

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2178 19Aug19

Venue: The Royal Oak  
Knowl Hill

Hares: Shitfer, NappyRash, Desperate

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## Today's Race Contestants

Swallow SlowSucker Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Twanky Spot Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Cerberus and dog Chillli BillyBullshit Lonely Itsyor Gnasher RandyMandy Motox Iceman Anne Vlad Sue TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Utopia BGB Martin Nicki Julia Phil MessengerBoy Kate Pauline Florence Zebedee CanalBob Foghorn Slapper TC Whinge

## No 'F' in False

The above list of participants is so named because today's Hash was something of a race. Our Hares were concerned about the earlier onset of dusk and had not only started the Hash half an hour earlier than usual but had laid the Trail to be a bit of an eyeballs-out run. A good idea you may think, but there was a group of people, including Mr Blobby, C5, Florence, Zebedee and Spot who had all completed the Compton Downland Challenge 20-mile race on Saturday (see [here](#) for the results and race details) in under four hours and were pretty knackered. Our hats off to them – a really great result for all!

Secondly, the title of this piece relates to the fact that the False Trails tonight had no 'F' on the end of them... which made things for the FRB's somewhat trying. As I found out.

Since our GM, SkinnyDipper, is away on her epic cycling journey to Sweden – if you're reading this, Skinny, BH's best wishes are with you – Mr Blobby stepped in to welcome a couple of virgins (see Down Downs) and let us know that it was Independence Day in Afghanistan, National Soft Ice Cream Day in America and National Discovery Day in Canada. Who says you don't learn anything on the Hash, even if it's largely useless information. He handed over to Hare Shitfer, who shuffled into the middle of the Circle like a giant Quasimodo (he's hurt his back), told us we were in for a fast run and pointed us On Out in the opposite direction to which we usually go. One of our number ran straight into the pub, which was a very sensible thing to do.



Mr Blobby had craftily commandeered Minx, Lilo's super-energetic dog to help her pull him up the hills and along the way and he shot off at a great pace with the straining hound pulling on its lead. One has to wonder what Lilo feeds the creature. I'm plumping for Chum, mixed with cocaine. Or amphetamine-based Lassie (you can order tins of it on the Dark Web from any disreputable vet).

We all kept pretty much together for the first ¼ of a mile and then, Bam!, it all went t\*ts-up. Well, for some of us anyway. A 3-way Check lurked coquettishly by a footpath sign and Rampant, Zebedee, Slapper and I followed flour blobs along two almost parallel tracks until no more appeared. As Rampant mentioned, "The rest would have caught us up by now if the Trail went this way." How right he was. We had been caught out by the no-False Falses. Bigger! We backtracked quickly and Rampant, Slapper and Zebedee must have caught up with the Pack. I certainly didn't.

However, I did catch up with Swallow, who was walking due to a calf cramp. Bit of a shame she couldn't run since she'd informed me earlier that she was 'appropriately corseted for running this evening'. This because Gobsheet 2176 (The Three Horseshoes at Brimpton) had reported that she had to walk that



night because she was wearing the wrong sports bra. After some friendly chat I carried on along that very lengthy and Check-free path beside the golf course. It seemed to go on for ever. Occasionally, a narrow gravel path would intersect it at right-angles to enable the golfers to get from one hole to the next. But otherwise, it was just slog, slog, slog. I finally heard some dainty footsteps behind me and stepped aside to let RandyMandy past. I watched as she trotted off into the

distance, like a multi-coloured wolf of the steppes, loping along effortlessly.

And then, just before returning to the A4, just down the road from the pub, TC suddenly appeared beside me. She and Whinge had arrived late and she had “run like a nutter” to try and catch up. Which explained her breathless, lightly tousled demeanour. I think she was glad to see a friendly face. As was Foghorn, who was the next to catch up. Wandering over the A4, we knew only too well that we were headed up that damn great hill by the side of what used to be The Seven Stars.

Half way up it, we met Donut, Anne and Vlad coming down. Donut had a bit of an injury to her foot and Anne and Vlad, sensing the opportunity to shorten the Trail (or was it because they kindly offered to make sure she was ok...) had said they would accompany her. Quite why I didn't go with my wife too I'm not quite sure. Think I was hallucinating by this point. We exchanged the car key and parting conversation that would have done credit to Round The Horne's Fiona (Dame Ceila Molestrangler) and Charles (ageing juvenile Binkie Huckerback). “Fiona. Must you go?” “Oh Charles. I must. I must.” “Oh Fiona. I cannot bear us to be parted. I'm wanting you, needing you.” “Charles. Dearest Charles. I must away, but I shall never forget.” “Oh Fiona.” “Oh Charles.” And so on. Check out [here](#) if you'd like a taster of one of the excruciatingly romantic episodes based on Brief Encounter.

Alone again (how sad is this?!) I eventually caught up with TinOpener, who was ploughing his own lonely furrow up the hill and into the forest. We actually found a few Checks (all kicked out), one of which had an arrow and a 'P' against it. Since we were approaching 'P'udding Hill we figured that was what it indicated. Climbing steadily up it we came to a Check with an 'S' next to it. Originally, we thought it stood for 'S'hort but after many lung-bursting yards uphill we decided it stood for 'S'teep. It certainly was and we were glad to see Hare Desperate and TC just ahead of us when we **finally** started downhill again. As NappyRash had said earlier, there was a wide-open, panorama of fields towards the end of the Trail down which we trotted, being overtaken by Spot, SlowSucker and Rampant, followed by Zebedee, all of whom must have done the 'L'ong Trail. Quite how Spot and Zebedee were still running (after Saturday – see above) I'm not sure. Maybe it was the knowledge that the pub was just ½ a mile away. Or maybe they've been eating Minx's dog food...

The Trail was meant to go over the footbridge across the A4 but TC, Desperate and I decided to cross the road, Desperate saying, “The cars aren't going too fast.” I riposted with, “But we might be going too slow.” Which was rather prophetic. As we started to cross, I looked left as we angled over to the right, TC wobbled across the front of me and we nearly caught Desperate's heel. I had visions of a motorists goggling at an apparent geriatric threesome if we had all fallen over in a heap together on the road. (Geriatric of course refers only to myself, not to the lissome ladies with whom I was running... phew!)

A pleasant canter saw us back to The Royal Oak where I saw Mr Blobby handing back Minx to Lilo. She was obviously ever so grateful since, in front of her husband and the rest of us, she told Mr Blobby (who looked somewhat surprised): “I'll give you one later.” You can always count on Lilo for an excellent quote.

Apologies for not being able to report much on everyone else in this Gobsheet. I've learned my lesson and will not be Checking any more. 😊

Our thanks to the Hares for getting us back in the daylight and to Shifter for the Hash chips later.

On On. **Hashgate.**

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

I know we talk about the weather constantly in this country but do we ever think about the effect it has on history and shaping civilizations? A touch deep, I know, but let's explore the topic. For example, imagine it had taken a turn for the worse on 6<sup>th</sup> June 1944. Either the Normandy invasion would have been postponed, or even cancelled, or many more Allied lives would have been lost in stormy seas, resulting in losing or greatly prolonging the war.

Would the American Civil War have been won by the South if the weather in those States had been cooler, less humid and soporific, like the industrial North with its factories, city-based workforces and leadership?

What if there was no Monsoon? The Indian sub-continent would be as dry as a bone and the effect on the population catastrophic.

If there had been a cold snap in Spring when William Wordsworth penned 'I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud' the first verse could have been very different:-

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 In freezing winds o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 Of sheep, a-shiver with the chills;  
 Beside the frozen lake the trees  
 Sat leafless in the chilly breeze.



Of course, good weather can promote happiness in people. A beautiful Spring day in England, when the sun warms your face, the sky is azure and a gentle zephyr rustles the new leaves on the trees makes almost everyone feel good.

I like Aesop's fable about the North Wind and the Sun. The North Wind challenged the Sun to see who was the stronger and pointed to a man in a cloak, walking along. The North Wind said he would force the traveller to take off his cloak and blew a howling gale about him. But the man gripped his cloak tightly around him and would not let go. The Sun then shone brightly and warmly and, after a while, the man, now feeling hot, took off his cloak. Aesop's moral is that gentle persuasion can achieve more than bluster and strength.

## Down Downs

In the dark outside the pub, RA Motox awarded the following.

### Who Got It

### Why

Mr Blobby	In Saturday's race he won his category and donated the prize money to charity. Well done!
Foghorn	Had to be dragged out of his house by Slapper and Motox because he thought the Hash was starting at 7:30.
Whinge	Was late because it took so long for him to get all his money out of the cash machine.
Gnasher	Awarded her 50 Runs badge. Well done to her!
Kate, Pauline	Tonight's virgins struggled a touch with their beer.
Slapper	During the Trail, being very polite to a farmer who was telling him off.
Iceman	Our Webmaster. According to Motox, he clicked on the latest Gobsheet on the website and was directed to an October issue. What I want to know is, what was Motox, a confirmed Luddite and paper user, doing on the internet?
Motox	C5 awarded him a Down for forgetting to bring (and wear) the 'La Pecarina' apron.
NappyRash, Shitfer, Desperate	Tonight's Hares. Desperate beat them both!

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2180	02Sep19 * 19:00 *	<a href="#">SU633637</a>	<b>The Red Lion,</b> Church Road, Mortimer West End RG7 2HU	Slapper Motox
2181	09Sep19 * 19:00 *	<a href="#">SU596706</a>	<b>Bradfield Village Hall</b> Southend Road, Bradfield Southend READING RG7 6EY Bring a Drink and a Glass and Plates and Knife, Fork and Spoon	Dunny Rampant