

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1978 18Oct15
Venue: The George on The Green
Holyport
Hares: Honeymonster, Foghorn

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

Gallopers

Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate BGB Iceman Slapper Motox SkinnyDipper Desperate Shitfor Billy Cerberus WaveRider NappyRash Julia Philippa Dawn OutdoorPursuits OldFart Itsyor Swallow Slowsucker Glittertits Pissquick C5 ShutupWally Spot HappyFeet Twanky Mother Theresa Lemming

A Good Head of Steam and a Fair Old Trail

Honeymonster's 'On On' flag fluttered brightly over the village green while, across the road, Carter's Steam Fair lay quiet, ready to burst into exuberant life very shortly. Rather like the Hash, whose members drew up in their cars on the green, emerging slowly (and some creakily). Small groups gathered, chatting, while the Swingboats hung idly from their brightly painted supports. Incidentally, the term 'in full swing' apparently arose from show people, who used it to describe a fair operating at its peak, since Swingboats were so popular. To reduce any confusion among our readers, many of whom are confused already, I must point out that the picture to the right is of the Excelsior Steam Yachts, which, of course, are not Swingboats. If you want a picture of those then click [here](#) and enjoy also a lot of other superb pictures of The Paramount Chair-o-Plane, The Victory Dive Bomber (our group thought we might buy Billy rather a lot of consecutive rides on this one) and the Scenic Electric Dobbies (I hadn't a clue what this was either©).

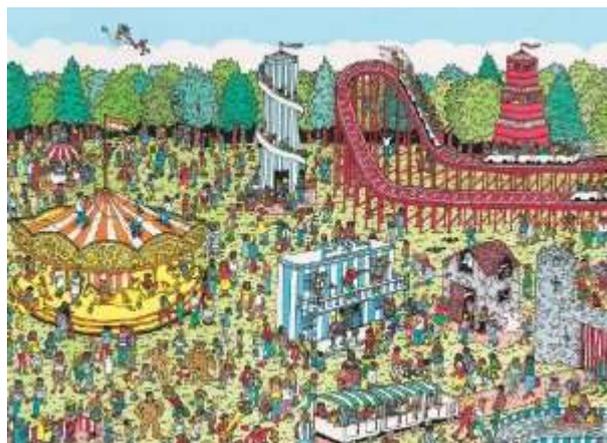


As Slapper called us to order and addressed the Circle, welcoming professional athletes Julia and Philippa, like the Fair, you could feel the excitement building. Was that a brief escape of rising steam from Motox? Did I hear a discreet "Chuff!" from BGB? Was Shitfor's organ beginning to swell? Was that hot air emanating from every orifice in ShutupWally's body? Certainly no doubt about the latter. Honeymonster pointed us 'On Out' and away we went.

Zebedee mentioned to me afterwards, "I thought this might be a shorter Trail today." I had thought the same myself. But it just goes to show you can never tell on the Hash and, 7½ miles later, Zeb and I realised we had both been wrong. For this Trail went along every known, and some unknown, track in the area. Quite amazing how the Hares found 'em all. Paths, trails, tracks, ginnels, snickets, alleys, passageways, fields, leas, paddocks, lanes, roads – we did the lot. And a bit more. The curious thing about this Trail was that just when you thought it might end, there was yet another bit.

However, it was very nice countryside and the weather was kind to us. Unlike the Trail. Certain parts of it, by necessity, were longish, straightish bits that spread the Pack over the fields thinner than a skinny little anchovy on a big bit of toast. It turned into a bit of a training run rather than a Hash. But then some of us need it. I found myself in the company of... nobody, quite a lot of the time. But I met some interesting characters. There was a friendly lady with a very old black and white dog who sniffed my knees and told me where the next flour blobs were. For the confused, it was the dog who sniffed the knees and the lady who advised me on the Trail, not the other way round. Then there was an old couple with a friendly old golden Labrador who advised me "You're going well." No, not the bloody dog you fools! And, best of all, what I assumed was an entire family of mum, dad, auntie, uncle, sisters and nieces surrounding a fine pony, on-board of which sat a very small girl, who was absolutely beaming with pleasure. I remember a very similar little girl who was riding a pony, a number of years back now, with a very similar expression. Joyful stuff ☺

The Long and Short split appeared and muggins, along with HappyFeet, followed by Mother Theresa and Lemming, took the Long. This turned out to be a long and rectangular yomp across a large number of harvested and ploughed fields. What can I say about it? The sky was blue. It was fairly warm and we stonked on regardless. I think it was around here I began to hallucinate about getting back to the pub.



Unfortunately, HappyFeet and I then picked up ShutupWally. She essayed the old 'running off as fast as possible' ploy, while I tried the 'just nipping behind this bush for a minute' gambit. In fact, we hadn't needed to worry since the blighter advised us that his running coach had told him to do some Fartlek training, at which point he shot off as though Carter's steam boiler had spurted boiling vapour up one of his shorts' legs, disappearing up a farm track while HF and I gratefully (and rapidly) headed off along the Trail, which had turned right into another large field. Here, we caught up with Twanky, who was debating internally about whether to take the 'W'alkers Trail or the 'L'ong Trail. Silly boy (like us) to the Long and, also like us, became rather depressed when he heard the

jolly sound of one of Carter's calliopes in the distance... in the opposite direction to which we were going. Oh good, we thought.

What seemed like a long time after this I reached the end of a lengthy track to see a) the green and steam fair, and b) Julia and Philippa running towards me. I assumed that, since they are professional athletes, they were going to run round again in reverse and I wished them well. Rarely have I been so pleased to see a steam fair, let alone Zebedee with his back towards me as he heaved his shorts down...

Got to thank our Hares, Foggy and Honeymonster, for their Trail. Loved the country and it was very well blobbed. Those who got separated from the Pack have only themselves to blame but then what could be nicer than a bit of peace and quiet while trotting around the fields? Wish I'd remembered to switch on my GPS then I could have found out where we'd been ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to 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,
I did actually find the knees (well the left one) rather attractive and would have been pleased to sniff it had Dogweazle not reached there first. I do find that many of the areas he sniffs are really not for ladies of a gentle disposition.

Yours,
Miss Taken-Identity

Sir,
I would like to complain about not seeing anything on the Hash today or indeed knowing anything about what went on.

Yours,
Mr Wat Append
(aka Hashgate. Ok, it was my own fault)

Down Downs

Against the thrilling whirl of the organ, excited screams of children and the drone of the pub landlord who stood by the entrance door endlessly reciting, "Do mind the step and your head on the doorframe" like a health and safety mantra against all manner of litigation, Shitfor doled out the following:-

Who Got It

NappyRash

Why

His birthday! Happy one to him.

SkinnyDipper Awarded the Black Sheep hat for causing internecine strife during and after the recent BH³ Committee meeting. (All friends again now). We sang her Baa Baa Black Sheep

Lemming Apparently train spotting...?

Spot Attempting to be a herpetologist by moving a snake to sssafety.

HappyFeet Showing a 'full moon' when stopping for a, ahem, bio-break.

Foghorn, Motox Witnessing, nay, relishing the sight of the full moon. The swine!

Honeymonster Got one for 'breaking the rules', according to ShutupWally, by using a One-Bob Check.

Honeymonser, Foghorn Today's intrepid Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1980	01Nov15	SU662520	On Out from the Crabtree Plantation Old Basing RG24 7HB	CabinBuoy Fukawe Hamlet
1981	08Nov15 * 10:50 *	SU427648	Remembrance Sunday The Craven Arms Enbourne Berks RG20 0HG	Simple Snowy Nutty Potty