

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2179 26Aug19  
Venue: The Three Horseshoes  
Henley-on-Thames  
Hares: SlowSucker, Swallow

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## The Henley Crew



TC Whinge WaveRider NappyRash Cerberus BillyBullshit  
Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Posh Spot BigStiffy Hotlips  
RandyMandy Gnasher Slapper NoSole Motox Iceman Ms  
Whiplash PennyPitstop OldFart Mo FlashBangWallop Sue  
Lonely Foghorn Caboose Itsyor Fiddler CanalBob  
CouchPotato C5... and later, Bomber

## The Thames-Free Hash

Unfortunately, my trusty (maybe not so) recording machine decided to overwrite the first recorded section so if your name is missing from the above, my apologies. The rest is also mainly all from memory so hopefully I've remembered it all...

The evening was hot, arid, cloudless. The sun lasered down on everything in its golden view. Very nice, of course, to have a rain-free August Bank Holiday but we were perspiring even while we stood in the shade of the wall and bush opposite the pub, where customers gently steamed in the heat. Even Posh and Donut, renowned for wearing Arctic clothing in the summer, wore aught but singlets and shorts and were heard rejoicing in the hot weather.

A gentleman in (I think) an Audi TT chatted briefly to a lady, standing outside the pub, then roared off like a juvenile car stealer between the two lines of parked cars in the narrow road. BH<sup>3</sup> rightly gave him an ironic round of applause. What a prat.



Henley swelters in the heat.

If any of you knew Fruit n'Nut, that ex-army, unique character with his neatly twirled moustache, Spot mentioned to me that he had died recently, aged about 80. He was a fine chap of the old school and dedicated to the enjoyment of Hashing. Sad to see he has left us.

C5 stood in as GM this evening, since SkinnyDipper is still on her one-woman cycling tour of Europe, with Sweden as her final destination. Skinny, if you're reading this, we hope the chamois cream is working well. C5 handed over to Hare SlowSucker, who told us we would not, as is usual in Henley, be running anywhere the river. The

Walkers trooped off, led by Swallow and the rest On Outed along the Reading Road, leaving a trail of perspiration behind us.

We completely missed the right turn near the first Check and milled aimlessly and flourlessly about ¼ mile further on. This was due to a couple of FRBs (Rampant possibly being one of them – apologies if not) going along the correct Trail and finding no flour... even though it was there. Doh! We backtracked rapidly to where SlowSucker stood patiently by the turn, raising a quizzical eyebrow and trying not to "Tut".

Heading off towards Harpsden woods I found myself running with RandyMandy who told me she was having trouble getting both of her legs to go forwards. Apparently, this was due to a spot of earlier alcoholic imbibement. Her actual words were, "It's the Prosecco that makes my legs part." CanalBob and I found this particularly amusing.

At the foot of the bloody great big hill that bifurcates the golf course we met the Walkers and a Check. Almost no-one bothered to check any other way but up the wooded hill and we duly found the Trail. Up

and up it went. Then a bit further up into another wood, where we were treated to the sight of Cerberus running. She usually walks now, due to a knee problem, but, where the ground is soft, she rewards herself with a casual trot. Nice to see. 😊 Having crossed the road through the forest we enjoyed yet another uphill traipse through more woodland. This was where Donut and I had laid a Trail some years ago. We were out recceing it one afternoon and were enjoying the peace and lack of people when she tripped over one bramble, that had wrapped itself slyly around her ankle, and fell hand first on to another. She uttered a fearfully rude word (perfectly understandable in the circumstances) that had several roosting wood pigeons erupting from the trees. And just in front of us appeared a family with a couple of young children. Amazing! Not a soul for miles, then wham, an entire bunch of them to witness the event. We laugh about it now...

After a run along a narrow alley, lined by a fence and thick hedge, we came to the Regroup. This was where the Walkers would turn right, past the 'F' that met NappyRash. We carried straight on and dived into a small but dense wood where Lonely, leading Foghorn and me caught his foot on a miniscule root and dived earthwards. I'm pleased to report that he managed not to say the same word that Donut had done. Fortunately, no damage was done and he jumped up and carried on.

It was just after here that I managed to lose the entire Pack, mainly because a) I couldn't keep up with them, and b) I knew exactly where I was (not far from our house) and thought I might take my time to enjoy the vista of the rolling fields, bathed in the setting sunlight. I'm sure you don't want a step-by-step account of my wander back so I won't bore you with it. I'll just report that I was almost frightened witless when a behemoth of a combine harvester roared suddenly into life behind the hedge in the field next to me; the run down

into the valley and up the other side towards the archeological dig where SlowSucker and GnomeAlone have spent quite a bit of time was glorious and the skitter across and down the golf course into Harpsden Valley was most enjoyable.



**A bit, but not exactly, like this...**

There was but a single golfer on the entire course, practising his putting on a distant green. Lovely.

Of course, what goes down must come up and I approached the damn great, grassy hill that led back to Henley with a bit of a sigh. Half way up I would have struggled to utter one since breathing was almost beyond me. A girl with a fluffy, poodle-type dog ran lightly down the hill towards me and we exchanged a friendly "Hello" (though mine was considerably more gasped than hers. As she got a little further down she turned and called out, "Are you with the other runners?" "Yes." I replied. The girl's heart was in the right place but her words had a somewhat demoralising effect on me. "They're not **very** far ahead." She advised, brightly. I thanked her, equally brightly, but with a tacit, 'Thanks a bunch.'

Whatever, I knew I wasn't far now and enjoyed the downhill run along the road at the top of the hill that was lined with exceptionally expensive houses. I actually missed the turn that SlowSucker had laid half way down it but knew where I was and followed the On Out in reverse all the way down to the pub. It was really quite a pleasant canter.

At the pub, the friendly landlady had said that, if anyone wanted to buy and bring fish and chips from the nearby chippy, they were welcome to do so. Which is why most of the outside tables groaned beneath the weight of fried potato strips and battered fish. The table with TC, Whinge, WaveRider, NappyRash, Cerberus and BillyBullshit had them piled so high they had to peer around the mound to speak to each other. Not surprisingly, the mound rapidly disappeared.

Our thanks to Swallow and SlowSucker for a good Trail on this lovely evening. We didn't miss the river at all. 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

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

Dreams are curious things. Why do we dream at all? What is their purpose? Most dreaming occurs (assuming it's not day time and you aren't 'drifting') during REM (Rapid Eye Movement) sleep. There are several theories on the role of dreams. They may help you confront an emotional issue, help your creative side, aid the storage of important memories.

Remembering dreams can be almost impossible, since your long-term memory storage is fairly dormant during the dreaming process. Though, if you do remember dreams, most if it makes little or no sense when you are fully awake. Some parts of dreams can be associated with actual events but the rest is illogical and has no reference to your life or experiences. Most people who remember their dreams do so in a colourless way and some have the most vivid, colourful ones.

Some years ago I woke with a start and wrote down some words of power that had been of the utmost importance in the dream I had been having. Then went back to sleep. When I woke in the morning I read the words, which were 'Ai lekidor'. So, absolute rot. You can't even make a 9-letter word out of the letters. The nearest are 7-letter words such as 'airlike' and 'deliria'. So much for their 'utmost importance'. 😊

However, remembering a pleasant dream can be most enjoyable. The only way to do it is to make a (literally) conscious effort as soon as you wake up. It's fascinating to try and follow the logic (if any) – a bit like trying to follow a BH<sup>3</sup> Trail. Life is but a dream...

## Down Downs

After some consultation with Hashers to find out who the sinners were, Motox awarded the following while the residue of chips were ingested.

### Who Got It

### Why

Motox	C5 jumped in before RA Motox started. Motox had, yet again, forgotten to bring along the 'La Pecarina' apron and it seemed to C5 that he was doing it on purpose to get a beer Down Down. So he awarded him half a pint of water.
FlashBangWallop	Wearing a Reading Roadrunners T-shirt. He said he didn't have a BH <sup>3</sup> one so SlowSucker whipped his off and gave it to him.
C5	Covering Posh with drips of perspiration while running in front of her. Dirty boy!
Ms Whiplash	Running off with BigStiffy and leaving her friend PennyPitstop behind.
Pyro	She was stung by a wasp. No report of whether it lived or died...
Cerberus, RandyMandy	Spotting a naked man and having a good look. RandyMandy also turned up fairly drunk and with her shorts on back to front!
SlowSucker, Swallow	Tonight's Hares. Swallow lived up to her name and downed hers well before her beau.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
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
2182	Sunday 15Sep19 * 11:00 *	<a href="#">SU712806</a>	<b>The Butcher's Arms</b> Blounts Court Road, Sonning Common RG4 9RS	TC Whinge Desperate