

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2142 09Dec18

Venue: The Royal Oak, Knowle Hill

Hares: SlowSucker, SkinnyDipper,  
Foghorn, Swallow looked after the  
Walkers

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

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## Hearts of Oak



TC Whinge Donut Hashgate NappyRash Desperate Shitfor Cerberus and Chilli the dog BillyBullshit Spot FlashBangWallop Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Cloggs NonStick Spex LoudonTasteless Slapper Motox Mr Blobby Dunny Rampant Dumber Iceman CouchPotato Randy Mandy Sharon Caroline Lonely HappyFeet DoorMatt Florence Zebedee and later WaveRider with granddaughter MiniDiver OldFart Dipstick

## That Blasted Hill Again!

**F**irstly, I'd like to mention one of BH<sup>3</sup>'s grandees; Old Fart. He's been through a difficult time, medically, in the last two months and it was great to see and chat to him at the pub after the Trail. We are all looking forward to when you can join us on a Trail again soon, Jim... as long as you don't wear those awful deckchair-striped running tights. Our best wishes to you and to 'er indoors. Look after yourself. ☺

So, a bright, sharp, cold day this morning. Which is no doubt why Swallow brought some hot coffee for Hare SlowSucker after his morning Trail-laying. He, Foghorn, Dumber and Iceman were chatting away about, presumably, highly important topics while FlashBangWallop (living up to his name) took pictures of the surrounding countryside, the pub, his bike tyre, a long-dead ptarmigan, the car park tarmac and a couple of shots up his nostrils... his camera's on a hair trigger. CouchPotato took the opportunity to inspect Spot's new car with him. Pointing out, no doubt, that the tyres should be inflated to *n* PSI, the oil level should be inspected rigorously every week, there's a dead mouse in your nearside front light etc etc. Dunny shimmered out of her and Rampant's car wearing an outfit that would have matched a My Little Pony. Boy, does she like mauvey pink. The most riotous arrival was the car containing driver Cerberus, NappyRash, Desperate and Shitfor. Shitfor had tried to keep secret the fact that he'd lost/mislaid his car key but the others were having none of it and gleefully mentioned it to Whinge and TC as they parked beside them. It was interesting to note that Shitfor was wearing 'car key' shorts. ☺ The poor chap was in for an awful lot of 'key' jokes this morning and was awarded a Down Down later for his 'senior moment'.



It's fascinating watching everyone when you arrive early. Give it a try. You'll enjoy it!

SkinnyDipper, our revered GM, called us to The Circle, introduced virgin Caroline, announced that today was National Pastry Day (got to wonder why) and handed over to our Hares, who got us on our way. Not for nothing is this area known as Knowl Hill. Though there isn't just one. The whole area is hilly and we knew that there was that damn great big one over the A4 that is almost *de rigueur* when a Trail is laid in this area. With a mounting (appropriate word) sense of foreboding, we scrabbled up the first wooded hill by the pub. I found myself with Lonely, who asked me if I had trouble keeping up with a younger woman. Since my delightful wife, Donut, was some way in front of us I answered that, yes, I obviously did.

Over the A4 we went. Safely as it turned out since drivers on both sides of the road slowed down for us. You could tell it was a Sunday. Try that on a Monday morning and you're just another road kill, lying in the gutter with that week-dead badger that had slipped out for a swift pie and pint in the New Inn and

found itself briefly and terminally on the front grill of a Volkswagen Touran, peopled by a yummy Mummy intent on updating her Facebook profile.

Going up Warren Row road is a bit of a killer. Now I know how Sherpa Tenzing felt, 10 yards from the summit in a monumental gale with Edmund Hillary peeling up his ear muff and shouting, "Nip down to Base Camp and bring up another oxygen canister sharpish, would you? I'm feeling a bit peaky."

At the top we found the first of the Hares' sneaky Falses and peeled off over a blasted heath. Or so it felt like, with the wind blowing chilly gusts up the legs of anyone silly enough to wear shorts. Ok. Yes, I was one. Iceman pointed out that there was a tall crane yonder, in the middle of a thickly forested area. We wondered why. Just before SlowSucker suckered (geddit!) Dunny, Rampant and a couple of us up a hill that was a False Trail, while the rest of the Pack skittered off along the sheep-filled field to the style at the bottom. He was, he said being 'coquettish'. Now my dictionary described that word as 'behaving in such a way as to suggest a playful sexual attraction; flirtatious'. So, not a description most of us would apply to SlowSucker under any circumstances.

There were a variety of mis-directions, Falses, Bars and other floury ploys in the numerous forested areas through which we wandered. All good Trail-laying, of course, and the Pack stayed mainly together though I lost sight of Mr Blobby and Dumber on a couple of occasions as they hastened on towards horizon-distant F's.

Running behind Desperate, I congratulated her on a beautifully executed fallen log jump. A sleek thoroughbred mare flying over the obstacle. She told TC and me that she had been pony-training and showed her prowess by taking off and tucking her light running jacket into the back of her trousers like a tail, while cantering about and doing a bit of whinnying. Now there are certain people, both male and female, who indulge in the arcane practise of 'pony-training'. I'll leave you to check out the websites. Personally, I'll stick with Hashing. Even though we do get the bit between our teeth occasionally there's very little carrot and (erm) stick. Something I'd say neigh to every time.

A long, mud-slippery, leaf-covered downhill track led to the Regroup, where we regained our breath before starting off again and met the Walkers: Whinge, Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, BillyBullshit *et al* going along a narrow alley... in the opposite direction! Confusing or what! Both to them and to us! A long and winding run fetched us to the Long and Short split, where SlowSucker said he would let the FRB's and fit people 'stretch their legs'. Since he'd laid the loop already this morning, we certainly couldn't blame him. We tottered up a well-mown, grassy hill that ran between two huge paddocks, belonging to the nearby stud. As ever, we observed (having been this way a number of times before) there wasn't a horse in sight... apart from one lying down in another huge paddock way behind us. Perhaps they're all so exclusive and expensive that they get one each, only to be used on alternate Tuesdays. After quite a long way we found ourselves running, well, panting, up to The Dewdrop Inn, a pub we know well and which we also know is 'quite a long way' from The Royal Oak. And only **after** going up and over that bloody great big hill that I mentioned earlier. A group of happy-looking people were just about to enter the pub and they turned to smile at us. I pointed at the pub and gasped, "**Much** better idea!" They agreed with a laugh, but one also said she admired all the physical exercise that we were doing. Nice to have our efforts appreciated... especially by an attractive lady. ☺

After this we dragged our weary carcasses all the way up the steep, forested hill. Only to find a \*!&%ing Bar-2 at the top of it. Slapper, Florence and NonStick just carried on, while Spex and I staggered back down again to follow Hare Foghorn who tripped lightly through the shaggy, long grass, gorse and fallen trees like some bearded faun. If only we'd brought some Pan Pipes. The Trail led around the middle of the main hill, then went back up and over it! Quite how Spex and I, now well apart from everyone else, managed it without the assistance of the Air Ambulance I shall never know. But, luckily, we did and joined Foggy and SlowSucker for the last ½ mile of gorgeous views over the pock-marked, downhill fields that led towards the pub, beer and well-deserved Hash Chips.

Many thanks to our hard-working Hares. This area is a delight to run around... and over.

On On. **Hashgate**.



Desperate's (or is it Dunny's?) alter equine.

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

Scrabble. You either love playing it or hate it. A highly frustrating game for those of us who snort at the use of arcane two-letter words such as 'aa' (a dry form of lava, similar to clinkers), 'qi' (the Chinese form of life energy) and 'pe' (the 17<sup>th</sup> letter of the Hebrew alphabet). Unfortunately for a lexical sesquipedalian like me, such condensed wordplay is anathema. Which generally results in lost opportunities and points and snorts of derision from Donut and her friend Marian, who are arch exponents of these contractions. They even speak in a shortened form while playing. "Can I play this?" May result in a "No." Or "Hm." Occasionally, a supercilious (and entirely warranted) "Ha!"



Scrabble was invented, during the American Depression in the 30's, by out-of-work architect Alfred Mosher Butts. Since then, the game has been translated into 22 languages, more than 150 million games have been sold in 121 countries and an artist created a picture of Prince Charles, for his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, comprised entirely of Scrabble tiles.

Scrabble may not be as physically demanding as Hashing but is certainly more mentally challenging. Apparently, the longest word that can be played, over several turns, is ethylenediaminetetraacetates. In case you didn't know, it is something that is widely used to dissolve limescale.

So try and get that one the next time you play. Your playing partners might exclaim "Oh"<sup>1</sup>, "Fy"<sup>2</sup> or "Ob"<sup>3</sup>. Enjoy! (15 points)

## Down Downs

Motox, our highly professional RA, awarded the following. We wondered why SkinnyDipper was attending the awards with her trousers on back-to-front...

### Who Got It

Dipstick  
Ms Whiplash  
FlashBangWallop  
SkinnyDipper  
Slapper  
RandyMandy  
Shitfor  
SlowSucker,  
SkinnyDipper, Foghorn

### Why

Turning up at the Christmas Party venue today instead of next week.  
Doh!  
She wants to be a virgin again since Virgin Caroline had already left.  
For showing his builder's bottom during the Hash.  
For admiring it!  
Indicating a False Trail to the FRB's when it was actually a Check.  
Calling 'On On' on a False Trail. Naughty.  
Misplacing his car keys. Tee hee.  
Today's Hares

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2144	23Dec18	<a href="#">SU734677</a>	<b>The Bell &amp; Bottle</b> School Green, Shinfield, Reading RG2 9EE	Iceman
2145	30Dec18	<a href="#">SU710807</a>	The Butchers Arms, Sonning Common RG4 9RS	Pyro and Whisper

<sup>1</sup> Oh – an expression of surprise

<sup>2</sup> Fy – an expression of disapproval

<sup>3</sup> Ob – an objection