

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2133 07Oct18
Venue: The Black Horse, Checkenden
Hares: HotLips, BigStiffy

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Runners and Riders



Iceman Donut Hashgate Sue BGB Foghorn SkinnyDipper Spot MessengerBoy Dumb Dumber NoWaiting WaveRider NappyRash Desperate Shifter Dunny Rampant PissQuick Glittertits Lungs NoSole Slapper Twanky Tequilova ToppleOva NonStick Lonely Motox PennyPitstop Cerberus BillyBullshit HappyFeet DoorMatt Florence Zebedee Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Julia RandyMandy and grandson Morgan Sheila Pyro and dog Whisper Rebecca Justin and many of our friends from Didcot H³.

Horsing About

The sun beamed down from a cloudless sky, the air was fresh and invigorating. BH³ and DH³, along with an assortment of dogs and small children mingled and chatted outside the old-fashioned and attractive frontage of The Black Horse.

BH³ has Didcot to thank for laying the Trail this morning. Unusually, there was no-one from BH³ able to lay it. And bear in mind that, when HotLips and BigStiffy laid it on Saturday the rain was cascading down and the day was very cold. We thank you both.

At the Circle our revered GM, SkinnyDipper, advised us that this was our 2,133rd Hash. Viewing the, um, more mature members of the Hash with a wry smile she also told us that Saturday had been Grandparents Day (yet another American invention; presumably to stimulate the greetings card industry. Every day is a *something* day in America). When she asked our Hares what the DH³ run number was she was met by a mumbled and slightly embarrassed, "Um. It's thirteen hundred and something or other...". Mind you, if anyone asked most of us what number Hash we were on I doubt we'd know either.

As soon as I arrived, Foghorn sped over to me, device in hand. This would ordinarily have had me ascending the nearest tree in haste. However, the device mentioned was his iPad. He was following up on some advice I had given him about scrolling in the Gobsheet page on the new BH³ website. I'm assuming that you are reading this on said website (<https://www.berkshirehash.co.uk/>) and I hope you like it as much as the Committee does. We have the webmastering skills of our very own Iceman to thank for this. He alone has created a highly attractive, simple to navigate and user-friendly site. We owe him a big thank you.



We On Outed, with quite a number of us walking – which explains why there is not much information about the runners in this Gobsheet. Apologies. In the public interest your reporter asked some of the walkers what injuries they were purporting to be suffering from. DoorMatt told me that he has had to give up running since, "Both knees are knackered." It's a known fact that human knees are prone to wearing out, due to their internal complexity and soft tissue. Perhaps if we had backward knees like goats we might be better off. Seems to suit them when climbing about on inaccessible (to humans) mountain ledges. Mind you, having your knees on backwards in tight jeans would look more than a bit strange and I can't see the attraction of this on size one models strutting down the catwalk (goatwalk as it would be known). Lonely told me that he was, "Growing old gracefully." I would have thought that growing old dis-gracefully was more his forte... My own was a sore Achilles. Lord knows why. I found out from Zebedee that, despite the fact that he was running today, he has b*ggered his cartilage in one knee and, though he can run, he can't get up stairs very easily!



Our Trail started with a fair bit of tarmac and BGB and Motox were heard to be rather grumpy about the hard surface. There was a point to it though. We all Regrouped early by the Maharajah's Well in

Nettlebed for a review of its history and a photocall of the whole group by BigStiffy. If you'd like to know about the fascinating history of the well check out [here](#).

Around here Florence asked me why I was wearing jeans on the Hash and I replied that I was merely keeping up the sartorial standards of BH³. "Hmm. Not working, is it?" She mused, waspishly.

Now there was problem with this Trail which was that the heavy rain on Saturday had washed out a fair bit of the flour. Which meant that a number of people got lost in various parts of it. I, for example, was most surprised, while stonking along towards the end of the Trail, rapidly and on my own, to be caught up by Zebedee, Desperate, Dummer and Mr Blobby. How dey do dat? Came to my mind as they puffed past. It turned out that they had lost their way and done an additional mile or so, before finding the Trail again. They then managed to get lost again, due to lack of flour. But this was a shorter detour and backtrack and I was able to watch them to figure out where I should go.



I might add that DH³ have some innovative Trail ideas. Such as the FRBs can only continue from a Check after six Hashers have arrived. And the neat idea of laying a number on the ground. Let's say this is a '3'. It means that the first three Hashers to arrive at this point have to run to the rear of the Pack. Similar to our Fishooks. A useful idea that keeps the Pack more together and provides the FRBs with that necessary additional training. However, I had to ask for the advice of BigStiffy, who was following me some metres behind, when I came across a flour mark that appeared to be a cross with a straight line drawn between two points of the cross on the left-hand side. Confused? I certainly was. BigStiffy confirmed that a) it was a 4 with the horizontal line extended, and b) he had warned HotLips that no-one would figure out what it was but she, being an accountant, had insisted it was perfectly ok. ☺

Despite an almost complete lack of flour towards the end of the Trail I managed to find my way back to the pub. Followed rather later by Cerberus and Shitfer who had gone horribly wrong at some point and were not entirely at ease with life. Mrs Blobby, PennyPitstop, NoSole, PissQuick, Toppleova and Dumb finally appeared, looking quite relieved that they had managed to return at 12:55, having been out on the 'Trail' for almost 2 hours. So, a good old walk then!

Again, our thanks to the Hares. This is some of the most beautiful countryside and we are privileged to run, or walk, around it.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

It's a certain Hasher's (Nappyrash) big six oh! birthday very shortly. We, of course, wish him a very happy day, with many returns. It comes as quite a surprise when one reaches this almost watershed age, even though sixty is very definitely the new forty. Not for most people the pipe and slippers. Most sixty-year olds are bouncing about and highly active. I remember (just...) when I was much younger that sixty seemed to be well past it and that all that was left was lumbago and a lot of wrinkles. Well it isn't!

There have been a number of philosophers and thinkers who have said that combining the vitality of youth with the wisdom and experience of old age would be a massive advantage if it were at all possible. Well I think most sixty-year olds have likely (nearly) achieved this state of physical and mental nirvana. Just look at our more mature BH³ Hashers – they lead full lives, enjoy some pretty serious (but fun!) physical exercise and love using their experience and knowledge for the benefit of themselves and others.

In addition to all this, most still feel like they are still in their 20's or 30's, even though the occasional afternoon nap may be enjoyed...

So very Happy Birthday to you, NappyRash. Welcome to the club. We hope you enjoy it as much as we do.¹

¹ For our younger members, NappyRash is the old bloke who comes along with his carer, WaveRider ☺

Down Downs

My grateful thanks to BH³'s Committee Secretary, Tequilova, who compiled the below when your reporter had to rush off for a family event before the Down Downs had started.

Zorro, Didcot GM, said there were no punishments for Didcot. Noted that Berkshire looked a bit defeated returning to the pub after doing their own thing on the trail.

Rampant, Spot - Mishap on the trail; running, not finding any flour and did not seem to care.

Foggy - interfering with a horse. Two other hashers had to rescue the horse when Foggy was at the rear end of the horse - he was checking for the trail.

Motox - (presented by Foggy) the forgetful one - bought a new care and forgot to get insurance

Birthdays - No Sole, Penny Pit Stop and Dummer.

Shitfer and Cerebus - went wrong together

Shitfer - presented by Waverider; a sin from last week - she was walking and so was Shitfer because his back was sore. When found out that walkers were not passing the beer stop he was cured and ran off (Waverider poured beer into his mouth while he was sitting)

Cerebus received the apron for looking like a little girl following her Dad (Motox); she nominated Shitfer to take her Down Down which he happily did until Desperate volunteered to pour it into his mouth.

Comet, Uranus (Didcot) 1/2 hour late

Hares received their Down Downs as well as Didcot GM.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2135	21Oct18	SU715761	Nappyrash's BIG birthday Hash The Gardeners Arms, Surley Row, Caversham RG4 8NA	NappyRash WaveRider
2136	28Oct18	SU668743	The Butchers Arms, TilehurstRG31 6HH Hot soup after the hash	Lungs Dumber