

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1901 28Apr14

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

Venue: The Royal Oak  
Knowl Hill Common

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

Hares: Shitfor, Nappyrash

## Hearts of Oak

Iceman LoudonTasteless Spex Donut Hashgate Waverider Snowballs Slippery Utopia Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 Whinge TC BlindPew OldFart Foghorn DragonLady Hotlips Itsyor Slowsucker Swallow Tinopener TT2 Booby Spot Dunny RampantRabbit Ratre HappyFeet Lungs NoSole Slapper Desperate 2Bob Dorothy Treacle DiverFlorence Zebedee

Let me first thank AWOL for writing the Gobsheet last week while several lunatics and I were cycling to Bristol (quite why, I have no idea. It was one of those Friday night, drunken suggestions that was met with a chorus of agreement before several of our party slid 'neath the table). Whether AWOL's choice of style was James Joyce or Samuel Becket remains to be agreed but I must congratulate him on prose that is slightly more impenetrable than my own. Either way, the lad stepped in and did the business, so thank you AWOL ☺

## The BH<sup>3</sup> 1900<sup>th</sup> Party



On Saturday we 'enjoyed' an absolute stonker of a BH<sup>3</sup> 1900<sup>th</sup> Hash, followed by an absolute stonker of a fancy dress party. The Hash, laid by C5 and Mr Blobby, was memorable for three things: 1) the beauty of the topographically and scenically varied countryside we ran through 2) its incredible length (Rampant recorded over 11 miles on his GPS, and 3) the beer stop at the Wild Weather Ales brewery - proof that BH<sup>3</sup> can organise a piss-up at one! It was just unfortunate that, having topped up our fluid levels with a pint or so of Storm Bringer beer we then had to run (by C5's recklessly inaccurate reckoning) a further 3½ miles up hill and down dale. By the time we reached the Mortimer Scout Hut (the party venue) I was beginning to wonder if we'd have enough energy to stay awake, let alone out-twerk Miley Cyrus on the dance floor.

The fancy dress theme was (consistent with the 1500<sup>th</sup> celebration) Kings and Queens, which enabled BH<sup>3</sup> to let the mustang herd of its imagination stampede across the wide plains of a very bizarre landscape. Let me elucidate. Iceman wore a potato sack... King Edward, you see. Shandyman wore emerald, with cascades of ivy... Greene King. Lemming (despite the lack of muscular definition) was an exceptionally passable Yul Bryner from 'The King and I'. Handful had perhaps the wittiest outfit, a crown, a tin can and a picture of a newt... King Canute! Very clever.



Two prizes were awarded for the best group outfits: RandyMandy, NoSole, Slapper and BlindPew were ABBA, wearing A's and B's on the back of their silky outfits, won one (The gentlemen were certainly 'Dancing Queens'). The other consisted of WaveRider, Donut, TC, Whinge, NappyRash and (blush) me, as 'beauty' queens.

Now the ladies looked superb. The gentlemen... Well, I'm not sure the word 'beauty' quite describes the three posturing, pouting, popinjays who sashayed in to the hall wearing two ladies' swimming costumes and a spaghetti strap dress. NappyRash had even shaved some of his legs (the left one I believe) and his *décolletage* in order to appear more believable. The gentlemen were more beast than beauty and counterpointed the *soignée* elegance of our partners.

The food was excellent, the disco played a great variety of danceable music and we all had so much fun we forgot to cut the cake (see above)! It might look from the picture that it was made of veinous tripe but I can assure you it was sweet and tasty.



BH<sup>3</sup> certainly know how to celebrate but, of course, the fun is all down to excellent organisation and hard work so our special thanks go to (in no particular order)

NoSole, Slapper, Booby, Twanky and Shandyman. If I've left anyone out I sincerely apologise.

## The 1901 Hash

What an excellent pub is The Royal Oak. Donut and I got there surprisingly early and sat inside with Hares Shitfor and NappyRash, enjoying the décor, ambience, friendly locals and bar staff. The Hares



had already advised us that the Trail would not be very long, largely to ensure everyone returned before darkness fell (please note, 2Bob. Readers, please see the Gobsheet for the 1898 Hash). This came as a great relief since the legs were still leaden from Saturday's 1900<sup>th</sup> half-marathon and night of dance-floor carousing. The car park began to fill up and we went out to meet and greet, enjoying Slapper's 11-point turn while trying desperately to park his Slapmobile sideways in front of Donut's, Snowy's and

Slippery's cars. The latter two brought a car each. An obvious attempt to cock a snook at the global warming brigade.

Since GM Shandyman was unable to be there Iceman gathered us together, spoke little but honest and handed over to the Hares, who got us away in record time. Equally in record time Slowsucker led a small band of determined FRBs entirely the wrong way. Having missed a False up a woodland path he and they came careering down the hill to meet the rest of the Pack not quite careering up it. Much was the mirth and jocundity among the members of the Pack. After this rather large hill we slipped (literally) down into the muddy woodland that bounds the side of the A4 and here it was that Hotlips did a fair impression of a human toboggan that left her with a brown bottom and uncomfortably damp undercrackers. Not to be outdone, Swallow followed suit, leaving her with a similarly ravaged wardrobe and rosy cheeks (I'll let you make your own jokes about that©).

Meanwhile the rest of us were hurtling along like the 08:10 express from Reading to Paddington. Along tracks, through fields, down roads. It wasn't a race yet it felt like it. For some reason we were going hell-for-leather. Until we got to what NappyRash had described to me earlier as 'the technical bit'. He said he'd been a tad worried earlier that it might be too 'technical' but that, having run C5 and Mr Blobby's 'technical' ultra Hash on Saturday he wasn't worried at all. Instead of leading us along the road to the A4 our Hares had laid a fiendishly slippery trail through an exceptionally steep, wooded sink hole. How no-one broke a leg is entirely down to good fortune. We crawled on to the pavement with the soles of running shoes a good two inches thicker, due to the sticky shiggy, and thanked our stars that we were still in one piece.

A bit of a chest-heaving trot up the lovely fields and bluebell-hazed, flower-scented woods on the other side of the road, a sneakily laid flour blob that sent most of us crashing down and then back up a steep forest path where no Trail had been laid and we were streaming hell-for-leather down the hill to come out by the side of the ex-Seven Stars and the On Inn. Brilliant! Just about four miles and it loosened the legs nicely after Saturday's lactic acid bath. Slapper and NoSole had kindly brought the left-over food and the uncut cake with them so we scoffed the former, enjoyed a few beers, then trooped out for the Down Downs and that cake. Lovely!

Our thanks to the Hares for an excellent Trail. Nice one, chaps.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Down Downs

Since RA Shitfor had Hared today LoudonTasteless and C5 (the Long and the Short of it...) stood in for him today.

### Who Got It

### Why

Dunny, Iceman,  
LoudonTasteless,  
Whinge

Hmm. A good question. If anyone has any idea please let me know☺

Florence  
OldFart

Being 'the old lady who swallowed a fly.

Stood in for Itsyor, who had left, who mentioned there was quite a lot of 'meat' on some of our ladies. Just as well he'd left, I reckon.

Hashgate, HappyFeet

Me for not completing all the slippery, muddy field bit but opting for the tarmac. HappyFeet for using a walking stick to prevent herself slipping into oblivion in the 'technical' bit.

Booby  
Snowballs

He missed out on his celebratory Down Down on Saturday.

He very kindly brought Derek on Saturday – despite leaving his bag behind on the drive!

Hotlips, Swallow  
Rampant

Ensuring that the earth moved when they slipped over (see above).

Severe Hare abuse – knocking NappyRash's flour bottle out of his hand.

Shitfor, NappyRash

Our Hares tonight. Well deserved pints to both.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1903	12May14 19:30	<a href="#">SU462607</a>	<b>The Carpenters Arms</b> Harts Lane, Burghclere, Newbury RG20 9JY	Shandyman Chopstix

1904

19May14  
19:30

[SU509731](#)

**The Fox Inn**  
High Street, Hermitage,  
Thattham RG18 9RB

Rampant  
Dunny  
Spot