

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1947 15Mar15
Venue: King William IV, Ipsden
Hares: Gatecrasher

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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The Unwelcome (see below)

Don Waverider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Slippery Snowballs BlindPew RandyMandy Twanky MessengerBoy Iceman Whinge TC Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit HappyFeet DoorMatt SkinnyDipper Foghorn TinOPener Lilo and dog Minx 2Bob and dog Lizzie Bomber PoshMr Blobby Mrs Blobby C5 Motox OldFart OutdoorPursuits Caboose Ms Whiplash Dunny Rampant Spot Slapper NoSole PennyPitstop Florence Zebedee AWOL Jenks and dog Dylan Itsyor Treacle Diver ... and quite a number of Didcot Hash personnel (whose names I did not ascertain)

Keep Right On To The End Of The Road...

The William IV pub is located pretty much in the middle of nowhere, high up on a hill. And a very cold



and windy one at that. Stepping out of the car was similar to opening the outside door on one of those Antarctic expedition buildings. The air nipped the ears and whitened the fingers. Hashers hurriedly shuffled into extra layers of clothing, stamped about, pulled on gloves or found one of the many bounding about, (warm) dogs to pet. Jenks' fine Bedlington terrier, Dylan, was perfect for the task, being both warm and very fluffy and he certainly didn't mind the attention. The other thing that was cold was the welcome we received from the landlady. She seemed highly unimpressed with the number of 'customers' (yes, we were all keen to spend money in her pub) and their cars and insisted we pack them all up one end of the overflow car park. Now I know that it was Mothering Sunday and the pub was

expecting two sittings for lunch. But you would think that someone running a business based on sociability and the requirement that customers need to be encouraged to come to that place of business would be a bit friendlier. Since that wasn't the case most of us later went to The Black Horse at Checkendon, an altogether more welcoming pub.

Now the above map was created with the data downloaded from my gps. It tells its own story of the Trail, which was made up of long straight bits that seemed to go on for miles. It actually did – about 7 by my reckoning. Though we must thank our solo Hare for laying it I must confess that it did seem to go on and on, with few Checks and only one Fishhook to break up the constant running. That said, the countryside, even in this pre-Spring time, was stunning, with undulating fields visible from the raised and root-knotted Ridgeway. We even had a reverse Hash View at one of the Regroups. From our vantage point down a flinty lane we looked across and up at a large rectangle of scaffolding, wrapped in translucent plastic, with various piles of building materials and a nice yellow digger to round it all off. Not quite our idea of a Hash View but our Hare informed us that it was a house that is being built on land owned by Rowan Atkinson. Interesting, but we still didn't quite get the Hash View part. Until we had yomped gaspingly up the very steep hill via the wriggly path that led past the back of the building site. The view down and along the folds of valley was superb and one quite envied Mr Atkinson who may in the future be munching morning toast and drinking in coffee and that delightful view.

Here are a few snippets from my recollection of the rest of the Trail:-

- OldFart stepping backwards by a gate, little realising that a buttock-height sapling grew there. His balletic leap and squeak as the thing goosed him was a joy to behold.
- Our Hare, Gatecrasher, partially lived up to his name as he slipped past me on the Ridgeway. A gnarly tree root plucked at his plimsoll and down he went, like a charging water buffalo meeting the discharged contents of a 16" naval gun. After a bit of fussing (he had landed on his previously injured shoulder – Sod's Law) he bravely pulled himself erect (I had to look away at this point) before loping off after the FRBs, plastic flour container issuing little comedy puffs of white powder every time his right foot touched down.
- Rampant, obviously enjoying himself at the Hash View Regroup after having run a fair way down the hill and being called On Back, uttering today's truism: "It's not that f*cking way then!"

- BlindPew, a mile or so into the Trail, realised he had left his car unlocked and had to hurtle all the way back to lock it before running like hell to catch up with the Pack. He was very sanguine about it. "Gave me a couple of extra miles to run." He said, not at all out of breath. Makes you sick, doesn't it?
- At yet another Regroup my excellent new running shoes were admired by HappyFeet, C5, Zebedee and Florence. They were particularly impressed by the 'M & S' logo on the side. Strange, but true.

So there you go. A bit of a trek but enjoyable nevertheless. Our thanks to Gatecrasher who did it all by himself.

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 would like to express my appreciation to the landlady of The King William IV for supporting our hostelry. Many thanks.

Yours,
The landlord of The Black Horse, Checkendon

Sir,
I realise there isn't a personal adverts section in The Gobsheet but I'd like to let everyone know that I'm available for discreet photographic glamour work for discerning gents. In addition, I make and sell delicious cakes and can translate Mercian Insular half-uncial Anglo-Saxon script for a very competitive price.

Yours,
Mrs Hap. E. Feet

Sir,
I'd like to make it clear that my lackadaisical performance today is because of planned 'tapering' prior to the Prague ½ marathon and nothing to do with the fallout from Friday night's beerathon, linked with a general ennui occasioned by age.

Yours,
Mr N.A. Peerash

Down Downs

There were none today. Since we weren't welcome in the pub we took off for The Black Horse and enjoyed convivial company, good beer, excellent baguettes and the curious and unsettling sight of HappyFeet posing for Billy in her Prague ½ marathon T-shirt, followed by him using his phone's app to make her boobs look monumentally magnificent. If my own mobile hadn't died today I would have shared the pictures with you. Though sharing the creation of a mind with such a tenuous hold on reality as Billy might just be a step too far for a reporting medium as journalistically serious as the Gobsheet. And there is no page 3 in this particular report. ☺

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1949	29Mar15	SU733677	Bell & Bottle 37 School Green Shinfield, Reading RG2 9EE Parking in car park opposite.	Iceman SlowSucker
1950	06Apr15 * 18:00 *	SU928797	The Pineapple Lake End Rd, Windsor, SL4 6QS Parking in car park on left towards Dorney or on road.	Booby