

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

## The BH<sup>3</sup> Ruby Anniversary Hash and Celebration

So before we get into tonight's Trail let's talk about the excellently organised event on Saturday to celebrate 40 years (!), yes, **40 years** of Berkshire Hash House Harriers. Didcot Hash joined us at Nettlebed Village Club for a run amongst lush, delightful, green countryside with an excellent Trail laid by Florence, Pyro (with dog Whisper, of course) and Zebedee.

It was great to see again Effin, a founder member who joined the galaxy of Hashing stars below.

Aqua	Melanie Christie	Donut	Penny Pitstop	Hashgate	Slippery
Big Stiffy (DH3)	Messenger Boy	Doormat	Prof Peach (DH3)	Haven't a Clue (DH3)	Slowsucker
Blind Pugh	Miss Whiplash	Duncan Christie	Pyro	Horny	Snowy
Bomber	Motox	Dunny	Rampant	Hot Lips (DH3)	Spex
C4	Mr Blobby	Flo	Randy Mandy	Hutch (DH3)	Splash
C5	Mr Blobby	Foggy	Rubber Sole (DH3)	Iceman	Spot
Call Girl	Mr Horny	GnomeAlone (DH3)	Scrumptious (DH3)	JJ	Stinking Bishop
Cheap Date (DH3)	Nappy Rash	Gromit	Sharon	Lotus	Swallow
Cloggs	No Sole	Hamlet	Skinny Dipper	Loud'n'Tasteless	ToppelOff
Dipstick	Non Stick	Happy Feet	Slapper	Lungs	Uplift
				Waverider	Zebedee

Half way round the Trail, in a sticky, grassy field surrounded by sweeping hills and trees we reached a Regroup and a very welcome tot of ruby port. The FRB's needed this alcoholic rush in order to run all the way up one of the sweeping hills as we On-Outed again. Oxygen and heart massage were supplied for those who needed it. Many more needed it in the Village Club hall later, during the barn dancing but more of that later.

The large hall had been decked out superbly with fairy lights and strings of clever sheep-like paper cut-outs (BH<sup>3</sup> Committee Members were black sheep with white faces, all other Hashers were white sheep with black faces) which had been created by Uplift and Splash. They had also created a superb Facebook Foto Booth, where people could dress up, wear silly hats and have their picture taken. What great ideas!



After a delicious meal (Texan pork stew, chicken cacciatore or vegetarian chilli followed by profiteroles, white chocolate cheese cake or fruit salad) we attempted to lean over our enormous stomachs to pull on our dancing boots. The was, after all, a barn dance and the band, Hullabaloo, were ready to strike up a reel or two. Now, of course, most of our ladies were keen to give it a bash. But many of the chaps had to be prised off their seats with crowbars. All but one, BlindPew, who steadfastly refused to move (he told us on Monday he's, "an athlete, not a dancer.") His loss. After a bit of instruction from the caller (a feisty lady, dressed in a long, multi-coloured shirt who occasionally forgot to tell the band what they were supposed to be playing 😊) we were off, many of us remembering country dancing at school many, many years ago. Luckily, there were breaks between the dances so those who had whirled and pranced too feverishly could have a sit down and fan themselves.

It was during one of these breaks that there were some Down Downs and some fine words about our Ruby anniversary by our President, Ms Whiplash. She also read out a letter from founder member Madam Butterfly, regretting that neither she nor husband and also founder member Max were unable to be there. This received a friendly round of applause – we like Max and Butterfly very much.

My abiding memory of the evening was watching Messenger Boy during a 'Strip The Willow' session. If you'd like to see how to do this dance check out <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vboU2A59POs>. It can be a mite complicated, especially if it goes wrong. Poor MB was swung around and around with a

completely bemused expression on his face and no idea which hand to put out. I'll put this down to a hard run and a touch too much beer. Mind you, he wasn't the only person (male or female) who went wrong. But that was half the fun; especially if it was you who messed it up!

A superb afternoon and evening and great to be joined by our friends from DH<sup>3</sup>. Many thanks to the organisers and everyone who helped to make this a joyous celebration.

## Happy 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary BH<sup>3</sup>!

Run Number: 2110 30Apr18

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

Venue: The Greyhound  
Tidmarsh

Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: Slapper, Dumber

### Greyhounds and Mongrels

Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Donut Hashgate NoSole Twanky Dunny Rampant Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spex LoudonTasteless RandyMandy BlindPew Foghorn Dumb ChocChuck NoStyle C5 AWOL Motox CabinBuoy SkinnyDipper DrPooh MessengerBoy Swallow SlowSucker Rob Florence Zebedee

### The Hash

Just opposite the well-manicured outside of the pub was a grassy recreation ground. Similarly cared for and with a slide, climbing frame and large swing that could hold two people. It did tonight. RandyMandy and Spot swung lazily to and fro, feet hanging over the end of the reclining pendulum. It looked deliciously pleasant, despite the cool twang in the air. I think they were rather disappointed when the Pack streamed into the rec via the wooden gate to start the Trail. Hare Slapper informed us that there was only one way out of the field so we should "Check it out!" How he must have laughed when Hashers such as Mr Blobby, Dunny, Zebedee, AWOL, Motox and Spot streamed off across the field in search of flour. There was, of course, only one way out... which was also the way in. Duh!

After the initial run up the steepish hill, across the top, then down the other side and back across the road, we headed for the stream and bluebells. Slapper had promised us that there would be a large flour 'B' and an arrow to show these prettiest of flowers and he had told the truth... almost. A very large



'B' and arrow pointed at a single, coy bluebell by the stream. To Slapper's horror, Zebedee made as if to pick it. Tee hee. A much larger tract of woods and bluebells awaited us in Moor Copse nature reserve (see <http://www.moorcopse.org.uk/>). Swathes of misty blue silently carpeted the woods and made us realise how lucky we were to be out enjoying this.

A fairly long old trot to Sulham woods lay in wait for us; or rather, those who chose not to take the minor short cut. There was a large splash of flour over by the steep upwards slope and it looked as though one of our Hares had fallen over at this point. We imagined it. We chortled. We tried not to trip over any roots and repeat the cabaret act. Everyone had to stagger all the way up the hill through the woods, snorting at the top like an old warthog with obesity issues. While waiting for one's heartbeat to drop below 200 along with Donut and NoStyle, they noticed a most curiously shaped Scots Pine tree. The central trunk grew straight up to about 12 feet, then bifurcated. From our perspective it looked like a woody brandy glass shape. Most curious and well worthy of a look (not the least because it allowed us to get our breath back).



After a run across heathland (and a Bar Check!) we fetched up next to a car park in the woods that is a well-known dogging location. Not well-known to me, I hasten to add, probably because I don't have a dog. There seemed to be a couple of gentlemen sitting quietly in their cars. Presumably enjoying the night air. Although they drove off when we all arrived.

After some later extensive running through cow fields I found myself with SkinnyDipper when we were caught up by Slapper. Since we had just seen a bunny, Skinny asked the question, "Why are they called bunnies?" Fair question, I thought, not knowing the answer. Slapper didn't know the answer either so decided on obfuscation. "Why is anything called anything?" He asked in return. "Why, for example does my mother call handkerchiefs 'Wankie Woos'?" There

was really no answer to that question so Skinny and I merely carried on, reflecting on the curiosities of life and feeling glad the we don't have mothers with the same quixotic turn of phrase. Fortunately, the On Inn appeared and we scurried over to the pub, a change of clothes and a welcome pint of London Pride.

Our thanks to the Hares for a well-laid Trail through a variety of countryside. And the bluebells were beautiful. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

## BH<sup>3</sup> Hash Blog

One of the things about Saturday night and the barn dancing was the sheer volume of laughter. People were tying themselves in knots trying to 'thread the needle', being bumped into by others who thought they knew what they were doing, swinging gormlessly round left when it should have been right. It was great!

During one of the dances the men passed through arches made by two ladies touching hands and when the caller blew her whistle the ladies brought their arms down, trapping a gent. Occasionally, two gents were caught or the ladies missed altogether if one ran through a bit quickly. Whatever happened, it was huge fun and many of us haven't laughed so much in ages.

Simple and highly therapeutic pleasure – rather like Hashing generally. 😊

## Down Downs

RA Foghorn presented the following in the pub. Not sure what the well-heeled locals thought of our singing...

### Who Got It

SlowSucker  
RandyMandy, Spot  
C5  
BlindPew  
Mr Blobby  
Slapper, Dumber

### Why

His 500 runs. Pity Foghorn came by bike when the award was in his car.  
Tonight's swingers.  
Apparently checking his tackle, out on the Trail!  
Not dancing at the Ruby Anniversary on Saturday night.  
The La Pecarina apron was presented by Dumber to Mr Blobby for pretending to be a sheep...  
Today's Hares.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2112	14May18 * 19:30 *	<a href="#">SU708818</a>	<b>The Red Lion</b> Colliers Lane Peppard Common RG9 5LB	Spot
2113	21May18	TBA	TBA	TBA