



## Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH<sup>3</sup> is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

Our Just Giving page is <https://share.google/i83sCeavtlwhGzH20>

**Hash Number and Date:** 2487 22Mar26

**Location:** The Fleur de Lys, East Hagbourne

**Hares:** PennyPitstop, Ms Whiplash

### NON ½ MARATHONERS



Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Legova C5 Donut Hashgate Iceman Foghorn Dumber Dunny Rampant Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Milo SlackBladder Motox Wimpey LemonySnicket Pyro AWOL Number2 and our friends from Didcot H<sup>3</sup>: ChickenHead Comet and baby Asha Uranus Santosh Henry V SuperNan TechnicolourHorner Flowchart Hotlips BigStiffy Joel and much later... Crawler EverReady and dog Bella (see Down Downs)

### SPRING IN OUR STEPS

# St

Michael and All Angels Church, resolute and proud, stood within its grassy churchyard in Blewbury, outlined by the azure blue, Spring sky. For centuries it has provided a shelter for the needy and a welcome to its congregations. Donut and I were very impressed. However, we were not so impressed with my car's satnav which had directed us along the slim lane that ended by this church instead of to the village hall car park at East Hagbourne. While I essayed the 16-point turn that would get our car heading back up the lane, a number of distinctly un-Christian thoughts about vehicle-based navigation facilities attempted to explode vocally. Since such language would not be tolerated on hallowed ground I suppressed it, replacing it with a hot glare at the satnav screen that would have fried an ostrich egg to perfection in thirty seconds.



St. Michael's church, Blewbury. Lovely building.

Having extricated ourselves from the peaceful, holy backwater we found we were behind C5's car on the main road, so followed him to East Hagbourne and the extensive (free) village hall car park.

We were delighted to find a swirling mass of Didcot H<sup>3</sup> Hashers and friends there, as you can see from the above list of attendees. Perfect for the day, since BH<sup>3</sup> numbers were fewer than usual due to members who were running or supporting the runners in the Reading Half Marathon. Well done to all those who ran

Following Hare Ms Whiplash' appraisal of the routes – about 6 miles for the run, 4 for the walk – we On Outed in our respective groups. It was sunny and in the sun it was warm. The two warmest in the walking group were Donut and baby Asha. The former wore several layers comprising T-shirts, fleeces and jackets. Sheepskin knee muffs, mountaineers mittens, a winter Mountie muskrat-fur hat and moleskin trousers with thigh-based, hot water



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bottle pockets<sup>1</sup>. Well, you can never tell with English weather, can you? Little Asha dangled appreciatively and warmly in a sling on mother Comet's front, looking oh-so-cute in her woollen hat with its floppy ears.

Since I have progressed to a cough from the cold I've enjoyed for the past two weeks I felt it prudent, nay, necessary to Hash again with the walking group. One Hasher, I think Dumber, summed up neatly on hearing one of my lung-based detonations. "Crikey Hashgate!" he said, "You sound like you're smoking forty Woodbines a day." Fair comment I feel. Though sixty would seem nearer the mark. Perhaps I should take up Craven A, the tag line of which was 'for your throat's sake', with the additional soothing words, 'Smoke as many as you will – you can rely on the fact that they never affect your throat.' And only 7d for 10. Them were the days.

But I digress. While the walkers split off to go through the pretty churchyard the runners headed straight on. To, as Ms Whiplash told me, "A two-mile loop." The idea was that they would rejoin us a bit later on in the Trail. As you can see from the photo it was a beautiful day and we thoroughly enjoyed walking along paths bounded by spring flowers and blossoming bushes. By the side of one long country track was a field where the farmer was ploughing carefully, shearing the surface and turning over gleaming lumps of soil. Motox and I inspected the sods. "Not a stone in there." He intoned sagaciously. "Very good soil, that." I hadn't realised that the well of his agricultural knowledge was so deep. Impressed, I sallied back with my own in-depth cultivation-based observation, "Yes." I replied.

Turning off this track we came to a little bridge over a stream with something written in flour on the far side.



Motox and I tried to decipher it. Cuneiform? No. Early Etruscan? No. Ms Whiplash arrived and translated, just as Motox gave up and headed off into the bushes for a whizzer. It was 'BSTOP' as in 'Beaver Stop'. "You're very hot!" Ms Whiplash called to Motox. His optimism inflated to the size of a weather balloon until he realised she was talking about his proximity to Foxy's Beaver, whereupon it deflated fartingly and lay, shrivelled and flaccid among the tussocks. At least he found our furry friend. Here's a photo of her, perched on his arm.

It was nice that the walking group had managed to arrive at the Beaver Stop before the runners so they had a chance to search for our Beaver. Especially since the running group were well behind us and, by the time they arrived, they wouldn't have a clue whether the Beaver had been found or not. Certainly one way to slow them up. 😊

We stonked on across flat fields in the sunshine, Lilo and I leading the way. She remarked that she was surprised she was keeping up with me since my legs were approximately twice as long as hers. Fair point. I'm also quite a bit taller than her so



Mrs Blobby, Lilo and Motox stroll towards the church while Donut wonders where her muskrat hat has gone.

<sup>1</sup> I know; I'm done for.



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comments later from members of the following group referencing Little and Large and Mick Fleetwood and Sam Fox at the Brit Awards in 1989 were fully justified.

Entering a more urban area we were greeted by the sight of a lady cutting the grass in front of her house with a pair of shears while sitting and rolling about on what appeared to be a four-wheeled suitcase. We complimented her on her ingenuity and effort-saving (albeit using the shears instead of a strimmer 🙄) method. And it was just after this that we entered a lengthy path on which we were lucky enough to see the first bluebells of the year. Beautiful, aren't they?



The end of this footpath split off in another three directions and our Hares had thoughtfully placed a flour arrow, indicating the left path. This was where some of the running group caught up with us. As Rampant panted past I hailed him with, "There's a False just up there." I interpreted his hand gesture as a merry wave but it may have been something else. Hotlips, Iceman, Dumber and Flowchart trotted past. Luckily, there wasn't much farther to go. In East Hagbourne we walked past a large and lengthy ancient house with a huge garden in front of it. At the front door sat a gentleman, enjoying the sunshine. A sign on his iron gate read: 'You may think swimming with dolphins is expensive, swimming with sharks cost me an arm and a leg.' I'm not sure if he had missing members but he certainly had a sense of humour. 😄🐬

Then we were back at the car park, me wondering why, when I wasn't going to change my clothes, I'd walked straight past the Fleur de Lys. Dur.

Superb countryside in which to lay a Hash. Our thanks and congratulations to our Hares for an excellent Trail, for both walkers and runners.

## On On Hashgate

### DOWN DOWNS

Dunny kindly stood in as RA since none of our three official RAs were available. A fine job she did too!

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Motox	Awarded the customary chocolate bar for finding Foxy's Beaver.
Mr Blobby	Awarded his 800 <sup>th</sup> Hash T-shirt. Well done Mr Blobby!
Santosh	The day's Hash Crasher received a water Down. Unable to finish it in one go she succumbed to the Didcot Hashers cries of, "On the head!" Well done her. 😊
Lilo	Racing Hashgate on the walkers' Trail. It was a draw.
SlackBladder	Serious dog abuse – he lost black lab Milo on the Trail. Shame on him.
EverReady, Crawler	They arrived late, couldn't find the On Out and ran round and round the village until they found the On Inn. Doh!
C5	For asking, "Are we On?" just after Dunny had called "On On!" Oh dear...
Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop	Our Hares.



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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2488	29Mar26	<p><b>Clocks go FORWARD!</b></p> <p><b>The Six Bells</b>            Reading Rd, Burghfield, RG30 3TH            What3Words: /// <a href="https://www.what3words.com/stages.skips.cute">stages.skips.cute</a>            StreetMap <a href="https://www.streetmap.co.uk/stages.skips.cute">stages.skips.cute</a>            Park and gather round at the Recreation Ground            What3words: /// <a href="https://www.what3words.com/gangs.keep.hint">gangs.keep.hint</a>            StreetMap <a href="https://www.streetmap.co.uk/gangs.keep.hint">gangs.keep.hint</a>            The Round the Houses R#n</p>	Foxy
2489	06Apr26 * 17:00 *	<p><b>The Fox &amp; Hounds</b>            116 City Rd, Reading RG31 5SB            What3Words: /// <a href="https://www.what3words.com/hops.case.venues">hops.case.venues</a>            StreetMap <a href="https://www.streetmap.co.uk/hops.case.venues">hops.case.venues</a></p>	Pimp WellLaid



Thought you might like to see the beautiful view we enjoyed while looking across the field that was being ploughed.