

Hash Number: 2260 14Nov21 Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>  
 Venue: The Black Lion, Woodcote Email – [iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk](mailto:iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk)  
 Hares: Dunny, Rampant

**BH<sup>3</sup> AND DH<sup>3</sup>**

MessengerBoy Donut Hashgate Spot SkinnyDipper WaveRider NappyRash Paul Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Crusty BGB CouchPotato Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby TinOpener Motox Iceman Swallow SlowSucker Caboose SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Masie and Ava PissnChips Blowhard and dog Jowzer (think that's how it's spelt) Spex LoudonTasteless FalseTart Shifty Cloggs AWOL Posh Bomber Slapper Lonely Pyro and dog Whisper Florence Zebedee BigStiffy HotLips LemonySnicket Wimpy Andrea Nick (now renamed – see Down Downs) Brenda and dog Sprocket Andrea and other friends of ours from Didcot H<sup>3</sup>

**REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY**

As the kites circled noiselessly above us in the grey November sky, we listened to BH<sup>3</sup> President BGB read a poem before falling silent to remember, reflect upon and respect all who have given their lives or been wounded to preserve our freedom and way of life. At BGB's request we included those on the front line of the fight against Covid-19, some whose lives were lost. As ever, it was a special and important moment and members of our Hashes honoured it accordingly.



**DOWN AND UP**

The pub had kindly agreed to open especially for us. We have always had a good rapport with the owners and were grateful for their support. That's two pubs in contiguous weeks that have opened especially for us. They support us; we support them. Works perfectly. 😊

Parking seemed to be a tad difficult for some of us this morning. The space between my car and MessengerBoy's initially seemed wide enough for a small one but, on inspection, I found that not only



It wasn't quite this bad...

was it a funnel shape, so that only a narrow-nosed automobile would fit, but that my rear end (for I had backed in) was a fair distance from the wire fence. A bit of to'ing and fro'ing ensued which did b\*gger all to widen the gap and earned me a fair bit of (appropriate) abuse from MessengerBoy, who lounged idly in his car, watching my vehicular jockeying with an amused eye. SkinnyDipper provided similar automobile-based amusement by parking sideways-on at the front of the small car park, jumping out of the driver's door, realising that her position would block at least one other car from parking, jumping back in the driver's door and driving backwards and forwards until a tidy, front-on piece of parking had finally been

achieved. Classiest bit of parking was by Paul, who zipped into the car park and slid his Aygo into a space in the corner that seemed only big enough to accommodate a moderately sized earwig. Nice one, chap!

The On Out was as expected. This pub is situated at the top of a hill so the only way out from it is down. We clattered rapidly down the wide footpath that led down from the pub, enjoying the superb views of the countryside as we went. Here's one of them.



Down, down and down we went, realising that later on we would have to trek all the way back up. We entered the first of the beautiful beech forests. Because of the copper, gold, yellow and bronze of the Autumn leaves the light between the trees was seemingly a brilliant, light orange. We rustled through the leaf fall which hid fallen branches and dips in the earth to trap those unlucky enough to encounter them. Fortunately, no-one broke an ankle (including WaveRider, who has previous in this area). The only injury inflicted was when we reached a wooden gate that swung between two fences and FalseTart (behind me and in a misguided attempt to speed things up) attempted to crush my left bosom by pushing hard against the gate before I had passed fully through it. Though mortally wounded I managed to struggle on and milk FalseTart's genuine concern at every opportunity throughout the Trail. 😊 Perhaps it was 'Get Hashgate' day in her household since immediately after the attack, her husband, Shifty led me on one of his longer forays up a False Trail that resulted in us both finding ourselves at the rear of the Pack. Nice.

At the front, Caboose and Lonely were so busy chatting that they managed to completely miss at least one flour blob after a forest Check, which resulted in a certain amount of aimless milling about by the following Pack. It was finally sorted out when one of them realised with a horrified start what they hadn't done (i.e. called "On On") and we shot off towards the first of the Short Cuts. This led steeply uphill through a paddock and SkinnyDipper, Donut, Motox, Wimpy, FalseTart, WaveRider, LoudonTasteless Hare Dunny and I skipped up it, breathlessly... where we almost simultaneously met the Long Trailers. It was a very Short Cut indeed!

We trotted along a farm track and stopped by a Check. A signpost showed that there were two footpaths. One along our track; the other into the field next to it. Mr Blobby was coming back from checking the field, so we all continued along the track... until Rampant called us back. Hmm, we thought, the Blobster must have missed something and we followed the route across the field that he had been taking. Nary a flour blob in sight. Which was when (again!) Rampant called us back. The Trail went parallel to the track we had been on. Doh! How did we miss that?! MessengerBoy was highly delighted at the turn of events because, having held back while we checked, he was now FRB'ing. Small things please small minds and all that. 😊

We reached the Regroup in the middle of [Great Chalk Wood](#). A very fine wood indeed and the place where this picture of some of the brilliantly coloured leaves that bedecked the ground was taken. A Short and a Long Trail led off from here, both winding their way amongst the trees across the flint-strewn pathways. It was quite an enjoyable canter. A long, downward run was



followed by a lengthy upward slog along a forest track. Followed by a further uphill slog along the edge of a field, a nip across the Goring and Streatley road and a careful walk down a steep, private road. You'll have got the idea by now that the Trail was something of a roller coaster. Uphill one minute; then down the next. And, of course, the uphill bits are always the hardest. And the furthest.

From here there seemed to be an endless sine wave of a Trail, through fields and along country roads. Chatting with SkinnyDipper, I found that, on her Route 66 virtual trip, she is about to leave Texas and is on her way to Albuquerque (I rather surprised myself there, by spelling it correctly first time!) in New Mexico. Well done to her. 😊

We eventually headed into a more urban area, which turned out to be the lower parts of Woodcote, where Hotlips and Mr Blobby passed by and Caboose stopped to tell me the tale of the FRBs on the Long Trail. Apparently, a number of them became fairly lost and were very pleased to see who they thought was a Hare, carrying a plastic milk container with what appeared to be flour in it. Sadly for them, it was just some chap, so they had to cast about some more until they found the Trail.

After a long, long drag through various housing estates, going ever upwards, Andrea, Nick, a couple of other Didcot ladies and I finally and with a great deal of panting pleasure, reached the 'On Inn'. Never a more welcome sight as we heaved our exhausted carcasses past it and over towards the pub car park at the top of the hill.

This was a very good Trail through superb and visually stunning countryside and we thank our Hares: Dunny and Rampant.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

## DOWN DOWNS

We trooped out into the pleasant and, by now, fairly sunny, pub garden, where RA Motox presented the following.

Recipient	Reason
<b>BlowHarder</b>	Not stopping his dog Jowzer from barking in the Circle.
<b>Caboose</b>	He left his running shoes behind at the pub last week, returning at 8 o'clock at night to retrieve them.
<b>Andrea</b>	Today's virgin Hasher. An extremely impressive Down!
<b>Paul</b>	Being Mr Greedy and taking two biscuits instead of one when Motox handed some around.
<b>Nick</b>	Named 'Pimp' since he continually brings various women to the Hash. Dunny assisted with the baptism of flour and the lad took it well. 😊
<b>MessengerBoy</b>	He was presented with a new apron by WaveRider, since he had burnt the previous 'La Pecarina' apron on his barbeque, citing that it had been in a: "disgusting state". The new apron features Michelangelo's David, over whose, erm, appendage WaveRider has stuck a BH <sup>3</sup> 300 Runs badge. MessengerBoy tried to award the apron to Hashgate for personal abuse received during the earlier parking spree but was overruled by the RA who said he should have the Down and apron for cremating the old one. Only fair, I feel. 😊
<b>Dunny, Rampant</b>	Today's excellent Hares.

## SOME VERY USEFUL INFORMATION

Recently, those fine Jaguar people sent me a bag full of goodies that included a first aid kit, a breakdown warning light, several other items and a small box containing what was described as a 'Hand-Pressing Flash Light'. It had been, not surprisingly, made in China and the (mangled English) benefits of using the item, listed on the side of its box, appear in the below picture. Enjoy!

### PRODUCT CHARACTERISTICS:

1. This product is a new science and technology product and made with high and new science and technology. It can illuminate only placing it in rhythm.
2. No need any power, no environmental pollution. Low noise and health, Comparing with common torch. it can be several times on lift.
3. Constantly using this health torch, it can benefit to your palm, arm and shoulder stretching and blood circulation, so as to let your hands relax and brain clever, hand and brain coordinate and promote your brain memory and health composition.

## FUTURE HASHES

RUN	DATE	GRID REFERENCE	VENUE	HARES
2262	28Nov21	<a href="#">SU720885</a>	<b>The Five Horseshoes</b> Maidensgrove Henley-on-Thames RG9 6EX Joint With Didcot H <sup>3</sup> . What3words: mammoth.freshest.monorail	LemonySnicket Wimpy
2263	05Dec21	<a href="#">SU589867</a>	<b>The Red Lion</b> 39 Wallingford Rd, Cholsey, Wallingford OX10 9LG Joint With Didcot H <sup>3</sup> . What3words: snipped.ogre.dusters	Hotlips

