

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2189 03Nov19

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

Venue: Peppard Stoke Row Cricket Club  
Stoke Row Road

Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: CouchPotato, Spot

## Fielders and Bats



Spex LoudonTasteless Donut Hashgate Twanky SkinnyDipper and dog Minx Lungs Mrs Blobby Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TC Whinge Desperate Shitfer WaveRider NappyRash Iceman Motox Pantaloon Mrs Pantaloon Pyro and dog Whisper FlashBangWallop PissQuick CanalBob Itsyor Fiddler C5 Slapper Tequilova Dumb Dumber CabinBuoy CrownJewels Michelle Georgie Dr Pooh Dorothy

## Howzat!

Strange how a cricket pitch looks quite out of place and time in November. The grass of PSRCC was green, wet and slightly muddy, surrounded by leaf-losing trees and sitting under grey clouds. You could imagine ghostly figures in white positioned around the wicket and the thwack of willow on leather.



The PSRCC refurbished pavilion – in Summer.

Through the organisational excellence of CouchPotato PSRCC had very kindly allowed us to have the use of their excellent pavilion today at no charge and we were looking forward to enjoying its facilities later, which included showers and a bar. See [here](#) for more information about the pavilion and its refurbishment.

CouchPotato and Spot had had to lay the Trail this morning, due to the wind and rain that had battered the area on Saturday and overnight. Couch sidled up to me and advised that it was, "Pretty much a live Trail." I was initially a tad confused by this since both Hares were at the Gather Round. But all became clear when they told us that, although there were Checks, there were no Falses – essentially One-Blob Checks. Well, why not? Makes a change and can be useful in keeping the Pack together... though it didn't seem to do so all the time.

GM SkinnyDipper welcomed virgin Mrs Pantaloon to the Hash and told us it was International Mens' Day ("You can all check your balls later", she chortled. "I shan't be checking anyone else's." I replied). I looked around, expecting Slips (it **was** a cricket pitch after all) to be with us. Perhaps, I thought, she's seen the possible rain and gone for Extra Cover; maybe she fell in a Gully and someone made a Silly Point; perhaps... perhaps I should stop the daft cricket jokes and get on with the Gobsheet.

We On Outed, starting with a sticky-footed Field Check on the pitch which spread us out far and wide. Desperate seemed to be first to find the Trail. At least, her descant squeak of 'On On' was the one we heard first. We were led out through nearby woodland down to a damp, grass and scrub bowl at the foot of a couple of damn great big hills. Now since I know this area and the Check was laid towards the left side hill, I thought I'd try the right side, along with Iceman. As everyone else disappeared into woodland opposite we found the flour blob half way up the hill and Iceman let out one of his thunderous, "ON ON!" roars. I swear a stunned pigeon fell backwards off a nearby branch while leaves fluttered earthwards from adjacent trees. I turned back to see the rest of the Pack re-appearing out of the woodland. A smile crept across our faces as we toiled up the slippery slope.

Another one caterpillared across mine over the crossroads at the top when I thought I'd try the little alleyway where Donut and I had laid our Trail in Summer (albeit coming the other way) and it turned out to be correct. NappyRash careered after me. Always nice to get a few Checks right. Of course, most of the rest of them didn't quite work out but that's Hashing for you. 😊

I think Spex had it in for me today. When I'd come back from checking in the next forested area only to be told that it **was** that way after all I said to her, "That's a tad irritating." "Yes." She replied. "But then you're irritating too, Hashgate." I could only agree. A little later, when I pointed out to her that the Check she had called was merely a white coloured leaf, she gave me The Look and said, "Don't be stupid, Hashgate!" Fair enough, I thought. The third and last was perhaps the best. As we trotted back past the On Inn I mentioned to her that I now identified as female and would be prepared to loofah her back in the shower. "You're such a tart Hashgate!" Was her response. I probably asked for that one. 😊



As we slopped along the shiggy woodland tracks TC, according to Desperate, 'had an affair with a bush'. It was but a brief entanglement and she managed to extricate herself without much damage.

A number of BH<sup>3</sup> had gone to Nice today to run the ½ marathon. I believe they are Florence, Zebedee, Posh, Bomber and Mr Blobby. If I missed anyone, my apologies. Mrs Blobby came up to me after the Hash to show me Mr Blobby's time that she had recorded via an app on her mobile. She was a tad concerned that the time showing was over 5 hours until we realised that this was the time since the start, not his actual race time. 😊 While we were running in Sonning Common on the roads C5 agreed with NappyRash that the reason he wasn't running the Nice race was because there would have been too much tarmac...

Dorothy (long time, no see) suddenly appeared next to us in the forest, by the Regroup. This welcome stop enabled everyone to come together, particularly those who were struggling with injury. WaveRider, for instance, had been experiencing a tight calf for a couple of weeks – though in last week's knee-deep cold water Camra Hash she reckoned it was fine. Pyro was wearing a sling on one arm, had snapped a tendon in her finger and had a concrete slab fall on her foot. Donut was in the early stages of an energy-sapping cold, despite having spent the previous week in delicious Caribbean sunshine. Consequently, a number of people (WaveRider and Donut among them) took the road the led virtually straight back to the cricket club and, a little later, a number of others took the (alleged) Short Trail, rather than 'enjoy' the Long. Michelle, Spex, LoudonTasteless, SkinnyDipper and Minx, Dr Pooh and me, with Hare Spot in attendance. Spot had only recce'd the Trail once, then laid it this morning so we had a little fun finding it occasionally. But we managed to pop out of the wet woodlands on to the little road that led to The Unicorn pub, not far from the cricket club. We caught up with Shitfer who was stonking rapidly along with a couple of walking sticks. From behind it was click, click, wibble, wobble as he hurled each stick and leg forward, eating up the miles like Motox on speed. He told Spot and me that Whinge had sent the lady walkers the wrong way and Ms Whiplash had had a really good moan about it. Excellent! Makes a change for someone to moan to Whinge rather than the other way round.

It didn't take long to get back to the cricket club where some people changed in the car park and some opted for a shower. Nice to have the choice! I overheard and saw Twanky winking at C5 and asking him, "Are we going for a shower?" Poor chap was rebuffed. I asked LoudonTasteless, leaning against his car, if he would be going for a shower. "I've got one at home, Hashgate." He replied. "Never use it, obviously; but I've got one."

Mrs Blobby walked randomly and rapidly about in the car park and field and some of us were ready with the rugby tackle and straitjacket until she explained she was just making her walking mileage up to 5 miles. Just as well she told us! 😊

We all repaired to the pavilion and duly enjoyed its facilities. Our Hares had provided nuts, crisps, lemon drizzle cake and stollen cake. Drinks were on sale. Delish! An excellent Trail, followed by great hospitality. Thanks to both our Hares and Peppard Stoke Row Cricket Club.

On On. **Hashgate.**

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



I thought that this notice, attached to the fence outside the rear of the cricket pavilion, was an apposite instruction in this time of political shambles and the coming U.K. election.

However, it's perfectly understandable that many people adopt this 'balanced' position given that many politicians hedge their bets, obfuscate, equivocate and deliberately issue conflicting and confusing statements. Fake news, Twitter, apparent Russian cyber-interference in social media, intense peer pressure via this medium, accusations of bias, actual political bias by those who should be impartial, mud-slinging, personal mis-conduct to name a few.

And then there's Brexit. Was it a good idea to have a referendum on a subject so comprehensively complex that no voter could understand the issues and ramifications? Should we now have another referendum (or several more) until the 'right' result is achieved, whatever that may be, depending on your beliefs.

The one fact that shines through all the above fog is that we live in a country where we are lucky enough to be able to vote (unless you are SkinnyDipper, who can't, as a foreign national). So however bored we are with the current political squabbling and inability to join together to lead our country we should make our voices heard – don't sit on the fence.

## Down Downs

There was no need to go out into the damp air today and RA Motox presented the below in the comfortable surroundings of the pavilion.

### Who Got It

### Why

Whinge, Ms Whiplash  
Georgie

One sent the other the wrong way. One moaned for the rest of the walk.  
A returnee to BH<sup>3</sup> after 30 years! Great to see her back (and her front and sides). Her Down Down was the worst we've ever seen and that includes SlowSucker and me.

Slapper

Was surprised by a couple of lady Hashers while he stopped for a wee behind a tree.

Dumber

Awarded his 100 Runs badge. You have to laugh – he's been Hashing with BH<sup>3</sup> for millennia.

Dorothy

He's become a grandma (a Dorothy can't become a Grandad, can she?)  
Congratulations to her/him.

Spex

Calling the Scribe 'Irritating', 'Stupid' and a 'Tart'.

Mrs Blobby

Exhibiting Brownian Motion in the car park after the Hash (see above).

LoudonTasteless

Just generally looking guilty.

CouchPotato, Spot

Today's Hares.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2191	17Nov19	<a href="#">SU534855</a>	The Blueberry (TBC) London Road Blewbery, Didcot OX11 9NU	Epic Fail Joint with DH <sup>3</sup>
2192	24Nov19	<a href="#">SU825793</a>	The Royal Oak Knowl Hill Common Knowl Hill RG10 9YE	Desperate SkinnyDipper Shitfer