

Hash Number: 2247 16Aug21

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

Venue: The Royal Oak, Westwood Glen,  
Tilehurst

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

Hares: Motox, Foghorn

### OLD, NEW AND RETURNEES

Rampant Dunny Donut Hashgate NappyRash Crusty BGB Snowy SkinnyDipper with dog Minx DipStick RandyMandy Iceman C5 Utopia Posh Cuddles SexSlave FannySniffer Machinist M.O.L.E.(Mother Of Little Einstein) Toppleova WhatsBrewing Caboose MessengerBoy Gnasher CanalBob SweetPea Agatha Slapper Lungs NearlyTwice and toddler Pearl TC Whinge Maggot Fritz Florence AWOL Kim (the pub landlord!)... and later WaveRider, Bomber

### DOES IT ALWAYS GO THAT WAY?

Very pleasant to come back to The Royal Oak after such a long time and, since we arrived early, we had no problem parking in what can be a fairly tight space. Equally pleasant was the sight of a number of returnees: Fritz, Maggot, Toppleova and WhatsBrewing being four of them. Fritz was sporting a brightly spotted T-shirt that meant we could never lose him during the Trail... however hard he tried by lurking at the back.

Someone else was sporting an unusually quixotic outfit. Please refer to the picture on the right. One wonders if the foot part of the long socks has been deliberately cut off or the calves and shins have been tattooed? An interesting socks and sandals sartorial effort by our beloved GM. Vivienne Westwood would be impressed.

At the Circle, Dipstick finished off his pre-Trail pint and our Hares informed us that tonight would be another Caring/Sharing Hash since they would a) be offering the option of shortcuts at various points and b) the Trail was completely flat. Very altruistic of them... and like so much hot air, these promises dissipated almost as soon as we started. For where were we pointed at the bottom of the steep ramp to the pub car park but left and up the hill. Crikey! Most of us take 10 minutes for the arthritis and lumbago to loosen so to gasp our way up this was an 'interesting' experience. Luckily, we survived and steered our way into the wooded undergrowth, an area we have run in a number of times but nearly always get lost in because there are so many tracks. Nice one, Hares. We wove our way amongst the trees, enjoying the sight of Snowy in the 'La Pecarina' apron.



After we had looped around the woodland for some time we embarked on a number of lengthy and fast yomps through Sulham Woods. Now this is a great area to run. Trees fairly wide apart and springy earth underfoot. My concern was that we seemed mainly to be sloping downwards, ever faster. BGB, Donut and I were more or less catching up with the Pack when we were caught up by Rampant. Bit of a surprise. Apparently, he'd had to 'answer a call of nature'. I didn't delve any deeper into that statement.

We managed to catch up, since the Pack was milling about at a Check where there was a choice of continuing straight on through the woods or up a steep hill through the woods. My instinct was to go up, since we had been running hell-for-leather (whatever that means...) straight on for some time. It seems it had also been Slapper's instinct too and he'd been up the almost vertical track and back down again without finding flour. This says a lot for Slapper's instinct and nothing for his powers of observation since the first large blob was on the uphill side of a log just 20 or so Feet up. Needless to say, he received a bit of (well deserved) stick.

We eventually found ourselves on the other side of the road to St. Nicholas Church, Sulham, sitting there peacefully on this Summer evening. On the church side stood Dipstick, keeping an eye out for

traffic as we slipped across the road in ones and twos. Very safety-conscious of him, we thought – though see the Down Downs, later. 😊

Of Hares there was no sign. Bit of a shame, since this would have been an ideal place to put into practice their ‘Caring/Sharing’ philosophy. We could have gone straight on along the narrow road



instead of turning right to go down the valley, all the way along its lengthy bottom, then back up about a mile or so later. Mind you, the view along the valley was perfectly beautiful, as you can see from this picture, taken at the time. The neatly trimmed and combed fields lead the eye to the folly on the left and the half-moon, high above the line of cloud. Very, very nice. And almost worth tramping all the way along that enormous loop...

When we slipped back into the forest Donut, Snowy and I were well behind the Pack. Of course, where could we go but steeply uphill, along narrow, twisting paths and between the trees. We bumped into a Foghorn (obviously on Caring/Sharing duties) who kindly pointed us in the right direction and, when we caught up with a heavy-breathing Fritz on yet another steep hill, he stayed with us on the way back to the road that led to the pub. Thanks Foggy!

Donut and I actually ran back on that road. But only because it went downhill all the way. 😊 We were pleased to get back, largely because we had remembered that NappyRash, who we had given a lift to, had all his gear in the back of our locked car. I think he was pleased to see us too. 😊

BH<sup>3</sup> rather took over the pub garden and were happy to notice that some tables at the end of where we sat were covered in containers that held sandwiches, sausage rolls, tomatoes, crisps, profiteroles! Excellent! The Hash always likes food, especially if it’s free. When given the nod we descended on it like the wolf on the fold/a plunging of gannets/a plague of locusts. Delish!

Our thanks to Motox and Foghorn for a great Trail on this Summer evening (even **that** loop!)

On On. [Hashgate](#).

Since RA Motox had laid the Trail tonight (and he was on his third plate of food) Twanky kindly stood in for him. The awards were as follows.

#### DOWN DOWNS

Recipient	Reason
<b>MessengerBoy</b>	His birthday. Happy one to him!
<b>Machinist, Toppleova, WhatsBrewing, Fritz, Maggot</b>	Tonight’s returnees. Nice to see ‘em!
<b>Dipstick</b>	Being a lollipop man – but only in one direction.
<b>Hashgate</b>	Shouting out a <i>basso profundo</i> “On On!” in front of Twanky.
<b>Crusty, SweetPea</b>	Today’s Hash Crashers.
<b>Dunny</b>	Awarded a Bailey’s for arranging to put a book of photographs together from C4’s memorial. It was awarded to C5. Wonderful.
<b>SkinnyDipper, RandyMandy, SweetPea, Lungs, Crusty, Whinge</b>	For organising/setting out all the food. Well done to them!

<b>Kim</b>	The pub landlord who ran with us and let us have our own food in his garden. Fine chap. He was so eager to neck his Down that he ignored the intro Hash song and just sucked it down. 😊
<b>Messenger Boy</b>	Presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by Snowy for telling Snowy during the Trail that he wouldn't want to be seen "running in a filthy, stinking apron like that."
<b>Motox, Foghorn</b>	Today's Hares.

#### FUTURE HASHES

<b>RUN</b>	<b>DATE</b>	<b>GRID REFERENCE</b>	<b>VENUE</b>	<b>HARES</b>
2249	30Aug21 * 18:00 *	<a href="#"><u>SU699867</u></a>	<b>The White Hart</b> 28, High Street Nettlebed RG95DD What3words: fluid.lively.printout	Dunny Rampant
n/a	Saturday 04Sep21 Run starts at: 15:30	<a href="#"><u>SU726649</u></a>	<b>BH<sup>3</sup> Hash Party</b> Swallowfield Village Hall, Swallowfield Street, Reading RG7 1QW What3Words: gets.caged.insert <b>Get tickets from C5 and Florence!</b>	LoudonTasteless Spex Iceman