

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2145 30Dec18
Venue: The Butchers Arms
Sonning Common

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

Hares: Pyro and Whisper the dog.
And Spot who, despite his name,
is not a dog.

Joint Hashers



SlowSucker Iceman Donut Hashgate BlindPew Caboose Florence Zebedee Cloggs NonStick PennyPitstop Desperate Shitfer WaveRider NappyRash TC Whinge Ms Whiplash Dumb Dumber Lilo and Minx the dog TinOpener SkinnyDipper Foghorn Motox BGB Dunny Rampant Posh Bomber HappyFeet DoorMatt BillyBullshit Tequilova Toppleova Rob Naomi Cheryl Lungs Adam LemonySnicket (from Didcot H³, along with a few others)

The Last Hash of the Year

On this damp, cold morning our cars huddled closely together at one end of the car park. Our Hares were making sure there was enough room for the pub regulars to park when the pub opened. This was appreciated by the friendly landlord, who came over and had a chat before, as he put it, scuttling in out of the cold to start a nice warm fire. Sensible chap. Luckily, our GM, SkinnyDipper, didn't keep us waiting around for too long. She merely informed us that we should be glad that it wasn't 2011 and that we weren't in Samoa. There were a few head-scratchings and puzzled looks while we tried to figure this out. It seems that at the end of the day on the 29th December 2011, Samoa skipped a day and went directly to the 31st. Apparently, this was designed to improve business with places in Australasia. We sure learn stuff on the Hash. Hare Pyro gave us some brief health and safety information related to the Trail which we promptly forgot and we were off.

Due to a spot of lurghi today, both Donut and I were walking rather than running, so I apologise in advance for the lack of material regarding those who were not suffering from debilitating illnesses. There were three Trails today: a walker's Trail, 4½ miles and 6 miles. At least, we thought, we can't get lost today – we live about 5 minutes away. So Donut and I, along with Whinge, Cheryl, Lungs, DoorMatt, Naomi and a few others, thought we would walk the 4½ mile Runner's Trail. It didn't quite work out like that since we ended up doing the 6 miles. Mind you, it was surprising how often we caught up with the Pack, who were obviously being led a merry dance by our Hares.

Early on, BGB lumbered past and observed that he must be running better and better since he was passing all the people who normally run. Cheeky bugger! We wound our way around the roads and alleyways until Spot pointed Whinge, Naomi and me on to the right Trail, while the runners shot off on a False. Somehow, Whinge and I found ourselves in the FRB position at a cricket ground. From a Check, he went right along the edge of the field and I went left, finding the Trail... but also finding that it led back to where Whinge had arrived on the other side of the field! There was, of course, no sympathy.

Curious what you see while Hashing. In the front garden of a house by Peppard Common stood a large black, white and red, blotchy cow. Not a real one, but some kind of sculpture. Quite why you'd want such a monstrosity blocking the light to your front window I couldn't say. Perhaps it was a memorial to the owner's favourite bovine.

It all got a but squirrely here. We had runners, led by BlindPew, coming back along the track we walkers were going along. Some others came towards us from a side path. SlowSucker, having led the second group, was in surprisingly good spirits, chatted amiably, then raced off after the Pack with Dunny and Rampant, which had gone off ahead of us. As I continued along the shiggy-filled track I felt the earth begin to shake. Fortunately, it was only Shitfer who had also gone awry and was



A bit like this, but with hooves.

trying to catch up. His attire was quite interesting – T-shirt and shorts and the La Pecarina apron. Perfect, no doubt, for the clammy day. It was quite fascinating to watch his walking style (he too is unable to run at present). His cannonball-like calves worked overtime to propel his body forward. His hips splayed sideways with each massive stride and his large hands flapped down by his sides; rather like he was dog-paddling. Seemed to work well though – his progress was rapid and he soon disappeared from sight.

Iceman, Zebedee and HappyFeet suddenly appeared behind us as we reached the split between 6 and 4½ miles. Lord knows where they'd been. It seemed to me that the Hares had laid a superb Trail, given the confusion of the FRBs. This point was where we made the silly decision to walk the full 6 miles. No idea why. Off we trudged.

From here I kept **nearly** catching up with the Pack. Just as I would see them milling about in the forest they would finally work out the Trail and be off again. Certainly kept me moving forward at pace. No wonder I could hardly breathe and was soaking wet from the effort. Still, no doubt it helped to get rid of the cold. 😊 A lot of up and downhill yomping later and the On Inn came in sight. Couldn't have been too soon and I gratefully staggered into the car park, then into the lovely warm pub for some delicious Young's Special. Sorted.

An excellent Trail round some of the best local countryside. Our thanks to Pyro, Whisper and Spot.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Our inestimable RA, Motox, awarded the following, with panache and a stylish delivery.

Who Got It

Why

Rampant	Apparently the new fell running champion. He got to touch and sniff the BH ³ cup he was awarded but was not allowed to take it away with him.
Adam	Who came all the way from West Africa to Hash with us!
Lungs	Her birthday! Happy one to her.
Ms Whiplash	Leading the walkers... mainly down people's drives. Then she ran off with the map!
Cloggs	Mucked up a fence somehow or other.
Rob	He kicked the RA's ball. Naughty boy.
Foghorn	Leading the runners the wrong way round the Trail.
Desperate	Awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron for giving Shitfer a lot of stick during the Hash. She also gives him a lot of stick at home.
Pyro, Spot	Today's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2147	13Jan19	SU739678	Magpie & Parrot Arborfield Road, Shinfield RG2 9EA	Twanky, Blowjob & Messenger Boy
2148	20Jan19	SU534855	The Blueberry London Road Blewbury OX11 9NU	Miss Whiplash & Penny Pitstop

New Year 2019



Wow! What happened to 2018? It hardly seems a week ago since we were all overheating in the sunshine, wearing waistcoats and cheering England on in the World Cup. And it is a year since we were entertained by Pyro at her True Nature Barn Hash in Nettlebed!

To celebrate New Years Day, Dumb and Dumber organised a most enjoyable Hash round The Warren area in Caversham, ending up in the Wychotes Waterside Activity Centre where we enjoyed soup and chilli, bread and cheese, biscuits and hot drinks.

The food, drink and especially chairs were particularly enjoyed by WaveRider and NappyRash who had done the Dinton and Woodley Park Runs **before** coming to run on the Hash. One has to wonder why... 😊

To remember our 2018 year of Hashing I thought some extracts from each month's Gobsheets might be fun. So here goes...

January - 28th The Cinnamon Tree, Mortimer with Hare Dr Pooh

Our first Regroup appeared and OldFart, sighting the chest-heaving group kindly advised me, "Ah. The Regroup. I'm off to have a p*ss." Perhaps not the most gentlemanly or, indeed, uplifting pieces of information. But certainly very true. While chatting at the gathering Shitfer sidled up to me. Apparently, he had been talking with C5 who had told him that he had bought a new and very smart TV. Shitfer advised him that, since it was so smart, it would be a good idea if C4 got rid of C5 and kept the TV. Harsh, perhaps, but fair.



February - 11th The Three Horseshoes, Henley-on-Thames Red Dress Run with Dipstick

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.



March - 25th The Gardiner's Arms, Caversham with WaveRider and NappyRash

Our Hares today, WaveRider and NappyRash, have been married for 34 years and 1 day. So what better way to celebrate romantically than to lay a Trail together? Something to share and to remember. Luckily for both there is no 34th anniversary gift so exchanging a bag of flour each

was more than enough. One can imagine the scene early on Sunday morning as NappyRash brings the tea (in the special occasion china cups that rattle on their saucers) into the bedroom. "A little something for you m'dear." One hand in his smoking jacket pocket (with the thumb out) he proffers the packet with a smile on his lips and a casually arched, suave, eyebrow. "Oh! McDougalls Premium Supreme Sponge Self-Raising." Gushes WaveRider, her cheeks almost as pink as her frou frou nylon nightie. "You shouldn't have. And here – I've a little something for you." She reaches under her Egyptian long staple pillow case (with the satin edging) and shyly brings forth her own packet. NappyRash reaches out to take it. "Gosh. It's... It's... Shipton Mill Organic White." He gasps, sitting down on the bed. Their eyes meet. A nightingale sings its liquid song outside the window. "Happy Anniversary darling." They breathe together. Their lips drew closer. The organ swelled... and there we have to leave it or we won't have time to report on the Hash.

April - 16th The Pelican, Pamber Heath with Mr Blobby and C5

Both our Hares tonight were suffering from the lurchi. C5 advised me that he had felt like a microwaved cadaver on Saturday and was just about recovering. Just as well, since he was off to Dubai the next day. Barotrauma (otherwise known as 'airplane ear') is no fun. Been there. Don't want to go back again.



The Hares view the Scribe with deep suspicion before reading the Gobsheet.

Mr Blobby, largely irrepressible though he is usually, looked like he'd been washed on a fast spin cycle and hung out in a stiff breeze to flap limply on the rotary dryer. After which a strong-armed maid had given him six of the best with a carpet-beater. How either of them had gone out and laid the (surely longer than the 5½ miles they said) Trail, then gone out again with us, I don't know. Tough chaps, obviously.

May - 14th The Red Lion, Peppard with Spot, Pyro and dog Whisper

Spot had turned up in his new pimpmobile this evening, which was precisely what SkinnyDipper did. The two, unbeknown to each other, had been ~~down to the scrapyard~~ to car dealers to swap their ageing motors. SkinnyDipper's jalopy had been circling the "Give yer a fiver fer the bits, missus" plughole for some time. In fact, when she had the last MOT done on it the mechanic said, "Don't even think about bringing it back next year." Let's hope she doesn't try to park this one in a bush like she has in the past with the other... There was actually a fairly well-hidden, shallow ditch behind where we were parking tonight (we had to push a Hasher's car out of it during a past event) and people were generally quite careful about backing up next to it. Dumb, Dumber and NoWaiting **almost** managed to back into it and Slapper was not at all far off. NappyRash, despite knowing exactly where the ditch was, managed (to great applause) to fall into it after the Hash. 😊

June - 5th The Packhorse, Mapledurham with Dunny and Rampant

Motox strode through the car park with a largish plastic bike handle stuck to his forehead by elastic. Since this is the Hash and people can do whatever they want, few took notice of it. Until he wandered over to our group to tell us that he had decided to outdo HappyFeet with her, um, apparatus (you'll have to look in Gobsheet 2114 to find out). Problem was, of course, she hadn't turned up at this week's Hash so Motox was left wandering among us looking like a dickhead (so no change there, he snickered. Harsh, but almost fair).

July - 23rd The Hare and Hounds, Sonning Common with Dunny and Rampant

(From the Hash Blog, celebrating Rampant's 60th birthday)

60 is obviously the new 40. How many of us in our 6th decade can remember our parents skittering along the roads in running gear? They'd generally have been laughed at as too old to run about like children. The first London Marathon was held in 1981. Imagine any non-athlete (especially women!) thinking they could run that distance in the 1960s. And besides, everyone was too busy watching The Billy Cotton Band Show and Man In A Suitcase.



She was beginning to "feel her age"

But fortunately she remembered.

She was beginning to "feel her age". Looking after the family was not getting any easier, and there had been times when her nerves had showed signs of letting her down. She wasn't getting any younger — well over forty now. *Forty!* Then she remembered. *Phyllosan fortifies the over-forties!* Soon after she started taking Phyllosan she

was aware of a lightness in her step, new energy, new health, new vigour. *Her whole constitution was being revitalized.* What a difference it made to family life.

See what Phyllosan tablets would do for you! It is so simple. Just two Phyllosan tablets three times a day before meals. If you take the tablets regularly the results will astonish you!

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fortifies the over-forties
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Prices from 3/6

And who can forget (ok younger people than us) Phyllosan Fortifies The Over Forties?! By the way, if you can't read the text in the advert to the left you either a) need glasses due to your age, or b) should buy some Phyllosan (and don't forget to take it).

So Rampant can be assured that age is no barrier to doing what he wants. He still runs faster than most of us and, with Mr Blobby, C5 and OldFart as role models it seems to me he has many, many years to go (not being rude you chaps 😊).

I read in no less than The Daily Telegraph (so it must be true) that one ingredient for looking younger is plenty of sex. Add to that, Rampant (appropriately named, I'm sure) plenty of Hashing and you can't go wrong. I'm expecting you to look younger every week from now on. 😊

August - 20th The Sun, Whitchurch Hill with Foghorn and SkinnyDipper

I Prithee, harken to my meagre tale. Of maids and swains and general men who gather'd i' the car park ere the sun hath darkened into night. The Sun it was whereby we met, by Hill Bottom on Whitchurch Hill. The good landlord and his mistress, persuaded by the bearded Foghorn and gentle lady Hare that good profit might be had by op'ning on their closéd Monday night, scented pennies, hearty trade and a jingling purse and threw wide their portico to the Hash, that motley band of ancient and fledgling who roam old Albion in search of flour.



Now you may wonder why the hell this Gobsheet begins with a quotation and paragraph of cod Shakespeare. We were in for an intellectual treat at the Regroup. C5 was to be quoting Shakespeare next to a small bust of the bard that, for some strange reason, was resting quietly nearby.

September - The Golden Cross, Twyford with Desperate and Shitfer

I was running along behind Randy Mandy at the back of one of the lakes when a trailing bramble tentacle reached out viciously to catch her cheek and arm. Still running, she automatically slid her body sideways to get it off her, which resulted in the damn thing catching me on the eyebrow and arm. We both stopped, to swear at the bramble and assess each other's damage. I wiped away a drop of blood from her cheek and she leant over to look at my eyebrow. "You've only got a little prick Hashgate." She said. Not quite the medical examination result I'd expected. And not something a gentleman likes to hear from a lady, especially when both are breathing hard and perspiring... (damn funny though 😊)

October - 14th The Royal Oak, Tilehurst with Motox



Mrs Blobby's sister models a poncho

Dunny advised us that Motox was even now out laying the Trail. So it was a kind of Live Trail. Checks would be just one blob and On. We wondered silently, individually and collectively, if there would be any flour left by the time we got to where it had been laid. We On Outed into the grey sog of the day. If you took a fair, representative selection of Hashers, asked them how long it took for them to become soaked, then calculated an average time, it would have come to approximately 2 minutes. As we slapped and slopped up the road those Hashers without caps enjoyed that moment when you realise that your eyebrows are not stopping cold water from going into your eyes however much you put your head down while running. Lovely. Mind you, some of our group were well covered against the weather. Mrs Blobby had borrowed a clear plastic poncho from the gallant Twanky. Whinge (who else?!) asked her if it was feather light and possibly ribbed down the back. Spex had a curious waterproofing arrangement. The main layer was a hooded, dark red running top with a dark red scarf under her chin and over her head. From the neck up she looked like The Red Nun. Over this she had on a Mercedes Benz plastic bin bag affair. During the Trail, NappyRash advised her not to loiter by any dustbins in case she was picked up by the Council recycling team.

November - 18th The Black Lion, Woodcote with Dunny and Rampant

After a quick trip up the main road we chanced upon another forest entry where NappyRash delighted in telling me that he had found The Stone of Destiny! His foot rested on a large rock. I congratulated him on his good fortune and pointed out that by the tree next to it the large, round-topped fungus must therefore be The Mushroom of Destiny. How lucky to find the two together. As we ran along the Trail we mused that if anyone ate The Mushroom of Destiny due, no doubt, to its hallucinogenic qualities, they might just also think it a good idea to eat The Stone of Destiny. NappyRash advised me that he might pass so I suggested to him that it would be quite painful if he did, even if he were able to drag himself to the toilet. Coincidentally, I found The Log of Destiny on the other side of the field we were running through. What are the odds of finding all these things in such a limited area. Amazing isn't it?



The Mushroom of Destiny

December - click to see ['The Last Hash of the Year'](#)

Happy New Year all you BH³ Hashers!

On On

Hashgate.