

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2275 27Feb22
Hash Location:	The Calleva Arms, Silchester
Hares:	CanalBob, Slapper

Legionaries



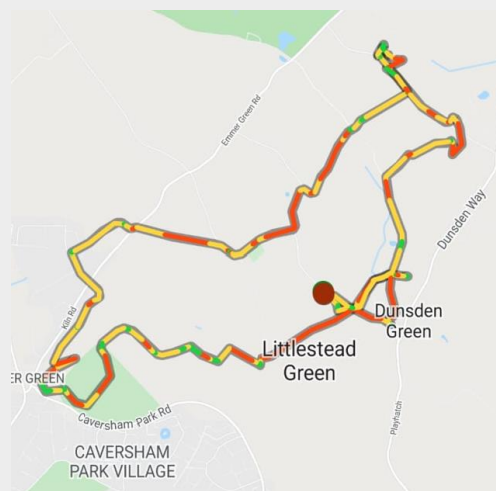
Slips Snowy Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash Ms Whiplash Crusty BGB Iceman Twanky RandyMandy BlindPew Gnasher Dumb Dumber Motox NoSole Spex LoudonTasteless Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Freya Max and dog Sprocket Dunny Rampant Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby C5 SkinnyDipper Spot CabinBuoy CouchPotato Pimp Florence Zebedee Lonely LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Masie and Ava Dorothy Lucy Jack Grace ChocChuck and dog Bonnie NoStyle HappyFeet DoorMatt AWOL Itsyor Lizzie Jeremy Richard YogaJudy

Roman Around

What a contrast in the weather from last week. Then it was wet, cold, windy, a tad miserable. This week the sun lit the clear indigo sky with a radiant smile. Yes, it was still chilly but the fresh morning air hinted that Spring was dressing herself in flowers and greens, ready to step into the year and brighten our lives again.

Silchester (or Calleva Atrebatum as it was known in Roman times) is a popular Hash venue and quite a cohort of legionnaires (see above) arrived in the sports field car park which was mercifully free of people playing or watching football, unlike the recent Bash when the place was a complete jamboree of people vying for parking spaces. The car park is bounded on one side by some fairly thick vegetation and it was noticeable that a number of people disappeared into the bushes for a whizzer, including Motox, TinOpener, Donut and WaveRider. But not all together. Well, it was a nippy morning so you can understand the requirement. BGB was wearing the 'David' apron today. Probably quite useful to ward off the breeze. One did get the impression that the fig leaf was smaller than usual.

Before we get into the run/walk it must be mentioned that Slapper, afterwards in the pub, mentioned that the route of the Trail had made a really boring pattern on his recording app. Amongst the group of us who reviewed it with him (including Slips, Snowy, Donut, WaveRider and NappyRash) there was a 100% agreement to his description. You, of course, can make up your own mind but let me contrast this route's pattern with that of the current Hash of the Year that was hosted by Donut and myself but a few weeks ago. Below and to the left is CanalBob and Slapper's route. To the right, ours. Your thoughts?



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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

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Of course, I must 'fess up and say that the prancing deer shape of our Trail was almost entirely down to luck. It was, however, quite representative of an area renowned for numbers of fallow deer trotting about in the fields and across roads. I suppose today's Trail does look a bit like a semi-squashed plastic cup. A trash Hash today then. 😊

The fairly lengthy On Out stretched the Pack as it sped through alternating patches of dried mud and shiggy. I almost became the Hash Crash/Splash of the day when I caught a stick between one foot and the other just in front of a putrid patch of shiggy where methane bubbles popped wetly on the surface next to a long-dead donkey and unseen creatures from hell swam below the surface of the heaving pit. Phew! Lucky that I managed to get a foot down, the stick away and circumvent it. Wouldn't have many friends if I'd submerged myself in that lot!



Hashgate before and after if a) he had fallen in the shiggy and b) was a golden retriever.

A Check finally appeared, half way up a hill. NappyRash pointed out that not many of the blokes were checking anything out but the hot HappyFeet, who was divesting herself of her top outer layer further up the hill. Unfortunately, the Trail went in the opposite direction. Hare Slapper was, we thought, very kindly keeping well up with us. But the actual reason was because he wasn't quite sure where it went, having not laid all of it. Occasionally, we seemed to be chasing him as he FRB'd! Great fun! Being Slapper, he was very keen to try and confuse the Pack. "The Trail goes right but you can go straight on if you like." Was one of his helpful instructions. And, "If you just keep going straight you'll be on Trail." So it was curious that most of us were wiggling about among the woods and dallying on floury detours. And then we reached the first Regroup. Hare CanalBob uttered the slightly bemused, "Is it all going to plan?" question. On seeing the 'RG' Hare Slapper uttered the **very** bemused, "What's **that** doing there!?" Great to know that our Hares had everything under control.

As a brief and I'm sure, necessary, break, from the heart-racingly exciting description of the Hash I must mention Spot. Running behind him I noticed something curious about his feet and ankles. Perhaps, I thought, as we slopped and slipped forwards, he was wearing those kiddy girl socks with the sticking-out lacy bits. But no, even more bizarrely he had white plastic bags over his feet and inside his running shoes, both secured around the ankle by what appeared to be an elastic band! Anyone any ideas? Spot - care to enlighten us? 😊



Spot, the socks...

While running behind Spex in the sunshine, she and I were rapidly catching up with Motox, who was stomping along with newbie YogaJudy. "I'm getting really warm." Said Spex to me over her shoulder. Being a gentleman, I felt the only response could possibly be, "I've always thought you were hot, Spex." Which was just before we overtook Motox. "You're a dirty old man!" Advised Spex. "Coo." I replied, "Fancy you calling Motox a dirty old man." Of course, Motox hadn't heard my earlier compliment to Spex so wondered aloud to the rapidly disappearing figure of Spex what on earth he'd done to earn this reprimand. To participate in such moments is an utter joy. 😊

Further on and NoStyle failed to live up to his name by finding one, heaving himself over it and assisting several ladies across it. We came upon a fairly open area with two wide, parallel grassy areas along which we could run. NappyRash and I were joined by Snowy as we took the left-hand side, discussing the natural floating abilities of ladies and agreeing (but please don't tell anyone!) that this was due to an extra layer of body fat. I suppose, if we had thought about it logically, several male members of BH³ might be exceptional floaters...

Unfortunately for us and several others we should have followed the actual Trail, which went down the right-hand track. We had to jump over a stream and Slapper and, I think, CanalBob helped us. Thanks chaps!

After a lengthy run in a wide and sunny field we all fetched up at the Regroup where the Long and Shorter Trails would split. Here's a (not very good) picture taken by our photographer.



From left to right you can see: Max and Sprocket, Spot making sure his lacy socks aren't muddy, Pimp panting, Dunny scratching her bum, Freya looking rather lost, AWOL chatting to NoStyle, Florence apparently post-sneeze, the very fit Jeremy having his sporty appurtenances adjusted by Lizzie, Gnasher and Slapper adopting a what-the-hell's-going-on posture, BGB wondering where the next toilet might be, SkinnyDipper and Snowy deep in discussions, WaveRider thoroughly enjoying the scene.

The Pack split into Long (approx. 7 or so miles) and Short (5.1 miles according to Snowy). It was certainly pleasant to be running or walking in the sunshine, which had warmed the air. After sneaking through a number of leafy alleys we came upon a minor road and opposite us was a metal gate with the remains of a flour blob in front of it and a vast grassy area behind it. A finger post indicated the way to Silchester. Didn't fancy running up the road so Snowy, Donut and I turned into the field. The flour-free field. Could we find any? Nope. We spread out and got half way across it before we noticed the Roman wall skirting the top of the hill up which we were gasping. Ha! We knew pretty much where we were and headed towards a gate at the top. Which is where we found the only flour we had seen. From here it was well-marked and we skipped lightly along the Trail, which eventually led us out behind a group of Walkers. We said our breathless Hellos as we passed Mrs Blobby (who was powering along, possibly fuelled by a cocktail of amphetamines), Lilo and Minx (who were only just keeping up with her), Slips and Iceman (who trailed desperately in their wake 😊). One of Slapper's 'Beer Near' signs appeared and, since we knew we were very near the pub, we also knew it was one of his little jokes. The nearby 'On Inn' confirmed it and we wafted out of the gorse bushes and across the football/cricket pitch to our cars, pleased to know we were the first back and would therefore get to the bar before the rush. Result!

Despite its lack of interesting shape (see first page) this was a really enjoyable Trail and our thanks go to our Hares for laying it for us. Nice one, chaps!

On On Hashgate

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



Down Downs

Apologies for the lack of information in this week's edition. Things to do in the afternoon so had to leave before the awards.

Future Hashes

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2277	13Mar22	The Packhorse Woodcote Rd, Mapledurham, RG4 7UG What3words: truth.race.vote	Dipstick
2278	20Mar22	Black Lion Greenmore Woodcote, RG8 ORB What3words: lodge.searcher.contour	Dumb Dumber

