

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2153 24Feb19

Venue: The New Inn
Kidmore End

Hares: Dipstick

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

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Sun Lovers

WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Sue Dunny Rampant Twanky C5 Mr Blobby BillyBullshit and dog Chilli Motox Iceman Ms Whiplash Dumber PennyPitstop Tequilova Swallow SlowSucker Spex LoudonTasteless RandyMandy Sharron (now Gnasher – see Down Downs) Bob Lou and dogs Ronnie and Buddy MessengerBoy HappyFeet DoorMatt Florence Zebedee Paul and later Lungs NearlyTwice and little daughter Posh and Bomber

A Run In The Sun

RandyMandy and Twanky are gluttons for punishment, having done the Brutal 10 yesterday and got covered up to their chests in shiggy. Sounds like fun! They weren't the only masochists, for Posh and Bomber turned up later, having run the Wokingham ½ Marathon. Bomber's time was 1 hour 35 minutes. Not bad for an old chap...

The morning was filled with a blue sky and plenty of warm sunshine. Amazing for February considering the Beast From The East was upon us at this time last year. We basked in the rays while we filled the car park to capacity with Tetris-style parking. Mr Blobby (despite still suffering from the effects of flu)



acted as GM to welcome us to the Hash and managed to do it without coughing his lungs up. He told me that Mrs Blobby was still in bed, suffering even more than he was. Get better soon Mrs B!

Dipstick was, this week, thankfully not wearing that awful transvestite gear he was wearing last week. Apparently, Flo and Zeb left him in The Baron on his own after the Hash. Given some of the patrons in that pub I'm surprised he survived unscathed. Wonder what 'scathed' might mean? Not a

term often used. Anyway, he got us on our way and we rapidly scattered into a leaf-strewn and largely flour-free forest. Not sure what happened to the flour. Perhaps hungry deer or scavenging badgers? I wonder if they prefer McDougalls or Homepride.

We came across a small orchard with a plaque on a stone base. I had to read it for Zeb who had forgotten to bring along his lorgnettes. It had been planted by the Royal British Legion to commemorate 100 years since the end of the First World War. I can't imagine a greater contrast between the peaceful orchard, set in a sunlit, green space among peaceful countryside to the horrors of the mud-torn hell of the battlefields.

"I can't imagine we'd be crossing the road." Said SlowSucker, as we approached the busy A4074 (known locally as 'The Thirteen Bends of Death') through the bare forest. How wrong can you be? Dodging the slightly aghast motorists we slipped across and into the woodland on the other side, luckily not losing anyone as a mascot on the front of a car.

Leading on from this we came across what, at first sight, might have been a deep bomb-hole. Maybe a swallow-hole. Dipstick advised that going round it might be the right route but, of course, there are always those that just **have** to go into it. Especially since they'd seen a slim rope hanging down the steep opposite side, tied to a tree. SlowSucker led the way, followed by Zebedee, NappyRash, C5, Caboose, Florence and HappyFeet. Zeb made the mistake of straddling the rope as he hauled himself

up, giving himself a royal 'wedgie' and a cross-eyed look in the process. C5 (like the rest, and not surprisingly) struggled a tad on the way up the almost vertical slope and blamed the lack of grip on the soles of his shoes for it. Right.

Having become thoroughly lost on the road between Mapledurham and Goring we eventually found the Trail, waving merrily at a group of people who had been trying to enjoy a quiet Sunday morning in their sunny back garden. The long track led to the Beer Stop where Dipstick unhitched his backpack, extracted a bottle of Jagertee and a thimble glass and poured shots for anyone who wanted it. Nice touch Dipstick! Interestingly (no really) this popular *après ski* drink is made from "Inländer-Rum" (domestic rum) and spiced black tea. Never knew that. There's always something to learn.

Warmed both by the external and internal sunshine we slightly wobbled off back to the A4074 and, once again, managed to cross it without a fatality; wistfully eyeing The Pack Horse pub past which we ran. Much more forest followed and it was very pleasant to trot between the trees in the Spring-like warmth. Obviously, the FRBs had been affected by the Jagertee or the sunshine, or both, since they lost the Trail, leaving Spex to lead the way. We swept down a leafy path to where there should have been a Check (according to Dipstick, who seemed to think it should have been inside a large, hollow tree. Interesting place to put one and it certainly got the Pack back together.



A canter across the golf course, where Twanky and Dipstick exchanged friendly insults about where the Trail should be saw us back on the road to Kidmore End with a view of a small plane doing aerial stunts in the azure sky. It must have been superb up there on this morning. We, on the other hand, had no more loops to do and just ambled back to the pub, thoroughly enjoying the morning.

A delightful Trail today and a delightful pub to finish up in. Being able to sit out in the sunshine with just a T-shirt on (and trousers of course!) was great and we enjoyed a fine cake that birthday-boy Dipstick had brought to share with us.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

The weather at the moment is quite delicious. To be this warm in February (19 degrees today (Tuesday)) is almost unknown. It's been the warmest since records began. This, of course, means our thoughts turn eagerly to Spring, especially now the daffodils and crocuses are peeping warily out. It's all about refreshment and rejuvenation. People love this. Babies, weddings, Spring – we can't ever get enough of them. Each brings their own bright ray of hope and we can't help ourselves.

Curious in a way, since every refreshment has been going on for ever and a day and we still get excited about them. You could argue that we all have a built-in boredom threshold that requires new stimuli to quell it. It's certainly why most products sport a 'New and Improved' label in a bright colours every time the marketing department figures it's about time to 'refresh' them.

So maybe one of these reasons (hopefully not the boredom threshold one 😊) is why we look forward to each Hash so much. Every one of them is fairly unique, even when Trails are laid from familiar pubs. Nothing is ever quite the same. There's news to catch up with, new people to meet, tree roots to trip over, nasty little twists on apparently well-known routes, different Down Downs every time. The one advantage that Hashes have is that, even when we are on a well-known Trail we thoroughly enjoy the experience and return feeling 'refreshed'.

Personally, I feel even more refreshed when the first pint of beer is brought eagerly to my lips...



Down Downs

RA Motox was seen carrying a tray of Down Down drinks to various parts of the pub garden in an attempt to find a quiet spot where we wouldn't frighten any of the small children present with our singing. Utter failure of course.

Who Got It

Why

Dumber	Was caught out in the Gents by Donut, who had decided that the queue for the Ladies was too lengthy.
C5	Today's Hash Crasher tripped on the tiniest of twigs.
SlowSucker	For instigating the Bomb-Hole Climb.
Dipstick	Whose birthday it was. Happy Birthday to him.
Sharron	Named Gnasher since she is a Hasher and a dental nurse. Ms Whiplash assisted with the flour. The girl took it well. 😊
RandyMandy	Who got 'claustromaestrophobia' which Motox advised us meant that she had a fear of getting stuck in mud during The Brutal 10 yesterday.
BillyBullshit	Tried to convince the lady collecting our empty glasses earlier that she was Polish. Despite the fact that she lives in Caversham and is as English as can be.
Bomber	For running far too fast in the Wokingham ½ Marathon.
Dipstick	Today's excellent Hare.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2155	10Mar19	SU699867	The White Hart 28-30 High St, Nettlebed RG9 5DD	Dunny Rampant
2156	17Mar19	SU889549	St Patricks day Run Please wear something Green Joint Hash with SH3 The Mychett Centre, GU16 6AA	Honeymonster and friends