



# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

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**Hash Number and Date:** 2497 01Jun26

**Location:** The King William IV, Ipsden

**Hares:** Dunny, Rampant

## RAIN SPOTTERS

TC and dog Flossie Donut Hashgate Spot Gannet Matt SpecialBranch Jenks WaveRider NappyRash Dumb Dumber SweetPee Agatha Motox Foghorn C5 Utopia Mrs Blobby Wimpey OldDog NoSole Slapper Dipstick Sonic Cuddles SexSlave Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Gnasher CanalBobb Pyro Swallow SlowSucker Iceman TreeT MessengerBoy and dog Willow Florence Zebedee Itsyor

## HILLS AND RAIN

Despite the apparently negative descriptive title of this Gobsheet this area is one of the most beautiful in which



we Hash. However, unlike last week's blazing sunshine and baking heat, we experienced heavy rain and wind as soon as we arrived in this fine pub's car park. But, to your left, is just one of the extraordinary views we enjoyed while on the excellent Trails laid by our Hares. They had prepared long and medium length running Trails of 5.5 and 5 miles, respectively and a walking Trail of 3.5 miles, each one very well marked.

They had also secreted Foxy's Beaver at a point furthest away from the pub. Hare Rampant had

wandered over to our car before we started (we were cleverly sheltering from the elements) and was telling us about this. Unfortunately, he had forgotten the designation of our furry friend and struggled to remember it. "At the furthest point," he began, "we've hidden the, erm... squirrel... mouse... aardvark... oh EFFIN' BEAVER!" It finally came to him. Certainly gave us a lot of confidence in the Trail. 😊

At the Circle we welcomed back, after many years away, the Reverend Jenks, who lives nearby and thought he'd join us for a canter. Great to see him again. He told me later that he was surprised that so many BH<sup>3</sup> Hashers from 'the old days' are still around. I replied that we were surprised that we are still around too. We also welcomed SpecialBranch's friend Matt, whose first Hash this was. I'm pleased to report that he told me that he had thoroughly enjoyed the experience and would certainly like to join us again. We'd love you to, Matt.

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Our Hares On Outed us, pointing left out of the car park. Essentially, the usual start from this pub. So we were a bit (but perhaps not too) surprised when we noticed SlowSucker running off in the opposite direction, before he realised everyone else had gone the opposite way and sheepishly joined us.

After hurtling down the first of many steep hills we began to climb. Inevitable, really, since the countryside is a patchwork of rises and falls, hills and valleys, mostly, we found, hills. Our Hares led us via some unexpected and hidden little footpaths, across fields and through woodland. One part went through a narrow and low hole in a hedge where we had to crouch. Slapper and I struggled and grunted through, followed by Dumber. "I don't know what all the fuss is about." He said with a smile. There are certain advantages in not being built like a beanpole. 😊

We passed by the huge, sloping field that leads the eye towards the impressive house that was built, but apparently not used, by Rowan Atkinson. No idea how he got planning permission. Here's a photo of it. Fantastic location.



And we continued up and up, each step and breath a painful reminder of our exertions. Itsyor laughingly bemoaned the fact that he, along with most of the rest of us, would have made light work of the inclines a number of

years ago. A last, gasping tramp up through a wood took us to an unusual sculpture site. A small notice explained that the circular wooden work within which stand several upright wooden sculptures was implemented by the artist Hayley Trezise and is named 'Tell Me Who You Are'. Included in the description are the words 'visitors are invited to experience solitude, to sit quietly, feel a sense of belonging and release their burdens.' After sloggng up those massive hills all we wanted to do was sit, attempt to breathe and certainly release our various psychological and physical burdens.

Thank goodness we started to run downhill. At a One-Blob Check with two options, Matt kindly went to check out the steeper of the paths and was lucky enough to get it right. The rest of us had let him go. Staggering back up that incline if it had been the wrong way was not something any of us fancied. I might add here that NappyRash got every one of the Checks he did wrong this evening. Much more of that and he could take Plod's place as The Wrong Way Queen.



On a downhill track was the (effin' 🦫) Beaver Stop where Jenks told me, "I don't think I'm getting any better at this." having gone wrong a few times. Pyro found Foxy's Beaver and here she is, in the middle of the photo, proudly showing off her find.

From here, there were more downhill and uphill sections until we reached the spot where the Trail split into long and medium. We well knew that the longer

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route was very likely to go all the way downhill before one or more uphill slopes, so the sensible among us took the more medium way. It was along this that we met the lone Zebedee. The walking Trail was the reverse of the way we were going. Nice to see him.

We tramped along a very, very lengthy track between woodland. At least it was fairly flat. But it felt like it was at least a mile long. Finally, we turned towards the grassy, downhill path that led by the rolling fields you saw in the first photograph. It was windy, but the view was quite beautiful. This, at last, came out on to the flint and pebble track that leads down to the pub and we saw long trailers Iceman and SpecialBranch who had just come up the huge hill that we had all gone down at the start.

Our timing was impeccable. Just after we went into the pub heavy rain poured down and the valleys became shrouded in mist. Lucky or what?

Our thanks to the Hares, who kindly stepped in in place of Posh and Bomber, who were unable to be there due to personal reasons. The sausages and chips were perfect, rounding off a fine Trail in a lovely area.

## On On Hashgate

### DOWN DOWNS

RA Gnasher awarded the following in the very cosy confines of the pub, while the rain lashed down outside and two ladies enjoyed the last of their dinner in the small eating area next to us. They were very kind about the invasion of their gastronomic experience.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Pyro	Found Foxy's Beaver and received a W*nker chocolate bar.
SweetPee, Lilo, WaveRider	Happy Birthdays to them.
Matt	Tonight's virgin Hasher. An excellent Down!
SweetPee	She had earlier discussed something with Motox and promised to send him an email about it. She did, but the email was seven years old! 😊
Florence	Admitted to running uphill very fast because of her wind...
Dumb	She looked at one of the thin, curled-at-the-end sausages, saying, "That reminds me of something..." Husband Dumber looked somewhat askance. However, she explained that she was talking about a witch's finger. Right.
C5	Presented the 'David' apron by Florence for vainly attempting to chat up the two lady diners and ensuring their early retreat from the pub. 🌀
Pyro	Attempting to run down members of the Circle with her car.
CanalBobb	Nominated by Gnasher (there had been a spare drink, so Donut recommended Gnasher to drink it). Something to do with Gnasher not awarding a Down to Florence last week.
Zebedee	Doing the walking course on his own. Why not? No ineluctable yakking by others.
Dunny, Rampant	The Hares. Dunny struggled a bit with her cider. 😊



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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2498	09Jun26	<b>The Old Boot</b> Stanford Dingley, Reading RG7 6LT What3Words: ///trickster.eternally.harshest StreetMap <a href="#">trickster.eternally.harshest</a>	Plod SpecialBranch
2499	16Jun26	<b>The Butt Inn</b> Station Rd, Aldermaston, Reading RG7 4LA What3Words: ///stylists.roosts.pints StreetMap <a href="#">stylists.roosts.pints</a>	WetWipe SkinnyDipper