

Hash Number: 2211

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

Venue: Clayfield Copse, Caversham,  
Reading

Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)

Hares: WaveRider, NappyRash

#### RELAXED RUNNERS

SkinnyDipper	NoSole
Donut	Motox
TinOpener	Gnasher
Hashgate	Foghorn
Michelle (now MoanerLisa)	
JJ	
Aqua	

#### MANIC MOBS

CouchPotato	Agatha
AWOL	Dorothy
Lonely	Dumber
C5	Desperate
Mr Blobby	Dunny
Rampant	Slapper
SloSucker	Spot
	Twanky
	CanalBob
	RandyMandy

#### STROLLERS

Mrs Blobby	Shitfor
Utopia	PennyPitstop
Dumb	SweetPea
Judas	Hooker
Pyro and dog Whisper	

#### A TASTY HASH

I hope all your names are in the above lists – and in the correct groups. When Donut and I went over to chat with Desperate and Shitfor (who we haven't seen for months) the recording machine had left itself running so I have about twenty minutes of inane conversation and no names. If you've been left out, my apologies. Still, at least I got to hear again Desperate's account of when Shitfor (allegedly) chucked a saucepan at her shin. I must say I do find stories of their home life fascinating. When we went to their house a couple of years ago, I noticed and mentioned some colourful marks on their kitchen ceiling. "Oh," explained Desperate breezily, "we had a bit of a food fight the other day." How other people live eh?



**Corned beef Hash with poached eggs. Yummy!**

So a good number of pre-registered BH<sup>3</sup> Hashers formed a loose, socially distanced Circle in the car park. Many were socially distant because they have few active brain cells; others because no-one wanted to be near them anyway. Pretty similar then, to the start of a 'normal' Hash. What, you may wonder, is a 'normal' Hash? I guess its ingredients largely comprise chaos, a generous spoonful of good humour, a dash of shiggy, a sprinkling of illogical Trail decisions and a handful of confusion. Stir well and bake for an hour or so and there's your Hash.

This week's was no exception to the recipe. Trying to organise Hashers into groups of runners/walkers of similar ability, however willing they all are to help, is the stuff of nightmares. The groups need to run or walk round the course in opposite directions, starting at different times. And Dunny almost threw a major wobbler at initially being left out of a Manic Mob. All this formed the basic ingredient of chaos, but WaveRider waived objections and rode above it all, providing clear and concise instructions to one and all. Though I have to say that Hare NappyRash's comment, as he left with his Manic Mob, that, "Anyone not in my group is rubbish." May not have helped ease WaveRider's task. The Manics departed, followed later on the same route by some Relaxeds. Then the other Relaxeds were followed by the Walkers in the opposite direction. I do hope **you're** following all this...

Our Relaxed group consisted of Donut, Aqua, JJ, Foghorn, MoanerLisa (though she was still known as Michelle at this point – see Down Downs), Snowy, SkinnyDipper, TinOpener, Hare WaveRider and me. So relaxed were we that we must have been half-asleep, considering the number of Checks we got wrong. Part of the problem lay in my extensive local knowledge and the fact that I knew we would be going past the end of our road at some point. It's one thing to know where you are; another to know where you are going. We meandered gormlessly around Caversham Park Village until Aqua found that part of the Trail that led us back over towards Clayfield Copse. Though she did go the wrong way around the duck pond (naughty), we all got together to hurtle through the tunnel that led us back into the Copse... and the next ingredient: confusion. A 3-way Check with a further 3 possible tracks in one direction met us. WaveRider had a crafty smirk on her face as we all splintered off in different directions. Her grin was even wider when she called me (local boy who knew exactly where he was) back from the way I was checking. Since NoSole and Motox (where did they come from?!) joined Donut in being pointed out that way as a short cut by our Hare I was a tad miffed. But, oh well, we shot off along the tree and forest-lined track to finally find the flour blobs. It was Snowy who found the right way and off we went, along narrow forest paths, through light shiggy and over trip-hazard tree routes. Foghorn burst to the front and very kindly called us On when he spotted a bit of paper he thought was a flour blob...



**The duck pond in all its glory.**

Despite the above faulty FRBing we eventually found ourselves on a Check on the track a little way on from the Loddon Brewery. Now this rutted, uphill track is well known to me and I may have inadvertently indicated to MoanerLisa that the Trail might possibly go that way. She certainly ran up it. Which was a pity, because it didn't go that way. She ran all the way back and I shouted out that I owed her a drink... which was interpreted by the rest of our group to be that I owed everyone a drink! I rapidly enlightened them. Just up the hill and around the corner we met a bunch of Manics, coming the other way. They had been caught up by the Relaxed Runners who had been following them because they hadn't had to check quite so much. They all did their best to social distance and the two converging groups kept a good-humoured metre and more away from each other.

So now we came to the top end of the road where I live and Foghorn and (I think) Snowy reckoned they'd found a flour blob near my house. Which was strange, since there certainly wasn't one there when Donut and I left earlier. Cue some confusion. Though I was pretty sure where the Trail went and

was pleased to see the expected Check a little further along the road that ran across the top of my road. I thought it only fair to let SkinnyDipper and MoanerLisa check it out and, sure enough, we eventually popped out back on my road again, a little further down. Nice one, Hares.

We all declined the kind short cut offer of WaveRider on the way down to the end of the road. Pity really, it would have cut off quite a fair-sized corner. We reached what used to be the pub The Coach and Horses and went down the field alongside of it. We found out later that Dumb and some other Walkers had gone exactly the opposite way, into the forest and on to tracks that would have led them a mile the wrong way. Quite how they managed that while carrying a map of the route we shall never know...

Eventually, we caught up with Donut and NoSole and tripped lightly back into the leafy environs of Clayfield Copse for the final leg of our Trail. There were several forest paths and, since I knew where we were heading, I just took the most direct and ran along it. JJ, Aqua, SkinnyDipper and MoanerLisa followed, despite Foghorn and Snowy going on the right Trail and calling "On On". "Don't lose Hashgate." Puffed JJ to Aqua. "He knows where he's going and we don't have a clue where we are!" As if I would leave them behind. We finally popped out on to the wide field on the other side of the car park, picking up Motox on the way and being denounced by Foghorn and Snowy (quite rightly) as 'Short Cutters'. A trot across the grass got us back to our cars.

This was a very enjoyable Trail in countryside I certainly know inside out. Our Hares did their difficult, two-way Trail-laying well. Our thanks to them. It would have been great to have had a Beer Stop at our house but the current restrictions unfortunately made it impossible. Oh well, maybe next time. 😊

The next couple of Hashes won't be included in the Gobsheet since it is published on our website and we need to limit attendees to BH<sup>3</sup> members. A copy of the Summer run sheet was sent out by email to all members. If you didn't receive one, check your Junk folder first. Email Iceman for a copy if you still can't find it and confirm your email address to him.

## DOWN DOWNS

Twanky wandered about our segment of the Down Down circle, showing the shape of the Trail on his mobile phone app. He assured us it was like an 'excited' camel and Desperate readily agreed that a certain part of it did indeed look like a 'willy' (crikey – how juvenile can we be?). 😊 Note that you have to look at this upside down and it appears that the camel has elephantiasis of the rear leg.



It was fascinating to watch Motox attempting to prepare the Down Downs by placing the empty plastic half-pint glasses on the tray next to him, then muttering darkly as the breeze blew them all over. Pity I didn't have my mobile to video and later post the event! Having finally filled the glasses, Motox awarded the following.

Recipient	Reason
<b>Twanky</b>	Turned up at next week's venue. Pity he had already gone home before the Down Downs...
<b>C5</b>	Arrived at Mr Blobby's at 6 o'clock because he thought the Hash would start at 7. Mr Blobby sent him off to walk around for half an hour.
<b>Shitfor</b>	Being miserable and refusing to leave his car initially. Also, his birthday a week or so ago.
<b>Michelle</b>	She moaned that she hadn't been given a Hash name. So the group decided to give her one and MoanerLisa was agreed. Motox and WaveRider applied the beer and flour and the girl took it well. Enjoy your new name!
<b>CouchPotato</b>	Was awarded his 100 Hashes badge by GM SkinnyDipper (when she finally managed to stick it to his chest).

<b>CanalBob, AWOL, CouchPotato</b>	Birthdays! Happy ones to them.
<b>Agatha</b>	Spoiling Motox' day. During a Hash Walk on the weekend Lilo almost got pulled into a canal while rescuing her dog Minx, who was struggling to get out of it. Agatha grabbed her and pulled her back – spoilsport!
<b>Dumber</b>	Presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by CouchPotato for identifying a piece of concrete as a flour blob.
<b>WaveRider, NappyRash</b>	Tonight's Hares.

Following the above, AWOL presented CouchPotato (yes, him again) with a portrait of himself that AWOL had painted, for being a running mate during the lockdown period. It had fine brushstrokes, was (fortunately) nothing like Bacon and was an excellent rendition of CP. I'm sure he was delighted.

### THE BH<sup>3</sup> HASH NAME QUIZ

Not so difficult last week. Here are the answers.

Clue	Hash Name	Real Name
<b>A short chap with tall stories.</b>	<b>BillyBullshit</b>	<b>Michael Thatcher</b>
<b>She's jammy and sweet.</b>	<b>Donut</b>	<b>Claire Tyrrell</b>
<b>He doesn't drive a motorcycle but he goes cross-country.</b>	<b>Motox</b>	<b>Dave Cross</b>
<b>He has the same property as Teflon.</b>	<b>NonStick</b>	<b>Kevin Raine</b>
<b>She needs a rapid visit to the loo!</b>	<b>PissQuick (Ms Whiplash thought this was Desperate, which is an excellent suggestion. 😊)</b>	<b>Janice Twigg</b>

See how you do in this week's quiz.

Clue	Hash Name	Real Name
<b>Dennis the Menace's dog?</b>		
<b>A lady with no swimsuit.</b>		
<b>He's good at blowing things up.</b>		
<b>She guards the entrance to the Underworld.</b>		
<b>She could be said to be an outside Lou.</b>		

Take good care of yourselves.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

If anyone has something they would like to see in the Gobsheet, either send it to your reporter/editor/tea boy/floor mopper at [hashgate@hotmail.com](mailto:hashgate@hotmail.com) or to Iceman at the address above.