

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2160 14Apr19
Venue: Kidmore End Cricket Club
Hares: Desperate, TC, Whinge

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

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate MS Whiplash PennyPitstop Cerberus BillyBullshit and dog Chilll Pyro and dog Whisper Slapper Motox Foghorn WaveRider NappyRash Daphne Colin Slippery Snowy SkinnyDipper Cloggs NonStick Dumb Dumber Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 FlashBangWallop Spot RandyMandy BlindPew Florence Zebedee PissQuick Naomi Sheryl ChocChuck NoStyle Dipstick Hotlips BigStiffy (I think) Tequilova Spex Twanky AWOL Posh Bomber NoSole Nicky Martin Horny Mr Horny (now Helmet – see Down Downs)

The 60th Hash

No, not the 60th BH³ Hash; but a double birthday celebration for two of our attractive lady Hashers: TC and Desperate. Desperate has already dived off the high board into the swimming pool of her 6th decade. TC will be ready to take the plunge on July 6th. They and Whinge (who was



The birthday girls enjoy a post-Hash chota peg

looking after the Walkers) had cooked up a fearsomely well laid Trail from this unusual Hash venue. I say unusual because we haven't Hashed from this cricket club before. The pavilion is a perfect size, overlooks a fine cricket pitch, surrounded by trees and boasting a well-stocked bar where, on this occasion, our generous Hares had put money behind it... which may explain why Billy managed to consume 14 gin and tonics before Cerberus found him slumped under the kitchen sink, talking to the waste pipe.

The day started bright and cold, with a breeze to chill the old bones that creaked out of cars and tottered towards the makeshift Circle. Just before this I asked SkinnyDipper how her ribs were (she had fallen over recently and they had been giving her a bit of gyp). "Not too bad, Hashgate." She replied. "Though I do find it a nuisance that I can't run because I fell on my tits." My mind sort of went blank then, so I nodded and smiled as she turned to walk into the club house.

I had asked Desperate and TC earlier when they'd laid the Trail and Desperate had waved a geographically too-obvious arm in the direction of the forest to the right of the pavilion while saying that the flour was certainly all out there when they'd checked this morning. "Oh no!" She exclaimed. "Not that it's over there, of course!" Right. I for one certainly On Outed over that way and picked up the Trail quite quickly. Thanks, Desperate.

This first track, pleasant though it was, was on an upward slope and seemed to go on for miles. Fortunately, our exhausted canter was stopped when Dipstick ran full-tilt into a low-hanging tree branch directly behind me. I heard an almighty "CLONK!" like a wooden ball hitting a coconut at a shy. Then a leafy crash as he fell backwards. Donut, Spex and I clucked

around him and suggested he might rest awhile but, since the 'no sense, no feeling' rule seemed to apply he bounced back up and ran off pell-mell after the FRBs. Foghorn did similar a little later (again, fortunately, no serious injury). Twanky almost knocked his hat off while Posh essayed a rather natty, new, swept-back hairstyle after using the branch as a rather woody hairbrush. Dumber told me later that he had had absolutely no problems with the branch, since it was way over his head (rather like a lot of things ☺). He and I discussed the possibility of a class action legal suit while we were running with the Hares a little later but they suddenly seemed **very** interested in the flour marks...

We eventually reached the first Regroup in the middle of a sunlit, breezy field. NappyRash told me that he, Slapper and Spot had been running like lunatics to catch up, since they had somehow managed to find the 'On Inn' very early and had found themselves back at the cricket pavilion! Nice one, chaps. For some reason, we were all standing a few yards before the 'RG' sign so when C5, Donut and I started off again we all shouted 'Regroup' so that people could enjoy this second one. As you have rightly guessed we were largely ignored by the rest of the Pack. Well, we thought it funny at the time... While we ran on Pyro enticed her lovely dog Whisper over to a nearby horse-trough to drink. Motox said he thought she was going to give her a bath and get in with the creature. Very glad I can't read Motox' mind.



Hmm. What are you doing in my water bowl?

We reached the environs of Sonning Common. We trotted hopefully towards The Hare & Hounds but our hopes were dashed when we turned down a narrow lane towards a field, being watched by a curious cat. Hopefully, she didn't suffer the consequences of her curiosity...

On the other side of the field the FRBs became thoroughly confused at a 3-way Check, with Mr Blobby entering a playground palisaded with an iron fence. We weren't sure whether this was to keep adults and animals out or the children in. Having wandered vainly around it, Mr Blobby came back, saying unnecessarily, "I think it's a bit pointless checking in there because it's fenced and gated." Good to know that he could verbalise what everyone else but him had been thinking.

The Hares further confused the entire Pack at a football field, where almost everyone shot off up the slope in the opposite direction to the Trail. Desperate told me later that she had seen only RandyMandy heading in the right direction but, luckily, she was called back by Slapper. Nice one, Hares.

A longish loop and a trot down (thank goodness) the original Out Trail got us back to the cricket pitch where we saw Bomber heading round the cricket square in an attempt to get his mileage up to 10k – he was on 9.9k at the time. 😊

A perfect birthday Trail and we wish Desperate and TC very happy days.

The Birthday(s) Party

As mentioned, there was money behind the bar and a polypin of Loddon Hoppit beer so there was lively queue at the counter. Tables had bowls of crisps, Quavers, peanuts and other nibbles and along the far wall was a cornucopia of finger food waiting to be ravaged by hungry Hashers. However, the Down Downs came first and Whinge called for attention after it to advise that the buffet was not a Toby Carvery 'all you can eat' event, calling for calm queuing and no unnecessary plate filling. An interesting expectation when dealing with the Hash after a Trail but it certainly worked. "After you, my dear fellow." I heard. "Just those four cocktail sausages will do me." And "Not sure I should have too much salad." There was plenty for everyone, with cakes after the main meal. Delicious, filling, satiating. A great repast. Thank you very much to our Hares and their helpers and clearers.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Our inimitable RA, Motox, called us on to the cold cricket pitch outside the warm pavilion, where Tequilova promptly sat on the lone chair that he had placed there. Silly girl – but then she did get a free drink!

Who Got It

Dipstick, Foghorn,
Twanky, Posh

Why

Nutting the tree branch. Additionally, AWOL presented Dipstick with his passport, having found it in the toilet at Gatwick during the recent Madrid expedition!

Mrs Blobby Her birthday. Happy one to her. She suffered serious blowback during the Down and gave the rest of it to Florence. 😊

Dumb Almost fell down an unseen drain by putting her walking stick down it!

Mr Horny He's asked for his own name for some time so is now known as 'Helmet' due to having to wear one on his slightly less hirsute head for a while. He took the flour and beer exceptionally well and proved that having no hair is a distinct advantage during a renaming. See the picture below.

Desperate Was presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by Spex just... because!

Tequilova Sitting on the chair! Mind you, she was very comfy.

Desperate, TC, Whinge Today's excellent Hares enjoyed their Downs.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2162	Monday 29Apr19	TBC	TBC	Dunny Rampant
2163	Monday 06May19 * 19:30 *	SU699867	Nettlebed Village Club High St, Nettlebed, RG9 5DD	Pyro and Whisper the dog

Helmet is named:-



At the party:-

