

Hash Number: 2207 08Mar20

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Venue: The Cricketers  
Littlewick Green

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: Cloggs, NonStick

**FIELDERS**

MessengerBoy Michelle Twanky Donut Hashgate SkinnyDipper Spot WaveRider NappyRash Caboose BlowJob Swallow SlackBladder LittleStiffy with dogs Ava and Masie NoSole Slapper Motox Iceman Dumb Dumber Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Horny Helmet TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx BillyBullshit Foghorn BlindPew RandyMandy Gnasher CanalBob HappyFeet DoorMatt

**A TRAIL OF TWO HALVES**

**T**wo halves because, Cloggs told us while we were parking our cars, that she had laid one half and NonStick the other. She added, with a grin, “I hope they meet up...” We rather hoped so too.

While we attempted to screw on running shoes that were stiff with mud from last week’s Waterworld Hash, SkinnyDipper visited each of us in turn, handing out a single sheet of paper from the toilet roll she carried. Her beneficence was driven by news that loo rolls were scarce in the shops, due to Coronavirus panic-buying. I heard this morning from a friend that there is none to be had in Marlow and surrounding area. She had mentioned this to her friend who lives in Liverpool who assured her she would get some for her and that there was no panic-buying up North because people don’t have the money to stockpile stuff. The oddest example of apparent panic-buying appeared in The Daily Telegraph Letters page today. A gentleman from Maidenhead had entered, as he put it, a hosiery shop, with the intention of purchasing a pair of socks, only to be told that there were none, due to panic-buying! Socks!?



Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> March was International Women’s Day and in honour of this our Hares had laid a couple of ‘W’ Checks, they told us at the Circle. These were Women’s Checks where only women were to check them out. All the blokes seemed to think that this was a damn fine idea and let’s have plenty more in the future please. Take a look at <https://www.internationalwomensday.com/> if you’d like some more information about the international event.

We On Outed, roughly in the direction of the A4, only to turn off down a narrow alley between two of the houses that border the cricket pitch. It led to a wide, open, bare acre or two of field where the blustery wind blew directly at us and the earth path by the side of it must have been a mile long. Hashers



Figure 1 The Skylark

gaped and staggered along it. Occasionally, one would swoon with the effort and fall off to the side to be ignored by their equally exhausted companions. A bit like climbing Everest and ignoring the bodies. The damn thing was never-ending. NonStick caught up with me and, between gulping lungfulls of air, I mentioned nonchalantly that it seemed ever so long. He replied that they could have put the long bit at the start or the end and had plumped for the start. I could see the point that it would get it over with but, since there was no Regroup at the end of it, the Pack strung out rapidly. At least we were serenaded by difficult-to-see skylarks along the way. As Shelley succinctly put it, ‘Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight’. They wheeled and twisted below the scudding clouds and occasional rays of warming sun.

At the end of this track we crossed the A4 and entered into proper Hashing territory. Sodden earth sucked at our shoes, fallen trees impeded our progress and low-hanging branches tried to poke into our ears. This was **much** better! Michelle and HappyFeet struggled to stride over a fallen tree, festooned with mouldy green moss and covered in hanging brambles, while Slapper returned from a False Trail. Others had gone wrong too. As we traipsed along a cinder track, we were overtaken by NappyRash and BlindPew, coming back from a fruitless search. Even when we slopped across the next sodden, slanting field Iceman caught up with me, having previously lost his way.

No-one could find the way from the next Check until we realised that we had to go through a large body of standing water, then up a sloping, shiggy-filled track that led to a Regroup and a welcome break. Twanky, BlindPew and Spot said they thought it might have been a Women's Check and, as the only person with us who might have the credentials for that gender was SkinnyDipper they suggested they might have to check her to make sure she was a woman. Needless to say, they didn't mention this in front of her!

We had a choice from here – the Long Trail loop, or a shorter version that cut it off. Some of us wisely decided on the shorter: Motox, Swallow, TinOpener, DoorMatt, NoSole and I followed Cloggs on the first part before she left us making a start on the first of many mud hills, covered in leaves, deep shiggy, long-dead donkeys and rat poo. There were some very sneaky False Trails that led off into not-very-



Today's Trail. Kindly supplied by NappyRash.

obvious paths among the woodland. One sort of knew that it wasn't the Trail but they were so attractive that it would have been wrong not to at least give them a try. I think I must have run as far as the Long loop since I managed to find every one. We spiralled ever higher around Ashley Hill, muttering slightly as it started to rain. Eventually, we reached the house right on the top and DoorMatt found the Trail from a One-Blob Check that led to a 'W' Check. Since Swallow was with us, we kindly stepped aside to enable her to check it out. Such chivalry. And she found the right Trail, yodelling a very musical "On On!" despite a sudden attack of the vapours at the effort involved for a lady such as herself.

Finally, we started to go downhill, though we lost our way along a forest road where there was one blob of flour and nothing else (yes, I went all the way down this too). The Trail was actually in the opposite direction, down an

extremely slippery and steep shiggy path. Along from here we met Iceman and Twanky who were coming down a track that met us. Except theirs had an 'F' on it. Motox seemed very pleased to advise them that they had gone the wrong way and should retrace their headlong rush back up the hill. I can't say they were extremely pleased to hear it. Iceman uttered a very rude word indeed.

We squigged our way along a fairly wide (pleasant in summer no doubt) and sodden, grass lane; two steps forward and one back or sideways. Running was almost impossible. Then across a road, through a small wood and out on to another road where we knew damn well that the Trail had to go right from the One Blob Check. However, BlindPew lived up to his name when he checked down that way and couldn't find any flour. It caused a bit of a pile-up and gnashing of teeth when he came back. From here to where our cars were parked wasn't too far. Which was just as well, for it began to rain cold, hard rain. I guess at least it began when we were finishing instead of half way round the Trail, but it wasn't pleasant and Skinny's single sheet of loo paper didn't really dry us off. 😊

Our thanks to Cloggs and NonStick for a well-laid Trail through some very sticky countryside.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

## BH3 HASH BLOG

---

This is the second week of the new format Gobsheet and I'd be interested to know what you think of it. Iceman has already given his invaluable critique which resulted in a couple of (very minor, of course 😊) improvements.

In addition, if you think there is a better way to publish the BH<sup>3</sup> Gobsheets or, indeed, if you think they shouldn't be written in the first place, then you are very welcome to say.

All comments will be treated confidentially (with the exception of Iceman's above) and I very much welcome your feedback. You can either speak to me or email the address at the top of the first page.

Of course, if I don't receive any feedback, I'll take it that everyone is 100% satisfied with the Gobsheets and continue accordingly.

## DOWN DOWNS

---

The sun came out again just as RA Motox was about to award these, so we went outside. I think the pub diners were somewhat relieved.

### WHO GOT IT

### WHY

HappyFeet	Got her shoe sucked off in the shiggy.
Lilo	She wouldn't listen to advice on the Walker's Trail and got lost.
Twanky	His birthday! Happy one to him.
BlindPew	Given an 'L' plate to wear while drinking is Down for his inability to find the clearly marked Trail (see above).
DoorMatt	Not properly and securely tying up HappyFeet's shoelaces.
Hashgate	Awarded his 700 Runs badge by President Ms Whiplash. So 27 years of Hashing works out at just 26 Hashes each year. Interesting maths. 😊
Iceman	Presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by Swallow for going back up that False on the steep hill.
Cloggs, NonStick	Today's Hares.

## FUTURE HASHES

---

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2209	22Mar20	<u>SU633640</u>	* Mother's Day - Cake & Coffee Run* Mortimer West End Village Hall Church Rd, RG7 2HU	SkinnyDipper Tequilova
2210	29Mar20	TBA	TBA	TBA