

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2342 12Jun23
Hash Location:	Pangbourne Working Men's Club
Hares:	Plod and son Joseph, Mark, Pimp

Mostly Non-Working Men and Women



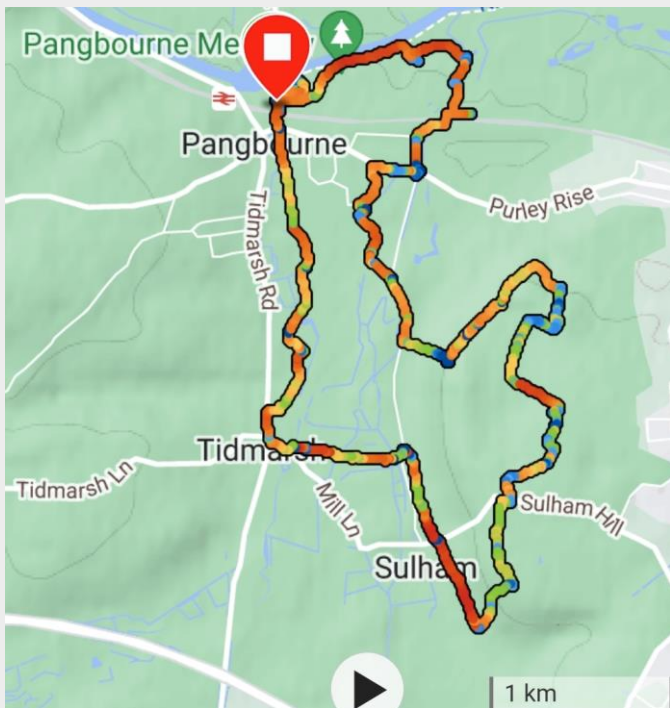
Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate NappyRash Foghorn Motox Gannet Dumb Dumber MessengerBoy and dog Willow Dunny Rampant NoStyle ChocChuck and dog Bonnie WetWipe HashTray Gnasher CanalBobb Iceman Spot Caboose Crusty BGB FlashBangWallop C5 Utopia Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby SweetPee Agatha TreeT Cockup AWOL NoSole Slapper Twanky Swallow SlowSucker Pyro Valhalla SkinnyDipper Florence Zebedee Lonely Wimpey Dorothy Fiddler

Here's a picture of a working man for the ladies.

A Plod Around Pangbourne

In these Culture Wars days it's reassuring that a working men's club can still retain its name. It is, of course, an historical institution that nowadays welcomes everyone. Rather like BH³, then. 😊 Donut and I chatted to the lady behind the bar and she was alternately fascinated and in fits of laughter at our Hash names. We gave her some information about us so maybe she'll join us in the future.

Our Hares had apparently worked hard to provide us with what amounted to 4 Trails. They told us at the



Circle that there were 4, 5 and, roughly (gulp!) 7 mile Trails for the runners and walkers should follow arrows whenever they saw them. Here's a graphic of the longer route as kindly supplied by NappyRash, who was perspiring a tad after his 7.63 mile run.

We welcomed returnees Crusty and FlashBangWallop after their lengthy sabbaticals. Great to see 'em again.

This evening your Scribe decided to join the walkers. My morning 6-mile slog in the oven-like heat around the hills by Nettlebed with friends had already sapped what little energy I had. It was just too embarrassing to be a gasping husk miles behind the Pack.

We set off, a jostling pack of striders and amblers, towards the river. It was a sticky, hot evening and the smell of the grass bank and sight of the cool-looking water was very welcome. I found myself in the pleasant company of Swallow and SlowSucker,

acknowledging the "Hello's" from runners such as C5, MessengerBoy and Mr Blobby. Though SlowSucker and I stomped on solidly at the front of the group for a while we were eventually joined by Foghorn, Swallow, Crusty and BGB. The latter two stonked on ahead, which was a bit of a shame since they led us the wrong way twice. However, we forgave them because we were enjoying our stroll so much. BGB also had an issue with duck identification. I pointed out to him a couple of our feathered friends quacking quietly on the grass in front of a house. Could he see them? No he could not. I had to explain that ducks had feathers, beaks



and webbed feet and looked just like “those two over there” before the penny dropped. “Oh er, yeah...” he gibbered.

We staggered up a steep hill in a field to enter shady Sulham woods... and another, steeper bit through the forest. Here's a picture of some of the mountaineers: Swallow, Crusty, SlowSucker and Motox. I can tell it was steep because my recording of the climb sounds like a cross between an unfit 90-year old and a very excited telephone call perv. Talking of which, Motox became very excited when we entered the forest because there were flour signs 'S' and 'M'. Everyone else, of course, knew this meant 'S'hort and 'M'edium Trails. Just as well, perhaps, Ms Whiplash wasn't with us...



SlowSucker signals that we will be in the forest in 2 minutes.

A short wander more or less along the edge of the forest and we were scrambling back down a steep slope. Which led to a very welcome Beer Stop... with Adam's Ale. Mark had the back of his car open and was dispensing deliciously refreshing, cold water, squash and flapjack pieces. The water was so cold it almost burnt our palates but, boy, did it revive us in the humidity of the evening.

We left Mark with grateful thanks and the task of clearing up after us. We were heading for that delightful little path that runs alongside the silently flowing River Pang. If you've never been along it I recommend it. Either direction from Pangbourne to The Greyhound at Tidmarsh or vice versa. Valhalla, Motox, Agatha, Crusty *et al* enjoyed the serenity (except for the occasional calls of, “On On”), until we skipped over a little bridge and made our way through the grassy common towards the outskirts of Pangbourne.

I found myself with SlowSucker at the front of our group; the pace increasing as his competitive nature kicked in. We yomped along a narrow track towards houses that border a dead-end road and one that I know well. So I found it quite amusing that SlowSucker suddenly shot off to the right down an alley, killing stone dead any chance he'd had of 'winning'. 😊 BGB caught up and we both laughed at the sight of the 'On Inn'. It's arrow pointed in the direction we should go. The phrase had been written the other way round! Great fun!

A most enjoyable Trail was laid by our Hares. As mentioned, your Scribe was too lazy to do the run but NappyRash, Mr Blobby and others said how much they enjoyed it... despite its length. Many thanks especially for the water stop. Perhaps we should name Mark Gunga Din or Aquarius?

I will be at the BH³ Hash Holiday in West Bay next week so apologies in advance for the lack of a Gobsheet. However, there will be a West Bay diary. This will be available on the BH³ website a week or two after we return and I hope you'll enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy writing it. If you'd like to laugh at what happened last time we went away, check out the link on the website home page.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

RA Motox presented the following (with occasional breaks while a high-speed train whirred noisily by on the nearby bridge) in the still-light-at-10-o'clock frontage of the club.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Gnasher	She was stung, allegedly by a 'Box Jellyfish' (according to Twanky). Dumb offered to "wee on it if that would help?" Her kind offer was politely declined.
Donut	Refusing the healthy post-Trail doughnut proffered by Motox to several people.
Crusty	Our returnee.
Rampant	Falling, rolling and getting up almost in one move. Hi Army training kicked in apparently.
Dumber	Hash Crashed at least three times. C5 and Mr Blobby looked on enviously ('we dream of three or more falls') as Dumber suffered serious beer blowback and spluttering.
Fiddler	Begging for money to buy a beer and running 9 miles(!) during the trail.
Slapper	Living up to his name and slapping AWOL on the rear last week. #MeToo, surely?
Florence	Achieved her 1200 th Hash. She was presented with her magnificent badge by Hon. Pres. Hashgate. Picture below.
MessengerBoy	Confusing the Pack by constantly calling "Willow" to find his dog, which sounded to the runners like "on on".
Twanky	Allegedly falsifying the sea animal 'Box Jellyfish'. In actual fact, there are such creatures. They are cnidarian invertebrates. Who knew? 😊
Plod, Mark, Pimp	The evening's Hares.



Florence receives her 1200 Hashes award from Hon. Pres. Hashgate.

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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>
2343	19Jun23	The Fox Inn High Street, Hermitage, RG18 9RB What3words: negotiators.owns.obey	AWOL NoStyle
n/a	21Jun23 Wednesday	STARTS 4.35 AM Longest Day Sunrise Hash Whittenham Clumps Little Whittenham Road What3words: comfort.obtain.manages	Spot
2344	26Jun23	Village Club Nettlebed 32 High Street, Henley-On-Thames RG9 5DD What3words: imperious.blaring.goodbye Park at hall and car park opposite.	Pyro

