

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2294 12Jul22
Hash Location:	The Crown, Church Street, Theale
Hares:	Pimp, MontyPylon

## Perspirers and Glowers



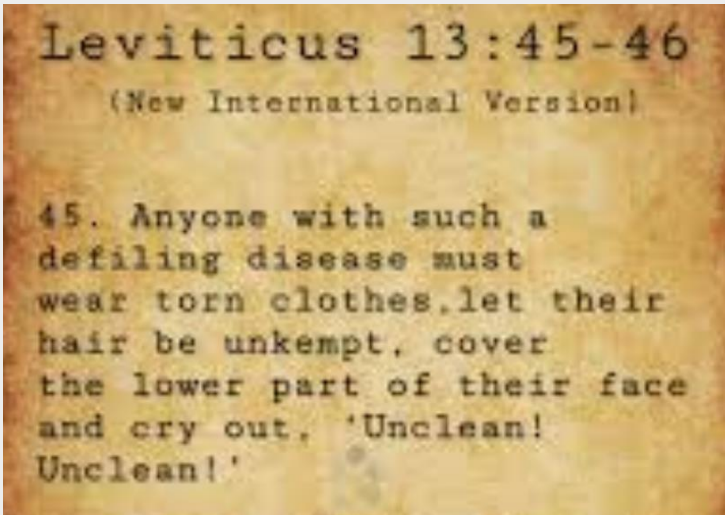
SweetPea Agatha Donut Hashgate Dwight Florence Zebedee Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Dunny Rampant Cuddles SexSlave SkinnyDipper Iceman Spot Motox AWOL Itsyor Fiddler Foghorn Gannet Dumb Dumber C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Crusty BGB Squeaky Sleazy PrettyInPink Twanky MessengerBoy Valhalla JJ Aqua Hamlet CabinBuoy Lonely Posh Bomber Gnasher CanalBob HappyFeet Freya Dan Caboose Fred

## A Hot Cross Country Race

**D**ue to the number of people trying to achieve it, parking in the normally capacious pub car park was tighter than Boris Johnson’s slippery grip on the keys to No. 10. As cars packed in like sardines SkinnyDipper raced her car into one of the last spaces, giving me the finger and a huge smile as I backed my own car almost over a potted plant – she missed my bonnet by Millimeters.

Speaking of the ‘greased piglet’ I came across a new (for me) word the other day. The word is ‘snollygoster’ which describes someone who (according to the OED) is ‘a shrewd, unprincipled person, especially a politician’. An American journalist in the 1890s defined it more precisely as: a fellow who wants office, regardless of party, platform or principles...’ I’ll leave the decision of whether this word applies to our semi-defenestrated PM up to you. The Gobsheet is, of course, apolitical. 😊

Great to have Dwight return after a long absence and to welcome virgin (Welsh) Dan who seemed very much to enjoy the evening. Hope we’ll see them both again soon. They milled about with the rest of our perspiring crowd while GM Rampant and the Hares did their thing. The Hares mentioned that Checks were few and far between, since it had been too hot to lay False Trails (try One-Blob Checks – the least work for the most FRBs lost) and there would be one Regroup where there would be an option for a short cut. And we were off. Well, there was a leisurely stroll out on to the main road where most people made a bad choice and went the wrong way. However, that gave me the opportunity to have a quick chat with MessengerBoy, who we haven’t seen for a while. Turns out the poor chap had experienced a bout of Covid. Nothing too horrendous but it didn’t do him a lot of good either. Pleased to say he is now much better... and not contagious. So no need to carry a handbell and mutter “Unclean” to passing strangers.



*Remind you of lockdowns?*

Having finally got it right, the Pack slid off into the greenery near the end of the road and a pleasant “Hallo there.” announced the presence of Fiddler and Caboose as they trotted past. HappyFeet slipped by a little later and advised me that Donut (just behind) may have been suffering from sunstroke since she’d just greeted a very surprised lady, who was walking her dog, with the words, “Good morning.” 😊



Itsyor then caught up and told me he was near the back of the Pack because he had been waiting for his son, Fiddler. There was an audible “Tut” when I told him Fiddler had gone past about 5 minutes ago. Kids eh? He shot off after him.

Donut and I schlepped along the lengthy, rough grass path that bordered the arid golf course, finally arriving at the spiral ramp that led up to the footbridge over the dry and noisy M4. We just saw the back of JJ as he spiralled down the other side. We were surprised to see him again as we came down. He was turned towards us, one foot on the final step of the ramp, leaning over and apparently genuflecting to the superior athletes who were descending towards him like buff angels from Heaven. “Are you ok?” I asked, touching him seraphically on the shoulder. “Just got a bit of calf cramp.” He explained. “I need to stretch for a bit.” Slightly disappointed but not entirely surprised, we flew on our way, meeting a friendly non-Hash runner who bade us a pleasant “Good evening.” And who was wearing a T-shirt bearing the logo: ‘Mogul’. We figured either he was on his way to run some hills or off to Southern Asia for a spot of conquest and country addition to the empire.



Obviously what JJ thought he saw. Donut is on the right.

And then we bumped into Agatha, who was coming towards us. The poor chap had tripped over and hurt his shoulder and was making his way back to the pub. Having later got there, he and SweetPea headed off for the nearest A&E to get him checked out. We all hope you are ok Agatha. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery if you need it.

Donut and I spotted Mr Blobby, Dunny, Florence, Rampant and others in the Pack returning from getting lost and diving off along a track that leads along the bottom of that beautiful valley near Sulham Woods that we have run along many times. Here’s a picture of it that includes pretty in pink...



... No, not the official PIP. This is Donut, providing an attractive cerise visual counterpoint to the yellowy sea of corn. You might notice the Pack sheep-stamping off along the footpath; no aesthetic appreciation at all.

We wandered through Moor Copse Nature Reserve and were caught up by JJ and Bomber, who was walking! Yep, bit of a surprise to us too but he has a perfectly acceptable explanation. He recently took part in a triathlon in Klagenfurt in Austria that took him 13 hours and 37 minutes to complete. Nicely under his target time of 14 hours. The swim was 3.8 Kilometres. The cycle race 180 Kilometres and the run was a marathon. Posh was there to support him and our old BH<sup>3</sup> friends (who live in Austria) HeyBabe and CIAC

helped with carb loading and beer application. Bomber was 19<sup>th</sup> in the Over-60s category. He was keen to point out that this category had **77** people in it. Not surprising then that he said his legs felt a bit achy. Congratulations to him on an excellent result.

After coming back over the M4 via a road bridge the four of us found ourselves at the Regroup. It had obviously long been left by the Pack and there was no obvious marking to show where the Long and Short Trails went... which was why we ended up on the Long Trail! However, it travelled across some of the beautiful Englefield Estate and circled around the main road so it was a pleasant stroll into the outskirts of Theale.

All was going well until we reached a cricket pitch. Three clear flour blobs led on to it. Pity really since there was a game in progress. The Hares told us later that there hadn't been when they laid the Trail. Luckily, we knew pretty much where we were and yomped our way back to the pub where most people seemed to be on their second pint and third noisy conversation. Oh well; it had been a good Trail, nice company and mountains of crunchy, delicious chips were being stacked on the table by the pub staff. We tottered over and dug in. Physical exercise, beer and chips – a stunningly good combination!

The Gobsheet (and indeed BH<sup>3</sup>) would like to congratulate Hares Pimp and MontyPylon for three things. 1) The excellent pub. The raised outdoor seating area, covered by a huge bespoke canvas is one of the best we have been in. 2) Persuading the landlord/lady to significantly reduce their charge for the Hash chips (which were paid for by BH<sup>3</sup>). 3) Laying the 6 or so miles Trail on one of the hottest days of the year. MontyPylon told me after the Hash that, while laying the Trail, they had stopped for a brief rest beneath a tree. They began to feel little sticky droplets of sap falling on to them – it was as though the tree was sweating. Many thanks both.



## On On Hashgate

## Down Downs

RA Motox presented the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Donut	Her birthday – a week late. A fine down.
Mrs Blobby, Utopia	Wearing very little clothing in the car park. Mucky pair!
Zebedee	Not only had an interesting parking experience but had also been in Theale earlier in the day and checked out the Trail! Absolute blighter!
Fred	He turned up a week early to do tonight's Hash. Doh!
Dan	Tonight's virgin. Downed his drink in record time!
AWOL, C5	They had registered to be at the Hooray Henley but didn't go or pay the entrance fee. What is the world coming to?!
Hamlet	Was due a Down Down a couple of weeks ago but b*ggged off before the awards. So he got it now.
Pimp, MontyPylon	Our perspiring/glowing 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>
2296	25Jul22	<b>CouchPotato's 70th Birthday</b> Pavilion Cricket Club Stoke Row Road Peppard Common, Henley-on-Thames RG9 5JD What3words: <a href="#">hours.mooring.constants</a>	CouchPotato
2297	01Aug22	TBA	TBA

