

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2172 08Jul19
Venue: The Bell
Waltham St. Lawrence
Hares: SlowSucker, Swallow

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Dead Ringers

Sue Donut Hashgate TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor NappyRash Spot HappyFeet SweetPea Agatha Twanky BlowJob RandyMandy BlindPew Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia C5 Dumb Dumber Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Motox MesengerBoy Horny Helmet OldFart Splash Iceman Judas Dunny Rampant Gnasher Spex LoudonTasteless BGB SkinnyDipper Slapper NoSole Foghorn Caboose CanalBob Lonely and later WaveRider

Hashing With Bells On

Desperate was so keen to enjoy this Trail that she arrived half an hour early. Luckily, she was called by her gentleman friend, Shitfor, who was riding his bike, had experienced a puncture and needed some repair kit. So she had to go and sort him out before returning once again, at the right time. I was a little surprised that she, he, TC, Whinge, NappyRash, WaveRider, Donut and I made it to the evening's event since we had spent the weekend roistering, running and walking in South Cerney to celebrate a) TC's 60th birthday, b) Whinge and TC's wedding anniversary, and c) Whinge's birthday. As you can imagine, one or two celebration beakers were quaffed...

While walking from the car to the pub we met SweetPea and Agatha who told us they had been led down the M4 by their satnav. I figured this was a consistent start to the evening since Swallow and SlowSucker were about to lead us all round Will's Mother's too.

As you can see from the list above, there were a good many Hashers and it was nice to see Splash making a comeback. Our revered GM, SkinnyDipper, wasted little time on the introduction and our Hares had us on our way in no time at all, to the sound of bells from the church next to the pub. It sounded like eighteen crazed monkeys were flying up and down on the ropes, ringing Back Rounds, Dodging Practice and Long Fifths. You'll have to look those terms up if you want to know what they mean. 😊



I started off with Lonely, who was trying to give me two of the number of free tickets he has for a performance of Henry V at The Globe this coming Sunday. If you want some, let him know. Then with Caboose, who told me that his calves were still stiff from last Monday's Fun Run. Not surprised – it was a fair haul. We reached the old church at Shottesbrooke Park where a lady and her fine old retriever stood and watched us. I gave her a friendly, "Good evening." And a smile, which was returned politely. Surprising, since Donut said that by the time she reached this point the lady was scowling somewhat and not very pleased to see BH³ skittering by. Perhaps we had impinged on her dog walk in this public area... As we traipsed back from a lengthy Bar RandyMandy and BlowJob were congratulating each other on their selection of running tops, which were exactly the same, pulling out the bottom of them, pointing and saying, "Snap. Me too. Good choice." RandyMandy then followed me along a track from a Check saying, "I don't know why I'm following you." "Perhaps" I replied, "It's my honest face." I wasn't looking at your face, Hashgate." She responded. Naughty girl. Still, nice to have one's self-esteem bolstered unexpectedly.

Spex, Splash and I were on our own, resolutely yomping down one of the (very) long tracks that were included tonight. Despite a lot of moaning and complaining we kept at it and were rewarded at the end of it when we entered a field that contained a herd of skittish horses. Since there was a Field Check Mr Blobby had gone off to the right, on his own, and the herd decided to canter over and investigate him. Somehow, he managed to persuade them not to follow him as he arced over to the stile to which the rest of us were heading. When he got there, we asked him how he had done it. Tapping the side of his nose and with a knowing wink he said quietly, "Horse whispering." I knew Mr Blobby was multi-talented but I hadn't known that this was one of his skills.



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A Regroup finally appeared and we stopped for a well-deserved breather. The night was hot and humid and we were all a tad sweaty. Good to take a break and let the slower runners catch up. Though it wasn't long before we were off again, running along a road by Shurlock Row and stopping where the FRBs insisted they'd lost the Trail. This, despite clear flour blobs on the back of telephone poles. Fortunately, SlowSucker appeared and, with a sigh and a caustic raise of an eyebrow, pointed out where the Trail was. Sue, Donut, Splash and I ran by a garden where a girl was watering it with a hose. Following a "Yes please!" by one of our group she raised the hose and sprinkled us with refreshing water. Delicious!



A bit like this

Donut, Splash, BGB, Spex and I decided to take a short cut and, after a couple of successful Checks, found ourselves well in front of the Pack. We reached a Check with the option of a forest track or an overgrown field. I (unfortunately) took the track, which turned out to be a False. BGB essayed the field. We both returned to the Check at the same time. "I can't find any flour." He wailed. There seemed to be a track among the grass in the field to the right so I gave it a try. And there was the first flour blob. It seems that BGB, who once wanted to be named TrailBlazer, had reinforced the reason we never renamed him...

Luckily, for Donut's and my tired legs it wasn't too far from here back to the pub and we were passed by Rampant and then Spot, who were flying along. Through the middle of a field of crisp, golden corn, then on to the side road that led to the pub. Lovely! Oh yes, and the church bells were still ringing out.

A nice Trail laid by our Hares tonight and a fine summer evening to run it. Thanks to them... and for organising the Hash chips later. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

To all of you with iPhones and iPads, Shitfor mentioned to me, and various other people agreed, that you can only see the first part of the Gobsheets. Our technical team are currently working on a resolution for this issue and hope to have it in place soon. This will enable you to read the tens of Gobsheets you have, so far, been unable to read. How lucky you will be...

Down Downs

RA Motox officiated in the pub garden, awarding the following.

Who Got It

Why

Desperate

Being far too eager and getting to the Hash early.

Splash

Our welcome returnee. Splash managed to drop most of her water on the ground and jumped on it, 'splash'ing all nearby.

MessengerBoy

Last week recovered spectacularly from an almost Hash Crash and then went home early to mis his Down Down.

Spot

'Caterpillar' running. He described the stop/start group he was in like this.

TC, Whinge

Their birthdays and wedding anniversary. 😊

Horny

Who is desperate to get to 60 Hashes. She chucked the remnants of her drink over the RA!

SkinnyDipper

She did a 10k run yesterday and had 5 marshals helping her on her way. Though she felt they 'held her back'.

CanalBob

Was awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by Utopia for being as scared of horses as she is.

Swallow, SlowSucker

Tonight's Hares. Swallow, of course, drank her Down first.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2174	22Jul19	SU637768	"Jolly Dodger" Moored by Pangbourne Meadow Pangbourne RG8 7BY By Boat or Train or Park at Village Hall Light BBQ Food Bring your own Drinks!	Lonely
2175	29Jul19	TBA	TBA	TBA