

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2158 31Mar19

Venue: The Black Horse  
Checkendon

Hares: Gnomealone, CheapDate

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

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## Some Mothers...

MessengerBoy Donut Hashgate CouchPotato Dumber Motox TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Posh Bomber Spex LoudonTasteless Twanky Pyro and dog Whisper SlackBladder and dog Masie NappyRash WaveRider and grandchild Katie Rampant Dipstick ChocChuck NoStyle Iceman SkinnyDipper Slapper NoSole Cloggs TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx SlowSucker and a host of Didcot H<sup>3</sup> Hashers

## The Mothering Sunday Hash

**W**e have Didcot H<sup>3</sup> to thank for an excellently laid Trail today. BH<sup>3</sup> figured it would have a day off. Our Hares gave us a merry jaunt through some superb countryside and although it was nowhere near as warm as the day before and Gnomealone's assertion that it was a very flat course proved to be the pinnacle of persiflage, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

We had been given parking access to a field strewn with old, rusting farm machinery and fallen tree branches. Standing with Desperate, Shitfor, Cerberus and Billy, we watched Whinge altruistically clearing some branches so that the Hashers who were approaching in their car could park. Obviously,

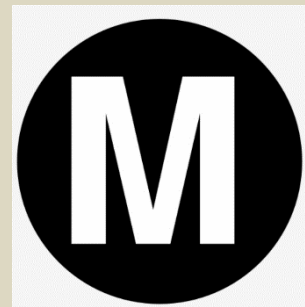


his work was not of sufficient standard, since the drivers completely ignored the cleared space and parked elsewhere. Whinge raised a quizzical, 'I don't know why I bother' eyebrow. However, Pyro drove up, figured it was a good place to back into and attempted to do so... several times. On the last attempt she came so far forward she almost ran over poor Masie, Slackbladder's lovely

labrador, who, fortunately, seemed more interested in her stick than impending doom in the shape of Pyro's radiator grille. Luckily she was ok. SlackBladder came in for a certain amount of stick since he had rolled up in what Shitfor and Billy said was a Centrica British Gas van. Same colour. Same shape. So that people were aware of it, Billy traced the words 'Gas Safe' in the dust on the rear window.

NappyRash bounced about in the cold, trying on the 'La Pecarina' apron he had been presented with last week (for not buying his wife of 35 years WaveRider a Wedding Anniversary present!), both forward and backwards; trying to figure out which way would least strangle him while he was running. WaveRider very kindly did not say that she didn't mind which way he was strangled if he didn't buy her a present next year. 😊

Since we were under the aegis of Didcot today, Gnomealone kindly provided a short tutorial on the flour marks used by them. Crosses indicate False Trails, a cross in a circle is a Regroup (there were to be two today) and a number meant that the first *n* FRBs to reach this had to run to the back of the Pack before continuing. These, we found, were generally laid at the top of hills and the sneakiest had a '3' followed about 30m yards away by a '2'. Certainly paid not to be an FRB! The most unusual of markings, said Gnome, was an 'M' in a circle. What did that mean, he asked us. Bomber and a couple of very naughty Didcot ladies suggested it was a Mast\*rbation Check and Bomber compounded the thought by saying that, if approached from the opposite direction, It could be a W\*nkens Check'. Oh dear. Standards certainly slipped this morning. From whichever way we approached such a Check there would be a small paper bag with sweets in, hidden nearby. And the 'M' stood for Mother, as in Mothering Sunday. We On Outed... and everyone went completely the wrong way.



It was, of course, the exact opposite direction where we should have gone. Since it was early on in the Trail everyone good-naturedly back-tracked and hurtled off into the first of the forests. We seemed to go along and down that first woodland track forever. Rampant and Dumber enjoyed the first of the numbers (2) that meant they ran back down a steep hill to the back of the Pack, before running back up it. Well done you chaps! The we were instructed by Gnomealone to run over a 'X', which we thought should have denoted a False Trail. NappyRash surmised that Didcot interpret 'X's as they wish – well, there are no rules... We finally fetched up at the first of the 'M' Checks, where Twanky found the bag of sweets hidden under a small but efficiently rotting pile of ordure (the Hares had been imaginative with their hiding places).

Our first Regroup was on a hill with a magnificent view of the Didcot valley... and remaining cooling towers. These are scheduled for demolition in 2019 and, despite their somewhat iconic status, most people will be glad to see the back of them and the return of the unspoilt valley view. Just down from the Regroup was another 'M'other Check and BehindThe Bins found the sweets bag, carefully enmeshed in the swirls of a dead badger's intestines (highly creative positioning). "One of the things I've noticed," I mentioned to TC, as we trotted down a hill by another beautiful valley, "Is that we've been going downhill for some time." She gave me the look that said, 'Speak for yourself Hashgate.' But said, "Yes, it's a bit worrying." Just as we reached the slightly boggy foot of the slope and embarked on a leg-wearying, carcass-dragging expedition to the top of an exceptionally steep slope. Our wonderful Hares had obviously delighted themselves by placing a '3' at the top of this monster. Then, 50 yards along, a '2'. Surprisingly, I didn't see anyone running to the back of the Pack on either occasion. 😊

Yet another 'M'other Check appeared and everyone had spread out across the narrow, country road. Apart from Donut and me, who cast about among the stinging nettles on the other side. "These two are warmest." Offered Gnomealone helpfully. The Pack streamed over to where we were and SkinnyDipper slipped on an arm-length plastic glove and removed the sweets bag with a slightly Dutch-inflected "Aha!" The Hares had excelled themselves in the hidden location department by placing the bag inside the bottom of a Jersey cow that stood with its rear end to the fence. How they persuaded it to stay there for that length of time we will never know. Equally, we will (rather worryingly) never know why SkinnyDipper runs on the Hash with an arm-length plastic glove in her pocket...



On we went, past a sign that read 'Slow cat crossing'. Yep, it could be interpreted two ways. I had visions of a large, slow-moving, furry creature ambling its way across the country road while tractors queued up.

We finally got back to Checkendon and ran past the entrance to the church. A large, florid chap, dressed smartly and carrying a bunch of flowers exited its door, humming loudly. He hailed one of the Didcot Hashers, who was running in front of me, and asked him if he knew the song and the performer. A bit of a strange request and I was glad it hadn't been me. Not only would it have slowed me down but I certainly didn't know the song!

Many of us were thinking that, since we were in Checkenden, it wouldn't be far to get back to the pub. But our Hares had a different idea, putting in a lengthy loop that dragged us through some fine, but exhausting, forest, following the second Regroup where BehindTheBins and a couple of other Didcot ladies treated us to some 'flossing' dancing. Not something you'd expect to see on a slightly shiggy-filled woodland track.

We finally got back into the wood behind The Black Horse and Donut, SkinnyDipper, StraddleVarious and me found our narrow path to a gate blocked by several horses. Skinny and Donut aren't keen on being amongst large, hairy beasts (no comments from the back please!) so Straddle led them around the side while I stroked a couple of the creatures and they all cantered off... either side of me, which was an exhilarating experience, shall we say. A short jog down the original Out Trail got us back to the pub.

A fine Trail laid by our friends from DH<sup>3</sup>. Thanks for it and for the sweetie bags idea. Nice one!

On On. **Hashgate.**

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

Retirement. An interesting word and an interesting concept. ChocChuck, NoStyle and I all retired on Friday, March 29<sup>th</sup>. So, three more spongers, drawing pensions and not contributing to society... some might think. Including us, perhaps.

It's a curious state of mind, knowing that you've been working (and paying tax!) for forty-eight years and now you don't have to any more. I know some people who retire and vegetate and many more who embrace the opportunities not available while working. There is certainly a feeling of freedom as you cast off the shackles of working life and an element of trepidation, because you are entering a new phase of your life with the opportunity to do almost whatever you want (as long as your health is good... and it's legal).

The single most important and most useful thing you are presented with is time. Time is a commodity that no-one can buy, exchange or sell. You are usually short of it when you are working. There isn't enough in the day. It isn't on your side. If I had the time... Retirement gives you the opportunity to divide your time largely as you wish – see the grandchildren, go swimming, get a coffee, indulge in a spectacular hairstyle, alarm your children.

When I was eighteen and had just started a job in Barclays Bank in London, I overheard an only slightly older, staid colleague voicing the thought that he couldn't wait to retire. Something that horrified me at the time. Well here we are, quite a few years later and very much looking forward to new challenges, learning new things, meeting new people.

Oh yes - and Hashing for years to come. ☺

## Down Downs

Donut and I had to rush off for a Mothering Sunday lunch with her Mum so I asked Whinge if he would kindly record the Down Downs and send me the details. He equally kindly agreed, saying that he would actually delegate the task to WaveRider. She obviously accepted the job since we have the below information. BH<sup>3</sup> and the entire journalistic staff of the Gobsheet thank you, WaveRider.

### Who Got It

### Why

Pyro	Quite rightly awarded one for trying to run over SlackBladder's dog, Masie.
SkinnyDipper	Tried to dob in Dipstick for wearing new shoes. She got to drink out of one of them!
BillyBullshit	For apparently suffering from 'the clap'. There was no medical evidence to support this theory but it had been noticed that he had been 'walking funny'.
Slapper	Volunteering to collect 'Tick' today and making only a slight financial loss.
Spex	Was awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by NappyRash for stating that she wanted to 'score' on the Hash. She wouldn't confirm whether she had or not to this point in time. She nominated LoudonTasteless to drink her beverage and had to raise the glass to his lips while he sat with hands behind his back.
GnomeAlone, CheapDate	Today's excellent Hares!

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2160	14Apr19	<a href="#">SU689802</a>	Birthday Girls' Hash <b>Kidmore End Cricket Club,</b> Gallowstree Common, RG4 9BW Parking in The Reformation and Hazel Lane	Desperate TC
2161	* Monday * 22Apr19 * 18:30 *	<a href="#">SU709818</a>	Easter Bank Holiday Monday <b>The Red Lion,</b> Peppard Common, RG9 5LB	SlowSucker