

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2152 17Feb19
Venue: The Baron Cadogan
Caversham, Reading
Hares: WaveRider, NappyRash

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



Desperate Sheryl Donut Hashgate Sue TC Whinge with dog Chilli Spex LoudonTasteless Iceman NoWaiting Meg Posh Bomber Dumb Dumber CouchPotato MessengerBoy BlowJob Twanky NonStick Cloggs Lonely BillyBullshit Dipstick AWOL Sheila Rosemary Bob Terry Connor Paul Motox Slapper Florence Zebedee Ruth Lasma Jeanette Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Snowy FlashBangWallop Tequilova Lungs

The 2019 Red(ing) Dress Hash

Where exactly can one start to describe the trans event of the year?! The car park behind The Baron Cadogan was awash with bright sunlight that lit up the giggling, simpering, coquettish life forms that (just) pass as male in BH³. Lucky it is that we live in gender fluid (not the most pleasant descriptive term, I have to say) times and gentlemen wearing frothy ladieswear can now damn near get away with it 90% of the time. We were particularly struck by two of our, erm, gents. One was Dipstick who, as you can see on



the left, combined the careless cachet of the concupiscent concubine with the dash of a dishevelled dustman. The other was AWOL, who sauntered in (having timed his marginally late entrance to perfection) with a lissom loucheness, like a fading film star from the South of France – Keith Richards and Bette Davis in latter years, somehow moulded together. Enjoy – they certainly did.

Today, our Hares WaveRider and NappyRash had laid a splendid, winding Trail through the environs of Reading, starting in Caversham. BH³ had decided that the charity that would benefit from today's saunter would be Berkshire Vision (see <http://www.berkshirevision.org.uk/> for information). I'm pleased to say that we raised £203 and the Committee agreed to match that to take the total amount to £406. A splendid effort for a very worthwhile cause. Two of the runners who joined us today represented the charity. They were



Ruth and Lasma. I hope they didn't mind the stop/start nature of Hashing – they usually run ½ marathons... Nice to have you both with us. 😊

Let me mention Terry and lad Connor, who were running their first Hash. I wonder if we'll ever see them again, given the feast of cross-dressing they endured. Also, Sheila, Rosemary and Bob; the latter decked very fetchingly in a lengthy kaftan especially for the event. Well done sir!

After a brief introduction by Slapper (GM SkinnyDipper is in Oz and stand-in Mr Blobby has the lurchi – get better soon Mr B) our Hares informed us that 'there are loads and loads of Short Cuts' and sent us mincing on our way. We swished through Caversham like a red tide, very carefully keeping together (nothing worse than finding yourself alone in town during a Red Dress Run) and equally carefully going entirely the wrong way out of the Waitrose car park. A smiling WaveRider called us back.

It was she who laid the most sneaky Bar Check of the day. As we approached the dramatically suspended steel and wood pedestrian Christchurch Bridge, NappyRash told me that he had tried to dissuade her from laying the Check a few yards off the entrance to the bridge because, as he put it,

'Hashers aren't **that** stupid'. Oh yes they were. Having seen the Bar, just about everyone went under or past the bridge, heading for the main Reading Bridge. Lonely, AWOL and MessengerBoy were almost there when WaveRider took great delight in calling them all back and smiling with an 'I told you so' look on her face at NappyRash.

Just over the bridge is Lonely's house and he offered the use of his 'facilities' to any of the more elderly Hashers (that'll be most of them) who may have been affected by the nippy weather. A number took him up on the offer... not all at once, obviously.

After a brief Regroup the other side of Reading railway station (see picture later) we were off into the centre of town. The citizens in Broad Street stared aghast as the gaggle of trannies flounced by and a



small group of us took advantage of a photo opportunity in front of Ann Summers window. Here is the evidence. As a friend of mine put it when I sent him the picture, "You all look to be enjoying it a bit too much.'

Now Posh told me that she thought my outfit this year was 'slightly disappointing' and 'not as sexy as last year.' As you can see from the above it is perhaps not quite so alluring as the sequined mini in which I high-stepped it around Henley last year but it has a certain cachet and, as Posh further stated, might be a touch more fascinating to her had I not worn shorts. Well, it is February!

We, of course, ran through The Oracle, by the Loddon, where Zebedee, wearing something Dr Fu Manchu might have cast off before wafting round the Dapper Dudes Department in Debenhams seeking some cool threads, let us know that he was 'seeking maximum exposure'. Hmm. Knowing Zeb I'm glad he didn't seek it right then. On we skittered, way out towards Bel and The Dragon and past a large, flat concrete site where NappyRash had expected to put a Field Check. He was thwarted by the sudden appearance of a group of travellers' caravans. He said he didn't want us to be set upon by fierce dogs. Kind of him really.

The Sunday morning revellers at Tesco were somewhat surprised to see us, especially the staff smokers round the back, as we disappeared into the bushes on our way back down to the river. I found myself chatting with Cloggs and behind LoudonTasteless. I congratulated him on his sleek chignon, no doubt specially teased for today. He agreed, of course.

Fortunately, it was not too far back to the pub, through the park and little alleyways of Caversham. Slapper and I surprised a family with young children, eating their Sunday lunch in the pub. At least, they **were** eating their Sunday lunch until we sashayed in. We laughingly stepped outside again, to await our respective car key holders, just as mine (Donut) arrived with Ruth and Lasma who were, of course, not in the least bit out of breath.

We managed to frighten a number of Sunday shoppers by changing into more standard attire in Waitrose car park so considered that a fitting end to an excellent Hash. Our thanks to the Hares for a job well done. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Executive RA, Motox, presented the following by the back door of the pub... just as AWOL was seen entering the Ladies!

Who Got It

Why

Cloggs	On taking up Lonely's offer of using his 'facilities', but turning down his offer to show her 'the rest of the house'... Very wise.
Desperate	Who's 60 th birthday it was recently. Very Happy Birthday to her.
Paul	A returnee after (amazingly) 30 years! Nice to have you back Paul.
AWOL, Dipstick	They were awarded a rose and the title of Today's Best Dressed Man/Woman by NappyRash.
BillyBullshit, Florence	Billy was awarded Most Elegant Man(!?) because he looked like his red setter in his outfit. Florence Most Elegant Lady... because she was.
Sheila, Rosemary, Bob	Today's virgins did very well.
Ruth, Lasma, Jeanette	Similar virgins representing Berkshire Vision received their Down in a ½ pint glass with 3 straws. Nicely done ladies!
NonStick	Passed the 'La Pecarina' apron by Iceman because he had not worn a red dress today so he wouldn't be embarrassed. I'm sure the apron will look great.
WaveRider, NappyRash	Today's excellent Hares thoroughly deserved their Downs.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2154	03Mar19	SU680580	The White Hart Reading Road, Sherfield-on-Loddon RG27 0BT	DoorMatt HappyFeet
2155	10Mar19	SU699867	The White Hart 28-30 High Street Nettlebed RG9 5DD	Dunny Rampant

A Couple of Photographs



BH³ Frightens Potential Pub Patrons



BH³ By Reading Station Before The Arrests

