

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2155 10Mar19  
Venue: The White Hart  
Nettlebed  
Hares: Dunny, Rampant

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
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## Wind Cheaters

Lonely Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Spex LoudonTasteless LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie RandyMandy Gnasher and baby Morgan Dipstick BGB Swallow SlowSucker Iceman Spot Twanky Motox WaveRider NappyRash TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Cloggs NonStick Rosemary Sheila Terry Slapper RamJam Karina Tequilova

## Blown Away

On our way to Nettlebed we came up behind Lonely in his battered old Saab around Highmoor. Obviously, he loves the old thing since he drove it with the utmost care, saving those precious revs in order to carefully negotiate the bends at the slowest and safest speed possible. Donut and I began to nod off as the trees either side of the road slowly drifted past us. After an eternity we finally entered the pub car park and woke up to find ourselves next to Spex and LoudonTasteless.



Fortunately, it wasn't this bad

NonStick and Cloggs had had an even worse experience. The blustery wind that had swept across the land all night and still blew hard had loosened many a tree branch and one crashed down on their bonnet after giving up the unequal struggle to stay attached to its tree.

Our numbers today were a little less than usual, since many people were struggling their way through The Axe Valley Runners Grizzly 20-mile race. We felt for them. The race has 3,000 feet of ascent, with beaches, bogs and a 'Stairway to Heaven'; a steep path up the side of a cliff. Doing that lot in a gale doesn't sound like a lot of fun. Hope they all got through it safely.

Dunny and Rampant had laid on a slightly less challenging route for us today which turned out to be a superb Trail, albeit with the aforementioned wind buffeting us anywhere outside of the forests through which we traipsed.

Since we had no GM today (SkinnyDipper was even then airborne on her way back from Australia) members of the Committee vied for the kudos of calling things to order. While they jostled for position, ex-Committee member Slapper strode in and took control with a masterly display of obfuscation and ad hoc verbal delivery, handing over to our Hares with panache. They wasted no time in getting us on our way, after explaining that, if we saw an 'F' (False) from the wrong direction, it was ok to run over it! I know one of Trail-laying's intentions is to confuse The Pack... it certainly did. Off we went.

The wind scattered us like leaves and only the walkers seemed to know where they were going, led by the indomitable Ms Whiplash who, earlier, had sidled up to me after the Hares had announced that they hadn't provided walker's maps. "I've got something here, Hashgate." She said, reaching into the delightfully well upholstered front of her windcheater. My hopes rose. Only to be dashed as she triumphantly produced her own OS map. I ruefully congratulated her.

Most of us had expected the Trail to follow a similar route to one we enjoyed on the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Hash last year. But our Hares craftily led us in the opposite direction, across the main road and into what appeared to be a private drive, through impressive iron gates. We began to 'enjoy' the cold wind that swirled around us, nipping at our ears and drying our lips. Breathing became quite interesting. However, I must hand it to Dunny and Rampant, who kept us moving quickly and the Pack largely together.

In one of the forests, where the wind blew less strongly, we came across a deep swallow hole and Slapper just couldn't resist running down into it and up the other side. He should have been wearing the 'La Pecarina' apron today but I noticed it was tucked into his pocket. I remonstrated with him over

his lack of appropriate attire (it is, after all, a great honour to be presented with it) and he sheepishly pulled it out and put it on. I should think so too!

We came across a fallen sapling and Spex gained four faults for a refusal at the jump. Lonely and I leapt it with grace and aplomb, figuring that if any of the racehorses pulled out of the soon-to-be-held Cheltenham Festival we might take their place... and that any old nag that failed to negotiate a hurdle, wouldn't. 😊

Cloggs opined that the woods were quite beautiful but would look even better when the bluebells 'hatched'. She swore blind that she said 'opened' but I think I can trust my own ears by now. Egg-laying bluebells would be quite a botanical miracle, I feel.

Amazingly, in the middle of a fairly dense wood we came upon Gnasher and RandyMandy with little Morgan warmly asleep in his buggy. How they had got there and how they were going to get back was something that occupied our minds for quite a while.



And then we, once again, came upon something we had seen before on a Dunny and Rampant Trail. Surrounded by dumbfounded Hashers, NappyRash called over to me, "Hashgate! It's the Tree of Destiny!" I was as amazed as he was. During Hash 2139, on November 18<sup>th</sup> last year, at The Black Lion in Woodcote, we had come across not only the Tree, but the Mushroom, Rock, Log, Concrete Aggregate and Pony of Destiny. Quite how Dunny and Rampant had managed to transplant the Tree of Destiny from Woodcote to Nettlebed I do not know. But what an incredible feat and very thoughtful of them to locate it there for our enjoyment. Unfortunately for us, the Trail from the Check at the Tree of Destiny sent us right back along where we had just been. I swear I heard it tittering as we about-turned.

NonStick and I were being led along a narrow forest path by Donut and WaveRider so I mentioned to him that we were on an old deer track... with a couple of old dears in front of us. "You like living dangerously, Hashgate, don't you?" He whispered. 😊

A rather tubby and extremely excited old Basset Hound bounded after us, despite the calls of its master. I thought the creature might have a heart attack, looking at the way he was running and his age. Then I looked at the rest of The Pack and figured: if we could do it so could he.



Having crossed over the main road that led to Nettlebed we entered a veeerrry lengthy field with no cover from the gusty, blustery, cheek-reddening cold wind that blew constantly into our faces as we struggled across it. WaveRider cleverly used Slapper as a wind break. Unfortunately, LoudonTasteless and I, running alone had no such useful ambulant shelter. It was a great relief to finally turn on to the farm road (past the backward 'F' the Hares had mentioned so confusingly earlier on), through the less breezy churchyard and finally into the pub car park, wind-battered but unbeaten.

Excellent Trail, Hares. Lay more like this!

On On. **Hashgate.**

## BH<sup>3</sup> Hash Blog

Many years ago, my sister-in-law and I had resolutely climbed up to the top of Snowden on a bright, clear day. The wind howled around us, buffeting us and clutching at our flapping clothes. She and I were clinging desperately to the Trig point on top of Snowden along with a bloke neither of us had ever met. She leaned over and shouted at the top of her voice, "I think I'm going to blow off." I compressed my lips to stop the laugh but unfortunately caught the bloke's eye. He almost collapsed guffawing. And, of course, we followed suit. Quite a number of nearby fellow climbers wondered why three people were giggling hysterically on top of Mount Snowden. 😊

## Down Downs

Motox dragged us out into the cold to present the following.

### Who Got It

### Why

WaveRider

She 'broke wind' by hiding behind Slapper on the gusty field. Slapper passed the 'La Pecarina' apron on to her.

BGB

On seeing the Basset Hound, warning that an insurance risk assessment ought to have been done in case a 95-year old was bowled over by the beast.

Lonely

Age/name confusion. He thought Cloggs' name was Dutch Cap...

Rosemary

Today's virgin fair slapped down her drink.

Twanky

His birthday Down. A tad late but most enjoyable.

Terry

Because he didn't dob anyone in.

Dunny, Rampant

Today's Hares.

## Up and Coming

### Run

### Date

### Grid Reference

### Venue

### Hares

2157

24Mar19

[SU611624](#)

**The Pelican,**  
8 Silchester Rd, Pamber Heath,  
Tadley, RG26 3EA

Mr Blobby  
C5

2158

31Mar19

[SU666840](#)

Joint with Didcot Hash  
**The Black Horse,**  
Checkendon, RG8 0TE

GnomeAlone  
CheapDate