

Hash Number: 2235 23May21
 Venue: Silchester Playing Field
 Hares: Motox, Foghorn

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WELL-PRESERVED RUINS

Florence Zebedee Donut Hashgate Posh Bomber Dunny Rampant WaveRider NappyRash Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener SlackBladder LittleStiffy with dogs Masie and Ava C5 Spot SkinnyDipper Slips Snowy Lizzie Fay Matt AWOL Tequilova Josie BGB Swallow Slowsucker CouchPotato HapyFeet DoorMatt Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Iceman

ROAMIN' AROUND SILCHESTER

Silchester is a popular location for Hashes. Apart from hosting some interesting Roman ruins, it is an excellent area for Trail-laying/Hashing and provides a spacious car park behind the cricket pavilion which looks out on to the wide playing field.

Next to Donut and me in that car park were Florence and Zebedee. After exchanging pleasant hellos, Zeb advised us that he was going to give Ms Whiplash some stick and began to stride determinedly towards her. We just **had** to stop him and ask for an explanation, didn't we? We were confused, since surely it would be Ms Whiplash who gives others some stick; generally at their request? It turned out that she has a slightly strained body part (what caused this we can only speculate...) and he was going to lend her a kind of roller, in the shape of a stick, that he has used in the past to ease a calf muscle. I'm not sure which part of Ms Whiplash requires rolling but if the gentlemen of the Hash would like to form an orderly queue, I'm sure something can be worked out. 😊

At the Circle, it was great to see Lizzie, Fay and Matt – so good to have some younger people Hashing.



Calleva Atrebartum, Silchester in 3AD (this is a drone photograph...)

SlackBladder's friendly labrador dog, Masie, seemed very taken with Fay. Possibly due to the ear-scratching and stroking. Perhaps she should have done that to Foghorn, then he'd follow her anywhere and she'd have had a Hare to point the way during the Trail. Mind you, not sure that Foggy would manage to keep up with her running pace.

Our Hares gave us lots of information before we started, including the facts that they were originally going to lay the Trail in December and that they were

practising 'Caring Haring' for this Trail. This included warnings of sticking-out roots and fields full of sheep or horses. What they didn't mention right then was the V-shaped additional loop they had included towards the end of the Trail (near The Red Lion) that added a fair bit more to the length of it. It certainly kept everyone off the busy road but I hear from our roving reporter that Snowy, at least, decided to plot his own route from this point, rather than run much farther.

The sun shone, the Hares called 'On Out', the Strollers tramped off rapidly in one direction while the Runners shot off in the other for a swift loop before re-joining the Strollers.

We reached a Check as our path joined the start of the Roman wall. SkinnyDipper had gone off along the wall, BGB and Josie seemed quite lost and Donut, spotting the beautiful, buttercup-dotted meadow through the stile next to us headed into it and found the Trail. It was a surprise. Not, I hasten to say, that Donut found the Trail (phew! Think I got away with that), but that the Trail led away from the wall. This was the first of a number of unexpected twists which made this Trail very enjoyable. Rampant, SlowSucker and NappyRash caught up and passed us just before we, of course, came back to and went along the top of much of the wall. Apart from WaveRider and (possibly due to palpitations engendered by her earlier successful FRB'ing) Donut, who short-cutted along its base with Hare Motox, who had the excuse of having to do the whole route twice.

In a field, we came across three slightly embarrassed, well-shorn alpacas, one black and two off-white. Here's a picture of the *Vicugna pacos* group, looking like I did in December after my first haircut for almost a year. Wonder what their wool was used to make? Apparently, it's much softer than sheep's wool. Great for bedsocks, mittens and knee muffs.



Through the remains of the amphitheatre, past a herd of inquisitive bovines that had gathered by their field fence to check out the Hashers and chew the cud and we were on up a steep hill, a narrow track bounded by lush green farm vegetation ('vegetation' because I haven't a clue whether it was barley, corn or marijuana). Here there were brightly coloured markers that showed the way for those people ~~off~~ fit enough to run in the Gutbuster 10-mile of 10-Kilometre race. Details are [here](#) if you are interested. At the top of the hill and half way

around the edge of a huge, empty field covered in flints and chalk, I met a chap who was taking down the way markers. Poor fellow had started putting them in place at 4 in the morning! There's dedication. No doubt he met Motox and Foghorn around the same time...

And here was where it all started to go wrong for Swallow (who trotted to catch up) and me. We were caught up by Hare Foghorn in the sticky bit of forest beyond the field and opted to take the Long Trail, thinking we'd be in safe hands. It all went a bit gnarly after we had staggered up that intensely windy (and lengthy), hilly sheep field. On the way up I was very surprised to hear Swallow breathlessly describe Foghorn as 'tasty', a description that doesn't come readily to **my** mind. Though the mundane explanation is that Foggy had likened himself to a ram (I know!) that gets eaten after his (ahem) services are no longer required, I thought you'd be amused to know. Certainly got a snort out of me at the time.



At the top, the mass of sheep and lambs were indignantly meh-ing and baa-ing as the rain began to lash down. Foghorn advised us that there were another 3 miles to go or we could take a short cut – he was going to do the 3 miles. Apparently, we should follow yonder track that led to a car park and we would know our way back from there. Ok, we replied. No worries. And we set off our different ways.

Twenty minutes, a lot of shiggy and a number of wet horse fields later, we found ourselves at the foot of a sloping paddock with no obvious exit or footpath. Not a Hare nor another Hasher in sight. At least it had stopped raining. Luckily, we had technology and figured out from our mobile phones that we weren't too far from the public footpath that popped out on the road just by The Red Lion. Problem was, how to get there? After crossing the field and climbing over a couple of wire and electric fences (fortunately no damage done to sensitive, lower bodily areas) we reached a corner of the field that was bounded by old bits of hedge and a 4-foot-high wire fence topped with barbed wire. Ah, if only there was a video of us struggling to get over the thing. I managed to catch my jeans pockets after getting

both legs across and had visions of me swinging half upside-down to shrieks of laughter from Swallow who was wobbling precariously with a leg either side of the fence. Somehow, we got over without any wardrobe malfunctions and followed the path below to the road. There was The Red Lion! We knew where we were! Then we saw blobs of flour leading away from the direction we wanted to take. This was the Caring Haring part of the Trail that would have led us safely, but away from, Silchester playing ground. B*gger that, we agreed and set off at pace down the road.

Swallow and I almost set fire to the tarmac as we rocketed along the road. We may have been walking rather than running but a) we really wanted to get back and assure everyone we hadn't been mauled by the crowd of wet sheep, and b) it was looking very much like rain was coming. We thundered along and agreed that we had been surprisingly polite to each other, given the situation. No pouting, stamping and foul language; and that was just me. We reached the playing field just as the contents of a heavenly swimming pool tipped down upon us. I don't think the socially-distanced Hash picnic had many takers!

Our thanks for a very good Trail in a variety of great countryside to Hares Motox and Foghorn.

THIS WEEK'S RECIPE

A couple of weeks ago there was a Trail from the pub the used to be named The Treacle Mines. Twanky took along some treacle toffee he had made. For those chefs among us, here is the recipe. Thanks Twanky. 😊

Here is the world's easiest Treacle Toffee recipe

75g Golden Syrup
75g Black Treacle
150g Soft Brown Sugar
75g unsalted butter
1/4 tsp Cream of tartar

Put all ingredients into a heavy bottom pan, heat gently until the butter has melted and the sugar has dissolved then whack the heat up to high, bring to a fast boil. Keep an eye on it, and when it reaches between 135 and 140 CELSIUS* remove from heat and pour into a small tray lined with greaseproof paper and allow to cool for about 20 minutes.

After 20 mins, you can score the surface with a knife to aid breaking up once completely set.

Keep in an air tight container, to stop it sticking together.

Useful for keeping the Hash Circle quiet with all their teeth stuck together. :)

Enjoy


*approximately 280F and don't get the two confused, or you will have unset brown gloop or fill your house with black acrid smoke

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.

FUTURE HASHES

Since some of the locations are difficult to describe I've added What3Words identifiers to help. (Rampant and Dunny cleverly added their own 😊). Just copy the 3 words below into [what3words](#) [/// The simplest way to talk about location](#) and click , or use the mobile app to see the exact location. You can share or save the details or use CityMapper, Google Maps, Bing Maps or Waze to navigate to the place. Some cars include What3Words in their satnav.

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2237	06Jun21 11:00 am	SU848848	Bisham Abbey National Sports Centre Bisham Village, Marlow Road, Bisham, Marlow SL7 1RR What3Words: agents.included.evaporate	SkinnyDipper PrettyInPink
2238	13Jun21 11:00 am	SU644645	Scout Hut Mortimer Common, Reading RG7 3UB What3Words: baked.prefer.looks Please wear gold/yellow to celebrate this Golden Wedding Anniversary.	Mr & Mrs Blobby's 50 th wedding anniversary