

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2091 17Dec17  
Venue: The Bell and Bottle  
School Green, Shinfield  
Hares: Iceman(the Birthday Boy!)  
SlowSucker

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



Posh Bomber Donut Hashgate BlindPew Foghorn Motox OldFart Cloggs  
NonStick SkinnyDipper BGB BillyBullshit Cerberus and dog Chilli Ms Whiplash  
PennyPitstop Swallow C5 FlashBangWallop Spot MessengerBoy Caboose  
Mother Theresa Lemming Dunny Rampant Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Florence  
Zebedee DotCom SugarGnat WheelSpin

## Iceman's 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday Hash

**B**it of a watershed moment for Iceman. There you are, toddling about and looking up in wonder at huge grown-ups one minute, going off to school the next, starting your first job, getting married, bringing up the children, waving them off to uni. Then, BAM! You're flipping 60 and only 5 years off getting your State pension! Unbelievable how it flies by. Congratulations, Iceman, on reaching this grand birthday, with many more to come. You can console yourself with the thought that rather a large number of BH<sup>3</sup> Hashers are much older than you and you don't look as old as you are (that's meant to be a compliment btw 😊).

To celebrate his birthday, Iceman had kindly paid for the warming Hash sausages and chips in the pub after the Trail. I mention this celebratory event first because the Trail itself (apart from the running about and enjoying ourselves) was not what you might call a 'celebration'. Unless you want to celebrate the unending replacement of everywhere green around Shinfield by the massive building programme that threatens to turn this once pleasant bit of countryside into another urban sprawl. The Shinfield Meadows development will include 1,200 homes. Got to resolve the housing crisis somehow I suppose (though I note that only 92 homes will be affordable housing); but it's a shame that so much countryside has to go.



Before we On Outed our Hare gave his Christmas present from last week to Zebedee. This was a miniature blow-up wife (I know, bear with me) who would be able to help direct the fastest runner along the correct route. Certainly the most quixotic GPS device we had ever seen. Zebedee swiftly handed it to Rampant, on the pretext that he would be the fastest runner; though I can see that you would not wish to run round Shinfield in the rain holding a small blow-up doll. Or maybe you would...

Go was what we did, in the very cold rain, mainly around the building sites; acres of fields levelled and ready for building, with currently immobile diggers standing forlornly in the rain, like sleeping dragons. Pity they weren't real one. We could have used a bit of flame to warm us up. We swept (confusedly – thanks to the well-laid Trail) through the first few housing estates with toes and fingers of ice though you could see Mr Blobby begin to glow when he spotted his son, wife and grandchildren waving at him from their house and ran down to give them all a hug.

We finally reached a bit of countryside, albeit the massive acreage on the left of us had been fenced off ready for building. Quite pleasant to splosh about in the shiggy for a change, although some of the puddles still had ice on them. Hare SlowSucker caught up with me. "The next bit derived from the labyrinthine workings of Iceman's mind." He intoned in a sepulchral monotone, as is his wont. "If this doesn't get everybody thoroughly confused I'll be very surprised." He was not to be surprised. Imagine if our running course was a woollen thread. By the time we had wound our way up, down, into, out of and around the three or four fields that comprised the still untouched farmland we would have knitted a fairisle jersey, with tassels hanging from it.

We must have been called On Back about five times in order to follow correctly the Birthday Boy's byzantine Trail. Must give him credit for it. Difficult to lay (especially with an incredulous SlowSucker in tow) and even more difficult to keep switching the lost Pack back on to it. But it was quite fun and, actually, what Hashing is all about. Our friendly visitors: DotCom, Wheelspin and SugarGnats were certainly enjoying it. When we finally corkscrewed our way out of this tangled Trail, SlowSucker wandered over lugubriously to advise us that, "If I'd been Hashing today I'd have been complaining massively." How true 😊. Super fun, I thought.



The rain, which had been set to 'light spatters' in this middle part of the run, now changed to 'moderate saturation', making my eyebrows cold. I don't know if you experience this but I usually find it precedes a dull ache above the eyeballs, indicating imminent freezing of the frontal lobe. Now the frontal lobe is used for planning, decision-making and enabling us to speak fluently. I used the part that hadn't yet been frozen to perform all three functions. I *decided* to complete this flipping cold run as fast as I could. I *planned* to get a pint of beer down me as quickly as possible when I got back to the pub. I *spoke* under my breath, "B\*gger this for a game of skittles."

I managed to catch up with the FRBs by splashing across a freezing, flooded field to cut off the (as C5 said with a grin, 'unnecessary') loop which was one of many in the 'urban open areas' that had been created to cater for the environmental needs of the increasing population. A few more of these, a run past the attractive headquarters of the consortium that are building over this area (with its dry stone walling and two deer plaited out of willow unconsciously grazing on the newly laid turf) and we turned right opposite a road sign that showed Shinfield was to the left. Bit of a blow that one. But did we cavil? Not a bit of it. The frontal lobe was fairly numb by now and decision-making and stringing two words together were beyond us. We splattered on, finally finding the On Inn and spotting the pub. Thank goodness! We stripped off the cold, wet running kit, shimmied into dry clothes and repaired to the Inn to enjoy their fire, a beer and those very necessary sausages and chips.

Our thanks to the Hares for going out on such a cold day in difficult Hashing terrain to lay this Trail.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Christmas Thought for the Day



I guess there is only one thought uppermost in most people's minds at present (appropriate word!) and that is Christmas. The thought is different for different people of course. Here are a few:-

I do hope grandad doesn't fall asleep watching TV in the afternoon and his false teeth fall out again.

I hope Father Christmas brings me a Luvabella doll for Christmas.

That Luvabella doll little Chrissie wants costs 90 quid. When I was a little girl we got an orange in a sock.

Should I invite all the relatives round on Boxing day as well as Christmas Day? Think I'd rather take up self-flagellation. Come to think of it...

If Uncle Jim tells that bloody joke again that he tells every year I'll stuff the turkey and it won't be into the oven.

If Kate brings round those hyper children We may need a defensive Corgi strategy.

Christmas? Bah Humbug! Let's nuke the North Koreans.

Whatever your thoughts this Christmas I hope they are happy ones. Have a wonderful time with friends and relatives. Merry Christmas BH<sup>3</sup>!

## Down Downs

Too damn cold and soaking wet to go outside today so we cosied up in the smallest room in the pub (to the delight of three non-Hashers sitting there) and enjoyed RA Foghorn's presentations.

### Who Got It

### Why

Iceman	For generously providing today's food. Hurrah!
SugarGnat	Today's Virgin. A quite hopeless Down effort, to ragged cheering.
Motox	Awarded his 1,000 Run framed certificate and windcheater by our revered Madam President, Ms Whiplash. Well done Motox!
Zebedee	Being unable to retain the allegiance of Iceman's blow-up wife.
Rampant	... she defected to him. 😏
Iceman, SlowSucker	Today's Arctic Hares
Iceman (again!), Lemming	The birthday boys.
FlashBangWallop	He obtained a Master's degree and was best class student (so there are some clever people in BH <sup>3</sup> !)

Mr Blobby let us know that the Burghfield Santas, who lent us a Santa outfit last week and to whom we donated some money, have raised over £50,000 for the Berkshire Air Ambulance this year.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2093	31Dec17	<a href="#">SU69388</a>	<b>True Nature Barn,</b> Park Corner, Nettlebed RG9 6DX Venue signposted from B481 Nettlebed/Watlington Rd	Pyro Flo Zeb
Extra Hash	01Jan18 * 12 noon *	<a href="#">SU627621</a>	The Calleva Arms Silchester RG7 2PH	Hamlet