

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2099 11Feb18  
Venue: The Three Horseshoes  
Henley-on-Thames  
Hares: Dipstick

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

## Dressed to Thrill!



WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate TC Whinge NotInMyCar with dogs Ziggy and Pepper Desperate Shitfor Cerberus and dog Chilli Foghorn Ms Whiplash BlowJob Posh Bomber Motox Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Uplift HappyFeet DoorMatt Slapper Dumb Dumber Tequilova Messenger Boy Horny Lungs Twanky PissQuick Glittertits Cloggs NonStick AWOL RubberSole BigStiffy Hotlips DorothyFlorence Zebedee

## The Red Dress Run

So, yes, this Gobsheet is a tad late. I've been out in, out in, out in Indiah (for those Bonzo Dog fans amongst you 😊) and did take my recorder, fully intending to write it. Sadly, work got in the way. But here it is now.

Best news of the day was that BH<sup>3</sup> (despite half of the Trail being out of town) raised £271 for the charity we were supporting, [Berkshire Community Foundation Give a Child a Chance](#) and our committee has rounded this amount up to £500. Well done everyone for their support and donations. Check out the link above for information on how children are being helped.

Of course, this Hash provides a legitimate excuse for male Hashers to don scarlet female attire in a thinly disguised pretence at supporting the event while revelling in the swish of Tricel on the leg. We were surprised and a little disappointed that Iceman could not be with us. His barrage balloon bosoms have brought smiles to many faces over the years as we have raced round a variety of urban centres. However, Foghorn acted as a great stand-in on this biting cold, clear day by wearing the thinnest and shortest of sleeveless mini dresses, matched with a pair of long red socks and a Ferrari cap. Nice.



Motox sported a more gender-neutral outfit, consisting of a red jacket and Tam o'Shanter while our ladies modelled a variety of red-themed apparel, Desperate struggling in the wind somewhat with her feather boa.

The overall stunner today was AWOL who you can see in our picture. I was going to describe him but the picture does this better than I ever could. The lad does seem to have an innate sense of chic, which, along with his rubber knee, gives him a louche attractiveness matched only by, let's say, Charlize Theron in Atomic Blonde.

We were joined today by a contingent of cross-dressing friends from Didcot H<sup>3</sup> and they, like us, were very eager to be on their way as the biting breeze nipped at exposed knees and fingers. I feel sure we wouldn't have been quite so eager had we known that some of us would be running 9½ miles on this Trail...

Initially, we ran round and about the edges of hilly Henley, heading ever towards and into the market place in front of the Town Hall, delighting old and young alike. Our charity money collectors were going great guns, with Mr Blobby in particular ambushing unsuspecting locals out for a wealthy morning stroll. Problem is that, these days, not a lot of people carry spare change, or cash of any kind. We even had a couple of people asking if we had a tap and pay machine so they could use their debit cards!

As we approached Café Rouge we spotted Zebedee chatting up some poor bloke who was trying to enjoy his pavement seat coffee in peace. Zeb explained that, since it as the Café Rouge and this was The Red Dress Run, he felt it was appropriate.

We streamed across the fine old Henley Bridge, spanning the turgid waters of the Thames, and Florence came over to tell me that one of the Henley ladies had told her that, “The ladies are all right but the chaps look rather strange.” Possibly only in Henley would we ever be described as ‘chaps’! From here we headed off out into the countryside. Not ideal for collecting money for charity although we did enjoy the woods and hills and tracks and fields and more woods. After tramping our way uphill through a lengthy bit of shiggy-filled forest we came upon a wide space between two enormous pastures, with a huge farmhouse to the right. On our left stood a crowd of sheep, chewing, uttering the occasional “Meh” and regarding us phlegmatically. In the other field stood a herd of Dexters doing more or less the same (apart from the ‘Meh’ bit). You could feel their eyes on you as you stonked your way onwards towards



a sharp right turn into a snicket that was largely hidden by a big bush. As we approached it the wind, which was of course blowing directly at us, brought a nostril-wrinkling scent. What on earth was it, we wondered. Only to find out as we turned in the mud and biscuits snicket. A large midden covered the end of the field next to the snicket whereon lay or stood several large, black cows, revelling in the heat

of the steaming ordure. I’ve heard of the saying ‘as happy as a pig in sh\*t’ but I never knew it applied equally to groups of bovines with coprophiliac tendencies. Perhaps they just like playing Poo Sticks? We slogged onwards as fast as we possibly could.

A longish way off from here was The Flower Pot pub, where Dipstick dropped in for a pint while we swirled around in the wind, trying to find the Trail. Which, of course, backtracked before leading us along the edge of the Thames to Hambledon Weir and Lock. Now Dipstick had had a crafty plan, which was for us to get the bus back to Henley. Nice idea but the next bus didn’t arrive for half an hour and we were beginning to freeze. “There’s a nice run of about a mile to the earlier bus stop.” He wheedled in that wavering castrato voice of his. Some did it and others, like NonStick, BlowJob and RadioGaga decided to run back via the towpath. As did I. Probably a bit of a silly move. What with the cold wind blowing directly into our faces across the wide river and the signpost where we started that read 2½ miles to Henley! It sure felt like it. I was on my own part of the way, wearing a glittery pink/red mini-dress. Which certainly raised a few eyebrows and one delightful lady complimented me with, “You look great!” And from a gentleman, “Nice!” Towards the end there was a group of us made up of Cloggs, RadioGaga, BlowJob and NonStick. Safety in numbers, we figured. As we reached the car park it was sleeting. Lovely. At least the pub was nice and warm and we could watch the later sleet storm in relative comfort.

Some hard work put in by Dipstick and the bus idea was a good one. Would have been a lot nicer in summer though...

On On. **Hashgate.**



*Foghorn seeks rough trade in Henley.*

## Thought for the Day

Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

I am very lucky to have a beautiful little granddaughter. 10 months old, cute and bright as a button. When I saw her a couple of weeks ago she was semi-crawling. Mainly to get across the lounge floor to Pilchard, my daughter's long-suffering pussycat. The style was quite commando-like; using her elbows to drag herself along while her feet kicked like she was swimming the Crawl.

Things have progressed since I got back from India. My daughter sent a short phone video of little one, who has now learnt, almost, to stand up. Wearing bright clothes and with a lot of cheerful, unintelligible squealing she bounces up and down, barely progressing but enjoying every moment. It's great fun to do and great fun to watch.

Hmm. Remind you of anything? 😊

## Down Downs

Once again, our kind RA, Foghorn, awarded the Down Downs inside the pub. Just as well. This was when the sleet storm started.

### Who Got It

### Why

Desperate Mr Blobby	Her birthday. A happy one to her. Sneaking in front of AWOL (who had stopped a chap in a car) and stealing the charity donation from under his nose.
Slapper	Foghorn couldn't figure out why he should get a Down Down but gave him one anyway.
AWOL Foghorn	Today's best-dressed lady... Mr Blobby presented because Foggy had tried to take a photo of people on the bus and backed his a*se into the button to stop the bus. Nice one.
Dipstick	Today's Red Dress Hare.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2101	25Feb18	<a href="#">SU509731</a>	<b>The Fox,</b> Hermitage RG18 9RB	Dipstick
2102	04Mar18	<a href="#">SU647814</a>	<b>The Black Lion,</b> Greenmore, Woodcote RG8 0RB Sizzling sausages!	Spot