

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2299 15Aug22
Hash Location:	Nettlebed Village Club
Hares:	Pyro, Valhalla, Spot

Runners, Walkers, Visitors and General Hangers-On

NappyRash Donut Hashgate Lonely Gannet Cuddles SexSlave Saru Chickenhead Hashtray Jamie Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Crusty BGB SweetPea Agatha Slapper Motox Foghorn Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Dunny Rampant Swallow SlowSucker Twanky Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia MessengerBoy and dog Willow TC Posh Bomber C5 Fiddler Itsyor Lily Florence Zebedee Sleazy Lucy Jack and later... Daphne Colin Norman WaveRider PrettyInPink

A Fine Summer Hash

The Nettlebed Village Club building, built in 1913 by local banker, landowner and philanthropist, Robert Fleming, is a large, red brick and tile building comprising two arms that surround a partially grassed area in which are several benches. As NappyRash, Donut and I pulled in to the small car park in front

of this area we saw Spot, sitting alone and apparently forlorn on a bench under a parasol. You know how we tend to go facially into neutral when nothing is happening? Well Spot was fully neutralised. He looked like he'd been embalmed. I got the impression that if you poked him gently with a long pole he'd fall over sideways. Sadly, I didn't have a long pole so parked and we went over to see him, noticing his neurons firing up and his eyes re-focusing The lad had been helping Pyro and Valhalla lay the Trail so no doubt was knackered from the heat and being constantly being told what to do by the ladies...



We were pleased to welcome Chickenhead and Saru all the way from Malaysia and chatted with them briefly until they decided to go and turn round the white van in which they had arrived. This procedure



Lonely desperately attempts vehicle evacuation.

involved approximately 47 changes of direction along with a lot of to'ing and fro'ing. OCD, I mused. Overseas Driving Correction syndrome. Another with a parking issue was Lonely, who initially backed towards the front of my car before stopping, as NappyRash cheerily described it, "Within a fag paper of your bumper, Hashgate." Certainly, my heart rate had risen a tad and I mentally played through the scenario of giving Lonely a damn good shoeing if it proved necessary. Fortunately (for him!) he eased forwards, then backed several times before stopping a Millimetre away from the stone steps behind his car. Highly amusing stuff for us to watch. Though even more amusing (perhaps I shouldn't be so flippant 😊) were the attempts of Lonely and his passengers: Motox and Foghorn to exit the car. Lonely has done

his back in so gingerly unfolded himself from the driver's side with a grimace and an "Oof". The passenger door opened and a pair of sturdy legs appeared, slowly. With a variety of grunts Motox carefully extracted himself. Lastly, Foghorn used every last ounce of will to separate his stiff body from the interior, assisted by several snorts and groans. Wonderful stuff. I must remember to video it next time.

Hashtray, amazingly enough, had finally brought and was wearing the 'David' apron. Presumably, he realised he wasn't going to get any more free Down Down drinks for forgetting it.

Our Hares got us on our way and the Pack stretched itself along the High Street like a multi-coloured elastic band. We were to enjoy a varied route that took us through forest, fields and some fine areas with superb views. Initially, we dived off on to a narrow footpath that was bone-dry and where iron-hard tree roots jutted out in what fortunately proved to be a vain effort to trip us up. We came across an almost lunar area where earth had been pushed up into ramps and a sign on a tree advised us that this off-road biking location was strictly for use by 'The Cargo Crew'. Who they were I do not know but, given the height and steepness of some of the ramps, they must be either nuts, very brave or a combination of both. Here, the Pack was all over the place, though C5 and I seemed to find flour quite easily. It led us to the first of the Regroups in a small adventure play area. Fiddler and Itsyor swung happily on a couple of ropes that hung from a tree like a pair of orangutans after a snort of cocaine. As more and more



Itsyor emulates his simian ancestors.

Hashers arrived Dunny asked us to pose by a rough wood climbing frame so she could take a picture. This is the result – a happy crew of old and young delinquents who have been cr/ashing about in the forest. 😊



As we set off again Lucy and Jack appeared, catching up after a late start. We continued going up and down along narrow paths until I noticed a low branch just ahead. With a loud cry of, "Heads!" I ducked under it... unlike Bomber who was fairly close behind me. Instead of ducking he looked up and nudded the fairly solid branch, resulting in a forehead that matched the red colour of his running vest. Poor chap! Though he does have form – he did the same on the other side of his forehead a few months ago. Motox also whacked into the branch but got away with it because he was wearing a cap.

We came across a wide farm track and trotted along it towards yet another wood. Twenty or so yards ahead of me I noticed C5 bending right over to remove something from inside his shoe. Being in a light-hearted mood, when I drew level with him, I mentioned that I'd thought it was a total eclipse until I saw the rest of him. 😊 He took it well and we moved on to discussing the enormous and beautiful Sturgeon moon we have all been enjoying the sight of recently. We wondered if the current SNP leader might soon be claiming it as Scottish.

We skittered down through the forest to come to a narrow road and a Check. We dithered. We tarried. We bumbled about. I suggested strongly to TC that she should “Check it out!” I wasn’t at all surprised when she gave me **The Look**. But I **was** surprised that she heeded the request and started running uphill along



This was the view, looking down the road. One of the many superb sights we saw.

the road. Pity really; the Trail was down the other way. Never listen to the Scribe, TC. He hasn’t a clue what’s going on. 😊

TinOpener and I cantered doggedly along a lengthy forest road towards where the rest of the Pack loitered at the second Regroup. It was pleasing to be greeted by a round of (surely not ironic?) applause by NappyRash and Twanky as we came in. Regroups are such a Good Thing. They allow everyone to get back together to compare notes, get their breath back and for the back markers to catch up. The two on the night worked perfectly. They are to be highly commended and improve the Hash experience for all.

There was a short cut from here but most people decided not to take it, knowing that the length of the Trail was a doable 5 miles. We hurtled along a farm road and dog-legged into a huge, rolling field where dark-haired cows contentedly chewed grass in the distance and seemingly symmetrical trees were dotted about. Some of us just had to stop and enjoy the view. The balmy summer evening seemed almost suspended in time. This was the English countryside at its most beautiful and peaceful. Lucky us.

We eventually reached Catslip, met a house owner who told us that he used to Hash when he was younger and crossed the main road with Lucy, Jack, Donut and Motox before diving back into dusky forest. Sadly, most of that first part was downhill. When we reached an old and little-used track we saw that it sloped upwards for what seemed like miles. Nothing for it. We cracked on. All of a sudden, Fiddler, Hashtray and Jamie popped out from our left, quickly followed by Zebedee, Itsyor and the rest of the Pack. The daft bunch had gone wrong at a Check and just run in a circle back to where they’d almost started. With a lot of forehead slapping and “Doh!’s” they continued on up the track. As did we. It was a long old haul and there was still a fairly lengthy uphill bit even after we came across the ‘On Inn’.

When we got back to the clubhouse PrettyInPink greeted us. He’d been playing touch rugby and thought it a good idea to come to the Hash for a drink. Clever boy. Also great to see Whinge’s Dad Colin and his good lady Daphne. **Not** great to see was NappyRash, vainly attempting to hide behind a dustbin while changing out of his running kit. To preserve your sanity, dear reader, I didn’t photograph the truly appalling sight. All that pleated and loosely flapping folds of flesh. Ugh!

A wonderful Trail by our Hares. Our thanks to them for a job really well done.

On On Hashgate

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Down Downs

RA Motox waited until darkness had really taken hold of the evening, then presented the following in the gloom.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Itsyor, Fiddler	a) Playing on a seesaw, and b) leaving Fiddler's girlfriend, Lily, all on her own while they went off for the run. What cads!
Florence	Limboing under a log that everyone else had climbed over.
Swallow	Playing on a wooden frame that had been set up for The Cargo Crew.
MessengerBoy	Happy Birthday to him for Saturday. MB had brought his dog Willow. Motox asked him if he'd come on his motorbike! Doh!
Rampant	Blamed for leading the Pack off on that unnecessary loop after Catslip.
Bomber, Motox	Headbutting that tree branch.
Chickenhead, Saru	Today's very welcome visitors.
Ms Whiplash	Leading the Walkers off-Trail. Naughty!
Jamie	Hashtray presented the 'David' apron to Jamie for attempting to outsprint him at the Trail finish (he failed).
Pyro, Valhalla, Spot	Tonight's Hares.

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday morning unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2301	Sunday 28Aug22 11:00	The Wellington Arms 203 Yorktown Rd, Sandhurst GU47 9BN Limited Parking so please park at recreation ground car park opposite the pub, called Pyes Acre car park. What3words will take you here What3words: shampoos.rumble.winds	Itsyor Fiddler
2302	04Sep22	TBA	TBA

