

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1927 26Oct14
Venue: The Anchor, Yateley
Hares: Spot, Foghorn, Honeymonster and dog Max

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

BH³ and ShutupWally

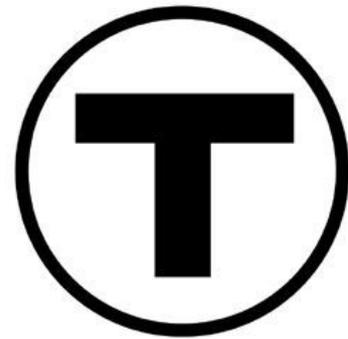
Mother Theresa Lemming Donut Hashgate Charlie C5 Posh Bomber Whinge TC Waverider NappyRash RandyMandy BlindPew MessengerBoy Itsyor OldFart TinOpener Motox Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit FullFrontal SkinnyDipper Snowballs Slippery LoudonTasteless Spex Ms Whiplash Swallow Slowsucker Zebedee Florence Slapper NoSole OldDog Dumper ShutupWally Lonely Lungs DoorMatt HappyFeet Rosie Carol

'T' Is For Tarmac

Nice to be back. A vicious little virus has rampaged around Donut and me like a forest fire for three weeks. As soon as a green shoot of recovery warily raised itself a viral flamethrower left it smoking. I almost took a day off work (some of you may remember that term) at one point, it was so bad. Difficult to hold teleconferences when one person is indulging in a hacking cough that sounds like a 60-a-day Capstan Full Strength smoker who's tried to swallow a sock.

I would like to dedicate this Gobsheet to OldFart who came over to me while we lurked in the car park and kindly informed me that he had missed reading new versions of this pamphlet while I had been at death's door. What a nice chap. He may wear running tights patterned like Margate deck chair material on occasions but he more than made up for this sartorial gaffe with his concern. A good egg. More soft than hard boiled ☺

Slapper, since he has only one eye at the moment (he's had one lasered so he can see for miles and miles) was walking today, having been told he cannot run for three weeks. But he turned up to do his GM bit and almost single-handedly was responsible for mass BH³ suicide. His introductory filibuster for the 1927th Hash included almost as many facts in what seemed like as many minutes. We learnt that in 1927 the first British broadcast was of an England versus Wales rugby match that England won. Also that the first gas-lit traffic lights, which were installed in Parliament Square, required a policeman to operate them, resulting in an explosion that saw the demise of the unfortunate plod on duty. By the end of this people were slinging ropes over nearby boughs to facilitate hanging. Slapper had to be hauled away bodily, still lecturing on the events of 1927. I believe he was buried alive next to the car park with a headstone that read "And another thing..." Fortunately the Hares took over and Foghorn first drew with flour, then explained that the 'T' in a circle meant Tarmac Check. Heads were scratched and chins rubbed at this innovatory excess. After all, we knew what a Check was, whether on tarmac or out in the country. We On Outed in a state of confusion, not that this was an unusual experience for the group, some of who live in this state permanently.



Talking of the confused, I must mention some quite amazing car parking. The space was not particularly wide and the parking slots were marked at an angle. SkinnyDipper exhibited a complete lack of spatial awareness while backing into her slot. Her method of figuring out when to stop was to barge her rear end (the car's, that is) into the grassy bank. Job done. Engine off. C5 was even worse. He had to back his lengthy Volkswagen into a space that angled away from his backing-in direction. Donut and I watched in horrid, fist-munching alarm as the rear of his car edged ever nearer our passenger side until he braked with a jerk that bounced daughter Charlie's head on the dashboard. Changing gear, he moved forward, stalled (to a small round of applause by the surrounding spectators, then finally managed to creep backwards parallel to us before giving our sweating faces a toothy grin.

For a variety of reasons we were all very relieved to start running, albeit up a fairly steep hill.

The countryside round here is largely scrub and forest, interspersed with busy roads. Our Hares had ensured we would 'enjoy' both. By luck rather than skill I found myself on my own at the front, crossing one of those busy roads and then losing the flour. Bumping into a couple of walkers (not BH³) I stopped to chat and ask if they had seen any flour blobs. It turned out that, no they hadn't and the gentleman

was also a Hasher. Good to talk with them but it meant that almost the entire Pack beasted off down the Trail that I had missed. Bugger! It had all been going so well. Then Spex advised Motox that I had kicked out a Check the wrong way. I just happened to overhear this as I was running back towards them. All very nice but it was she who had kicked the blasted thing through. It was around this time that we found the first of a number of Bars. Further confusion ensued until Foghorn trotted up. "Ooh!" He said. "I forgot to mention. All Bars are Bar-4's." Thank you so much Foggy. However, this sort of obfuscation does stop the FRBs from disappearing over the horizon. The Fogster had even more up his sleeve to keep the Pack together. When we reached a Check where we could go either right or left and the FRBs had checked out to the right only to find a couple of Falses, he advised us we hadn't checked carefully enough and began walking to the right. We, of course, reversed to go and check again... until one of us turned around and noticed that he had run back the other way to tell the rest of the Pack to go left. Very naughty. But there are no rules...

DoorMatt and HappyFeet appeared in the middle of some ankle-breaking scrubland. No idea how they had got there since we had not seen them at the start. They joined us for yet another Bar-4 while the rest of the group headed off diagonally away from us. When we had finally stumbled, slipped and skidded to rejoin them we found ourselves at the Tarmac Check. It was highly appropriate since the tarmac in question was a huge, old, now unused runway on Blackbushe Airport. It reminded me of the time when Itsyor and Fiddler had carefully placed a Regroup in the middle of a runway such as this and the entire Pack had missed the route, picked up the Trail somehow further on and failed to run round an enormous loop. Happy times. A little further on was another massive, unused runway with a Check. But with no 'T' in it. Cerberus, who was with Foghorn at this time, asked him why there was no 'T'. He replied that he hadn't wanted us to get bored. As I ran past I mentioned that, given the Trail so far, it was a bit late for that. Which earned me a handful of flour on the back and a comment about my nasty case of dandruff.

Waverider and I found it a little strange, just before we dived into more undergrowth, to be under the flight path of several small aeroplanes as they came into land at the airport. The Regroup appeared and we all took a grateful rest before opting for the Long or Medium Trail. Donut and I decided on the Medium since The Cough had returned. Didn't want to be the first BH³ fatality so trooped off with Swallow and LoudonTasteless – who was also suffering with his own form of eye and nose-watering lurgi. On reaching a Check fashioned like a Hallowe'en devil – I sensed the artistic hand of Spot here – we were surprised to meet up with OldFart. Surprised, since he had gone off on the Long with the other lunatics. He told me later that he had run up a False and seen some flour on a post further on; decided bugger this for a game of soldiers and followed his instincts. Which enabled him to be miles ahead of the FRBs. Nice one Fartmeister!

The rest of the FRBs began to catch up with us. They had been 'enjoying' the vociferous company of ShutupWally who had been driving everyone bonkers. BlindPew summed it up for us all. "I wish someone would put a sock in his mouth." He said wearily and with feeling. At least, I think he said 'sock'.



I thought I'd just share with you the picture on the left – one that C5 sent through in one of his amusing emails. It precisely captures the expression of anyone who has been the subject of ShutupWally's 'conversation' for more than two minutes (minus sausage, of course). Another two minutes and you have the same expression but the poor creature would be on its back, paws in the air, subject to respiratory failure and extreme depression, tongue hanging out.

There wasn't too much more of this very enjoyable Trail to go and I trotted in with Lemming to see Charlie risking a DownDown by doing some hamstring stretching against the fence.

Our thanks to the Hares for a great Hash.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

Our inestimable RA, Shitfor, officiated. Most of the recipients of the Downs hadn't a clue why they had received them but we all had a good time anyway ☺

Who Got It

Why

Charlie	A returnee who seemed to be very keen on looking for young men during the Trail.
Florence, Bomber	She has apparently joined The Mile High Club. Bomber apparently said he would like to join it with her... Both were confused at their awards.
Slapper	Allegedly being unable to find his water bottle that was by his elbow. Slapper was also somewhat confused. So much so that it caused some early beer blowback, resulting in a very wet T-shirt and a round of cheering.
NappyRash	Making the mileage up on his new GPS watch by running round the car park.
FullFrontal	Awarded her 50 Runs badge by Motox.
BlindPew	Awarded his 100 Runs tankard and badge by Motox.
Donut	Awarded her 300 Runs badge (her Down was appallingly drunk by Hashgate)
Bomber	His lunch yet again interrupted for his 400 Runs badge award.
Cerberus	Joined Bomber in receiving her 400 Runs badge.
Motox	Allegedly running.
Shitfor	Foghorn took over the RA reins to award Shitfor a Down for running through a False
Spot, Foghorn, Honeymonster	Today's excellent Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1929	09Nov14 * 10:50 *	SU786760	Remembrance Day / Anniversary Run Duke of Wellington, High St, Twyford RG10 9AG	Desperate Shitfor
1930	16Nov14	SU467688	The Castle Oxford Rd, Newbury, Berkshire RG14 3AA	Dunny Rampant Rabbit