

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1880 01Dec13
Venue: The Seven Stars
Marsh Balden
Hares: Lonely, Bootsie

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Bicester, Berks and Didcot H³

Dipstick Donut Hashgate Swallow Slowsucker Skids Simple Potty Nutty Lungs NearlyTwice Iceman Motox Dana Booby Spot PennyPitstop Whinge TC and dog Molly Desperate Shitfor Hamlet Foghorn Slippery Snowballs Caboose FBJ Whadyasay and a whole bunch of Bicester and Didcot H³

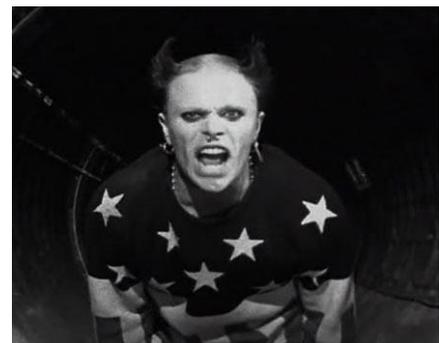
December Sunshine

First of all, our congratulations to Jenny (OldDog) and Derek (Dumper) who were married on this Sunday in what we hope was the same glorious sunshine and crisp air weather we experienced. Our best wishes for the happiest of marriages. I must also thank OldDog for stepping in and writing (as she described it) a 'short and sweet' Gobsheet last week. I was busy with Donut, Whinge, TC, NappyRash and Waverider enjoying a weekend of Madness at Butlins in Minehead. I have to say that Madness and the rest of the bands/DJs were great; the environs were... interesting. Never thought I'd see old skinheads but there they were, some very smart in the brogues and sta-prest ankle swingers and some not so smart in DocMartins (one with Union Jacks on the toes), turn-up jeans and braces. The gentleman drinking with his cronies outside the main bar at 10:30 in the morning with a faceful of tattoos was particularly interesting and resulted in something of a detour in our perambulations.



Talking of 'interesting' people, we drove past the aptly named Dipstick on the way to the pub. He was running and looking a tad sweaty. Turned out he'd run about nine miles to get to the Hash and was intending to run the same distance back later. Add to that the eight or so he ran on the Trail and you see what I mean by 'interesting'.

As we parked, Lonely and Bootsie ambled across the green after finishing the Trail laying. He and I have similar hair. Titanium in colour and both very short right now. As he took off his woolly hat it resembled a silver swimming cap while mine, which had tufted along the sides and wouldn't lay down, made me look like a marginally older Keith in The Prodigy. Booby rolled to a stop next to us in a car full of women – lucky blighter! NearlyTwice, Lungs and Dana stepped lithely out. He seemed very happy.



After a brief Circle in the delightful sunshine we were on our way, runners in one direction, walkers in the opposite. We runners entered a paddock and were confronted by a highly excited white pony, possibly a large Shetland, possibly a small Welsh Cob. Whatever he was, he was **very** pleased to see us and trotted in and around us while we queued for the stile, bustling past and doing a bit of muzzle nuzzling that horses do. At least he didn't stand on anyone's foot.

The countryside around this area is perfectly beautiful and, even when we were running full pelt along one of the fairly long straight bits, we could see for miles across the sunlit fields, edged with hedges in need of a haircut, and the trees and secretive woods to, from and around which we seemed to be cantering. Whinge and TC had the right idea. Since they had dog Molly (a lovely friendly character) with them and she is rather overweight (I might add that neither Whinge nor TC are) they didn't want to tax her too much so were using a map to cut out some of the longer bits. Molly was loving it and (according to TC) looking forward to being so dog-tired she'd have to sleep all afternoon. I was beginning to feel a mite dog-tired myself so it was handy that Skids pulled me to a sudden halt by advising me that she'd been thinking about me in bed that morning. Always nice to know you're being thought about, especially by an attractive lady who's luxuriating in bed at the time, no doubt wearing aught but a silk and satin basque and a promising smile. Oops! Wandered into fantasy land. I brushed the thought from my mind that husband Simple had been luxuriating alongside her and asked her why. Apparently, since it is her, um, fairly substantial birthday soon, she is thinking of a black tie event. She wondered how one puts on a proper bow tie and thought I might know how. I **also** thought I might remember, but when it came to the crunch in the pub afterwards I, like the pony in the field, blundered into the metaphorical fence.

Skids, if you're reading this then check out <http://www.videojug.com/film/how-to-tie-your-own-bow-tie>. It tells you everything you need to know – dead simple really ☺

The Trail meandered ever onwards. The Pack split into approximately three parts and somehow we met up with the walkers and enjoyed a chat with Swallow, whose birthday it was today (Happy Birthday!). Then a brief conversation with Hamlet and finally a bit of catching up with Nutty and Potty who were having a sneaky run while no-one was looking.

Long straight bits came and went, edges of fields were skirted, leafy, tree-lined tracks sprinted along, gates opened and closed, stiles clambered over. I finally caught up with TC, Whinge and the happily jogging, Molly, who seemed to have lost all of five pounds during her Hash. I would bet that some of the rest lost some weight too – I'm sure we ran more than the seven and a half miles Lonely owned up to before we started. But it was a pleasant Trail in an area most of BH³ have not run round before. Our thanks to our Hares, Bootsie (who owns most of the land around here) and Lonely (who doesn't).



Did you notice in the pub later just how noisy it was? Everyone was shouting at each other for some reason. I felt very sorry for the locals who had slipped in for a quiet lunchtime bevy. They can't have known what hit them. Must have been such a

relief when we all trooped out for the Down Downs.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Down Downs

We had two RAs today. Our very own Shitfor and the Bicester RA whose name I apologise for not knowing. Their styles were, let's say, parallel. With the same goal but rather different ways of getting there.

Who Got It

Why

Motox	He actually bought a beer! Slapper benefited from his munificence.
FBJ	Still wearing his Movember 'tache in December.
Dipstick	For being a marathon man today.
Swallow	Her birthday. She swallowed a schooner of sherry in a very ladylike manner.
Lonely, Bootsie	Today's Hares. Hurrah!
Dipstick	Being fat and running too much.
Bondage	Awarded her 950 runs badge.
Slowsucker, Lonely, Desperate, Hashgate	White-haired and titanium-haired Hashers.
CSGas Gatecrasher	Received the Bicester Down and Out shirts today.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1882	15Dec13	SU767704	HASH CHRISTMAS LUNCH Moat House, Mill Lane, Sindlesham RG41 5DG Members £13.50, Non-Members £18.50	Desperate Booby Shitfor
1883	22Dec13	SU708818	The Red Lion Peppard Common, RG9 5LB	HappyFeet DoorMatt