

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1891 16Feb14
Venue: The Sun, Castle Street
Reading
Hares: SkinnyDipper, Ms Whiplash

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

Be My Valentines



DampPatch Skids Simple Donut Hashgate Whinge TC NappyRash WaveRider Booby Shandyman Chopstix Nutty Potty C5 Slapper NoSole Motox Snowballs Slippery LoudonTasteless Spex Hotlips Dunny Rampant Horny Mike Slowsucker Swallow CabinBuoy Flash Iceman Florence Zebedee DoorMatt HappyFeet RandyMandy Tim(the landlord) Aidan Brent

The Red Dress Run

Valentine's Day. A day when, no matter how vehemently the lady protests that buying a card and present is bowing to commercialism, if the gentleman does not, he risks immediate removal of the gonads and a frosty stare. Most blokes are not given to spontaneous and public (sometimes private) displays of affection and find this expectation difficult. A couple of years ago I was in the City of London the day before Valentines Day and on my way to Liverpool Street passed a pathetic sight. Drawing level with the entrance to a Clintons Cards shop I noticed a line of middle-aged, suited, business types queuing resolutely for the till, card in one hand and small, grey furry bear in the other, features set grimly (the chaps, not the bear). It was fascinating to project forward to the homecoming where each gent would thrust the items rapidly into the little woman's hand, forcing a conciliatory smile and a peck on the cheek before retreating to the comfort of the emails waiting on the smartphone.



BH³ are fortunately a bit more welcoming of the day. None more so than the gentlemen of the Hash who embrace the event warmly and with fondness, compliment it on its beauty, indulge in a sincere session of face sucking and tonsil hockey before slipping into scarlet ladies attire. Ah, the freedom from constricting trouserage, the electric slide of nylon on hairy leg. It's most amusing to watch the feminine pulling down of a rising hemline and the toss of the head to detach wig hair from chin stubble.

Tim, the landlord of The Sun, and a number of regulars (both male and female) had thoroughly bought into today's event. Tim, in particular, looked

very fetching in a sleeveless number that showed off his bicep tats to a T. The press prowled around our group, photographing, so you may see yourself in the Reading Chronicle very soon.

The picture above, taken by Donut, includes the whole group. To the right, if you can bear to view it includes, believe it or not, C5 and Slapper, a pair of 'ladies' one would not wish to meet down a dark entry at night. I found C5, with his height, build, elbow gloves and dead badger shrug reminded me all too clearly of Madame Olympe Maxime from the film Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire. Though I felt the lady in question's wig was considerably less lop-sided than C5's.



But to the Hash. After Shandyman explained the purpose of the day and Hare SkinnyDipper explained the meaning of the flour marks to our guests, we were off, the gentlemen keeping in a tight group to avoid being picked off and ravished by passing pervs. Actually, given the speed of the running there was little chance of that. Most of the pub regulars were surprisingly fit – hardly a beer belly in sight. We sped towards the town centre and delighted many of the early shoppers. It's amazing the effect on people a

set of large blokes in red dresses has. Smiles break out and the cares of the day fade into insignificance when we swish past. Apart from that miserable, middle-aged git on a bike that Booby and I met near the bridge over the Loddon. We tried our best but nary a muscle flickered on his granite face. We duly wished him good luck and silently added our hope that he might cycle into the fast flowing waters.

The day, for once, was devoid of rain and the howling wind that had buffeted everything mercilessly over the weekend had gone. The warm winter sun shone in the clear sky and those of us wearing a number of layers came to regret it. Especially as we toiled up the hilly streets toward the university. Where I met one of my neighbours who greeted me with a cheery “Hello Phil” and didn’t bat an eyelid at our antics. It was around here that I overheard Chopstix advising Shandyman that she was, “losing



my soul”. A curious topic of conversation on the Hash, I thought, until they pointed out the dilapidated state of their footwear. I am happy to report that Chopstix has both body and soul and, unlike ‘he who cannot be named’ (with reference to the above Harry Potter stories) has not been chopping up her metaphysical self and hiding the bits in baked bean cans around St. Mary Bourne.

Having finally, gaspingly, heart-thumpingly reached the top of the series of tarmac hills we sashayed over to the university grounds, with SkinnyDipper advising us that the Regroup would be “soon”. Though Lord knows where it would be since, as she told us earlier, she had forgotten to mark it. However, after sloshing through some rather messy shiggy and quite a few stocking-ripping brambles we came to a forlorn, kidney-shaped, muddy pool with a few dirty old boulders tumbled haphazardly around. This, informed the breathless Skinny (the lass had done exceptionally well to keep up) was The Regroup. We lounged in the watery sun and took pictures. One appears above and Skinny will be uploading others to either our Facebook page or the BH³ website. Booby decided that RandyMandy might fancy an early bathe in the fetid waters and picked her up. She immediately wrapped her arms and legs around him tightly (I for one was relieved they were standing up rather than laying down) and squealed, “If I go down you’re going down too!” The gentlemen Hashers raised understanding eyebrows and tacitly wished Booby good luck. Just as long as they didn’t have to watch.

There was still rather a lot more Trail to run – the whole thing measured out at over 7½ miles – so we headed out, this time covered in mud, to enjoy being honked at by geese on the university lake and by flirty paramedics in their ambulance. Though by now running downhill it seemed to take an awful long time to get back into the town centre, where a small group of us: Iceman, Simple, Booby a Sun lady and me frightened small children in Broad Street before sloping across St Mary’s churchyard and the relative safety of the Sun(ny) pub car park.

Today’s event raised money to support the excellent charity Alexander Devine Children’s Hospice www.alexanderdevine.org. At this time I can only report that Aidan advised me he thought about £400 had been raised. No doubt the final figure will appear in The Reading Chronicle or on The Sun website at <http://thesunreading.co.uk/index.html>. Thanks to everyone who supported the charity and enjoyed the Hash and thanks in particular to SkinnyDipper and Ms Whiplash who turned out in the wind and rain on Saturday to lay this epic Trail.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

LoudonTasteless stood in for our Orient-bound (I don’t mean Leyton despite Fulham’s recent form!) RA. He did a fair imitation of Henry ‘Orator’ Hunt.

Who Got It

Why and How They Did

Horny	Something to do with Man. City and parking her car?
Best Red Dress Female	HappyFeet – for wearing her jaunty Salvation Army cap
Best Red Dress Male	Hashgate – for borrowing one of Donut’s sequined pink dresses
Brent, Florence	He, a pub regular and excellent runner. She, looking vacantly for a Check in a car park. Florence, of course, won the race. Wottagirl!
RandyMandy	Admitting publicly that she “liked it quick and easy”.
DoorMatt	Fiddling about with children’s bikes while in transvestite mode.Hmm.
Aidan	Managed to lose a partly blown-up condom, during the Trail, that he had been using as a prosthetic breast. Think he needs to consult with the

Swallow pneumatic Iceman who bounced round the entire Trail and lost neither.
 Her 200th Hash. She received a natty red body warmer. Well done!
 Tim Our landlord had kindly donated the Down Downs today, let alone fully supporting the Hash.
 SkinnyDipper, Ms Today's Hares both enjoyed swift Downs. Ms Whiplash employed an elegant little finger extension.
 Whiplash

The EGM

Shandyman, fully supported by the BH³ committee, had called an Extraordinary General Meeting today to explain personally what he had explained in his earlier mass email regarding the raising of the price of Tick. He eloquently decribed the reasoning behind the first increase for over 25 years. Essentially, due to the cost of a pint these days we can't afford the Down Downs so the committee had discussed the issue at a recent meeting and unanimously voted to increase Tick to a measly £1 for members and £1.50 for non-members from Sunday, 23rd February 2014. The BH³ Hashers assembled in the pub noted the increase and met it with universal acceptance.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1893	02Mar14	SU358644	Joint Run with North Wilts Hash The Swan Inn Craven Road, Lr Green, Inkpen, RG17 9DX Advance food orders to 01488 668326	Peacemaker & Centaur
1894	09Mar14	SU642713	'Triple Crown Showdown' The Crown Inn Church Street, Theale, RG7 5BT Match k.o. 3pm	Slapper Tequilova

Spare a thought... for all those who have suffered in the recent floods. One of our group, Motox, is experiencing it first hand. His ground floor is awash. We wish you all the best, Dave, and hope the water recedes swiftly and your home dries out quickly.