

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2320 08Jan23
Hash Location:	Loddon Brewery, Dunsden
Hares:	Hashgate, Donut, TC

Mad Hatters and Birthday Party Guests



Ms Whiplash Donut Hashgate Jenny Gary Posh Bomber MessengerBoy and dog Willow Crusty BGB Gnasher CanalBobb Imogen Adam SkinnyDipper RandyMandy NappyRash WaveRider Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Kate MadMoose Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Desperate Shitfer Gannet WetWipe Twanky Spot Motox Slapper HappyFeet DoorMatt JJ Cuddles SexSlave FalseTart Shifty Iceman Rampant Mark Laura Betsy Karen Foghorn Slips Snowy CouchPotato Hamlet C5 Pyro Valhalla TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx PrettyInPink Sleazy Spex LoudonTasteless Cloggs NonStick WhoTheF*ckIsAlice Lonely Zebedee Florence Cockup Jeff

Hashgate's Big Birthday/Hat Hash

Now I'm not going to write in this Gobsheet the age associated with the 'big birthday'. Suffice it to say that if you take the number of Hashers and friends who attended (minus dogs) and add 3 you might just figure it out. 😊

I was thinking of titling this Gobsheet 'Splash of the Year' due to the amazing volume of shiggy and standing rainwater that we battled through. It was this combination that caused Posh to utter the Quote of the Week just as the little group she was with were approaching the end of that horse poop, slurry and biscuits track by the stables that masquerades as a public footpath, "Bomber," she said, "is going to have an awful job cleaning my shoes." Though Bomber wears trousers, he obviously does not wear 'the trousers' in their marital relationship. I can almost see the nods of approval from our other lady Hashers at the level of training Posh has achieved.

Apart from the birthday, Hare Donut and I decided a Hash hat theme would be good fun and easy for everyone to participate in. It was quite amazing what everyone was wearing. The picture below shows us all, in hats, just before the start.



We'd announced that there would be 'astounding' prizes for the two best hats on the day and just about everyone had gone all out. SkinnyDipper (4th from the right, front row) tried to bribe me by showing me her hand-made affair that had a small bottle of hooch attached to it, which she assured me would be mine if she won. Fat chance! Note Imogen (2nd right, front row) in her onesie, which had a very cute tail on it. She told us, during the Trail, that the legs got heavier and heavier as they soaked in the shiggy and water. My friend, Gary, (virtually unseen, directly behind Iceman's umbrella hat) wore a 60-year old Mexican sombrero. SlowSucker (seated, in shorts, at the table) wears a pointy black hat to cover an apparently pointy head. I didn't poke it with a finger to check so you'll have to make up your own minds.

Traditionally, the Gobsheet purely describes the shenanigans on the Trail (unless your Scribe decides to go journalistically off-piste) but today let's focus for a while on the Hares and their rôle in the day's watery debacle. We walked the runners' route on Monday, taking with us Gannet (who was to lead the Walkers) and NappyRash (because he needs to get out once in a while). It was a fairly pleasant, if cold, schlep through the shiggy and ensured that none of us had the least clue as to where we should be going. This gave us a great deal of confidence since Hashing is an activity designed to confuse. We Hares were definitely on track... or not.

The second of our Hare activities was to actually lay the Trail on Saturday. Easier said than done since the temperature was distinctly nippy, a strong breeze was gusting and rain was forecast. In addition, and as many of you found out on Sunday, several of the tracks and fields were calf-deep in glutinous shiggy.



Our rather surreal picture to the left shows TC, Donut and me sinking into the gelatinous morass while we posed for a flour and feet photo. I almost left a shoe behind when we attempted to move again.

We enjoyed sessions of sideways rain, a blustery wind that blew away the flour as we attempted to lay marks and strength-sapping, shoe-sucking sludge. All good fun and we were obviously pleased at the thought that we would repeat the gloopy exercise the next day. Albeit faster, since we would have to try and keep up with the Pack.

So it was a bit of a surprise to Donut and me on Sunday morning that so many of the Checks and marks were still in place when we drove around to refresh them after the night's window-rattling rain. We just made it back to the car park in time to find quite a number of people already there and more arriving every minute. Phew! Thank goodness the kind farm manager had agreed to keep the yard gate open otherwise we'd have had a fairly interesting queue of traffic!

To the actual Trail then. The On Out proved successful since a number of runners went off 'the usual way' only to find a False. Even Billy found himself going the wrong way after finding a False past the farm yard. Everyone else strode bravely through or pussyfooted around the massive puddle outside the brewery entrance, heading towards the delights of Tagg Lane. Sounds innocuous doesn't it? And the walkers didn't have to go up its glutinous uphill slope. But the runners did and enjoyed the first of the lower leg-sucking quagmire conditions that typified this Trail. I was lucky enough to be present when virgin Laura slid sideways off the bank she was trying to get up on. The resultant splash delighted her fellow runners who were trying not to emulate her.

The extensive field at the top of Tagg Lane is an exemplar of the local Binfield Heath land conditions. The area sits on a saucer of clay so that, when it rains, most of the water stays where it is. Which is why I saw almost no-one actually running across this fetid mess. It was virtually impossible. And quite amusing to watch. 😊

We Hares had craftily laid a Regroup after this field and another at the end of the next fast downhill run so that we could catch up. I'm pleased to report that the Pack did actually wait at the Regroups. Which was useful at the second one since we had laid a Long and Short split. The Long went up a fairly steep hill to a

merry Bar-3 (we thought it important to inject a little fun into the proceedings), then back down to the road along which the Short runners had gone. At the split of the two Trails I found C5 and Cloggs discussing which they should take. "I don't know. Which one do you want to do?" Said C5. "I don't mind." Replied Cloggs. "Either is fine for me." They vacillated, dithered and hesitated so much I nearly interjected with a "FFS make your blasted minds up!" Eventually, and seemingly reluctantly, they buggered off on the Long. Needless to say, I didn't. Legs were already knackered from yesterday's Trail-laying.

We enter Sonning Common's Millenium Green, a fine, wide-open green space with a Check at its entrance. Lord knows why but Adam, Imogen and a.n.other went flying off to its opposite side, missing the next Check. I called them back and pointed the direction they should go, standing there in my fluorescent yellow jacket. They saw me... and completely ignored the instructions, trotting off further into the bushes. Duh. Why!?

I freshened up the flour blobs and the One-Blob Check in the middle of the Green before realising that the Long Trailers were following me, with grins on their faces. Mind you, there were fewer grins when most of them checked out in almost every direction but the correct one. Hares' job done there I think. 😊

After a lengthy down and up track across a windy, open field and through someone's garden (it was a public footpath) everyone was on that long, long shiggy path that eventually led past the rugby club and stables. The picture to the right (taken by Donut) shows (from l to r) Posh, TC, Desperate, me and WaveRider contemplating almost the final stretch of this exhausting slog. It was around here that Posh made her Quote of the Week.

As we entered Emmer Green it started to rain and Donut, TC and I found ourselves alone, sweeping up at the back and laying flour arrows just in case any poor soul was behind us. We eventually slopped back into the farm yard, grabbed our change of clothes and stripped off under one of the farm's huge, sheltering barns. Foghorn, Motox and C5 were near us. Motox had got a lift from Slapper who was across the yard, rooting about in the car boot for something. "Slapper!" Shouted out Motox. "Leave the car open, will you." Slapper did so and scurried off to the shelter of the brewery. The biblical rain poured down. Something had been lost in translation. Motox meant 'leave the car unlocked' but Slapper had interpreted his request as 'leave the boot wide open to let as much rain in as possible'! Hilarious.



Motox borrowed our umbrella and splashed over to the car to shut the boot. 😊

Later, in the brewery, all was noise and laughter. I received a birthday card and a free pint from the brewery. Several people kindly gave me cards and presents and Mr Blobby came over to give me a card and present, wishing me "Merry Christmas Hashgate". A second Quote of the Week, I feel. 😊

We all had a great time and I couldn't think of a better group of people with whom to share my big birthday. Thank you everyone for making the day a roaring success!

On On Hashgate

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Down Downs

RA Motox was resplendent in a jester's hat with two liripipes (tails of fabric) from which depended a brace of beer cans. He awarded the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
BGB	One of today's Hash Crashers/Splashers.
C5	Lost at least one of his shoes in the mud. Lucky for him, Cloggs was able to retrieve.
Pyro	Recreated WaveRider's last week, electric fence grab mistake.
Crusty	Sorry – missed the reason amongst the general clamour. Excellent Down by her.
WetWipe, Foghorn, Hashgate, Gnasher	Birthday people! Happy Birthday one and all.
Laura	Today's virgin, who said she thoroughly enjoyed her first (very muddy) Hash. Very good first Down.
Mrs Blobby	Awarded her 600 Hashes badge by Hon. President Hashgate, whose hand quivered somewhat while attaching it to her, ahem, chest.
WaveRider	Awarded her 400 Hashes badge with further quivering of the Presidential hand. Well done to both ladies!
DoorMatt, WetWipe	Awarded their 'astounding prizes' by Hare Hashgate for sporting the best hats. See picture below.
WetWipe	Awarded the 'David' apron for complaining, during a seriously shiggy part of the trail, of being sucked off. He, I understand, was referring to his running shoes...
Hashgate, Donut, Gannet	Two of our Hares and Gannet, for kindly leading the walkers.



WetWipe and DoorMatt enjoy their Down 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>
2321	15Jan23	The Hatchgate Inn Burghfield Village, Reading Road, The Hatch, RG30 3TH What3words: flute.fries.shirts	Imogen Adam
2322	22Jan23	The Royal Oak Round the Hill, Knowl Hill Common, Knowl Hill, RG10 9YE What3Words: adopters.shoppers.coasters	SlowSucker Swallow

Cartoonist Matt, in the Daily Telegraph, always makes me laugh. Below is an unpublished cartoon that references the alleged 'Royal Rumble' between Harry and William, where Harry landed on and smashed a dog bowl. Love it. 😊

