

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2312 13Nov22
Hash Location:	King William IV, Ipsden
Hares:	WetWipe, Hashtray

The Inclined

Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Donut Hashgate Gannet Kate MadMoose SkinnyDipper Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Dunny Rampant Crusty BGB Ms Whiplash Motox Foghorn Spot Florence Zebedee RandyMandy BlindPew Dumber Posh Bomber TC Iceman Hotlips BigStiffy Twanky Swallow SlowSucker Becky with dog Dougie Lonely Sleazy PrettyInPink Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Pyro C5 MessengerBoy and dog Willow Slapper Gnasher CanalBobb WaveRider NappyRash Desperate Shitfer Caboose Lungs CabinBuoy

The Remembrance Day Hash



This being Remembrance Sunday, BH³ and friends gathered together in the car park, surrounded by mist-shrouded hills, to pay their respects to the men and women who have given and who risk so much to protect our country and the freedom we enjoy. Honorary President Hashgate read the poem [In Gratitude of Silence by Debbie Holick](#) and the third and fourth verses from [For the Fallen by Laurence Binyon](#) before we stood in silence.

“At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them”.

The entire Gobsheet staff and especially the editor would like to thank the three volunteers who ~~were tricked into writing~~ stepped up and wrote excellent Gobsheets for the three weeks during which our office was closed while the team swanned off on a foreign holiday. The sub-scribers were PrettyInPink (surely a future Pulitzer Prize winner), MessengerBoy (a reincarnated Henry James) and Dumb (Virginia Woolf lives again). Thanks also from BH³ for their preservation of reporting continuity and providing information and amusement to the members. From my perspective I can only hope that they were not so good that your current Scribe will be voted out of office, summarily defenestrated and have to return to scribbling for the gutter press.

This was the very first Trail laid by our virgin Hares: WetWipe and Hashtray. They did a very good job. Especially since, while checking the Trail before we arrived, they were told by a landowner that they could not use part of the route because a pheasant shoot was going to take place there. The chaps had to quickly work out and lay a detour to ensure BH³ members did not suffer from buckshot in the bum!

The very first to arrive at the pub was Gannet, who was considering the murky countryside from the top of a wooden viewing/drinking platform that rose up from the edge of the car park. It was a curious structure,



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littered on its top deck floor with a string of fairy lights, some cushions and a few half-drunk glasses of booze. It looked like someone had had a party recently. MadMoose, who had just arrived, and I went up and the above is what we saw. It was cold, with a blustery breeze and pretty misty but the vista was superb.

As we descended the stairs Mr and Mrs Blobby drew up in their car and promptly tried to back into another. This procedure was repeated by Ms Whiplash shortly after. Given that there was yards of space in the car park at the time one had to wonder why. Fortunately, there was no crunch of metal, tearing of plastic and foul language. That Mrs Blobby can be a verbal terror.

Let's see how the Trail went...

We turned left out of the car park and into a narrow, puckered, gravel and flint track with a sign at its start that stated: relevant and anyone or walking England'. Even 15 minutes from the desperately uphill, lungfulls of breathed.



What this sign had omitted was the more warning: 'Unsuitable for most BH³ Hashers who does not have a penchant for running up the longest hill in most of Southern The damn thing went on and on for miles! Lonely, C5 and Mr Blobby had to walk after or so. Breathless Hashers hung limply bushes at either side of the track, gasping for air. Shitfer stalked resolutely leaning on his two poles and sucking in oxygen. The Pack was as thin as the air we Just as our resolve to continue was about

to scatter like the leaves that were blowing in the windy conditions we reached a gate where the Runners Trail led off and downhill (Gawd bless the Hares!), through a field. CabinBuoy and Lonely skittered down it like relieved Spring lambs while I stopped to look at the grey mist that cloaked the valley to our left. It was a little odd because the sun had broken through to our right and the sky was blue. C5, Mr Blobby and I also skipped downhill, catching our respective breaths each time C5 almost tripped over a root or slid on slippery chalk. I advised him that there was simply no possibility of me carrying his injured carcass at any point so he stopped his attempts at a major pratfall.

We'd almost caught up with SkinnyDipper and CabinBuoy on another challenging uphill section when my two companions decided they'd had quite enough of my company (understandable, I'm sure. I **was** panting like an asthmatic who's just smoked 40 Capstan Full Strength) and ran off. This left me more time to enjoy the sight of some of the funghi that was growing alongside the earthen path and the inquisitive cows that wandered over in a friendly, mooing manner as I crossed their field.



The funghi could have been a Pavement Mushroom, a Sepia Bolete or more likely a Dryad's Saddle. Whichever it was I wasn't going to take it home and fry it up later. Turning into a demented pixie with delusions isn't my idea of fun. However, it worked for John Bercow for a while...

Further along through the forest our Hares had laid on a treat in the form of a Regroup/Beer Stop where we enjoyed some excellent Loddon Brewery Hullabaloo beer. Here's yet another photograph of the merry throng, Twanky posing to show his best side.



You know who you are so I won't list everyone's names.

A group of cyclists pedalled by us and were surprised by the huge round of applause they attracted. No idea why we clapped them but it certainly brought out smiles all round.

We set off again, along a narrow, lumpy forest path. Behind us, Caboose was disappointed to almost lose his footing and actually lose the beer he had been carrying in a plastic beaker. There was quite a bit of tittering at his expense. I pointed out to SkinnyDipper a beautiful and delicate set of grey and black-tipped white little funghi, growing on a long dead tree stump like a series of 17th Century ruffs. "Ooh look!" She exclaimed. "A fairy staircase." At times like this I find it's best to nod politely, don't roll the eyes and do carry on with what you were doing. I managed to carry out all three but it was a close run thing with the second.

I was lucky enough to complete the last ½ mile of the Trail in the company of Dunny, Swallow and SkinnyDipper (now recovered from her psychedelic episode). No-one could be a*sed to run so we all had a good walk and a chat. Even for Swallow and SkinnyDipper, who essayed a Short Cut, it seemed quite a distance after the 'On Inn' that we actually reached the sanctuary of the pub car park. Hashtray told me later that they'd had to cut nearly a mile off the Trail because of the detour. Can't say I minded at all. 😊

This was an excellent first Trail by our Hares. Great pub in a fine location, lovely (if undulating!) countryside, a good Trail and a Beer Stop. What more could we have wanted. Well done chaps and we look forward to the next one.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

I guess we were lucky to have any Down Downs at all since RA Motox, accompanied by Foghorn, Shifter and TinOpener, staggered back well after everyone else because they'd had to finish off the beer that had been left at the Beer Stop! Very altruistic of them.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Twanky	Wheelspinning in the car park. BH ³ 's own Fast and Furious.
Gannet	Presented with his new BH ³ name-embossed T-shirt by Mr Blobby, Gannet asked, "Is that for me?" Duh.
Desperate	Her daughter's dog Dougie was allegedly out of control during the Trail. I think it was Becky, the daughter,

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PrettyInPink	Splashing lady Hashers! The cad!
BGB	Wearing his hat inside out all the way round the Trail.
AWOL	Curiously, for rolling about on the grass with MessengerBoy's dog, Willow.
Florence	PrettyInPink passed on the 'David' apron to Florence... for reasons unheard (Shitfor was making his usual racket).
WetWipe, HashTray	Our excellent Hares! Well deserved and fast Downs.

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

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2314	27Nov22	The Fox Inn High Street, Hermitage, RG18 9RB Whats3words: negotiators.owns.obey	Kate MadMoose
2315	04Dec22	TBA	TBA

