



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

Hash Number and Date: 2471 30Nov25

Location: The Greyhound, Eton Wick

Hares: HappyFeet, DoorMatt

HAPPY FEET 😊



WaveRider NappyRash Jen and dogs Luna and Loki Trisha Iceman Donut Hashgate Twanky Caboose Swallow SlowSucker C5 Legova Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby MessengerBoy and dog Willow Gripper Trojan and dog Bodie Lungs Foghorn Emma Rob Motox NoSole Slapper Itsyor

A BEAVER-FREE HASH

The pub was well hidden. Having driven through the wide, green expanse of Eton Great Common our Hashers entered what appeared to be a dead-end road, only to find that it led to this old-fashioned, but very welcoming, boozier. Parking turned out to be not the problem we had expected and we gathered round in our Circle in brilliant sunshine and fresh, cold air.

It was great to welcome visitors Gripper, Trojan and their dog Bodie, who had travelled all the way from Exeter to join us. Ok, so there is a relative living in the area – it wasn't just the magnetic pull of our excellent Hash. While I



was welcoming them I was slightly put off by a pair of lurid, pink objects that stuck out below NappyRash's shorts. Now before any of you ladies swoon with excitement or from an attack of the vapours, please view the photo to your left which illustrates the offending articles. Hmm. I handed over swiftly to the Hares and looked away. DoorMatt and HappyFeet advised us that, sadly, Foxy's Beaver would not be joining us this day. However, they did have something else that we could search for during the Trail. With an alliterative flourish they told us that we should look for 'DoorMatt's Dibber'. Every eye in the Circle glazed over and heads were scratched. DoorMatt explained further, "Imagine you're lying on your back and enjoy looking up." Aha. That immediately assuaged any concerns we had – our understanding was complete. If you hadn't noticed the deep irony in the previous couple of sentences, well, notice it now. 😊 We On Outed.

Regarding DoorMatt's Dibber, I must report that I had to explain to MessengerBoy what exactly is a [dibber](#). Surprising that such an intelligent and accomplished artisan hadn't heard of this useful garden tool. I must also say that the word 'dibber' does not remotely describe or relate to what the Hares had asked us to find.

This area is surprisingly rural and, after a brief wander through streets named after 19th century Crimean battles (Inkerman Street, for example) we found ourselves in a wide, grassy field. Far away on the other side of it cows were grouped around feeding stalls, tearing out mouthfuls of hay and chewing like there was no tomorrow. In the middle of the field was a metal gate, which was a curious location, given that there was no fence either side of it. In the runners group NappyRash and Slapper negotiated their way through it, as did MessengerBoy, Swallow, Foghorn and I, carefully latching it on exit. These things have to be done. 😊

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At the gate that led out of the field was a viscous quagmire where the beebes had stirred up the mud and biscuits with their heavy feet. Hare DoorMatt showed his gentlemanly side by offering Mrs Blobby a steadying arm to lean



on. What a gent! Here's a picture of them, with Donut, celebrating after not falling in the mud. At the other side of this field, by the gate we should go through, stood two horses, immobile and seemingly mesmerised (or thick). Getting past the beasts was quite difficult. I did find it amusing that both were wearing coats that bore the brand name of 'Trojan'. We had a Trojan with us on the Hash and I liked the idea that any equine wearing the coat could be called a 'Trojan horse'. 😊

We enjoyed our stroll in the brilliant sunshine along this excellent Trail and were both confused and delighted when we came out from under a road tunnel to find a Bar Check with a 'F'alse Trail on both sides of it! Innovation or what? I'm still trying to work out exactly what this means.

We finally entered Eton, MessengerBoy and Foghorn wondering if we were dressed appropriately for such an upper-class location. We decided if anyone asked, we would reply in our best estuary English that, "We're 'ere tuh

clean the drayns." Good plan. It was a little strange to be sashaying along the old street, lined with ancient college buildings and little cafés where elegant young gentlemen essayed vol-au-vents and salad leaves. We weren't helped by the sun which, low and bright, shone directly into our eyes. But we finally made it to the 'VR'

by the bridge. I asked DoorMatt and he explained that it stood for 'View Regroup'... and that he should have mentioned this at the Circle. Here we are, lounging on the bridge. Do we look like itinerant drain cleaners? It was just after this photo was taken that Lungs, exhibiting her keen appreciation of her surroundings, squeaked in surprise, "Ooh! There's Windsor Castle!" Oh dear.





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It wasn't long before the running group panted up to us. It looked like they'd had a fairly energetic canter. Our Hares asked us if we'd found DoorMatt's Dibber. I'd say 99% of us answered with a blank stare and a shake of the head. There are, of course, some in our group who exhibit the observational skills of an AI sparrowhawk. I speak, of course, of Swallow, a bird of a different name but every bit as perspicacious. Here she is, pointing at Sir Antony Gormley's Edge II statue on Common Lane House.



Meanwhile, the rest of our group displayed its searing intelligence by inspecting the magnifying glass atop the plinth by the bridge. If you look through it towards Windsor, you see a fine panorama that includes Windsor Castle. We, obviously, started looking through it from the opposite side, enjoying a stunted view of Eton High Street. Duh! 😊

Runners and walkers On Outed to travel beside the Thames and, while we enjoyed the view, MessengerBoy's black labrador, Willow, switched to her *alter ego*, The Dark Destroyer, and attempted to commit GBH on a large duck that had been sunbathing contentedly on the river bank. I'm pleased to report that the duck quacked off across the Thames, flicking a two-web-toed salute at the frustrated Willow.

I strolled along with the injured WaveRider (her bike and bike rack attempted to eat her foot – all the best for a quick recovery), Lungs, NoSole and Foghorn nearby. Heavy breathing close behind us presaged the arrival of Mr Blobby, who had enjoyed a lengthy False Trail before catching up with us.

From here it was a long walk around a huge field, at the other side of which, pink-socked NappyRash stood waiting to ensure his lady, WaveRider, had made it to the end of the Trail without her foot falling off. What a chap! Slapper caught up with us and we chatted the short

way to the pub.

Well, what an absolutely brilliant Trail, in both senses of the word. We were so lucky with the sunny weather. A day later and we would have got soaking wet. Our thanks to HappyFeet and DoorMatt. A job well done. 🙌

Unfortunately, I can't be at the Christmas party next week so I wish all who go an enjoyable Trail and a merry time. Thanks to the Hares and everyone who has organised and provided the food and entertainment. I know you will all have a fantastic time.

On On Hashgate

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DOWN DOWNS

C5 stood in as RA today and presented the following in the sunlit seating area outside the pub.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Swallow	For finding DoorMatt's Dibber she received a packet of crisps from the RA and what looked like a Pot Noodle from Hare DoorMatt. 😊
NappyRash, Slapper	Going through that gate in the middle of the field.
Legova, WaveRider	Complaining that they don't receive wolf whistles. We whistled 'This is Your Down Down Song' to them.
Iceman	Proving how slim he is by running between cars and a wall in Eton High Street.
MessengerBoy	Telling the RA his running training method is to taper up, rather than taper down.
C5	Mr Blobby awarded this parking award because it took C5 27 goes to get his car parked properly.
Lungs	On the Eton bridge, failing to immediately recognise the looming outline of Windsor Castle.
Mrs Blobby	Awarded the 'David' apron by Lungs for mistaking four white bags in a field for swans. Doh!
HapyFeet, DoorMatt	Our Hares.

Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2472	07Dec25	BH³ Christmas Party Upper Basildon Village Hall Bethesda St, Upper Basildon RG8 8NU What3words: ///What3words: ///trams.vibrating.canyons Street Map: trams.vibrating.canyons Christmas lunch & entertainment, you should have booked and paid. Tea & coffee provided. Bring your own booze and £5 Secret Santa present.	Plod SpecialBranch
2473	14Dec25	The Swan at Compton, High Street, Compton, Newbury, RG20 6NJ. What3words: ///What3words: ///truffles.scorching.frost Street Map: truffles.scorching.frost Please fill the gravel car park at the back first. They serve a great roast, please check their menu and book with them direct.	Dumb Dumber