

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1952 20Apr15

Venue: Dunsden Village Hall  
Dunsden Green

Hares: Spot, SkinnyDipper  
(and virtually DampPatch)

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
Website Email - [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

## Party Guests

Florence Zebedee TinOpener Donut Hashgate Caboose C5 Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby NappyRash WaveRider Desperate Shitfor BillyBullshit Tc Whinge Booby Twanky OutdoorPursuits Utopia Iceman PissQuick Glittertits Ms Whiplash Motox Lungs Spex LoudonTasteless Itsyor Dunny RampantRabbit NoSole Slapper Sebastian MessengerBoy OldFart Uplift Foghorn

## 1952, 1955 or 1980?

A cryptic title you might think. Correct, unless you attended this Hash. The dates relate to the birth dates of our three Hares and no, I will not be revealing which are the birth dates of the two ladies. You may have noticed I have given DampPatch a 'virtual' Hare description. Unfortunately, she suffered a bit of an injury recently and was unable to run. However, she, along with Lungs and NoSole were very active in the kitchen, preparing, bringing out the food and clearing away. More about the *après Hash* later.



Donut and I were very pleased that this Trail was being laid almost on our very doorstep. Particularly since we'd just flown back from a break in Italy and didn't fancy driving a long way. So the question is, if the Village Hall was only a five minute walk away why did we arrive after even Flo and Zeb? And they'd just driven up from Devon after recce'ing Trails for the June BH<sup>3</sup> Chalaborough extravaganza. Goodness knows. We arrived hot and perspiring to a ragged cheer from the assembled Circle, dumped our stuff and scooted off after the Pack.

Now there are good things and bad things about knowing exactly where you are during a Trail. The good thing is that you cannot get lost. One of the bad things is knowing exactly how long that first uphill, deeply rutted track is. Pretty long. Especially, when you're trying to catch up and (breathlessly) record everyone's name in the recording machine. Someone, when the ground had been wet, had been leading several wide-footed yaks up and down the track, so that now the ground was rock hard we skittered and stumbled cross the bovine-introduced craters with the grace of inebriated camels. Not a good start. But really quite funny.



Do you know, the rest of the Trail was similar fast run on hard-to-the-feet tracks with a little tarmac thrown in for good measure. Oh, and a Regroup over the hill and just inside the grassy boundary of BBC-owned Crowsley Park. Very pleasant too in the cool air. NappyRash informed me he had, "Kept your stick for you." He waved a dilapidated length of thin, dead wood at me. "Why thank you young Nappy." I replied in a manner designed to ensure suppressed manic tendencies did not bubble up and explode through his various orifices. "Perhaps you'd keep it safe for me 'til we finish." I edged away, smiling. "I know." He replied. "I'll put it on these railings so you don't forget it." "Ever the thoughtful one." I responded. "A true pal." And hot-legged it with the rest as we continued. Bit of a close shave, I'd call it.

When we finally got back to Binfield Heath (my home town) I thought I'd wander over the recreation ground since I knew that the road past it led off to the Village Hall. Sadly, that wasn't the way the Trail went so I hooked up with Itsyor and OldFart (who were partially lost) and pointed them in the direction of the track that led to the bluebell woods. Sure enough, that was where we were going and the rest of the Pack caught up with us. Including Dunny who, when I suggested she might like to turn right at the bottom of the track, said she was always amazed when people knew where they were since she has no sense of direction. She reckons that if she drives off the wrong road on a roundabout she could end up just about anywhere. Shan't be taking her as navigator on the next car treasure hunt then.



Lonely, Caboose, LoudonTasteless slipped lightly down the last stretch of tarmac that led to the Village Hall, passing HappyFeet who was going "Ouch!" since hers weren't. Happy that is. Her feet. Possibly a bunion or two? Ingrowing toenail? Not the sort of question one asks a lady, so I didn't. Like the others I gratefully entered the car park, changed and went into the brightly lit hall (after we had finished waiting for Whinge, who had decided to walk round the last big loop).

The Hall filled with laughing and chattering Hashers who wearily plonked themselves down on the chairs that Slapper had kindly pulled out of the store cupboard, nibbling at the crisps and nuts our hosts had placed in containers on the tables. A veritable feast lay on top of the tables next to the kitchen serving hatch, their legs bending outwards under the weight of the food. Huge bowls of exotic salad, slabs of many cheeses, salmon sandwich cakes (delicious and no doubt a right royal pain to prepare) caused visible slavering at many tables. Two whole ten-foot tuna were arranged rampant over the back of the display. Several suckling pigs, legs splayed, gazed sightless at the lip-licking group. Shaved peacocks, their tongues draped in aspic, tails magnificently erect, bracketed the tuna while bubbling cauldrons containing mysterious ingredients, some of which suddenly appeared tantalisingly at the surface with a tiny belch, were stirred slowly with long ladles by the good ladies of the kitchen. As one, BH<sup>3</sup> hurled itself at the largess which almost disappeared beneath the hungry mass like a fresh body under the onslaught of a crowd of peckish zombies. Marvellous it was. ☺

And then SkinnyDipper handed out the quiz. A selection of questions and pictures with answers that related to one of the years of the birthday boy and girls. Along with everyone else, our table attacked it with gusto. Particularly when we realised that RA Shitfor had got the hump because this was eating into his Down Down time. He turned from dromedary to Bactrian when he heard the announcement that puddings were ready and everyone leapt for the food table again. However, he managed to recover and turned back into a big, friendly pussycat in order to present the Down Downs shortly afterwards.

Nice bit of organisation, Hares. Let's have more close to my home. ☺ Thanks.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## **Letters to the Editor**

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to [hashgate@hotmail.com](mailto:hashgate@hotmail.com), where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

Sir,  
Please tell Hashgate his stick is still on the railings. I have checked every day since the Hash.

Yours stickily,  
NappyRash

Sir,  
I would like to point out that the tuna were stacked neatly rather than rampant. Your description implies that improper piscine activity was taking place.

Your very naughty,  
Lungs and NoSole

## **Down Downs**

He is a big pussycat really isn't he? He was presented with a Reading Football Club T short (following the FA Cup semi-final with Arsenal last Saturday – they only just lost 2-1) and did a great job tonight with many different songs and just a smidgeon of innovation. Great stuff!

### **Who Got It**

LoudonTasteless  
C5

Sebastian

### **Why**

This is all very complicated but essentially L&T had read in his Weekend Telegraph that C5 had given service to over 300 grannies this year.  
Congratulations!  
Tonight's virgin.

NappyRash	There was a notice in the toilets urging users to 'take your Nappy home'. Wife WaveRider figured this was a good idea. In deference to his Chelsea supporters role, we sang him the old 'Blue is the Colour' song.
LoudonTasteless	Wearing a rugby shirt with 'David 12' on the back, he was alleged by the RA to be wearing the shirt owned by the 12 <sup>th</sup> bloke wife Spex has ravished this year. Hmm.
Mr Blobby	Advised everyone that 12 was L&T's 'ranking'. At least, I think he said 'ranking'.
Spex, Whinge	Spex may get her 13 <sup>th</sup> soon and she suggested it might be Whinge!
Caboose	Walked to the Hall from Wokingham and got lost following a chap with a dog. Duh!
Whinge	Walking on the Moonlight Hash. i.e. getting back very late tonight!
Spot, SkinnyDipper, DampPatch	Presented with a variety of cards, rude and not-so rude presents and Down Downs. Along with two cakes with candles that read 'LOST' and 'COUNT'. Excellent stuff and a huge laugh.
Spot, SkinnyDipper	Tonight's Hares. Hurrah for them!
NoSole, Lungs	For preparing tonight's food. Well done, them.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1954	04May15	<a href="#">SU658729</a>	<b>Fox and Hounds</b> City Road, Tilehurst RG31 5SB (See here for menu)	Ms Whiplash
1955	11May15	<a href="#">SU810596</a>	<b>The Anchor Inn</b> Vigo Lane, Yateley GU46 6EP	Foghorn Honeymonster