

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2077 10Sep17

Venue: The Bird in Hand

Henley-on-Thames

Hares: Lonely (all on his own, naturally)

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## Hooray Henleys and Henleyettas



SkinnyDipper and dog Minx Lungs Donut Hashgate Mother Theresa Lemming MessengerBoy Spot PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Dipstick HotLips BigStiffy GnomeAlone Desperate Shitfor WaveRider and baby Katie NappyRash OldFart Toppleova Foghorn Motox Iceman Dunny Rampant Caboose CouchPotato FlashBangWallop Nicole Paula Cloggs NonStick HappyFeet DoorMatt Pyro and dog Whisper

## An Uphill Struggle

What could be nicer for the first Hash of the autumn season than a trot around Henley in fairly warm weather? A beautiful river, edged with the varied greens of the hills that sweep away from it and red kites hovering above. On the same day was the Henley 10k Challenge (<https://www.runultra.co.uk/Events/Henley-10K-Challenge>) and the second day of the Thames Path Challenge (<https://www.runultra.co.uk/Events/Thames-Path-Challenge>). The longest race in the latter is 100k, and for the privilege of running it you would pay the eye-watering sum of £155. When you think that we BH<sup>3</sup> members paid £1 for our enjoyable wander (plus beer stop with stunning view) today I think you'll agree that we received the best value for money paid.



We gathered outside The Bird in Hand pub where we were pleased to be joined by several Didcot Hashers and Lemming and Mother Theresa, who have returned for the 2017 autumn/winter series. Lonely was awarded a Down Down on the spot by RA Foghorn since a) he had been caught dog-napping a couple of weeks ago (he was allegedly concerned for and looking after a stray doggie) and, b) he buggered off early both that week and last week, before Foghorn could award the Down.

Our two main walkers today were WaveRider and Donut, who were charged with two tasks. The first was, of course, to look after delightful little baby Katie. The second was to prepare the beer stop. Lonely gave them a map and gently shooed them off down the road towards the river. Then pointed the rest of the runners, where else, up the bloody great hill past Henley College. Even so, we managed to go a fair distance along a leaf-lined track before being called back by our Hare, who was a tad miffed that most of the Pack had ignored it and gasped their way up the hill.

Mind you, it was worth the effort when we popped out opposite Friar Park, the 120-room, Victorian, neo-Gothic mansion owned by George Harrison's wife. The four, white stone pillars with bands of red brick running round them supported the ornate iron gates behind which stood the fairytale gatehouse. Surprisingly, we were not invited in for tea and muffins so, after a bit of running even further up the steep hill to find the False, we cantered all the way back down into Henley's market square and on to a bit of confusion outside St. Mary's Church. Lonely had very kindly set up a False through and just after the churchyard. While I pointed out Dusty Springfield's grave, NappyRash returned from the False and tried to tell his joke to anyone who would listen. "There are lots of dead ends down that way." He grinned brightly. Most people figured he was talking about the False Trail(s) so merely nodded and agreed. He tried it on me saying, "I'll stop saying it when someone laughs." Fortunately, Shitfer found it hugely amusing. NappyRash seemed rather disappointed that he could tell his joke no more. The rest of us were very relieved...

Running alongside the river with GnomeAlone we began to see a lot of the race(s) competitors and, nearing Mill Meadows, we saw the inflatable Finish line and flags. Lemming, NappyRash and I were all for running through and picking up a medal but the Trail wandered off into the thicket beside the railway, depriving us of our unearned awards. On past the wide wooden bridge that leads to the weir (a number of people caught out by the Check here, including Dunny, HappyFeet and NonStick. Past the (alleged) dogging car park. Past the cheering emanating from the spectators at Henley F.C. We seemed to be running forever. Pleasant enough it was but we did wonder if Lonely's advice at the Gather Round that the Trail was just 5½ miles long was evidence of his lack of distance appreciation. We wondered even more when we crossed the main road and headed uphill yet again...

Instead of running back into town we began to run further out and downhill, towards Harpsden. Caboose and I chatted in a fairly relaxed way even though we knew that we would, at some point soon, have to run back up a dirty great hill to get back into Henley. Lemming passed the time by attempting to give a line of chat to a lady runner who was coming towards us. His fiery torch of wittiness was extinguished immediately by the lady's damp blanket of total disregard. She also completely ignored my cheery "Good morning!" Strange. Running is generally a pleasant occupation that you do because you are happy to do it. Perhaps she should take up lacrosse. At least you can whack the crap out of the opposition.



We met a pleasant couple out walking their dog, who seemed very pleased that they were walking and we were running. To their question GnomeAlone and I answered that we were Hashers and explained the basics. "Perhaps you'd like to join us next week?" We essayed. "Um. I think we're away next week." They replied, with a twinkle in their eyes. From here the longer runners nipped (ok, staggered from side to side, desperately gulping in air) up the steep road before gratefully diving into the woodland trail that ran parallel to the golf course. Lived round this way for many years but have never seen Henley Golf Club course from this angle. Our picture on the left illustrates the standard of dress to which the members must conform. Not surprisingly, muscle T-shirts, baseball caps and 'Arsenal Furevver' tattoos are severely frowned upon.

While running along the track I was suddenly and unexpectedly joined by OldFart, who skittered down the slope towards me. "That was a welcome relief." He let me know. I rather wished he hadn't. We ran on across the golf course, keeping an eye out for loose balls, and eventually found the narrow path that led to the next bloody great big, grassy hill. At the top stood and quaffed those who had got there earlier. For this was the Beer Stop, overlooking the superb view across

Harpsden valley. Donut, WaveRider and Katie handed out beer, lager, water and crisps. NappyRash and I tried them since they were flavours we had not seen before: Real Ale and Gin & Tonic! They were really quite pleasant.

We On Outed again for an enjoyable cruise downhill towards the pub. I chatted with SkinnyDipper who is looking after Lilo's nutty dog, Minx, while she and TinOpener are cruising round Bali for two weeks in a three(possibly four)-masted sailing ship. Very nice too!

Swinging into the car park with Rampant, we both agreed that we had thoroughly enjoyed the Trail. I caught sight of an advert on one of the buildings for the Henley Clinic. Its strapline is 'Health, Beauty and Rejuvenation.' It occurred to me that it might be stretching it for BH<sup>3</sup> generally to aim for the first two but it might be nice to see if we could get a bit of the latter. Especially after all the hills we had run up and down today... Nice Trail and very nice pub, Lonely. Thanks very much.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Thought for the Day

Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

On Saturday, Donut and I and a couple of friends went to the Goodwood Revival. This is a racing car event with a difference. Almost everyone dresses in 40s, 50s, 60s clothing and has a superb time watching very old cars, motor bikes and people racing incredibly quickly round the fast circuit. Though a red Ferrari 250 GTO/64 lost it while weaving at high speed through traffic and crashed into the tyre wall. Fortunately, the driver was ok but the car was pretty well smashed. How much is one of these cars worth? \$50 million. Ouch!

It had, of course, been raining fairly heavily the day before and the car parks in the fields were pretty full of shiggy. Interesting for some of the ladies in their stilettos and chunky 1940's shoes. Quite interesting for us too in our brogues and Oxford bags.

Interesting the similarities between Hashing and Goodwood Revival. Everyone likes dressing up. Most of the participants are slightly older, rather than younger. There can be quite a lot of mud involved in the event. Some people are intent on racing. There are a number of Bars. But overall the atmosphere is like a big party with everyone having a great time.



Dressed up at Goodwood Revival

Mind you, Hashing's a lot cheaper... 😊

## Down Downs

RA Foghorn presented the following in the very pleasant pub garden.

### Who Got It

### Why

Lemming

Saying 'Bu\*\*er me!' to Foghorn, then refusing to remove his trouserage.

SkinnyDipper

Checking a lot of rubbish bins on the way round... Got to wonder why.

Paula, Hashgate

Today's virgin and me for (allegedly) chatting up Pyro (mind you, she did give me her address voluntarily 😊)

GnomeAlone

Something about lost gonads. Don't you think he looks like Charlton Heston playing Moses in the 1956 epic film 'The Ten Commandments' now he has that full beard?

Desperate

It has taken her 4 months to give Motox the photograph she promised him. No idea what the photo was of.

Lonely

Today's excellent Hare.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2079	24Sep17	<a href="#">SU696840</a>	<b>The Rising Sun</b> Witheridge Hill RG9 5PF	Rampant Dunny
2080	01Oct17		TBA	