

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2161 22Apr19

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

Venue: The Red Lion, Peppard

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: SlowSucker, Swallow, SkinnyDipper

The Pride of BH³

Spot Twanky Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfor Mo OldFart TC Whinge PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash SkinnyDipper Spex LoudonTasteless Dumb Dumber Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener WaveRider Dunny Rampant Iceman CouchPotato C5 GnomeAlone Slapper Posh Foghorn NoSole Motox Itsyor Zebedee Florence Pyro and dog Whisper SweetPea Agatha

The Tale of The Trail

Cerberus, Billy, Desperate and Shitfor pulled into the space next to our car and tumbled out of it in a florid example of dissolute humanity. Billy was keen to promote his cookery concept of pork chops with 'home-grown' chipolatas and 'fluids'. Not absolutely sure why and it's rather put me off porcine products for the near future. Whinge appeared, holding out to Shitfor a packet of hot cross buns (not sure why). Perhaps due to Billy's previous appalling culinary description, Shitfor declined them. Whinge uttered something like, "Well never mind, good sir." And returned them to his car.



Good to see OldFart and his wife, Mo, in attendance, OldFart obviously continuing to return to full, rude health. As we all ambled towards the Circle a red kite wheeled and banked overhead. These beautiful creatures are somewhat partial to carrion so OldFart looked up and advised it, "I'm still alive." The *Milvus Milvus* buggered off, looking somewhat disappointed.

Though a pleasant evening, it was a fair bit cooler than the Easter weather that we had enjoyed, so we were happy that SlowSucker pointed us On Out with little delay. We duly trotted off in the direction he had indicated and immediately couldn't figure out which way to go from the middle of the common. We finally worked out that we should dive off into the first of many woods we were to run through this evening.

I found myself with CouchPotato in that very hilly, very overgrown area near Sonning Common. As we searched for the Trail, he told me that this used to be a nine-hole golf course where his father used to play! Difficult to imagine. You certainly wouldn't want to tee off into the thickets and brambles that currently cover the land like GnomeAlone's beard (albeit scratchier and alive with bunnies). A series of Two-Way Checks helped keep the Pack together as we lurched through the scrubby wood, finally popping out on to a narrow road that led towards the woody delights of Kingwood Common. As we passed a house with three flying piggies in its front garden (not real ones!) CouchPotato gave me some more information about the time he used to live around here as a boy with his family. His father used to have his own path to The Bricklayer's Arms (later The Grouse and Claret) where he apparently spent many a pleasant evening. Nice to have your own path to and from a pub!

Not far from here C5 and I found Hare SlowSucker on his back in front of us, doing a fair impression of a dead fly with just four legs. He'd apparently tripped over a hidden badger. Once we'd found out he was ok, C5 showed us his bloodied elbow and said that he too had fallen over earlier. None of us showed any surprise at this news since both he and Mr Blobby are now expert pratfallers, crashing to earth any number of times a week. Later on, we found out that GnomeAlone had gone one better and managed to fall down the two steps that lead into the Gents at the pub! Ah, if only someone had videoed the event. Our hirsute-faced friend could have gone viral on YouTube. 😊

We reached the Regroup. Whisper, Pyro's friendly dog, brought over a moderately sized stick. As Dunny took it from her she raced off in expectation and Dunny hurled the object high and long, in her

direction of travel. Unfortunately, dog and stick seemed on something of a collision course, which had Dunny squeaking, "Mind your head!". Luckily, Whisper managed to avoid the attempted assassination. Given that Pyro tried to run over SlackBladder's dog Masie a few weeks back one wonders if there is an anti-dog sentiment beginning to take shape in BH³.



This is nothing like Whisper, who is much better looking :-)

There was a Long and Short(ish) split. Donut, MessengerBoy, Desperate, TC, Spex and I decided on the latter. Partly because SlowSucker had announced that this route would enable us to have 'the full bluebell experience'. He wasn't wrong. We saw the first of them shortly after we had encountered Ms Whiplash, Whinge and other walkers, who were heading in the opposite direction to us! Somewhat disconcerting.

This last wood was spread with hazy carpets of bluebells, almost fully out. Birds sang in the tall trees, Squirrels busied themselves in the undergrowth or sprinted up tree trunks. Peaceful and sublime. Apart from the heavy breathing from our running group and the incessant chatter of Desperate (and me...). Every now and again we'd slow down to a walk to enjoy our surroundings (and regain a regular breathing pattern). Desperate and I, who were at the front of the group, noticed that TC kept trying to sneak in a quick sprint while we walked, in order to take the FRB position. We were having none of it and dashed off after her every time. She took it well.

After a long, leisurely trot through this magnificent forest we found the On Inn in the expected place, at the very foot of the steep, wooded hill that led up to the common and the pub. With leaden legs and panting like Desert Orchid after a particularly trying Cheltenham Gold Cup, we staggered up the hill and wobbled out on to the back road that led to the pub, ready for a well-deserved drink.

This was an excellent Trail through lovely countryside and we thank our two Hares for laying it. And for arranging Hash chips later at the pub, where we drank the last of their beer after their very busy Easter. ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

A cup of tea. A simple brew that calms the nerves, restores sanity, warms on a cold day and cools on a warm one. We generally take for granted this humble beverage but do you know its history? The custom of tea-drinking seems to have started in China, sometime back in the third millennium BC. The Mandarin question, "Fancy a brew?" would kick off an elaborate ritual, far removed from slapping a tea bag in a mug and pouring on boiling water. The Chinese even used tea as currency at one time, with tea pressed into thick, A4-sized bricks where pieces could be broken off to pay for goods. Tea-drinking in Britain became fashionable in the 1660s when King Charles II and his wife and court popularised the habit using tea leaves imported by the East India Company.



Thomas Twining opened the first tea shop for ladies in 1717 and this started a trend that enabled more and more of the population to enjoy the delicious drink. The British further developed the habit in India, during the days of the Empire. In 1930 Sir William McKercher invented the CTC (Cut Tear Curl) process whereby tea leaves are crushed and torn into fine particles, paving the way for tea bags

and cutting out messy tea leaves in teapots.

There are currently around 1,500 different types of tea available in Britain, though few of us will have tasted Yunnan from China or tea from Nuwara Eliya in Sri Lanka. Everyone has their favourite flavour and English Breakfast Tea and Earl Grey seem to be top of the taste league. With milk, or not? Is a question of individual taste, but without provides the true flavour.

If the end of the world was announced on the news, I'm sure most Brits would go and make a cup of tea. Happily, no such announcement has been made today but I'll go and make one anyway. Cheers everyone!

Down Downs

Darkness had fallen by the time our revered RA, Motox, deigned to award the Down Downs. With a bright light behind him, so we couldn't really see what was going on, he awarded the following.

Who Got It

Why

GnomeAlone Shitfor	Hash Crashing in the toilet. Was going to take the Short Trail from the Regroup but Motox told him he'd have to buy the beer when he got back first. So he took the medium Trail and got back quite late...
Ms Whiplash	She's done 900 Hashes! Motox wasn't allowed to affix her 900 badge to her bosom so SkinnyDipper performed the task. Rather lingeringly, I felt... Well done Ms Whiplash!
SkinnyDipper, Spot C5, SlowSucker	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them. Today's Hash Crashers. SlowSucker apparently also fell over twice last Wednesday while on the recce.
SlowSucker Motox	Was presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by Desperate. Recently, by the now closed pub The Lamb, last owned by Antony Worrall-Thompson, Motox was dissing said gent while his brother was in the garden. The brother was not impressed and told Motox to "Jog on and lose some fat."
SlowSucker, Swallow, SkinnyDipper	Today's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2163	06May19 * 19:30 *	SU699867	Nettlebed Village Club	Pyro and dog Whisper
2164	13May19	SU513697	Spot's 30 Anniversary Hash The Spotted Dog Cold Ash RG18 9PR	Spot RandyMandy

Announcement To Potential Hares

At a recent meeting, the committee agreed that if any BH³ Hares wish to celebrate an occasion by holding a Hash at, say, a village hall or the like which would involve expense, subject to committee approval, the expense could be subsidised. Please contact Dumber to arrange a date for your Trail and talk to any of the committee members about subsidy.