



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

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Hash Number and Date: 2495 18May26

Location: The Pack Saddle, Mapledurham

Hares: PolishDumpling, Bomber

THE PACK

Warren Donut Hashgate Iceman Dumber WaveRider NappyRash Swallow SlowSucker Dunny Rampant Foghorn Motox Gannet OldDog Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Spot WetWipe Pyro Kate SkinnyDipper FalseTart Shifty TC Desperate Shitfor MessengerBoy and dog Willow Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby SpecialBranch Number2 TreeT Cockup Florence Lonely Cuddles SexSlave Utopia

PACKING IT ALL IN

The name of this pub is an historical reference to the pack horses that traversed the pack roads in this area in the 1700s, transporting goods to and from what were then remote locations. Just along the road is The Pack Horse, named for the same reason and another pub BH³ knows well. Despite it being mid-May the weather was chilly and thick folds of grey clouds glowered above us. However, a good crowd of Hashers had turned out, many wearing jackets and trying not to shiver. We were looking forward to PolishDumpling's first foray into Haring with BH³, assisted by Hare Bomber. One of the things we'd forgotten in our eagerness to enjoy the event was that both of the Hares are fitter and have more stamina than a pair of thoroughbred racehorses, meaning that we were in for a 'challenging' Trail - NappyRash later told your reporter that he'd run over 7 miles. We'd also forgotten or mentally dismissed thoughts of the topography of this area, which is like a series of sine waves with a variety of wavelengths and amplitudes. In case you require a little clarity on the definition, amplitude describes the maximum deviation from the equilibrium position, or centre line. Happy to clear that up.



Postal pack horses carry the mail in 1939.

Now you may be wondering why the prologue to this particular Gobsheet seems to be a tad more extended than usual. There is a good reason. If you read on, I'll tell you what it is. There I go again, diving into and splashing around in a lake of circumlocution, going all round the houses (did you know that's Cockney rhyming slang for 'trousers'?) and... oh, all right. See the next page. Unless you're reading this in Adobe .pdf liquid mode. 😊

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



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The Gobsheet, as you are well aware, is a beacon of factual journalism that shines over a turbid sea of gutter press coverage. You can, as you'll agree, rely on this organ to always supply you with the truth; reality as it happened. How then, can this unparalleled commitment be upheld when your reporter was forced to walk the Trail (I know! I was as shocked as you!), thus obviating the ability to report accurate information about the runners. Not, of course, that the walkers don't provide interesting content, but they do tend to spread apart widely and fewer of them fall over. So this pamphlet may be a little sparse on detail but, hopefully, entertaining.

We On Outed rapidly across the A4074, named by light-hearted locals as 'The Thirteen Bends of Death'. Luckily, no-one became a mascot on the bonnet of a speeding car and we all (walkers and runners) plunged into the damp, ferny surroundings near the golf club. Gannet, Mrs Blobby and Utopia led our little group and we were



soon out in the hilly countryside, passing the (probably) third tee. This is where the clump of walkers began to turn more into an extended string. I initially followed Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop and we formed our own trio, ahead of the others. Then I saw in front of us a huge field of artfully combed and rolled earth that plunged into its own valley in a very sine-wavy downward curve, Climbing rapidly up the other side of it I could see Desperate, Shitfor, Motox and SlowSucker. The Two Pennies could see I was eager to catch them up and kindly stood aside, "Off you go Hashgate." They were no doubt pleased to be rid of my laboured breathing behind them.

It took a while but I eventually caught up with Shitfor on his way diagonally across a rib-high field of corn (or

wheat, or barley? I'm not a farmer). He was struggling a bit since he couldn't use his walking poles on the narrow path. "Want to go past, Hashgate?" He enquired, no doubt as pleased as the Pennies to be rid of the heel-dogging fellow behind him. This was where I caught up with Desperate, who was doing her Theresa May running through a field impression, hands out either side, stalks bouncing off them (see Down Downs). When we reached the other side of the field, we found the Regroup, which was where Cockup had found Foxy's Beaver and hid her again for SkinnyDipper to find (see Down Downs). And here is a photo of Skinny, delighting in having found our furry friend.

Our group now comprised Motox, Foghorn, OldDog, SlowSucker, Desperate and Shitfor, everyone else having disappeared. I feel I must point out that a certain walking group, whose members were Donut, MessengerBoy, TreeT, Swallow, FalseTart and Shifty never even reached the Regroup, having somehow wandered off-Trail, circled round and ended up back at the pub. In the warm, with drinks and seating. Quite sensible then. 😊 We, on the other hand, decided to eschew the 'W' Trail for the walkers and continue along that for the runners. Perhaps a slight mistake, given the bloody great big hills up which we had to yomp. Mind you, the views across the lush, calm pastures were balm to the soul. This area is lovely and we enjoyed it tremendously.

At this time, I was walking with OldDog and she took my mind off the next massive hill by telling me how much she enjoys her tits. Apparently, her garden



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is a magnet for all kinds of feathered fauna, *cyanistes caeruleus* in particular. I'm sure most of us appreciate ornithological observations and we all have our favourites. Unfortunately, I haven't spied a pair of Blue-Footed Boobys in my garden just yet, but I am ever hopeful.

The grass-covered, 15% hill was, shall I say, not the easiest to climb. It was a lung-heaving, quad-burning, heart-pounding stagger, Despite our various physical impairments everyone managed it and there was very little swearing. Probably because no-one could speak. Motox joined me as I unpeeled my limp body from over the fence where I had hung like an old, wrung-out, damp rag. We were pleased to finally walk downhill towards a country road where 'L'ong and 'S'hort Trails awaited us. There was, of course, no option other than the 'S'hort. But then I realised exactly where we were. On the twisting, narrow country road that led from Goring to Mapledurham and approximately a couple of miles from the latter, where the pub was. Gulp. "You go on, Hashgate." Urged Motox, "My knees are hurting." Not surprising after he'd yomped up that hill. Wishing him well, I set off as fast as possible, like a walking cat with it's a*se on fire.

Almost back to the golf club, despite being almost mown down by a number of speeding cars and vans, I spotted the runners, emerging from a footpath on to the road. Dumber, PolishDumpling and NappyRash appeared, followed by Kate and WetWipe, then others. The second 'S'hortcut turned up and Cockup, Lonely, SpecialBranch, Pyro (see Down Downs) made the sensible decision and took it. We were exceptionally pleased to see The Pack Horse just across The Thirteen Bends of Death road and, once again, avoided becoming a car mascot. 😊

Our thanks to the Hares for a Trail through some lovely country and a particular thanks to PolishDumpling for laying her first Trail so soon after joining us.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

Hashgate stood in as RA this week since the official RAs were unavailable. In the warm confines of the pub, he awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Mr Blobby	Happy Birthday to him!
SkinnyDipper	She found Foxy's Beaver simply because of her keenness to be awarded a chocolate bar for her efforts. She wasn't. 😊
Desperate	Skipping lightly across a corn/barley/wheat field like Theresa May.
Pyro	GM/RA/Scribe abuse. She barged me aside exclaiming, "Fast runner coming through!"
TC	She lived up to her TarmacCuddler Hash name by Hash Crashing. Fortunately, no major injury.
Dumber	Ungentlemanly conduct. Discussing parkrun with Florence, he said he wouldn't be able to compete directly with her because he wasn't in her age group! What a bounder!
PolishDumpling Bomber	The Hares.



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Future Hashes – starting at 19:00 Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2496	25May26 * 17:00 *	The White Horse 9 Kidmore End Road, Reading RG4 8SD. What3Words: ///photo.pints.radar StreetMap photo.pints.radar	WaveRider NappyRash
2497	01Jun26	King William IV Hailey, Ipsden, Oxfordshire, OX10 6AD What3Words: ///slyly.moguls.linguists Please park in the top car park. If you want a meal, please book a table and then order before the run.	Dunny Rampant



One of the evening's beautiful views. In the foreground you can see Crimson Clover and Blue Tansy.