

Hash Number: 2249 30Aug21

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

Venue: The White Hart

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Nettlebed

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

WHITE HART HASHERS

CouchPotato Donut Hashgate Crusty BGB SweetPea Agatha Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Utopia C5 Mr Blobby MessengerBoy C5 Motox Posh Bomber SkinnyDipper Sneezy PrettyinPink Cuddles SexSlave HotLips BigStiffy LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Masie and Ava Swallow SlowSucker Spot Twanky Wimpy LemonySnicket Pantaloon Itsyor Lonely... and later: Paul

C5 AND I TAKE A HIKE

Cabaret time! BGB kindly performed his highly amusing comedy car parking act in the White Hart car park. SweetPea and Agatha had politely pointed out that his car was covering two spaces and, since he had gone in facing forwards, he decided to turn it round and use just the one space. Unfortunately, I didn't count how many backs and forths were in his manoeuvring because I was laughing so much. When he finally got the car turned round ready to back in, Crusty stood by, offering a variety of hand signals which he largely ignored (I can think of a hand signal I'd have given him if I were her 😊).

Before continuing, I must report the exclusive scoop your reporter was privy to over the Bank Holiday weekend. On Saturday, at the Binfield Heath Annual Flower and Dog Show, SkinnyDipper and Minx (Lilo's lively black and white dog) entered the vet category where she won first prize (Minx, not Skinny



Minx saying "Smashed it!" while showing off her rosette and prizes to SkinnyDipper.

😊). Skinny was beaming from ear to ear when she arrived later at the Gobsheet offices for a cup of celebratory tea and a biscuit. She proudly showed off the red rosette, dog food and dog wipes that Minx had won. This was just before Minx decided to run through a hole in the hedge in our neighbour's garden and out on to the road where Skinny and Donut chased after her. I'm sure the clever dog had a grin on its muzzle when it streamed back in through the hedge and came quietly over to me to be put on her lead, leaving the two ladies running down the road like headless chickens!

Back to the Hash. Dunny and Rampant do more than their fair share of Trail laying and you can always rely on them to lay a good one, with very clear flour markings. So it was tonight. We On Outed from the car park and

those of us who know this area started off along the narrow path by the church towards what we know is a wide-open area with a number of footpaths. Wrong! The Trail went exactly the opposite way, via a field gate upon which Mr Blobby got stuck for a moment or two. He finally managed to figure out which leg to throw over first and dropped down on to the grass. Quite a lot of the Trail around here consisted of lengthy downhill bits that stretched out the Pack and got a number of people gasping. I found myself chatting with Lonely who, when we started to enter a forest, got very excited and ran off towards the FRBs and Rampant, asking enthusiastically, "Are you



taking us past my prison!?” Exactly. You have as much idea as I as to what the hell he was talking about. Perhaps you would ask him and let me know.

MessengerBoy caught up. He'd arrived 20 minutes late and had run like a cat with its ar*e on fire to catch up with the Pack. After a brief chat with me he repeated his burning moggy impression and disappeared up the footpath towards the FRBs.

The next chunk of woods slowed everyone up, which was quite useful for the slower runners. A Check had completely foxed the Pack, particularly Itsyor, who had drifted off along an earthen path that was nowhere near the actual route. Hare Rampant took great delight in calling “On Back” to those who had gone way off course. PrettyinPink was so disorientated that he ran into a low-hanging branch. Girlfriend Sneezy managed to hold back the laughter...

We had obviously been somewhere close to Nuffield since we popped out on a side road where a sign pointed back in our direction with that place name on it. There was a nice, clear ‘P’ for ‘Petrol’ on the road end where we had to cross a slightly bigger road and PrettyinPink (who had obviously heard the earlier sniggers) took the mickey out of Sneezy for her *sotto voce* approach to calling out “Petrol”. I thought that, though it was neither an Iceman nor a Foghorn, it was perfectly acceptable for a person of patently good breeding.

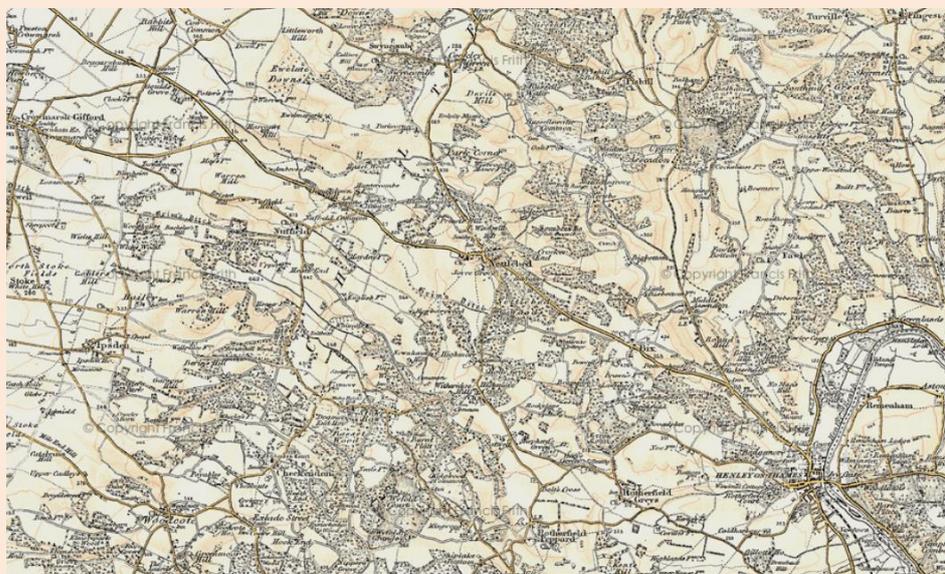
We streamed across a field full of sheep, who wanted nothing to do with us (perfectly understandably) and who backed off to the other side. The route went through a gate and along a medium length, dim and slightly muddy path to the beautifully inscribed “RG” where all of us except SlowSucker hove to and waited for the rest. This, announced Hare Rampant, was where there was a minor shortcut. SkinnyDipper, Wimpy, C5 and I decided to take the minor shortcut. At least C5 has a decent excuse. His hip is giving him a lot of gyp and had become quite painful by this point. Skinny and Wimpy skipped off into the distance, leaving C5 and me to enjoy the summer-grassed rises and falls of this beautiful area. We walked most of it since running wasn't really an option and I was darned if I was going to give C5 a piggyback all the way to the pub. It was a most enjoyable ramble. Hare Dunny had told us before we left the Regroup that since there would be no flour we should carry straight on over the field to a wood that we would certainly recognise, before taking a right turn at the gate. So, did C5 and I recognise the wood? As C5 said, we could recognise a wood. **The** wood? Well, no. But we did manage to find the gate which had a blob of flour by it. Hurrah! Joy was unconfined. If C5 could have leapt like a Spring lamb I've no doubt that he would have. We started following the Trail.

I'd been boasting to him about the Ordnance Survey app that I have on my phone and how it would help us if we became lost. “Tell you what,” I said superciliously. “I'll log in and we can see exactly how far we have to go.”

Of course, we were deep in a valley and was there a mobile signal? Was there boll*cks! The damn phone simply would not pick up a signal until we had twisted our way up a gnarly path on a steep, forested hill. At least then we could see that we didn't have far to go.

“I'll just stop for a bio-break.” Said C5, so I started climbing further up the hill to give him

some privacy. Now we hadn't seen anyone for about half an hour and we were in the middle of a silent and apparently empty forest. To C5's surprise, just as he was about to, erm, water the flowers, around the corner tramped HappyFeet and DoorMatt, who had arrived late and were trying to catch up. Doh! They passed us, laughing. C5 summed it up perfectly, later. “Sod's Law.” He sighed, ruefully, shaking a damp leg.



OS Map of Nettlebed in 1897

It wasn't too far down a well-made track before we reached the main Nettlebed to Watlington road and we strolled round the corner and into the pub car park. Followed a little later by Crusty and BGB (who had got lost – there's a surprise!) and Motox.

An excellent Trail through beautiful country by two of our premier Trail layers and our thanks go to them.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

By the way; the eagle-eyed amongst you may have noticed that there have been two Gobsheets numbered 2248. I did know about that but thought I'd got away with it until SkinnyDipper mentioned it. Apologies from our editorial team, who are blaming the oversight on beer and loose living...

DOWN DOWNS

Apologies for the lack of Down Down information. Since we had all been sitting outside for quite some time Donut and I figured we could either freeze solid or go home and get a hot shower. Guess which we chose? 😊

FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2251	12Sep21 Sunday 11:00	SU704757	Albert Road Park 25 Woburn Close Reading RG4 7HB What3Words: early.cure.alert	WaveRider NappyRash
2252	19Sep21 Sunday 11:00	SU530763	The White Hart Church Street, Hampstead Norreys RG18 0TB What3words: funds.habits.imitate	LemonySnicket Wimpy