



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

Our Just Giving page is <https://share.google/i83sCeavtlwhGzH20>

Hash Number and Date: 2486 15Mar26

Location: Stoke Row Recreation Ground

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

CAFÉ SOCIETY,



WaveRider NappyRash Donut Hashgate Slips Snowy Spot Gannet Dumber Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Pimp WellLaid MessengerBoy and dog Willow SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Milo Crawler EverReady and dog Sydney BaronMouthful Skylark Posh Bomber TC TreeT Swallow SlowSucker Cuddles SexSlave LittleRabbit Motox Foghorn Iceman Twanky Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Linda Desperate Shitfer C5 AWOL TinOpener Lilo and dog Flora Aqua Nick NoSole Slapper Gnasher CanalBobb Zebedee Florence Lungs HappyFeet Doormat Fiddler Itsyor Number2

THE COFFEE AND CAKE HASH

Baristas Dunny and Rampant stood in the car park as Hashers began to drive in. Since they were expecting quite a few cars and the grassy area that had been parked on previously had been fenced off, space was going to be tight and a jigsaw, or as Iceman observed, a Jenga approach to parking would be necessary. Mind you, this hadn't stopped Gannet from parking just opposite the entrance on the only car-sized, grassy piece in the stone-covered car park. He'd proved that grass was not a good place to be by delighting a number of Hashers with his wheel-spinning. 😊 Despite the best efforts of our Hares/car park attendants, chaos capered manically about, especially when DoorMatt and HappyFeet arrived in a huge red van, causing those who had already parked and knew they needed to leave quickly later to rush to their cars, trying to shunt backwards and forwards to be nearer the exit. It was truly a pleasure to watch.

Since the time was just past 11 o'clock I had to call the Circle, even though some drivers were still inching about. Great to welcome BaronMouthful and Skylark and to see Nick, LittleRabbit (Cuddles and SexSlave's daughter) and TreeT rejoining us. I handed over to our Hares.

Dunny took the lead, telling us that there was a six-mile Trail, a shorter one from the Regroup (where Foxy's Beaver had been hidden) and a walking Trail. They'd obviously worked hard. Dunny continued with more detail. Quite lot of detail in fact. The information we liked best was aimed at the walking group. She told us we would go all the way down the hill and "when you get to the road, turn r..left!" With smiles, we discussed whether the almost mistake was due to a directional or vocal challenge. 😊 We On Outed, passing Fiddler and Itsyor who had only just arrived. The former lives "oop Narth" so could be forgiven for his tardiness. The latter... well, it's what he does. Nice to see them both. The photo shows the initial sunny surge down the hill, with PennyPitstop in the



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foreground, Lilo and Flora and Mrs Blobby by the tree, planted in 2016 in honour of the local Scout group. We plunged into the forest at the foot of this grassy hill, squelched our way down through a number of shiggy patches and popped out on to a narrow, tarmacked lane that ran left and right. Opposite us was a steep, off-road path where the runners had gone. Many of the walkers had followed them, Mrs Blobby, Motox, Lungs and MessengerBoy among them. Our small group consisted of Snowy, Slips, Swallow and me. We stopped. Snowy had a map that showed our route turned left and, of course, those of us who had listened to Hare Dunny earlier remembered her direction to turn left at the road. We called an "On Back!" to the sheep who were staggering breathlessly up the precipitous, slippery path. Some came back (sheepishly) and some didn't. Including MessengerBoy, who, after we'd completed the Trail, had the effrontery to accuse me of short-cutting. Until I pointed out that we'd clearly been instructed to turn left at the road. His dog, Willow, rolled her eyes and looked at me with a, "This is what I have to put up with." expression.

It all got a bit spread out from here. Mainly because there were any number of hills that split the sets of runners and walkers. I'm afraid I had to walk this week due to a serious and debilitating bout of man flu. So this Gobsheet has little to report about the runners and, since I mostly walked alone, damn little about the walking group. Luckily, the Hash always provides much content for your reporter and this Trail wound through some beautiful, sunny countryside so there's plenty to write about.

After walking with Foghorn for a while I stopped to tie up a shoelace before chatting to a lady who was walking her large, old, ambling Alsatian. "Would you mind telling me what you're all doing?" she queried in a beautifully modulated, cut-glass accent. I explained to her the basics of Hashing, who we were and where we were based on this day. "Yes, I've seen a number of runners." she began. "Some of them perhaps should not still be running?" I explained that certain members of our group, despite their age, are incredibly fit. "Hmm." She replied. "There was one chap who had bandages on both of his knees. He looked like an orthopaedic surgeon's dream." I managed not to choke with laughter and wished her a pleasant walk as I strode off.

The Ishree Bagh

When Reade designed the Ishree Bagh he named many elements in Hindustani to make clear the connection to the Maharajah - such as Muchlee Pokhara (a fish pond in the shape of a fish), Ishree Bagh (a Cherry tree plantation), Saya Khoond (a shady ravine), Purbhoo Teela (a mound) and Purbhoo Tal (a cattle pond). As Reade had spent his entire working life in the subcontinent and had been away from India for almost a decade, the Indian names perhaps had a reassuring nostalgic resonance for him.

For many years the connection to India was lost. However, Queen Elizabeth's visit to Benares (1961) was marked with a gift of a marble model of the Well from the then Maharajah and an invitation to Prince Philip to visit Stoke Row for the forthcoming centenary celebrations. As a result, on the 8th of April 1964 Prince Philip, accompanied by representatives of the Maharajah, visited the Well.

Significantly the representatives brought with them a vessel containing Holy Ganges water from Benares - believed to cleanse the soul of all sins. There followed a ceremonial mixing of the waters - perhaps making the Maharajah's Well's water the most holy outside of India.

Well Trustee Regulations

'Pasture and watering of cattle prohibited with Ishree Bagh, but exclusion not extended to sheep, lambs, or goats, to be penned and depasture fairly.'

'Carriages will be admitted through the entrance gate on the roadside, but horses must not be allowed to graze within the grounds. Parties on foot must enter and leave by the wicket gate, and those who desire to hold pic-nics in the season are at liberty to resort to the Ravine, and the shelter of the trees therein for that purpose.'

'All Persons are required to abstain from interference with the Fruit Trees, and other Trees, with the Fences, and with the ornamental Fish Ponds.' 15th December 1870 Edward Anderton Reade, Trustee.

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A while later I realised I was walking through the green area next to the Maharajah's Well in Stoke Row. This is named Ishree Bagh (Hindustani for a cherry tree plantation) and by the exit/entrance gate stands an information board. Here it is. A few years ago Donut and I were walking through here with Whinge and TC and Whinge was amazed to see that the man standing next to the Duke of Edinburgh on the occasion of his centenary celebration visit was none other than his grandfather!



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I strolled along Stoke Row's main road, enjoying the sight of the flowerpot men you see in this photo. I do hope the expressions on the faces don't match those of the occupants of the house. It's certainly a novel way to recycle plant and yoghurt pots.



Having turned into woodland again, Foghorn and I came across the Regroup where the Long and Short/Walk Trails split. Now we figured that the runners must have been through here well before us so we didn't search for Foxy's Beaver. However, we found out later that we must have got there before the runners so we could have claimed the kudos for finding our furry friend. Oh well. Maybe next time.

Foghorn went off on the Long and I sniffed and coughed my way via the Short, meeting a very friendly lady astride a lovely grey horse with superb, feathery hooves (the horse, not the lady). She let me go past and we exchanged optimistic views on the surprisingly warm weather.

A few more forest paths (where I caught a glimpse of Shitfer stumping along), a couple of slim, leaf-covered alleys and an uphill Quiet Lane and I was standing by a pig pen. Bit of a surprise but I suppose I was in the country. Here's a picture of it. The piggy in the foreground was fast asleep, enjoying the warmth of the sun. He uttered neither a squeal nor an oink and remained perfectly still even though I was next to him. As happy as a pig in...



At the triangular grass patch before you cross the road in Stoke Row to go to the recreation ground I was disappointed to notice that the small flock of aluminium sheep that have been there for ages, had disappeared. Victims of metal sheep rustling? Relocation? Always loved seeing them. Particularly since they were in a different position every time I did. Hopefully, they will return.

Back at the pavilion there was initially only MessengerBoy, Willow, LittleRabbit and the Guardian of the Cakes, Cuddles. She was rightly determined that no-one would start scoffing them until most people were back. Tick Police C5 and Florence backed this up superbly by telling us all (when everyone had returned) that no cake would be available until everyone had paid their Tick. Nice one!

There was a cornucopia of cakes and we all had more than enough. Thank you to everyone who brought a cake or savoury. Thank you also to Hares Dunny and Rampant for organising this event and laying excellent Trails.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

In the cosy environs of the pavilion, RA Gnasher awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Spot	Received a chocolate bar for (again!) finding Foxy's Beaver.
Twanky, Dunny	Happy Birthdays to them. Dunny enjoyed a Baileys.

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Skylark BaronMouthful	Today's very welcome visitors.
Gannet	At a kissing gate one of our lady Hashers bemoaned the fact that no-one kisses. Gannet informed her that, "If you were a bloke I might have thought about it." Hmm.
SlackBladder	According to the RA he was, "trying to get his leg over everywhere and being a bit of a tw*t."
Mrs Blobby Ms Whiplash	Discussing small penises during their walk. 4 inches is their criterion. During this Down several gentlemen Hashers breathed a sigh of relief. Though some didn't...
Dunny Rampant	Our Hares and cake and coffee hosts. Dunny enjoyed another Baileys. 😊
Cuddles	Awarded the 'David' apron by Number2 for her cake production and serving skills.

Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2487	22Mar26	The Fleur De Lys 30 Main Rd, East Hagbourne, Didcot OX11 9LN What3Words: /// defrost.wedding.thrashed StreetMap defrost.wedding.thrashed Park and Circle in the Village Hall Car Park What3Words: /// prospered.woof.acute StreetMap prospered.woof.acute	PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash
2488	29Mar26	The Six Bells Reading Rd, Burghfield, Reading RG30 3TH What3Words: /// stages.skips.cute StreetMap stages.skips.cute Park and gather round around the Recreation Ground What3words: /// gangs.keep.hint StreetMap gangs.keep.hint The Round the Houses R#n	Foxy