

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2006 02May16
Venue: The Hare and Hounds
Sonning Common

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Donut, Hashgate

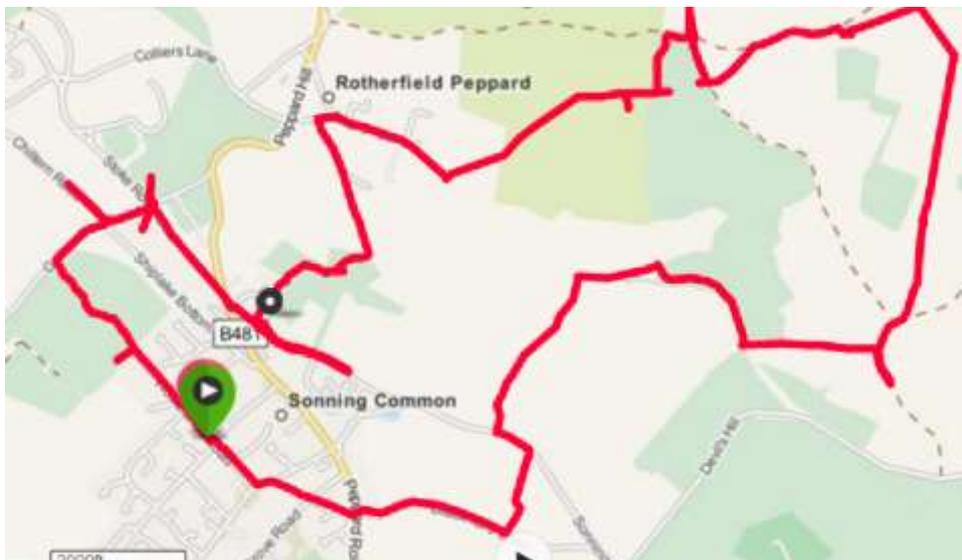
Hounds

Swallow Slowsucker Jill TC Whinge Desperate Shitfor WaveRider NappyRash Itsyor MessengerBoy TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx SkinnyDipper Couch Potato Dr Poo Dunker Carol Cloggs NonStick Iceman Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop C5 Mr Blobby Slapper NoSole Spot Posh Bomber dunny Rampant HappyFeet DoorMatt Twanky

A Teasing Little Trail ☺

CouchPotato slouched up to me in his 'anything to save a bit of energy' style. "Bit of information for you, Hashgate." He opined phlegmatically. "See that house opposite the pub?" I nodded. "My father lived there for a bit in 1929. Oakley Cottage." Fascinating the information you pick up on the Hash isn't it?

Donut and I actually dropped more than we picked up on this Hash, since we were laying the Trail. I'd thoroughly recommend laying a Trail to anyone who hasn't done so. Apart from a lot of good exercise you get to confuse many more people than usual. Spot, of all people, advised us afterwards that for much of the Trail he had been 'totally disorientated.' High praise indeed from a Zen Master of Hashing.



You can see from the Trail map that there were one or two Bar Checks that caused a bit of consternation. Particularly since there were two Bar-3s and a Bar-7 (quite a long Bar-7 and, being a Hare of course, I had to run it twice!) that the puffing MessengerBoy, on his way back from it, advised me he had

mistaken it initially for a Fishhook, prompting a great deal of discussion amongst the other FRBs as they joined him! This kind of thing is sweet music to a Hare's ears. A Trail well laid is a Trail well confusing. ☺

Of course, laying the Trail has its challenges. Not the least was that, since we have been away for the past three weeks during weekends, we hadn't recce'd the thing. Luckily, we know the area around here like the back... fairly well and a 6½ -mile trot round on the warm and sunny Sunday afternoon had even Donut (who worries that people might get lost) feeling confident. We enjoyed that so much that we laid the Trail on the Monday morning, adding another 7½ miles to our running tally. Add to that another 7ish in the afternoon for the actual Hash and you can see the reason why we are both shambling about today (Tuesday) like knuckle-dragging yetis, following a spot of on-the-side, two-for-the-price-of-one trepanning by the local blacksmith. Tiring, yes. But highly rewarding. At the 6-way Check by the crossroads near The Greyhound (and after Hashers were careering off in all directions save the correct one, Dunny came up to me, wagging her finger. "You're a little tinker." She said in a quite schoolmarm-type way. Whether the actual words she uttered were the ones she was thinking was not too clear, but I certainly caught her drift. Posh also, after being advised by me that the narrow alleyway immediately behind her might be worth her investigation gave me the pursed lips, arched eyebrow and a sibilant, "I was right not to trust you." As 'On On' was called from down the road.

A small tip we would give to fellow Trail Layers is to make extensive use of the One-Blob Checks. These labour-saving devices are the bazooka in a Hare's arsenal. There is no need to expend energy and flour by laying False Trails everywhere. It generally takes the FRBs much longer to find the correct route, allows those (usually the Hare) who need a rest to have one and the rest of the Pack to catch up.

So we utilised almost every type of country we could find: tarmac, forest, field, tracks, alleys, long fast bits, short off-track woody bits, Bars, Checks, One-Blob Checks and Two-Way Checks. All very nice, but we needed something more. Something innovative. Something about which SlowSucker said later, "I see you've torn up the No Rules rulebook then." He had, by this time, already been a touch miffed at the fact that we'd laid a Field Check at Peppard Common but had placed the confirmatory Trail blob on a lamp post to the right of the Field Check, away from the 'field'. We, in turn, had felt this might amuse



our running throng. But our *pièce de résistance* came in the dug-up golf course. The Trail ran right across it in an almost straight line so we (all right, I) decided to lay a Two-Way Check to left and right about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way across. In terms of Trail timing this worked very well, since the walking group reached the spot at almost the same time as the Pack. Complete confusion followed since both ways had been marked as False! Ooer. I'd have been just as confused had I been running instead of Haring. The true Trail went straight on and I'd laid a smiley face with an

arrow for anyone who might have gone this way without some direction from us. No-one had. There was just a large group of Hashers, wailing, gnashing teeth and wishing they'd brought a hair shirt or two. I have to say that they took it very well and there were lots of smiles – especially when we said the Regroup was just a little way further on. Mind you, I think Dunny may have had another word in mind instead of 'tinker' this time...

A bit further and the Long/Short split appeared. Now the Long went up a grassy drive and we had called on the lady with her two young children the day before to make sure they were ok with us going past. Friendly lady that she is, she agreed wholeheartedly and even remembered us from June last year when we laid our pre-Wedding Trail by here. Today, she and her two delightful children had placed a little table and chairs outside so that they could watch the runners going past as they ate their tea (not the runners, the children). How nice of them! SlowSucker, who had got to the spot first, had a bit of a chat and told the kidlets how to call out 'On On' when they saw the Pack. They did!

The Long was... pretty long. But took in some more glorious, rolling countryside with skylarks and kites



singing to us and cute Shetland ponies cropping the grass nearby. I am pleased to report that the Bar-3 down the hill after the Long and Short Trails rejoined managed to catch out TC, Shitfor and WaveRider. I ticked that one off mentally as a success and, along with SkinnyDipper and Cloggs, finally caught up once again with the walkers as they trudged along and down that very steep, narrow, flinty track by the beautiful dandelion and daisy pastureland on their way to the bluebell woods. Not only was there a haze of bluebells but celandines, wood anemones and a mass of other wild flowers smiled at the late sunshine while we trotted past them. PennyPitstop's picture of part of the woods appears to the left – enjoy.

By this time, all the playful 'No Rules' Trail-laying had stopped so it was with some surprise that I learned that SlowSucker had run straight past a very clear arrow (unlike everyone else) and disappeared into yet another bluebell wood some way away.

I caught up finally with Donut and walked most of the rest of the way back to the pub with PennyPitstop and the not-very-well Ms Whiplash who soldiered on bravely despite a serious case of debilitating lurchi. Well done Whippers and be well soon. We nipped up a couple of snickets that we hadn't known existed until the day before and gratefully approached the welcoming pub.

We do hope everyone enjoyed the Trail as much as we did (thrice!).

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

Sir,
Please advise your readers that this was the best and most capricious Trail we have been on for many a year. Our congratulations to the Hares for their excellent work.

Yours enthusiastically,
Mr and Mrs Knight

Down Downs

Since we were almost all the people in the pool room and the small group who were sitting there didn't mind, Shitfor awarded the Down Downs there. Nostalgia for Donut and me, since the last time we were here was our fantastic Hash Wedding. ☺

Who Got It

Why

MessengerBoy	Struggling to get through the side of a stile.
Spot	For dobbing in MessengerBoy.
NappyRash	Trail blindness. Unable to see the flour arrow he was standing next to.
SlowSucker	'Hare Rage' after the 2-Way Check debacle. ☺
Dunker	Almost as much moaning and whining.
Lilo	Whinging about the fact that someone 'Squealed' on Dunker.
Shitfor	Gave himself a Down for losing control (or was he just thirsty?)
DoorMatt	Severe RA abuse. He kicked Shitfor up the bum while he was bending over to tie up his shoelace. (Well done DoorMatt!)
Donut, Hashgate	Today's Hares and my 600 th Run! Since Donut is on the wagon I received two halves... and damn near polished off both in two swallows. However, a drowning chap needs air...

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2008	16May16	SU787759	Duke of Wellington 27 High St Twyford RG10 9AG	Desperate Shitfor
2009	23May16	SU729736	The Jolly Anglers 314 - 316 Kennetside, Reading, RG1 3EA Free Parking at New Town School, School Terrace, RG1 3LS	RandyMandy Slapper