looked out over the wetland area. There were many signs about the perils of deep mud and even the grass on which we were running was pretty squishy. It was so muddy that the tattooed bottle of blonde Stella Artois on leg of Shifter turned into a Brown Ale. We nearly lost ICC down a little slope when he slid down it sideways. Luckily (some thought unluckily), with a great whirling of arms, he managed to stay upright. There were now rather a lot of long, straightish bits. Approaching Basing Wood. In Basing Wood – where Desperate gained the title of First Woman at the impromptu Regroup. C5 dubbed Messenger Boy with the title of First... due to today's politically correct nature I couldn't possibly say. We set off again and OldFart advised me that he was having trouble running today, was probably in need of servicing. I declined to offer any assistance in this area.

A lot more long pieces of well chewed-up field ensued and I found myself in the affable company of Foghorn and Simple just before we found the On Inn.

An excellent Trail – even though we couldn't find much of it. Our thanks to Slapper and SkinnyDipper.

Your correspondent will not be around for a couple of weeks: a Christening next Sunday and in India the next. Enjoy your Hashes and I'll see you at the Christmas Lunch. ☺

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,  
I'm afraid I have nothing to write to you about this week.

Yours emptily,  
Irma Taloss-Forwards

## Down Downs

Foghorn injected warmth into the slightly nippy air just outside the pub. Sadly, neither my recording machine nor my memory recorded this event properly so I hope I get this right.

### Who Got It

Desperate, Hashgate  
Motox, Foghorn  
Caboose  
Slapper, SkinnyDipper

### Why

Alleged comedy parking on arrival at the pub. She beat him easily!  
Sorry – can't remember  
No idea. But he was in his socks!  
Our Hares. God bless 'em!

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Venue	Hares
2036	27Nov16	<a href="#">SU381668</a> <b>The Blue Ball</b> , High Street, Kintbury RG17 9TJ <b>Park at Jubilee Centre, Coronation Hall or canalside car park</b>	Dwight Shylite
2037	04Dec16	<b>Surrey CAMRA Hash</b> <a href="#">TQ051479</a> <b>Albury Village Hall</b> , Albury, Surrey GU5 9BF BH <sup>3</sup> Members £10, non-members £12 for food +2 drinks See Slapper or Zeb NOW to book your place	Surrey Hares