

Hash Number: 2217 06Sep20

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

Venue: Silchester Playground Car Park

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Mr Blobby, C5

RELAXED RUNNERS GROUP 1

Hashgate Donut Jacqui Spex Snowy Foghorn

RELAXED RUNNERS GROUP 2

SkinnyDipper BGB Joycee TinOpener Pantaloon LoudonTasteless

MANIC MOB 1

NappyRash Zebedee Dipstick Spot

MANIC MOB 2

Florence AWOL Pissn'Chips BlowHarder Dunny Rampant Dumber

STROLLERS

Mrs Blobby Iceman PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Pyro and dog Whisper Lungs Lilo and dog Minx Motox Dumb Slips Tequilova

AMBULANT WOUNDED

WaveRider

OLD RUINS (SILCHESTER ROMAN ONES; NOT HASHERS)

One has to doff one's cap to Hares C5 and Mr Blobby. Not only did they lay yet another excellent Trail but they managed to split us up (see above) into socially distant groups. Not an easy task, since some people turned up who hadn't registered and some people who registered hadn't turned up. Doh! Enough to make your hair fizz. But **our** Hares are models of pragmatism and probity and merely got on with the job, organising and sending groups of Hashers one way round the Trail and other groups the opposite way. It had all the efficiency of Japanese railways... and none of the jostling together.

Of course, WaveRider was in a very select group of 1, hobbling about on crutches after breaking her



ankle last week. She mentioned earlier to me that she might attempt a circuit of the flat cricket pitch behind where we had parked our cars. This despite her physiotherapist daughter's advice to rest and recover for several weeks... As she dotted and carried near the Circle I'm sure I heard several "Aaaarrrr"s and Florence suggested to me that WaveRider might wish to get a parrot. If CabinBuoy had been there the scenario would have been perfect. I made do with a *sotto voce* "Avarrst beehind."

I must point out that WaveRider is much more attractive than the individual in our illustrative picture, retains a companion leg to its nearby twin and is, of course, a lady. She also rarely wears 18th Century pirate's clothing unless you ask her very nicely. The parrot provides vocal (and generally more intelligent) company when her husband, NappyRash, is deeply engrossed in the footy on TV.

We wish her a speedy recovery.

We On Outed our various ways. (Please turn to page 2.)

Hello again and thanks for turning the page. You've just given my Relaxed Runners group time to run diagonally across the Silchester cricket pitch and lose the Trail. Not our finest moment perhaps. Even C5, who was running with us and who had only traversed the Trail in the other direction ("I haven't got a clue where it goes." He said to me. "But I always know exactly where I am." So nice to have that warm, fuzzy feeling of confidence, isn't it?) was flabbergasted that we missed the lovely, clear, white circle of flour near the entrance to the forest. Great word, 'flabbergasted'. Possibly originating from old Suffolk dialect. It perfectly describes the open-mouthed, wide-eyed incredulity of someone experiencing a moment of utter stupidity. For example:

1. "We're going to build a wall...".
2. "Of course, the 16th of March is the day that I came to this house and said that all unnecessary social contact should cease. That is precisely when the lockdown was started."
3. "Ping-pong was invented on the dining tables of England in the 19th century, and it was called Wiff-waff! And there, I think, you have the difference between us and the rest of the world. Other nations, the French, looked at a dining table and saw an opportunity to have dinner; we looked at it and saw an opportunity to play Wiff-waff."

(See end for who said these.)

We finally entered the leafy, humid forest and ran quite a long way. A little bland, that last sentence, but it encapsulates exactly what happened. As I mentioned last week, reporting on the Hash, which in its cut-down flour markings form is little more than a run, is rather difficult. We are in small groups that don't see each other until we cross over somewhere in the middle of the Trail and the One Blob and On markings that we are having to employ means there is little time to do anything other than run. Don't get me wrong – it's wonderful to be out in the sweet air, running through forests and fields – but we have no time to stand and stare, or chat and watch other people fall over.

However, there are things that occasionally catch our attention. For instance, C5 and I were stomping towards a bridge, in the middle of which seemed to be a Check made of twigs. As we neared it we noticed that there was a key on a keyring with a motor scooter logo on it. Someone had obviously dropped it and some other kind soul had thought to place it carefully so that they might see it if they came back to look. Shows there are thoughtful people in this world.



Coming from the other direction came NappyRash, Spot, LoudonTasteless, Dipstick and Zebedee. Zeb told us that he had pointed Spex, who was ahead of us at this point, in the correct direction, since she was turning right towards ultimate afforested oblivion when she should have been turning left.

Crashing through thickset ferns ("Mr Blobby and I had to bash down a lot of this earlier", said C5) a little later we met the Walkers, led by Motox (wearing the La Pecarina apron) who was bulldozing his way towards us. Donut and I stood aside as Tequilova and the rest of this group of Strollers smiled their way past. They had crushed quite a wide path through the bracken for us but we had to get a shift on to catch up with the rest of our group. ~~Luckily~~, Accidentally, we went over a Bar Check which meant that we caught up quite quickly. 😊

Then the second group of Strollers appeared: Pantaloon, Lungs, Ms Whiplash, Pyro, Lilo, Dumber, Iceman, Mrs Blobby and PennyPitstop ambled past us in a strung-out group. Nice to see these various groups – won't it be good when we can all be together to enjoy the Hash?

Somehow Jacqui, C5 and I were on our own among thick forest. I was at the front when C5 called out, "Take the next right at the Check." Well thanks very much I thought, and headed off down the steep, rutted track between the trees. Suddenly a voice came from above me. "On Back!" It roared. "Sorry." Said C5 as I staggered back up the hill. "I meant the next Check." "Worry not m'dear chap. Could happen to anyone." I thought breathlessly. Or something like that...

After navigating round the side of a small lake and tramping uphill on a flint track, C5 and I sneaked off (we were on the Trail) into a deeply rutted, sloping field; in the middle of which was a Spex, flat out on her face, apparently chewing the cud. The poor soul had tripped and fallen and was surrounded by a worried set of Hashers that included Dunny, Pissn'Chips and Florence. Spex eventually staggered

upright and bravely carried on. I found out later from Florence that she had landed heavily on one boob, which had rather knocked the wind out of her. Florence suggested to WaveRider and me that the ladies of the Hash should be issued with breast plates to protect their, um, busty substances. I wondered whether they would take the form of dinner plates or side plates, depending on requirements. The conversation got a bit technical at this point so I made my excuses and left, fanning my burning cheeks with my voice recorder.



By Jove! Works for me. A tad chilly first thing in the morning I should think.

There was a bit more confusion in the forest, especially when we kept being overtaken by Dumb and his group. How they got behind us so often I don't know but it was pleasant enough to keep seeing them and exchanging friendly greetings. We somehow also got with Dunny's group, mainly because they had got lost while crossing a road. Fortunately, I noticed a flour arrow and, after tramping through some fairly thick undergrowth, we found ourselves back by the car park and ready for our picnics and drinks.

Superb Trail, Hares C5 and Mr Blobby. Thanks from us all.

THE 42ND AGM - IN THE AIR

Not exactly **up** in the air. But certainly in the fresh air. The weather gods smiled down and gave us warmth and no rain as we sat in our widely spaced, socially distanced circle. Everyone munched on salad, buffalo wings or cold McD's, depending on their preference. BH³ Committee had provided drinks (SkinnyDipper had gone out and bought this – thanks to her).

After we had gorged ourselves to stuffed repletion, outgoing GM SkinnyDipper called us to order by banging out a merry tune with her gavel on the light metal table standing next to her.

You will receive a copy of the AGM minutes in due course – here's a brief overview of this most democratic of events...

SkinnyDipper gave her GM report, her speech alternating between the silken prose of F. Scott Fitzgerald and the subtle style largesse of Henry James. Although she was too humble to mention it, her leadership over the past two years, and especially during lockdown, has been excellent – she was given a very well-deserved, seated ovation (only seated because it would take too long for most of BH³ to stand up).

Zebedee rose and gave his report as Treasurer. The worthy chap had printed off a large number of accounts information for us all (most of whom had read it online). I believe he handed out about four. So no trip anytime soon to Aldi to restock on toilet paper for him. He announced to initially stunned silence (see 'flabbergasted', earlier) and then thunderous applause that BH³ had 157 transactions through its bank account last year. I (and many others) really can't wait for him to do a TED talk. It will be amazing!

More seriously, Zeb said that, due to an RNLI donation made by BH³, Dave 'Flash' Canning's name will appear on the new Galway lifeboat that is due to be launched. We were unaware that Flash had been born in Ireland. This is a good way to memorialise him and the news was well received.

Following this there was a presentation by SkinnyDipper to our outgoing President, Ms Whiplash, of a fine bouquet of flowers amid thanks and applause. Our new President is to be BGB, a long-standing member of BH³. He spoke to thank the Committee for awarding him the rôle. Fortunately, he has not attended the LoudonTasteless school of oratory so his acceptance speech was mercifully short. We thank him for accepting the title.

AOB was largely taken up by our new TrailMasters – **they need Hares!** So please contact them to offer to lay a Trail. I realise that Covid-19 meeting rules are about to change but contact them anyway so we can all enjoy Hashes in the future when the rules relax.

This was our first (and maybe last) AGM in the open. Certainly a different experience and much easier catering/clearing up. Here is a list of BH³ Committee members, gawd bless 'em.

COMMITTEE FOR 2020-2021

Role	Person	Reason
Haberdash	Mr Blobby	He is our Alexander McQueen.
Trailmaster	Dunny and Rampant	They've laid so many they thought they should enthuse others.
Hash Cash	Zebedee	He's good at it and his AGM reports are heavenly (see above).
Hash Scribe	Hashgate	The poor bu**er refuses to get off the treadmill... and he rather likes doing it. 😊
Membership	C5 and Flo	}
Hash Tick	C5 and Flo	} They just love beating people up for money.
RA	Motox (with assistance by others from time to time)	He loves giving drinks to others that he hasn't paid for.
Dogs Bollocks	SkinnyDipper	The name of her new role describes her perfectly.
Hash Ents	Vacant	
Webmaster	Iceman	Who else? He is Tim Berners-Lee and Satoshi Nakamoto rolled into one.
On Sex	Tequilova	Her Committee minutes are paragons of eloquent brevity.
Hash Mash	Vacant	
President	BGB	It's a Lifetime Achievement Award.
GM	Vacant (The Committee will run itself until someone steps forward)	

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 or to Iceman at the address above.

DOWN DOWNS

RA Motox awarded the below with his usual lugubrious panache.

Recipient	Reason
Motox	WaveRider hobbled up on her crutches and presented this Down to Motox for awarding her one last week when she could barely walk.
SkinnyDipper	Our outgoing GM. Well done to her!
Dunny, Rampant	Represented the incoming Committee members. Thanks for volunteering! Poor Dunny, despite drinking a drink she had brought, experienced serious and crowd-pleasing blowback. Most impressive.
BGB	Our new President.
Lungs, Motox, Zebedee	Today's Hash Crashers. If only we could have all seen and enjoyed the moments. 😊 Lungs comprehensively beat the boys.
Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop	Last week, knowing the answer instantly to 'What was Dusty Springfield's real name?' (It was Mary Isobel Catherine Bernadette O'Brien)
Dipstick	Being 'Mucker-In' for RA Motox by pouring the drinks.

Jacqui	Presented a Down by SkinnyDipper for calling the slow runners the slow, slow runners. Naughty girl.
Lilo	Presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by Motox after she lost a game of Rock, Paper, Scissors with SkinnyDipper. Both Lilo and Skinny had given Motox an earful following the monumentally lengthy Hash Walk last Sunday where 4 people got lost.
C5, Mr Blobby	Today's superb Hares. And... neither of 'em fell over!

THE BH³ HASH NAME QUIZ

I am pleased to report that Ms Whiplash got all of this week's answers correct. Her exorbitantly expensive prize is already on its way to her...

Clue	Hash Name	Real Name
He's a bit of an anorak. He's certainly married to one.	TrainSpotter	Graham Tull
Does she have a greasy chest?	SlipperyNipples (Slips)	Shyeena Williams
Dutch shoes.	Cloggs	Anne Holland
Captain Pugwash's lad.	CabinBuoy	Roger Bone
She could be frantic, anxious or distressed.	Desperate	Karen Edwards

And here's this week's puzzle. Since it was far too easy last time there are no male or female clues and you'll have to work a bit harder. Enjoy! 😊

Clue	Hash Name	Real Name
An aroma that may have lingered for some time.		
One does not make the summer.		
Snowmen might have them...		
A vegetable on a settee?		
You'll hear this before you see it.		

Who Said These...

1. President Donald Trump... several times.
2. Matt Hancock, getting the start of lockdown date wrong during a House of Commons debate.
3. Boris Johnson in 2008 during the countdown to the 2012 Olympics in London.