

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2292 27Jun22
Hash Location:	The Royal Oak, Knowl Hill Common
Hares:	SkinnyDipper, Spot

Hearts of Oak



TC Campbell Donut Hashgate NappyRash Shitfer Desperate and dog Duggie Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Spex LoadandTasteless SweetPea Agatha Aqua JJ Swallow SlowSucker Slapper BlowJob Twanky Shane Jamie Pyro and dog Whisper Valhalla Motox Iceman Dunny Rampant Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Gnasher CanalBob RandyMandy Dumb Dumber Gannet Betsy CallGirl Foghorn Horny Helmet Crusty BGB Florence Zebedee Nicki Martin Dorothy

Wheels on Fire

Before anything else, we must congratulate SkinnyDipper on her recent epic bicycle ride from the source of the Rhine to the Hook of Holland. It took her 26 days to pedal 1,008 miles through 7 countries. Skinny kindly sent a brief précis of her experience, which is as follows:-

The source is in that strange south-east corner of Switzerland where the language is Romanesque (a sort of Italian), Very dramatic scenery with plenty of snow on the tops. The river gets bigger quite quickly and is often a border. The route I followed popped across into Liechtenstein and Austria.

Along the northern border with Germany, Europe's largest waterfalls at Schaffhausen were very impressive. After Basel the river is navigable and big ships start to appear. For a while it forms the border between Germany and France.

It was interesting to see how the river (very noisy for the first few days) gradually got tamed and used for transport, electricity etc. The industrial heart of Germany starts north of Cologne and I began to feel a little sorry for the river. It looked slightly abused there. But the route managed to string together lots of pretty paths through the countryside.

In fact, most of the whole length of the route (1450km) is on cycle paths or tiny roads and the infrastructure for cyclists everywhere is very impressive.

Total mileage according to Strava was 1008 miles.

Highlights were starting in the high Alps, the Rheinfalls, the Rhein gorge near Koblenz, and ending at the North Sea. In some way, the real highlights were the unexpected things like seeing a beaver in a canal, every time I saw a stork or red squirrel, stunning buildings or crazy fountains, all the little ferry crossings.

But the river itself was the real highlight: always there, always the same, but also different.



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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Page 1 of 5



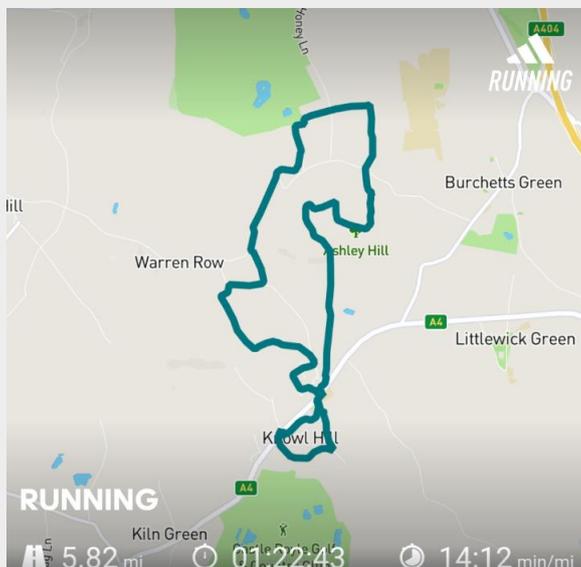


SkinnyDipper with Monkie, who accompanied her on her ride. He looks more knackered than she does!

A Twist in the Trail

When we Hashed at this pub last August (see [Gobsheet 2246](#) for details) it was Iceman who exhibited heart-in-the-mouth parking skills. This time it was Gannet, who attempted to 'dodgem' his way into a parking space to which Swallow was inching. The width of a cigarette paper separated their respective paintwork until Swallow gave him 'The Look' which had him hurriedly backing off. Perfectly understandable reaction - just ask SlowSucker. Cartastrophe averted.

It was great to have TC with us and she'd brought her brother, Campbell, who had come all the way from Australia to run with BH³. Good to know we have international appeal. Nice to see Betsy with us again too. She's the lady who returned after 12 years, blaming children for the gap. I looked up the last time she appeared in an historical Gobsheet and found her in Gobsheet 1457 which you can find on the website in the 2005 (!) link.



Today's Trail is illustrated in the detail to your left. This was kindly supplied by Twanky who described it as being shaped like "a man looking down to find out where his willy has gone". He certainly looks fairly depressed. It was one of those nights where people were in a slightly raunchy mood. Twanky sidled up to me in the pub after the Hash with a small, square Tupperware container in which nestled a peach. Leaning over to me he leered suggestively and advised, "It looks like a peachy bum." Well, I was a bit jiggered for a response and spluttered on my pint. Fortunately, he lurched off, wrapping his dirty old raincoat around himself. Hares Spot and SkinnyDipper were also in the mood. While they, Donut, TC, NappyRash and I were changing after the Hash, Spot told us that, in

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



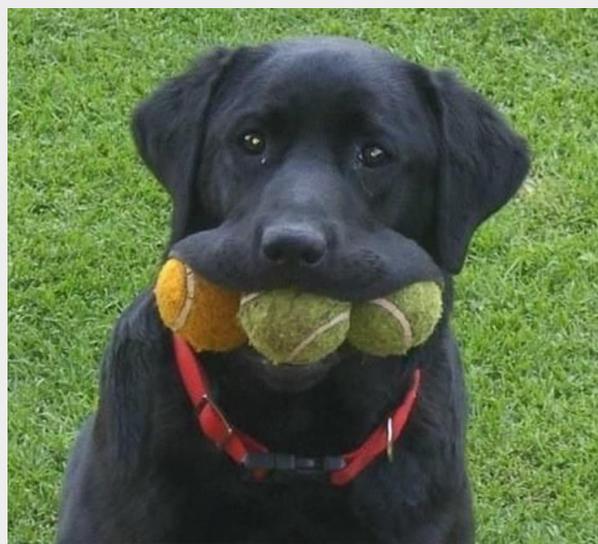
the last field they had laid the Trail through, the one with a lot of clover, SkinnyDipper had sung to him "Roll Me Over In The Clover". I mentioned that I'd noticed a couple of places where the grass and clover had been flattened and wondered if they'd perchance... But no answer was forthcoming. Perhaps for the best. This conversation was just before NappyRash told us that he would be too tired to cycle to work tomorrow so he might have to get on his motorbike. However, he informed us, Vaselining up his leathers in order to slide into them might be a bit time-consuming so... Ooer! Then our current President, BGB, told me in the pub his technique for gently sticking run number badges to ladies', erm, chests. He wondered if it would be possible to have, for example, 5 100 badges instead of 1 500 badge since he'd be able to stick 'em over a larger area. I say! What was getting in to everybody? Let's move on to the Trail.

Our Hares were ultra-sneaky with the first section. We On Outed left from the pub, fully expecting to run away from the A4. As we sped off, BGB gave me the surreal news that Pyro had seen a boa constrictor sliding its way across that major road. Difficult to know what to think about that. I just filed it away under 'Weird Stuff That Needs to go into The Gobsheet' and trotted on. We circled round and over the A4, came back over it and entered the hill covered in trees and bushes, went up that, then popped out by a grinning SkinnyDipper just down from the pub. I believe only Billy had figured it out and ignored the devious loop.

Nice one, Hares! 😊

Now Spot had mentioned at the Circle that the route would be a "bit hilly". We started off up the first, lengthy hill, noticing Desperate, with black labrador Duggie, standing on the verge and about to lean down with a poo bag in her hand. I had to ask the question. "Is that Duggie's or...?" Fortunately, she burst into laughter. I continued up the hill behind Spex and we mused (while gasping) on whether there would be a defibrillator at the top. We got on to CPR, which Spex told me she had done a course on some years ago. "So when I get to the top," I said, "am semi-conscious, flat on my back and open my eyes, I might be lucky enough to see you looming over me, about to give me the kiss of life?" "Quite likely." She replied breezily. "No tongues though!" I answered sternly. "Oh I always use tongues Hashgate." She came back with a coquettish smile. Sad then that I didn't pass out at the top of the hill. Close thing though. 😞

We trotted on through beautiful country in the lazy evening sunshine until we reached the Regroup at the edge of a road through the forest. While SlowSucker b*gggered off in (sadly) the right direction, the rest of



Not Duggie, but almost as cute.

us stood around and chatted. An old tennis ball had appeared and CallGirl and Dunny were kicking it near Duggie, who was delighting in chasing it, grabbing it and bringing it back. The best part of it was that Duggie was attached to Desperate's waist by a lead so when the ball went a bit further she was dragged off squealing by the excited labrador. It was the most fun we've had at a Regroup for some time.

We ventured further on through forest and open country. TC and Desperate left us to run uphill by a stile because it had wire all round it through which Duggie could not go. Lifting the muscly dog over the stile would be nigh on impossible and Desperate did not want to be renamed Heavy Petting - like WaveRider used to be some time ago.

We reached a Long and Medium split and I spotted Spex, some way off, going up a steep hill on the Medium. Since she was on her own and me being a gentleman I

felt honour bound to follow her and offer chivalrous assistance were it required. After I'd passed The Dewdrop Inn, which seems to be undergoing some refurbishment, Spex had disappeared so I carried on the narrow road until a flour sign appeared, indicating the Medium Trail went into the forest by the road. There was a steep climb up one track or a flatter one to the left. I reached almost the top of the hill and had found no flour. Spex suddenly appeared just below. How could she have got behind me, I asked. "I stopped for a wee." She replied. Ah. Serves me right for being nosey. We trooped back down the hill and took the other path - on which there was no flour either. But we did find a Check at the end of it and Twanky and BlowJob standing next to it. Thank goodness. Could have been a long trek back otherwise. Mind you, we all lost flour again until we popped out of a narrow, bracken-draped track and found a flour blob. Hurrah! But then we saw Iceman and LoudonTasteless coming back from the direction in which they had been running. It turned out that L&T had called Iceman back from the correct route and led him a merry dance.

This may have been why I heard Iceman call him a “bast*rd”. L&T nodded agreement as we streamed along the forest road where a bloke in a car was taking his dog for a walk, the dog running alongside the car. I’ve heard of lazy but that takes the biscuit.

In the last but one field Gnasher, BlowJob, Spot and I noticed a herd of cows in the distance. Now Gnasher is really not at all keen on being in the same field as a bunch of beeves, especially when there are heifers among the group. I thought I’d try to ease her mind by saying that they all looked very docile, were more interested in grazing than us and it looked like the older females had all been milked. Spot’s slightly less than helpful comment was that, since they’d been milked, they’d be able to run faster after us. I noticed that Gnasher had increased her pace and was looking a touch green. Thanks Spot! 🐄

A quick run across the earlier mentioned clover field, catching up with Foghorn, Motox, SkinnyDipper and Donut and we were back at the pub where Shitfer had spent the entire time, claiming exhaustion after a couple of days of cycling and walking. Nice if you can get away with it.

Excellent Trail by our Hares. This is a lovely area as can be seen in the below Hash View photograph. Thanks SkinnyDipper and Spot.



On On Hashgate

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Page 4 of 5



Down Downs

Just before darkness fell, RA Motox awarded the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Pyro	For allegedly seeing a boa constrictor on the A4. Dumb, sitting in the audience, wondered if it might have been a one-eyed snake.
Betsy	Running amok on the A4 - not due to any reptile sighting though.
Agatha	Being an old man and looked after by CallGirl before the Hash. He was given a towel round his shoulders and CallGirl held the Glass for him to drink.
Gannet	Lady abuse! Accusing several, including Ms Whiplash and Dumb, of putting on weight. You cad sir!
NappyRash	Found another NappyRash at Hursley H ³ .
CallGirl	Today's welcome returnee.
Shane	For smoking a fag.
SkinnyDipper, Spot	Tonight's Hares.

Future Hashes (Starting at 19:00 on Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2293	04Jul22	The Hash Fun Run Buy your ticket for just £1 from Florence YMCA Activity Centre Ramptons Lane, Padworth, RG7 4QT What3words: promise.microfilm.thinking	C5, Mr Blobby
2294	11Jul22	The Crown Church street, Theale, Reading, RG7 5BT What3words: guitar.pint.grapes	Pimp

Just For Your Interest

On Sunday TC, Campbell, BillyBullshit, WaveRider, NappyRash, Donut and I went for a bike ride, stopping at The Black Horse at Checkenden for a welcome pint or two. While there, this little fellow, a fledgling greenfinch, stopped by to rest on TC's bike disc brake. We named him Chip, since that was the sound he made and we placed a chip in front of him in case he was hungry. We were relieved to see his Mum flying about nearby and he eventually fluttered off towards the field. Hopefully he was ok. Cheeky little chap. 🐦

