

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2191 18Nov19

Venue: The Blueberry
Blewbery, Didcot

Hares: EpicFail, Hotlips, BigStiffy

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

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DH³ and BH³

GnomeAlone, the above Hares and a large number of Didcot Hash. Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Posh Bomber CanalBob Caboose Dunny Rampant Florence Zebedee Michelle HappyFeet DoorMatt SkinnyDipper C5 Mr Blobby AWOL CouchPotato Slapper Motox Iceman Tequilova Spot CabinBuoy Hooters Pyro and dog Whisper

Uphill and Front to Back

Our thanks to Didcot H³ for inviting us to today's Hash. We had a gap in our calendar and they kindly asked us to join them on this fairly cold day. Our Hare for the day, EpicFail, informed our large group outside the pub that he had a hangover. You weren't the only one, Epic. Snowy and Slips had looked after Donut and I the night before and rather a few beers and red wines had slipped down the hatch. We found out later that, in fact, Hotlips and Big Stiffy had a **very** large hand (Epic didn't actually lay it) in laying the Trail today but Epic was at the forefront of the Circle, showing the group the Didcot flour markings that are a little different to BH³. Didcot are very keen on keeping the Pack together so they ask that no checking from a Check is done before six people reach it and they occasionally lay a flour number that indicates that the first n FRBs have to run to the back of the Pack. You'll see that a number of BH³ members were caught out by these later. They also include quite a few Regroups that prevent runners from stringing out. This all works very well and we mainly ran in a large group.

The title of this Gobsheet is an abridged version of events, since we ran uphill a lot and several people ran from front to back. 😊

I must mention Lilo and TinOpener who went beyond the call of duty by attending the Hash despite flying all the way back from their Borneo holiday and landing this morning. They actually didn't look too knackered but I expect they crashed royally later in the afternoon.

After welcoming Hooters, who had not Hashed for twenty years, we On Outed into the tarmac wilds of Blewbery, a delightful village, and most of the Pack made the wise choice to wait at Checks for the more manic Hashers to find the Trail. I found myself with CouchPotato, who was wearing the 'La Pecarina' apron and asked him why he had been awarded it. It seems that he had suggested that those hardy souls who had run the Nice marathon recently could have finished in slightly quicker times. Not surprised he received it then.



So much better than an electric bike – don't you agree?

While waiting at a Check we stood aside to let a Dad and his little boy in a dune-buggy type of pedalled vehicle and even smaller little girl on a wooden pedal-less bicycle go past. The golden-haired girl gave me a lovely smile as she trundled past, obviously wondering why a bunch of old people were out running on a cold Sunday morning. We rather wondered the same thing. From here we pelted off alongside a field and began to make our way up a series of hills.

There followed a long road, leading up a lengthy hill. Mr Blobby, C5, Caboose and Rampant were all first at the flour '4' half way up it and were greeted with ironic cheers as they ran back past us to the rear of the Pack. At least there was a Regroup $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way up (Posh actually took off some clothes because she was hot!) and they managed to catch up with us before we slid off into the field... and ran back down the hill again... before running back up it via a narrow, slippery, chalk track. Rampant, AWOL and NappyRash appeared to the right and below us in a large bowl, having come back from a false False Trail. This was actually a Regroup, which is denoted in Didcot Trail-laying, as a cross in a circle. The identity of the person who called the False was never actually established but CanalBob was named initially. He blamed Spot and C5 blamed it on Florence. I can see why nobody

owned up. Epic decided he wanted a photograph of the group and took one of us standing on the hill top and one jumping... though after schlepping up the slope we could only manage an inch or so off the ground.

We went further up another chalky track and I overheard Florence telling Dunny that, at the Nice Marathon, she got so wet she had NappyRash between her legs! I didn't know he'd gone too. And I wouldn't have thought it would have helped Flo's running style. While we waited at another Check and Pyro's lovely dog, Whisper, came up to us for a pat, Flo mentioned humorously that Whisper was now a little deaf so in future we would have to shout. She's such a wag.

A '5' appeared and Mr Blobby and NappyRash got caught out **again**. At least they were smiling (if a little lop-sidedly) as they ran to the back of the Pack. We stopped at another Regroup and were in the



middle of a racehorse training area with white rails and, curiously, a long gallop laid with masses of bits of old carpet. NappyRash mentioned that this was the Carpet of Destiny (you'll have to read [Gobsheet 2155](#) to understand this 😊). Nearby were two horse race starter boxes, side by side, and AWOL and Slapper practised starting from it. Frankly, a couple of old hacks like them are not going to win The Cheltenham Gold Cup.

Zebedee, NappyRash, Rampant, Slapper and AWOL chugged back past us again, having been caught out by a '5'. How they **were** enjoying today's Trail!

I came up behind Wimpey, who was sporting a T-shirt that had on the back, 'Didcot is losing its erection. How rude!' It took me a couple of looks

to realise the strange spelling and I had to ask him about it. Apparently, the printers either hadn't noticed or couldn't be bothered to phone up and check. Consequently, he wears a unique item of apparel. Probably a keeper – might be worth something in the future...

We finally began to hurtle downhill, enjoying the superb views across the countryside and trying not to trip over on the uneven ground. We ran between a series of paddocks, one large one rather poignantly containing a single Shetland Pony in a red overcoat, munching speculatively on straw. And then we popped out on to the main Blewbury road almost opposite the pub. Perfect! Although two of the Didcot Hashers obviously had decided that the Trail wasn't long enough because I saw them speeding off away from the pub down a by-road. My feeling was that this was an almost perfect Hash, in length and in its manner of keeping everyone together in a large, happy group. Many thanks to our Hares and to Didcot H³ for our invitation. 😊

On On. **Hashgate**.

BH3 Hash Blog

A week or so ago, on a Monday and since Donut had the day off, we visited Greys Court, a National Trust property at Rotherfield Greys, near Henley-on-Thames. Walking from the car park towards the house we spotted CrownJewels (Martin) by the ticket office (he being a National Trust manager), along with a couple of other people. What we hadn't noticed, as we hurried over to greet him, was that they were observing the 2-minute silence, it being 11 o'clock on November 11th. Doh! We quickly fell silent and stood still. After this moment of peace, we chatted with him before going over and into the house. What a fine job the NT people had made of this 16th century, homely place. It was the end of the Autumn harvest decorations and we were delighted to see a mass of knitted (yes, knitted) vegetables in the entrance hall, an absorbing display of sunlit wheat fields on screens and sounds of birdsong in the main downstairs room. The *pièce de résistance* was the library cum study of Sir Felix John Morgan Brunner. You can see it above. Gold and bronze-coloured leaves hung from the ceiling and were scattered on the floor, leaving a path of green carpet to a tree that had been found dead in the estate grounds, brought in and gilded with leaves to provide the centrepiece of a beautiful display.



This is a lovely, friendly place to visit (and the Cowshed Tearoom has some fine food and drink). We'll be going back to enjoy the Christmas exhibition. Recommend you do to, if you are in the area. Details are at <https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/greys-court>. And you may bump into CrownJewels. 😊

Down Downs

Motox dragged us out of the warm pub to present the following.

Who Got It

C5

AWOL

Lilo, TinOpener

Mr Blobby

Zebedee

PennyPitstop

HotLips, EpicFail,
BigStiffy

Why

Atrocious driving on the wrong side of the road while on the way to the Hash.

His bum was covered in flour. Why? **And** he had allegedly split his running tights **and** he'd fallen over. Not a good day for AWOL then.

Travelling thousands of miles to be with us. Well done them! Because the travelled together they drank together – two straws in their single Down glass.

On the way back from one of the flour numbers he decided not to go back past Motox because he was a Walker!

Not going all the way to the back either. He wore his Nice Marathon medal just to show off.

Was awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by CouchPotato for bending over in front of him wearing only her white drawers on her bottom half. Since he was delighted with the view, he felt she should receive the apron.

Today's Hares and one would-be Hare.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2193	01Dec19	SU624553	The Swan Kiln Road, Sherbourne St John RG24 9HS	Slapper Tequilova
2194	08Dec19	TBC	TBC	Dumb Dumber