

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2329 12Mar23
Hash Location:	The Butcher's Arms, Lower Armour Road, Tilehurst
Hares:	Dumb, Dumber, Lungs

Uppers and Downers

BGB Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Gannet NappyRash WaveRider RandyMandy BlindPugh Kate MadMoose Motox Foghorn Gnasher CanalBobb Spot Dunny Rampant Floater Mark Iceman Cloggs NonStick Pyro Twanky Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Chris Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfer Becks and dog Dougie Sweetpee Agatha MessengerBoy and dog Willow FalseTart Shifty Swallow SlowSucker Florence Zebedee Betsy (now Plod – see Down Downs) Horny Helmet Trout YogaJulie Dee and dog Peanuts Karen DeepLunge Turnoff... NearlyTwice and daughter Pearl joined us later

The Ups and Downs of Hashing

Tilehurst is known as a hilly area so, to enable us to anticipate the likely effort we would be putting in, we were keen to hear what Hare Dumb had to say about the Trail distance. He addressed the Circle, telling us that the Trail was between 3 and 7 miles long. Eyebrows were raised. Hares are notoriously either diffident or inaccurate when estimating Trail length but this elastic mileage was even more obscure

than usual. Apparently, their 'smart' watches recorded different distances when they laid flour in the morning prior to the Hash. For your edification, to your left is Swallow's recording of the Trail. She may have been with the walkers but the route was very similar to that of the runners and I thought you'd be amused by its cantering rabbit shape.



It was also mentioned at the Circle that Lungs had been found to be 'spelling challenged' when she laid an 'HW' to indicate a Hash View. Well, it was only one letter in the alphabet different and perhaps she was so impressed with what she could see, she put down two v's. 😊

We On Outed on to what would be a cleverly laid Trail. Not only had our Hares led us through just about every green area in this urban area but they'd included a couple of sneaky loops where the entrance and exit were close together. Invites disaster, that kind of thing, but they got away with it.

We started off with a trot to and round the little-known Arthur Newbery Park. Click [here](#) if you'd like to know about its history. This gave us a taste of the up-and-down nature of the route we were going to run, giving our lungs an early workout and concentrating our minds on the location of the nearest defibrillator. Hare Dumber ran with us, to ensure we didn't get entirely lost. Poor Becks and MessengerBoy were afflicted with the usual issue that dog-owning Hashers suffer from. First one, then the other black Labrador stopped, adopted a straining pose and strained expression and, um, lightened their load. Meaning, of course, that their responsible human companions adopted a stoic expression and plied an appropriate plastic bag.

Standing at the top of a grassy hill Dumber surveyed the spread-out Hashers below us who were desperately trying to find the Trail. "On Back!" he yelled. Cloggs, standing motionless beside me, drolly observed, "We haven't gone anywhere yet." Love a bit of dry humour.



There was a fair bit of confusion in one of Tilehurst's built-up areas when the Pack decided to follow Billy's call of "On On!" only to find, naturally, that he'd led us the wrong way. Mind you, Dumber seemed very keen on keeping the Pack together using sneaky mis-direction. Even, later, laying an arrow that led a group of us down a narrow footpath before calling us back to the actual Trail.

We slithered up a very slippery shiggy hill through woodland. Twanky almost slid back on to me and immediately blamed it on SlowSucker, who he claimed had slid into **him**. While this was going on I could hear Desperate and Cloggs behind me holding a deeply important conversation about hummus. Strange, But that's the Hash. We finally came out on top of the hill on to an open space area where the Hash View was located. It was a grand and sweeping view over the woodland and Reading below. Here's a picture of the happy Hash Viewers.



As we left the site, Shitfer sidled over to me and whispered, "I had quite an experience there..." I waited breathlessly for the explanation but... nothing. Shitfer was distracted by Cerberus and merely stonked off on his sticks. He, of course, is the squatting fellow in the picture above, wearing the 'David' apron.

Another good thing about this Trail was that the runners and walkers met quite often. Again, clever Trail laying. Pyro and I were shuffling later through damp, leaf-strewn woodland behind walker Foghorn when she suddenly exclaimed, "Foghorn! Was that a fart?!" Since he'd coughed I hadn't heard any offending gaseous release. A fair bit of discussion ensued between Pyro and Foggy after which she turned to me and explained, "Actually it wasn't. Different orifice." To be frank, I had never and certainly don't intend in the future, to put the words 'Foghorn' and 'orifice' in any sentence I either utter or write. I recommend you don't either.

We reached the second of the loops where the start and end were almost together. There was a medium and long split here. Some of us were at the top of a steep slope and could see the FRBs running one way, then another as they struggled to find flour. Hare Lungs advised us that the longer Trail contained exceptionally slippery hills... Decision made, A small, elite, group, led by the sticky (he uses a couple of sticks) Shitfer sped off back through Blundells Copse Nature Reserve. BGB, Cerberus, NonStick and I hurtled along and up and down the narrow shiggy path. We were actually caught up by walker Shifty. Which probably shows how fast we were going.

The Pack caught up with us at the entrance of a sports field where a Field Check awaited us. Kate stopped and turned to ask, "Does anyone have any feelings?" If she'd added, "where the Trail goes" I wouldn't have been able to answer her, with a coquettish lift of my eyebrows, "I've got a few and perhaps we could discuss them later." The kindly, sympathetic look she gave me said it all visually. "You pathetic git. Go and boil your head." Fair points. Well made. 😊

There followed a reasonably short urban trot with NappyRash and Dumber. There was just a small tarmac loop before the On Inn because, as Dumber explained, "We'd slightly underestimated the Trail distance." Between 3 and 7 miles, presumably.

As mentioned, this was a cleverly executed and most enjoyable Trail. Our thanks to the Hares.

On On Hashgate

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

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk



Down Downs

Following the kind provision of chilli and bread by our pub hosts, RA Motox eventually awarded the following in the rapidly cooling, breezy pub garden.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
CanalBobb	On Friday night, with Gnasher driving, Bobb spotted a deer up ahead. He immediately thought of a 'rabbit in the headlights' and called out, "Mind that rabbit!"
Slapper	Arriving after all the pub parking spaces had been taken he nearly parked in some allotments.
Florence	Originally went to the wrong pub and, according to the RA, got a bit stropy during the Trail.
MessengerBoy	Today's Hash Crasher.
Betsy, Twanky	Happy birthday to them!
Twanky	He 'helped' Shitfer up a mud-slippery hill by pushing on his bottom, telling him that he would grease it later!
Betsy	Following a vote, she was named 'Plod' because she tried to give her slightly small shoes to Dunny, runs very fast and is known to the police... as a member of the force, I might add. 😊 RA Motox and Ms Whiplash applied the beer and flour – see below.
Mr and Mrs Blobby	Moaning to the RA on how long it was taking to get the Down Downs started.
BGB	Passed the 'David' apron by Shitfer for pining for Crusty while she is away in the Philippines.
Dumb, Dumber, Lungs	Today's Hares. Dumb experienced a minor blowback about ¾ down.



Plod is named...and concentrates on ensuring her beer is not flour-compromised.

Future Hashes (Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2330	19Mar23	The Sun Inn Hill Bottom Cl, Whitchurch Hill, Reading RG8 7PU What3Words: clockwork.soothing.cheese Please Park in the field rear of the pub. Toilets will be open	Foxy Floater

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Coach & Horses

The Street, Rotherwick,
Hook RG27 9BG

What3Words:dean.headers.trifle

Hamlet

CabinBuoy

