

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2271 30Jan22
Hash Location:	The Three Horseshoes, Henley-on-Thames
Hares:	Posh, Bomber

Hooray Henleys and Henlyettas



WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Cerberus BillyBullshit and dog Chilli Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Swallow SlowSucker SkinnyDipper Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Dumb Dumber Crusty BGB Dunny Rampant AWOL Spot Dr Pooh Florence Zebedee MessengerBoy Allie Gannet Iceman Motox Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Judas Hooker and dog Lacey Max and dog Monty Freya Pimp C5 Twanky NoSole Slapper Cloggs NonStick CouchPotato WhoTheF*ckIs Alice Trout Caboose Lonely SweetPea Agatha Avatar Greg ComeOn Montsy Isaac Hetty Karen Lucy Jack HappyFeet DoorMatt Vicky Gavin

The Hills of Henley

Why, you may ask, is the pub named The **Three** Horseshoes? Perhaps a three-legged horse lived nearby many years ago? Maybe the sign writer was numerically dyslexic? Of course, not so far away in Maidensgrove, is The **Five** Horseshoes. Maybe Henley and district publicans like the idea of odd rather than even numbers of equine hoof protectors. I don't think that BH³ and friends were too bothered as they stood around basking in the rare, warming sun outside the pub. After the last couple of weeks' dreary grey and damp weather it was a treat. Mind you, SkinnyDipper was more interested in other things as she hopped about from one leg to the other outside the pub door until the kindly landlady let her in for a widdle.



Great to see C5 moving much more freely following his hip operation. Just the one crutch today and he told me later that he had enjoyed quite a reasonable length walk while we were out on the Trail.



Bomber pours Posh a restorative tincture after a difficult afternoon by the pool.

Nice to be joined today by virgins Vicky and Allie and nice to greet Karen with children Isaac and Hetty.

BH³ ambled loosely (and mostly geriatrically) into a Circle at GM Rampant's request. He welcomed the above before advising us twice that it was "a nice sunny day" before (to warm applause) telling us, "I've got nothing more to say". and handing over to Hares Bomber and Posh. Posh graciously declined the offer to speak to the rabble that confronted her and, with a flick of her genteel wrist and a deliciously upper-class moue she bade her

minion address the hoi poloi. With a touch to his forelock and an ingratiating nod Bomber told us all about the Trail. A walk, a Short and a Long, with the Long about 6½ miles (some people did about 8...). “It’s a bit hilly.” He said. It was. We On Outed almost vertically. Henley, as you know, is in a valley so the only way is up, baby. (What year did Yazz release this song? 😊)

On the way up that first, long, steep un-tarmacked road I had just managed to wheeze past the walking NoSole when she called me back. “Hashgate.” She queried. “Are you wearing new running shoes?” Since the iridescent blue and chrome yellow articles in question reflected the bright sunlight like the wings of a kingfisher I felt that her question had no little logical basis. “Yes!” I replied proudly and breathlessly and explained that my old shoes had torn open on the tops which allowed shovelfuls of foot-irritating detritus to enter their domain. Hence, the purchase of the new, super-doooper objects. WaveRider and TinOpener also noticed them as I sped by in a blue and yellow flash. Then I caught up with RA Motox. Well, that did it. There was no chance that I wouldn’t get a Down Down out of one of the shoes now. Oh well, I figured it would be better than trying to run in shoes full of grit and biscuits.

Following a long ‘run’ (there was a fair bit of walking in order to regain normal heartbeats and suck in much needed oxygen) to the top of the hill and past an old gentleman who was standing at the gate to his grand house and telling us with a twinkle in his eye to, “Get on with it!” we found what appeared to be a square Check and pointed it out to Bomber. It turned out to be white paint around a pothole. Quite like the idea of different shaped Checks. Some years ago, on a St. George’s Day Hash, Spot drew some intricate and quite perfect flour dragons as Checks. Future Hares – take note and get artistic. We correctly guessed we should head down the long, downhill alley.

Our Hares had laid us a merry series of Checks and Bars going up (again!) from the floor of Harpsden Valley. We particularly enjoyed a brief and breathless wander up a steep, flint-strewn track before someone found a Bar. Back down we went only to stagger back up the parallel road and swing off back on to the same track, but further on from the Bar! Nice one Hares! The Pack muttered and gasped its way up the almost vertical path towards the forest at the top.



What it would have looked like.

We were joined by the Walkers as we ran, trying to avoid the knotty roots, hidden by old leaves, under our feet. I caught one with my unfamiliar (to me) new shoes and, since I was directly behind Ms Whiplash, very nearly hurtled forward. Now in these situations your mind automatically seeks the nearest object you can grab to arrest your tumble. In my case this was each side of Ms Whiplash’s walking trousers. Very fortunately my mind worked exceptionally swiftly, weighing up the comedic possibilities of her debagging against my gentlemanly nature. Quite a mental struggle I can assure you. I’m pleased to report that my chivalrous instincts won, I managed to regain my balance and Ms Whiplash’s modesty was preserved. Phew!

In addition to the above, I almost received a well-earned thrashing from SkinnyDipper. She, Donut, Dr Pooh and I approached a five-bar gate with a kissing gate to the right of it. Skinny noticed a slim gap on the other side, between the gatepost and a wall. She began to edge through. Before I could bite off the words, “Are you sure you can manage there Skinny?” they were out in the wild. So much for my chivalrous instincts! I’m pleased to report that Skinny (**highly** appropriately named if you ask me!) slid through the gap like a sylph and decided not to duff me up. I trotted on, determined to brush up on my manners. Dr Pooh, incidentally, declined the gap – probably due to safety reasons. 😊

Bomber and I followed the trotting NappyRash (he ran over 7 miles in all – not bad (but perhaps too much?) for a chap recovering from pneumonia) to The Regroup at the edge of the forest where GnomeAlone's archeology group have been digging like giant pink moles to unearth Roman treasures. This was the Long and the Short split. I believe that, if those who took the Long Trail had realised quite how long it was to be, many more would have taken the (not that) Short...

BGB, Crusty, NonStick, Donut, SkinnyDipper streamed along the Short, waving at the friendly builders next to a half-finished house where they were having tea and a wad next to a roaring fire. Across the lengthy field beyond there we met SlowSucker, who was approaching us from the right and not on Trail at all. I found out from Bomber later that the poor chap is suffering with a cut on each foot which is why he ran just (in his terms) 4 miles today.

More steep hills followed as we lifted ourselves out of Harpsden Valley. Donut and I were just about to pass a couple whose dog had started to lick a flour blob. We told them quickly that it was flour and not cocaine, then realised that the well-wrapped up lady was our dentist's receptionist! Amazing how you bump into people in the most unlikely places.

In the big field at the top of the hill MessengerBoy took a sneaky short cut diagonally across it while Crusty and BGB dutifully followed the flour around it. Donut and I know this (and all the rest of the Trail 😊) area very well and I mentioned to NonStick that, "It's flat and downhill from here". His mournful reply was, "Like life..." I'm pleased to say this raised a good laugh from all of us and indeed, him. The truth can be quite amusing...

We met BillyBullshit at the top of Gillotts Lane, just beyond the field and the group of us got suckered by the False down the pleasant and nicely flat path that ran along between the back of the houses there and the sports centre. Of course, the Trail went down to the sports centre via the lane and back to the path via an alley. This was where the leading MessengerBoy spotted a fox. The sly fellow was taking his bottle brush tail for a walk in the undergrowth by the alley. A fine sight, but not if you're a chicken.



About ½ mile along the flat path we found a Bar Check. There was a bit of head-scratching about this since the last flour blob was on the path, with no turn off. Since we knew exactly where we were going we decided ignorance was better than unnecessary physical exercise. So we ignored it. Only to find a False facing away from us a few yards away. Hmm. We ignored that too and continued until we popped out at the top of the lovely long downhill street that is St. Andrews Road. It was a pleasant glide all the way down, passing the trotting Trout on the way and meeting BillyBullshit at the bottom.

Since we had to wait for NappyRash and WaveRider (they had kindly given us a lift) we hung about in the warm sunshine, cheering Rampant, Spot and Karen as they led the Long Trailers On Inn to the pub just around the corner.

Very pleasant Trails in the almost Spring sunshine. Thanks to our Hares and a very welcoming pub.

Announcements

The Gobsheet is delighted to announce the forthcoming wedding of Dunny and Rampant. This happy event is expected to take place in June or July of this year. BH³ are so pleased for them and send best wishes. Our photographer will supply Hello!- like pictures for publication at the time.

On On Hashgate

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Down Downs

RA Motox eventually presented the following...

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Twanky	Not only organised today's parking but did the entire Trail without any short cuts!
Slapper	Stating that Hashers are 'smelly'! Well, he's one so he should know.
Hashgate	Given a Down to drink from one of his new shoes. Thank goodness it wasn't as muddy as the previous two weeks! Mmm, tasty!
Allie, Vicky	Today's virgins. Excellent Downing.
Florence, Dr Pooh	Their birthdays. Happy ones to them. Fearfully fast drinking by both.
Gannett	Exhibiting far more interest in cars during the Trail, than the Hash.
Iceman	Twanky passed him the 'David' apron because he was moaning that there were "too many effing paths today".
Posh, Bomber	Today's Hares. Posh graciously acceded to the cap-wringing request by Motox to quaff a beaker of ale. Which she did with ladylike alacrity.



Editor Hashgate enjoys his Down Down.

Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2273	13Feb22	<u>The Red Dress Run</u> Saracens Head 129 Greys Road Henley-on-Thames RG9 1TE What3words: habits.woods.successor Park on the road or the Scout Hut car park opposite.	SkinnyDipper Spot
2274	20Feb22	The Bottle & Glass Harpsden Road, Binfield Heath, Henley-On-Thames RG9 4JT There is parking in Bone Lane next to pub What3words: taker.sprinter.hologram	Alice CouchPotato

