

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1886 12Jan14

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

Venue: The Reformation
Gallowstree Common

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Florence, Zebedee

Unwanted Pub Customers

Donut Hashgate Caboose Iceman Motox Whinge TC Shifter Desperate Cerberus OldDog Dumper OldFart 2Bob and dog Lucy Sean TinOPener Lilo and dog Minx NappyRash WaveRider Lemming Mother Theresa Bumwiper and dog Ebony Foghorn Snowballs Slippery SkinnyDipper BlindPew RandyMandy Chopstix Shandyman TT2 Pissquick Glittertits (I think I saw their car but not them?!) Lungs C5 FannyBag JustMoist Swallow Slowsucker Pyro and dog Whisper DoorMatt HappyFeet Tony (now named OnDuty) Dana (now named DampPatch) Bomber Posh

A Hash, A Bash and Another Hash

Iceman, Caboose and I were trying to remember when we last Hashed from this pub. We remembered that there was a fair dusting of snow. At least, to start with. By the time we returned it had all melted. I checked back through my archives a minute ago. Believe it or not, it was run number 1585 on the 6th of April 2008! Just shows how time flies when you're enjoying yourself, doesn't it.



We were certainly looking forward to enjoying Zeb and Flo's Trail. They explained it, in graphic detail. Now don't get the wrong idea. I merely mean that Zeb in particular was very concerned to demonstrate to us some of the signs we would encounter during this morning's sojourn. First he drew carefully a flour circle, to indicate a Check. We politely pretended never to have seen one before. "Fancy that." Was heard. Closely followed by a "By Jingo. Quite an innovation." Then he explained that there would, on occasion, be a 'W' to show the way for 'W'alkers and, just in case any of us were alphabetically challenged he artfully fashioned (with a flourish) a fine 'W' for our education, amusement and entertainment. A lady swooned at the sheer calligraphic dexterity. "Well I never." Gaspd an incredulous Hasher. Followed swiftly by a *sotto voce* "Wot the fek!"

I might point out that our good Hares were using pink flour today, the reason being that a Bash and a previous Hash had already passed this way and the woods were liberally coated with cake flour, white bread flour, whole wheat bread flour, amaranth flour, barley flour, buckwheat flour, white rice flour, brown rice flour, arrowroot flour, potato flour, potato starch flour, almond flour, corn flour and self-raising flour. In short, there was quite a bit of flour about. Mainly white. Hence the pink in use by our Hares. During the Trail our friends from High Wycombe asked Zeb how he had managed to get the colour. They were rather taken aback when he explained that there had been three Hares but that Flo and he had got decided to grind them up to add colour to the flour. Apparently, the bones could be seen somewhere on the Trail. He wasn't forthcoming as to the exact location.

You may have noticed that we are taking a while to get to the actual Trail description this week. Problem is, knowing what to write. I missed Lilo's swan dive into the shiggy and the rest largely passed in a blur of mud, wet and tears. However, let me introduce you to Whisper. Whisper is Pyro's delightful brown and white collie. She seems to have two particular pleasures in life. One is running about in forests with us. The other is eating pink flour! It was amazing how, at the Regroup, at each 'W' (presumably she thought it meant 'W'inalot) and at almost every blob she was there, hovering the stuff up like a canine cokehead. Mind you, she wouldn't be the first animal to indulge in substance abuse. Fascinating programme on TV the other night about a pod of dolphins that were playing tag with a puffer fish. The puffer fish blows itself up like a ball (perfect for a playful bottlenose) and issues a noxious substance from various orifices. The dolphins ingest small quantities of this and get off their grinning faces. And another example – the filmmaker father of a girlfriend from long ago showed me some footage he had taken of a camel in Abu Dhabi who used to place his fleshy lips around car exhausts and 'smoke' the fumes. Don't think he did it for too long though...

None of which is telling you anything about the Trail. Which was actually rather good. Rather muddy and rather wet too. Having trotted across the refinement of the cricket club sward we entered the far less sophisticated mess that was several soggy woods. The route led us largely backwards along a course we knew fairly well, though the Hares had put in several loops and the odd back Check to pique our interest and attempt to keep the Pack together. In the event, the Pack straggled out at various points as the FRBs raced along lengthy straight bits. However, there was the odd stile to slow things. Desperate decided to beat the queue at one and slide her sylph-like frame between the horizontal bars of the fence next to it. Shitfor thought he'd try the same trick and, to much abuse from his lady, squeezed his rather more, ahem, well-muscled body through. She found it highly amusing to point out the scuff marks on his tummy. On the other side of the field he had a much better idea and slipped lithely through the large dog flap next to that stile ☺



Figure 1 - a bit like Shitfor, though vertical

After a lot of slopping, slipping and slapping about in the soaking woodland, and with the temperature sliding downwards like a penguin into the Weddell Sea I caught up with Posh and we trotted into somebody's garden. Now in the summer this would be a lovely place, with wide lawns, a series of square pools at various levels that drained into each other and a water feature in the shape of an open flower where the petals were wine bottles! There you go, Posh. It's described for you. As we exited the garden I had asked Posh what she thought of the above. Her answer was that she rarely looks at anything while running, just concentrates on getting one foot in front of the other. I promised to let her know what she had missed. Just as well she didn't miss the 'On Inn' that appeared shortly after or she'd have gone round the Trail again. And now it had started raining. We changed quickly and entered the pub.

'You will receive a warm welcome from the moment you walk through the door and we will make your visit to us one to remember.' So reads the blurb on the website of this pub. Hmm. There are two statements in that sentence and only one is true. It was perfectly obvious that the landlady wasn't interested in the happy crowd that had come to spend its money, probably return for dinner (as Donut and I were thinking of doing... though not now) and recommend her pub to friends and relatives. The only warmth came from the fires and the visit was certainly one (not) to remember. Pity really. A lovely old pub in a nice setting. I have certainly supported it many times in the past. Curious way to run a business. Harumph!

Our thanks go to Hares Flo and Zeb for laying a teasing Trail. And to TT2 who performed sterling work in the car park before the Hash to ensure that at least half the car park was free for regular patrons.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Assigned by our excellent RA, Shitfor, who officiated in the freezing cold and rain. What a chap! Most of us squeezed into the smoking gazebo, ignoring the musty fag ends in order to keep dry.

Who Got It

Why

Shandyman, our GM	For advising the RA to cut down on Down Downs to save money
Sean	Today's virgin
Dana	Renamed DampPatch since that's what she told Shitfor she'd got when he told her he did building work.
Tony	Renamed OnDuty because he always is!
	Both the above did remarkably well in the cold and rain. Well done!
Lemming	A Hash Crasher today and for berating the RA on his choice of subtle aftershave
Lilo	The other of today's fallers
Zeb, Flo	Today's Hares (she won as usual☺)

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1888	26Jan14	SU928623	Joint Run with North Hants Hash The Crossley Club 113 Guildford Rd, Lightwater GU18 5RA	TA FullFrontal ShutupWally
1889	02Feb14	SU643792	The Sun, Hill Bottom, Whitchurch Hill, RG8 7PU Whitchurch Bridge will still be closed!!!	Booby