

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2285 09May22
Hash Location:	Stoke Row Sports and Leisure Club
Hares:	Rampant, Dunny

## Fine Legs

NappyRash Donut Hashgate Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfer TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Pyro and dog Whisper PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Motox Iceman Crusty BGB CouchPotato SkinnyDipper FalseTart Shifty RandyMandy Spot Dumber Cuddles SexSlave Spex LoudonTasteless LemonySnicket Wimpy HotLips BigStiffy Gnasher CanalBob Gannet Posh Bomber Sleazy PrettyInPink Twanky Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Stephanie MonaLisa BumWiper and dog Ebbie (Ebony) Lonely Lucy Jack

## It's Not Cricket (No, It's The Hash)

Opening open in the boot of Desperate and Shitfor's car was a packet of chicken goujons that were cooling in the evening air. Curious, I thought, when the Hash had been advertised as a coffee and cake event to which we had been invited to bring sweet confections of the Hollywood style. I enquired of Desperate the reason for their appearance.

"They're our tea, Hashgate. So if you think you're getting any you can b\*gger off!" Or words similar to that. We had all parked up by the beautifully located, tree-surrounded cricket pitch and fairly new pavilion. CouchPotato had taken it upon himself to orchestrate the parking. He confused us as we drove in by pointing to a place almost next to the pavilion; then, as we headed towards it, changing his mind and pointing to the overflow car park. We figured we had more chance of



running over the blankly perambulating Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop if we aimed for the pavilion, so did that. And, no, we didn't run them over, though they did try very hard to help us.

Sleazy drove herself and PrettyInPink to the entrance of the overflow car park where CouchPotato had pointed. Obviously, the brain cells weren't firing for she parked in the narrow entrance before realizing that another car was right behind her and she needed to actually enter the off-drive area. Great fun to watch.

Cerberus was wearing the 'David' apron while Utopia and Mrs Blobby had reverted to their personally uncompetitive clothing style by wearing exactly the same tops and bottoms.

Our GM and the Hares welcomed us to what they described as a bluebell and wild garlic Trail and we stumped off. We had hardly started down the slope by the pitch when BumWiper was bowled a googly by her lovely little, black and white dog, Ebony. BW had got her name years ago when she was spotted 'flossing' her dog between the back legs with a towel after a particularly shiggy-strewn Hash. "I don't believe it!" She squealed as Ebony pulled back hard on her lead and began to extrude a somewhat serpentine... well, I'm sure you can figure it out. If anyone was ever named very appropriately it was BumWiper. 😊

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Good to see today that Sleazy was running again, after her ankle injury some weeks ago. Fortunately, she got away without any problems on all the uneven and root-laden forest ground on which we ran. So we could say that nothing bowled a maiden over... We plunged down and down initially. Then back up and up... before plunging back down again through The Crooked Billet's car park and into the wood. In that car park are a couple of rusty old French cars and RandyMandy, on seeing our photographer taking a picture, thought it would be a good idea to drape herself across what was left of one of their bonnets *à la* 1960's car show. The result is shown below. Would this encourage you to buy a Citroen? only a few not very careful owners?



*Might need a bit of buffing up (the car, not Mandy!)  
SkinnyDipper looks on.*

We entered a field that had in it a large herd of what Pyro called, "A load of bullocks." These youngsters were milling about, excited as we ran along the boundary of their field. Stephanie and Donut were really not very keen on taking part in a stampede so Mr Blobby pulled on his Stetson and gave it his best Frankie Laine 'Rawhide' impression, waving his arms so the wild-eyed beeves rushed towards the back of our group. "Move 'em on, head 'em up, head 'em up, move 'em on, move 'em on, head 'em up, rawhide." Wonderful to watch, it was. Though not quite so for Motox at the back of the group towards whom they swarmed. Fortunately, they didn't hit him for six.

Lonely and I enjoyed a vibrant conversation on topics that included choirs, football and not knowing where the hell we were. On a long and rutted track Spex glided past on the legside, advising us that, "We're in a forest." Helpful.

I passed Gnasher, who was standing on the side of the track. "Don't think there are any buses going down here." I observed brightly.

"You never know." She replied, as RandyMandy completed her bio-break and scurried out of the undergrowth towards her.

A short cut led away from the longer Trail and Donut and I followed the limping Dumber (calf injury) along a pleasant, dusky and long woodland track. Hare Dunny caught us up just before we reached a One Blob Check at the end of it. She puffed out a flour blob from her squeezey bottle just before we got there. "Um." I said. If this is a One-Blob Check..." "Crikey!" She replied and skipped back quickly to rub it out before the Long Trailers arrived and went entirely the wrong way. 😊 Mind you, Dumber and I, chatting about beer, missed the close-by next turning and had to be called back. Fortunately, we managed to follow-on before getting too far away.

We came across yet another cricket pitch with a Field Check. Sleazy decided to run straight across the wicket, saying that she'd already got a Down Down (see below) so what the hell? On the other side of the field was a gate. I started through, just ahead of Iceman, who pulled the gate back, catching my heel, in a vain attempt to scupper the Scribe's chances of a Hash win. The nearby Twanky and Desperate were **not** impressed with the manoeuvre.

We 'enjoyed' a series of steep up-and-down forest runs where bluebells and white-flowered white garlic abounded. Lovely, but exhausting. Donut, Desperate and I were very pleased when we suddenly popped out into the buttercup-strewn outfield where our pavilion lay.

Donut registered 5.3 miles as the distance we had run on this excellent Trail. With the hills it was a tad challenging but we'd had a great run-out along a route that held much appeal. Our thanks to the Hares.

Afterwards, we repaired to the pavilion for cakes and ale or coffee, or tea. FalseTart and Shifty manned the hot drinks station and had made sure that the tables in the middle of the room were loaded with cakes that people had made and brought (except PennyPitstop – see Down Downs 😊). Thanks to organisers/Hares Dunny, Rampant and everyone who helped on the night, including CouchPotato who very seriously vacuumed the floor with a Henry when the evening drew to a close.

### Spot's Sue Ryder Charity Auction

Spot had brought a number of disparate (I think that's the right word. It's not meant as a criticism) items which he was going to auction off, with the proceeds going to the Sue Ryder charity. He had a table full of mainly unusual objects and Donut offered to act as his glamorous assistant to show each item to the room.

BGB was most pleased to have bid successfully for a polished steel teapot and box of Redbush tea bags. A snip at £12. A small plastic bag containing a piece of rusty barbed wire and shrapnel from World War 1 didn't have quite the same appeal for the room. Similarly, a Second World War air-raid protection lamp. However, Gannet was impressed with the BH3 T-shirt he got, as was Bomber with a bottle of beer named 'Bomber'.

Good fun, a worthy cause and you generous people raised £200. Spot will add this amount to the 'Hash Ride Round Isle of Wight in a Day' Sue Ryder fundraiser on the JustGiving page at:-

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/isleofwightride>

If would like to make a donation, just click the above link.

### Something For The Curious

Interesting that, on this cricket-based Hash, we were all out for one run...

Here's a competition for all those hawk-eyed readers and cricket fans amongst you. In all the above (not this section) a number of cricketing terms have been included in the text. The first Hasher to tell the editor the correct number before May 17<sup>th</sup> will be bought a drink. 'Pavilion' is not one of the words. If a tie-breaker is needed, a list of each word should be supplied. Simple eh?

### On On Hashgate

### Down Downs

R A Motox had commandeered a Down Down table on which rested several beakers that had been filled with Ruddles beer by the helpful Wimpy. Taking to the floor after the auction, he presented the following.

Recipient	Reason
RandyMandy	Apparently not believing that there was a Trail today.
Lucy	She'd managed to misplace her father!
Sleazy	Using padding out of her bra to ease soreness around her recovering ankle. What will those Playtex people think of next! As she stepped forward certain 'gentlemen' called out, "Which one's bigger than the other?" Chauvinists!
PennyPitstop	Baked a cake for tonight... but forgot to bring it! Doh!
CanalBob	Managed to step in a monstrous pile of cow dung. Niffy.
Mr Blobby	Not content with losing his car last week, he lost his car keys this week.

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Dumber	Damaging his calf muscle (We hope it's better soon).
Gannet	Cerberus passed the 'David' apron to him to save him dropping crumbs down his front when he's eating a lot of cake.
Motox	He'd offered a free Down drink to anyone but no-one (surprisingly) had taken up the offer. So he gave it to himself.
Rampant, Dunny	Tonight's Hares. A well-deserved round of applause to them both and two drinks for Rampant, who Downed them with panache.

Future Hashes (Starting from 19:00 on Monday nights, unless stated otherwise)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2287	23May22	<b>SlowSucker's 70th Birthday Hash</b> Stoke Row Sports & Leisure Club Newlands Lane, Stoke Row HENLEY-ON-THAMES RG9 5PS What3words: <a href="https://www.what3words.com/flux.steadily.armrests">flux.steadily.armrests</a>	SlowSucker Swallow
2288	30May22	Bring your own booze. Hares needed - please contact Dunny.	TBA

