

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1906 02Jun14

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

Venue: The Crown
Swallowfield

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Spex, LoudonTasteless

Pack Animals

Swallow Slowsucker Donut Hashgate Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Utopia C5 Booby DampPatch Cerberus BillyBullshit Itsyor MessengerBoy Foghorn Iceman Motox Spot Ms Whiplash HappyFeet HotLips Nick Dan (now named TrenchFoot, see Down Downs) Shifter Desperate Glittertits PissQuick Slapper Hamlet Whinge TC Blowjob Lungs Uplift TinOpener Angella CabinBuoy Lonely Ian

A Little Tarmac Goes a Long, Long Way...

Mrs Blobby and Utopia have made up. After a very long time of not wearing the same clothes (not exactly the same clothes you understand. They'd never be able to walk anywhere) they appeared tonight, wearing the same make of jacket. Doing it for the sisterhood. They are as one. Respect.

I was to see the two of them quite a bit tonight since I was to join the walkers following a toe injury. Quite how one can twist one's toe into a Boston Crab while walking barefoot across one's pancake-flat lawn I shall never understand. But here we were, ready for the off, on a pleasant evening with blue skies and weak zephyrs stirring the tops of the trees. We were mildly concerned when Hare LoudonTasteless stepped forward to address us while holding a sheaf of papers in his mitt. It's well known in BH³ that, if a fillibuster is called for, the gent will step forward with a beam on his face. Whinge asked him the question, "I hope those papers aren't your speech." Fortunately, they weren't. Though the lad did manage to confuse us by mentioning that the Trail would contain a Bar with an arrow. Since a Bar indicates that one should return whence one came we couldn't quite figure out where the arrow came in. He also mentioned that there would be a Fishhook (where the number of Hashers specified by the digit next to the Fishhook have to run to the back of the Pack before continuing) which was met with ribald laughter by those not enamoured of such radical ideas. L&T exhorted us to, "Bugger off and enjoy yourselves!" So we did.

Now being a Walker on the Hash is quite a different experience to being a Runner. You're advised where to go, there are Shortcuts, you have to try and keep up with the other Walkers. I'd expected that Motox would barrel along like a one buffalo stampede but I hadn't counted on the above ladies: Utopia and Mrs Blobby. Their progress past other walkers resulted in a Doppler Effect as they streamed past, chatting. PissQuick, Glittertits and I were almost knocked over by the whirlwind of their passing.



We reached an exceptionally well-kept allotment with a tall, wire fence running round it and some strange objects in its middle. This is my excuse for going the wrong way **into** the allotment instead of along the path that ran by one side of it, on the other side of the tall fence. In the middle of one well-tended patch was apparently a lady, very still, wearing a long white dress, a leopard-skin jacket and a large hat. Turned out to be a scarecrow. And probably a highly effective one since I saw no feathered friends within yards of it. Moving further on I saw another, dressed in traditional Chinese garb, with a large coolie hat from which hung a number of gently swirling pine cones. Again, not a dickie bird. Of course, having reached almost to the end of the allotment I realised there was no way out apart from shinning over the darn fence. Which was when Mrs B, Utopia and Donut appeared on the other side, grinning and kindly pointing out to the dense fool that there was a gate next to the allotment entrance that I might care to go back to. Nothing else I could do. But at least I got to chat to a couple of friendly allotment people on the way.

I hadn't realised that BH³ now included a geriatric chapter until I noticed Mr Blobby and C5 crotcheting their way over a stile opposite the Valley Farm, with its incredibly strong odour of garlic. The two old chaps took part in the Three Peaks Challenge over the weekend which involved them running up and down mountains for over six hours. The effort had evidently taken its toll, though at least they took part in this Hash, unlike Zebedee and Florence who I understand were under sedation with their legs raised. Curiously, Lonely, who had been with them, seemed to be skipping along fairly lightly. I

proposed the theory to him that 'where there's no sense there's no feeling'. A concept to which he readily subscribed, rather proving the point.

C5 Sent out the following communication:-

Well, we did it. We got ourselves round the 3 Peaks - all 24.25 miles and 5200 feet of them. We crossed the line in 6 hours 40 mins, which was very respectable for a bunch of old hashers (sorry Flo!). The core BH3 team - Mr Blobby, Flo, Zeb and me - managed hold hands and run in together and it gave us all a great sense of satisfaction. Our fifth member - Lonely - broke ranks on the way down from Ingleborough, the last Peak, and ran ahead because he just couldn't wait for his cup of tea and piece of cake at the end. He also wanted to catch his son Ben who was giving him a lift! My son Jason's team had left us way behind but they were all young, so they cheated. It was hard work but very rewarding, especially as, between us, we raised about £2000 for Caudwell Children, which was great.

Many thanks to all of you who supported us by sponsoring us. It certainly helped to get me round and I'm sure it did the others, too. If you haven't yet contributed, it's not too late! Go to <http://www.justgiving.com/Jason-Scafell> - every little helps, so every donation is very gratefully received. There's almost £1000 showing on the page but Jason's company is doubling whatever is raised, which is great.

Well done to all of them from BH³! Plongeur

The Blackwater ford being nearby, our Hares had kindly laid the Trail through it. Always fun, this. HappyFeet absolutely insisted on taking Mr Blobby's arm while wading through the stream. Though not that deep, she confided later that the experience had left her with "wet knickers". C5 naughtily suggested at the Down Downs that this was more to do with the excitement of holding on to Mr Blobby than the depth of the water. I'd never thought of Mr Blobby as a Ford Escort... Iceman provided us with the funniest moment of the evening. While attempting to kick water over everyone he lost his balance and plunged headlong into the soggy embrace of the stream to the raucous delight of a group of youths lounging by their cars on that side of the bank. Our *plongeur* arose



dripping from the flood to loud applause. Said youths later

Not actually Iceman but every bit as funny

remonstrated with Spex for being told, in no uncertain terms, to "slow down!" in their cars while passing the Pack – though they reckoned they already had. Spex sweet-talked the young men with her randy older biddy act and was offered a Pringle and the opportunity to 'Hug it out' with one of them. Blushing furiously and with her bosom heaving, our lady Hare declined his generous offer and staggered off, wondering desperately whether Bob had packed the defibrillator in the car.

A little later, Whinge puffed up behind me, fulminating against Billy, who had suckered him up the steep hill the other side of the ford. Having realised Billy had no intention of going on the real Trail (he knew a shortcut) the honest Whinge ran all the way back down and had the devil of a jog to catch up with the rest of the Pack. I schlepped along with Hotlips and Uplift until they split off to run along the road back to the pub instead of the rather pleasant Swallowfield Park. Not quite sure why. I came in with Angella, who was in a hurry to get back, having learned that her husband had managed to lock himself out of their house. Blokes eh! Who'd have 'em.

Really enjoyed this Trail (of which there was actually just the merest touch of tarmac☺) which ended with the most beautiful sunset. Our thanks to Spex and L&T.

Incidentally, Slapper Slowsucker and Nick actually did the Fishhook – I was right at the back of the Pack when they came back. Well done them!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

One of RA Shitfer's best performances. The lad was on fire, persiflage, audience inclusion and a naming just some of his glittering repertoire.

Who Got It

Why and How They Did

Ian	His third only hash. His first Down Down to celebrate the fact. He's almost as fast as Flo at drinking beer!
HappyFeet	Groping Mr Blobby in the ford
Hashgate	I was well and truly dobbed in by my beloved, Donut, for getting lost in the allotment.
Dan	Renamed 'TrenchFoot'. The new lad had taken his shoes and socks off to go through the ford... then put them back on his wet feet. Desperate assisted with the flour shampoo, which he took manfully and in good spirit. Welcome TrenchFoot.
Iceman	Diving unnecessarily and dramatically into the ford.
Slapper	Darned if the recording machine or I can remember!
Spex	Tonight's Hares. He downed his pint with aplomb. She sipped her Chardonnay, declaring that she wanted to savour the bouquet. Lord help us!
LoudonTasteless	

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1908	16Jun14	SU661740	The Royal Oak 69 Westwood Glen, Tilehurst RG31 5NW	Motox DampPatch
1909	23Jun14	SU887565	Joint Run with Guildford Hash Frimley Green Working Mens Club 18 Sturt Road, Frimley Green GU16 6HX	ShutupWally TA Confused.com