

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2168 10Jun19

Venue: The Maltsters Arms  
Rotherfield Greys

Hares: Agatha, SkinnyDipper, SweetPea

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## The Lost Boys and Girls

Twanky Donut Hashgate Spot Martin SweetPea Ms Whiplash Anne Vlad SlowSucker Dumb Dumber Meg Judas Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Iceman BlowJob Florence and two Looe and Lisheard Hashers (nice to see them!)

## A Total Hash

Those of you familiar with Blockchain terminology will know that a 'hash' is a function that converts letters and digits into an encrypted output of fixed length. Tonight's 'hash' replicated this by converting the Trail flour symbols (that were left after the rain!) into an encrypted and largely invisible output of non-fixed length. Add to this a cold and rainy night with limited visibility in the forests and I think you'll get a good idea of how things went. More later.

The Trail was actually Agatha's first and SkinnyDipper had kindly agreed to assist, with SweetPea leading the Walkers. The pub, The Maltsters, is well-known to those of us who attended. It must be recorded that the number of people was pretty minimal. Not surprising I suppose, given the October-like weather we had experienced during the day. Swallow told Donut the day after this that she was really quite pleased to have decided on staying in her warm, cosy and dry house instead of running wetly round and through most of Henley. Very wise. Twanky had the next best idea – he wandered around the car park wearing a brightly coloured umbrella hat. Natty!



**The Lost Boys and Girls ask for magical assistance to find the Trail.**

The car park at The Maltsters is fairly narrow and firstly, a Range Rover and then a Mitsubishi Warrior tried to run us over as we gathered round in the drizzle to hear GM and Hare SkinnyDipper welcome us. Agatha was resplendent in the 'La Pecarina' apron and dutifully carried a plastic milk container with flour in it. We welcomed our two Looe and Lisheard Hashers and splashed On Out into the blustery and rather dim evening, taking the 'usual' course when we Hash from here. But then the Hares had decided to turn left instead of right at the bottom of the slippery grass hill! Consternation! It's supposed to go



**The Hereford Massive give you the eye...**

right! However, our small group obediently set off into a swooping, grassy valley where a posse of splendid Hereford cows looked up from their cud-chewing to gaze curiously at the band of wet humans traipsing and splashing across their field. My delightful lady, Donut, isn't too keen on large bovines so I waited for her and SkinnyDipper (they were bringing up the rear at that point) to show a bit of solidarity. Not sure what I'd do if there had been a stampede. Perhaps sing them a bar or two of 'Home on the Range' before being trampled by the muddy hooves of the mooing beeves! Anyway, having reached the gate at the far end of the valley without mishap, Donut shot off along the narrow track (more like a stream tonight) like a scalded cat, scattering

the Walkers (Mrs Blobby, Ms Whiplash, SweetPea et al) into the bushes on either side. Presumably, adrenaline relief coursing through her veins. 😊

Greys Court (see [here](#) for National Trust details of this superb house and grounds... and the café is good too) appeared. Martin, on his second only BH<sup>3</sup> Hash, knows this place well since this is one of the

places he works at for the National Trust. We slopped damply into another steep- sided field where a herd of wet sheep gave us a woolly appraisal as Vlad, Anne and I strode breathlessly up and through a gate into woodland. Donut and SkinnyDipper followed closely behind. As I got half way up the muddy track I turned to look back and could hardly see the rest. Donut told me later that Vlad had gone off the Trail for a, um, bio break and the rest of the small group had followed him... until he explained his off-piste (I think that's how you spell it) sojourn. ☹️

Following an impromptu Regroup to let everyone catch up we ran on, turning right (after a Check) down a steep and narrow, muddy, rooted, footpath, enjoying the gravity-assisted lope. Too late, we just heard the "On Back" called out by Agatha from above. It seemed a long way back up that hill from the False that had been laid nearly at the bottom of it. From the next Check at the top of a hill Donut FRB'd her way down one possible Trail and was lucky enough to have picked the right route. We all piled after her into the dripping forest, finally arriving at a large 'Walkers' sign in flour which Agatha freshened up with

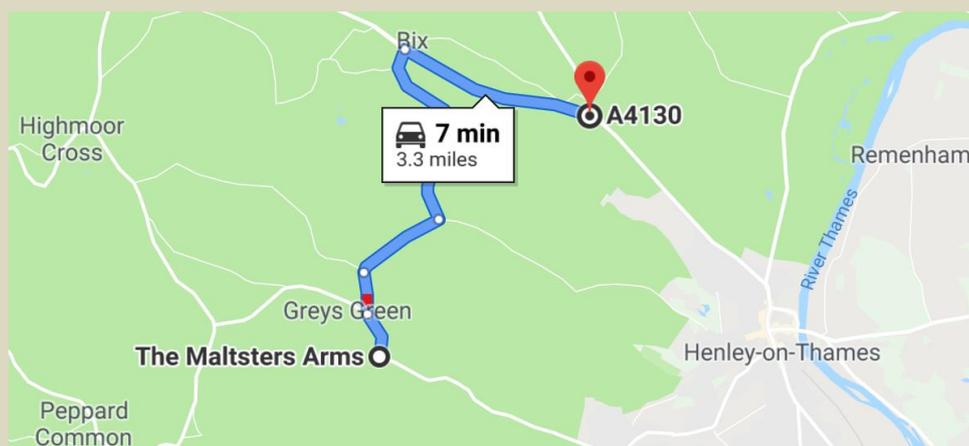


Vlad looks a bit like this...

dry flour since the rain had washed much of it away. Vlad, who (apart from last week) hasn't Hashed with us for some long while asked me, "When did you shave off your moustache, Hashgate?" Since I shaved it off about 14 years ago I figure the term 'some long while' may not properly describe quite how long it has been since Vlad last joined us... From here we had the choice of a Short or Long Trail. Everyone made the wrong choice and took the Long...

And this is where it started to get gnarly. There were lengthy, slippery, shiggy-covered downhill bits and lengthy, wet grass uphill bits. I followed Judas and Meg across a tufty, ankle-twisting field full of cow poo (those darn Herefords!) at the end of which Judas only just managed to save himself from running full tilt at groin height into an electric cattle wire. His eyesight could be better. And then we were into a dim and damply dripping forest with no-one else in sight. We met Agatha and a small group of us that included Anne, Vlad, Donut, me and Hares Agatha and SkinnyDipper proceeded to get completely lost. The flour had disappeared and Agatha's opinion that, "I know roughly where we are." Did not reflate the collapsing balloon of our confidence. Suddenly, SlowSucker appeared out of a bush to our right. Does it go to x and then y, via z, he asked. "Yes." Replied Agatha and SlowSucker tramped ponderously onward and disappeared. A little later, as we vainly searched for flour, Martin popped out of a bush. He was also lost and joined our merry band of lost boys and girl. "We should head for the light." Advised our Hares and we duly angled left along what seemed to be a marked woodland trail (not **the** Trail, I might add). Eventually we found a fence with a private road behind it. We followed the line of the fence until we found (Hurrah!) a narrow footpath leading down a steep shiggy hill. Our spirits lightened and we began to descend. Half way down I spotted a movement off to the right in the forest and stopped to point out the most magnificent stag, which was regarding us haughtily. Realising we were just a bunch of pathetic humans he turned imperiously and suddenly and silently, he was gone. Drawing on the little humour I had left, I asked Vlad if he thought it was a Hashstag. At least it raised a chortle.

At the foot of the hill we came out next to a well-known road. It was the start of the dual carriageway at the end of the Henley Fairmile, confirming that we were several miles from where we should have been. Here's a little map to show you:-



It was quite a long and damp trek along the semi-aptly named Fairmile to get to Henley. The rain began to fall. The light began to fade. No-one had a mobile so our plan was to either get a taxi to the pub, or phone it, and ask anyone who had made it back to come and pick us up. A first for BH<sup>3</sup> as far as I'm

aware. We tramped along the sodden path until we finally reached The Bull in Bell Street and spoke to Dumb who agreed to arrange transport. Making our way to the Town Hall we sheltered under the lea of the Oxfam shop, a bedraggled group awaiting friendly headlights. There was at least a certain amount of joking, now we knew the cavalry was on its way. A kindly lady entering a large, parked Range Rover (it is Henley) asked if we were ok and we thanked her for her thought. And then SlowSucker turned up in his car, closely followed by Mrs Blobby in hers and Sweetpea in hers. Mrs Blobby already had Twanky and Florence in hers, having picked them up some way from the pub. A great relief for us all. Thank you to our drivers. 😊

We found out later that SlowSucker was the only one who managed to figure out the Trail. Remarkable piece of blind orienteering. Dumber managed to twist his ankle on the way and Twanky had stayed with him for a while until he was picked up. The Walkers were ok though Ms Whiplash at least had sensibly cut off some of the route. Our damp group thoroughly enjoyed the very necessary and tasty Hash Chips that were on offer and enjoyed even more the roaring fire by the bar that warmed and partially dried our sodden carcasses.

So very much a total Hash. Had it been a lovely, warm June night it wouldn't have seemed so fraught. However, we must still thank our Hares for volunteering to lay the Trail and I sincerely hope the experience hasn't put off virgin Hare Agatha from laying another. And after all, it's given us something to talk about... for the next few months 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

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

Next week is the BH<sup>3</sup> West Bay extravaganza. The organisers have very professional put together a week of fun-filled opportunities designed to leave the participants drained and exhausted... but happy and fulfilled. 😊 If anyone hasn't seen a copy of the activities programme, here it is. The Gobsheet will return the week after next. Happy holiday to all who are going!

Day	Daytime Activity	Evening
Saturday	Hash <b>starting at 1745</b> from reception. <b>Slowsucker and Swallow</b>	Fish or sausage and chips with drinks on site. We'll gather by Whinge and TC's caravan – <b>No 7 Bredy Down</b> . It fronts onto the main road.
Sunday	Walk from Reception led by <b>Snowy and Slippery</b> . We'll be stopping for lunch at a pub, so make sure that you have some money. <b>Leaving at 1000</b>	Dinner at <b>The Stable</b> , part of the Bull Inn in Bridport. They have cider and Moretti beer but no bitter/real ale. We're gathering for drinks <b>by No 7 at 1845</b> , so have your bitter then! <b>Paid For</b> . Coach provided, <b>leaving at 19.30</b>
Monday	Hash from Seatown hared by <b>Mr Blobby and C5 leaving at 1030</b> . Travel in cars. Post Code DT6 6JU. Lunch at the Anchor Inn, where we start from. <b>Buy your own</b> .	Eat at the on-site restaurant or at a local restaurant. Drinks beforehand at <b>No 7</b> , meeting at <b>1845</b>
Tuesday	<b>Bike Ride</b> organised by <b>Whinge, TC, Wavey and NR</b> . Bike hire shop in Weymouth, with a back-up just outside Weymouth.. Travel in cars, <b>leaving at 0900</b> . There is a lovely route to Portland which is approx 15 miles flat (an old railway line) round trip with lots of loops to make the ride longer for those who want it. There's also the possibility of a big hill for those who want something tougher. Fantastic views, nice pubs and cafes in Portland. £12.50 per bike for the day.  The bike shop is Tilleys and the address is 9 Frederick Place, DT4 8HQ. There is a large public car park right opposite the shop, where we'll meet at 10 am.	DIY

<b>Wednesday</b>	A quiet day! However, at <b>1500 on the beach</b> , <b>Wave Rider</b> will lead her <b>fitness class</b> and there will probably be some beach games, too, depending on how many of you turn up.  <b>Meet at 1445 at Reception.</b>	<b>Hash laid by Flo and Zeb. It's from the Five Bells at Whitchurch Canonicorum</b> and there will be food afterwards in the pub. We'll be inviting at least one local hash to run with us. <b>Coach leaves at 1745</b>
<b>Thursday</b>	<b>Day out at two secret locations.</b> It should be a very interesting day and we hope that you'll really enjoy it. <b>The coach leaves at 1030.</b>	<b>Dinner at the West Bay Hotel, which we'll walk to. Drinks from No 7 at 1900. We'll leave at about 1930.</b>
<b>Friday</b>	<b>It's an early start for the Longest Day hash, led by Spot.</b> More details will be forthcoming but there's certainly breakfast afterwards, cooked by the 2 Pennies.  Later on, there's a <b>quiz run organised by Wave Rider</b> (with a bit of interference from Nappy Rash), <b>Whinge and TC. It starts from Charmouth beach car park and we'll leave in cars at 0930 for a 1000 start. There's a theme, 'Oh I do love to be beside the seaside'. So wear your beachwear!</b>  There will be a led <b>fossil beach walk</b> in the afternoon, starting at <b>1.30 from Charmouth</b> , about 5 mins from the pub where we're going after the Quiz run. It's a bargain at £7.50 per head and it'll be well worth doing.	An evening at The Clock House Inn in Chideock. <b>The coach leaves at 1830.</b> We have a room to ourselves, so we'll do the Hash Awards when we get there and then have dinner. We might also be able to fit in a game of skittles! Don't forget your mask!
<b>Saturday</b>	<b>Leave for home having had a spiffing time</b>	

## Down Downs

Our regular RA, Motox, was missing tonight so Mr Blobby kindly stepped into the role and awarded the following in the warm confines of the pub (let's face it, no-one was going outside in the cold and rain again!)

### Who Got It

### Why

SlowSucker

For being the only Hasher who made it back to the pub via the Trail.

Martin

Having become lost, he then joined the group who were also lost. Double lost then!

Dumber

Twisting his ankle. Not surprisingly, he sat for the Down.

SweetPea

Awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by Agatha for getting back safe and sound and organising the taxi service to pick up the lost Hashers.

Agatha, SkinnyDipper, Tonight's Hares. SweetPea (driving... again) nominated Megan.  
SweetPea

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2170	24Jun19	<a href="#">SU706804</a>	 <p><b>Hawaiian Theme – Awesome Prizes!!</b> Hash Chips Will Be Served!!! <b>The Hare and Hounds,</b> Woodlands Road, Sonning Common RG4 9TE</p>	Donut, Hashgate
2171	01Jul19	<a href="#">SU626622</a>	 <p><b>Silchester Cricket Pavillion</b> Silchester RG7 2PL <b>Start times from 7:00 onward!!!</b></p>	Mr Blobby, C5