



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

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Hash Number and Date: 2508 10Aug26

Location: Wheel Orchard Car Park/The Miller of Mansfield, Goring

Hares: WellLaid, Pimp

FANS



Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop LemonySnicket Wimpey Dunny Rampant Motox Foghorn Spot HappyFeet Swallow SlowSucker Posh bomber FalseTart Shifty WaveRider NappyRash Cuddles SexSlave Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia C5 Legova SkinnyDipper WetWipe Caboose NoSole Slapper Foxy Floater Iceman SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Milo AWOL MadMoose Florence Zebedee Twanky MessengerBoy and dogs Willow and Pippa Kate John Pyro Itsyor Number2 Frabet DipStick

THE GEORGE MICHAEL HASH

Our Hares: WellLaid and Pimp had given us a George Michael theme for their Hash in the place where he had a house. This Gobsheet includes the titles of several of his songs. If you can tell the editor how many, he may buy you a drink...



Our Hares rock the Wham! look.

Slapper wore a tousled wig with a bandana that he fondly imagined George would have worn. I can't find a photo anywhere that supports his view but at least he made the effort. 😊 Bomber, like Donut and Hashgate, wore colourful beach shirts that echoed the Club Tropicana vibe and Motox told us that he'd channelled his inner George by hanging around the nearby public toilets.

At the Circle we welcomed virgin Hasher, John, who, we found out later, had worked in ICL some years ago on a sister project to the one that Florence and I were concerned with. Amazing these coincidental meetings, aren't they? Our Hares told us that there would be no Foxy's Beaver to find at the Regroup but they had hidden a Daisy's Dream bear for us to find. They mentioned that the runners' Trails were approximately 6 and 5 miles and the walking Trail about 3. With this careless whisper of information we were On Out in the heat of the evening.

Now the area around Goring and Streatley is really beautiful, despite the mainline railway running through it. The Thames meandered, placid and sparkling through the valley, the English countryside relaxed in the summer evening sunshine, the clear air carried very little sound. Perfect you'd think. However, drawbacks are the steep slopes and hills that line either side of the river valley. We, of course, started up one of the steepest.

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The narrow, flint-strewn path ascended along the side of the hill, with superb views behind us. It was like the edge of heaven. Perhaps it was looking at the views that caused Mr Blobby to trip on one of the many exposed roots and hurl himself into the grass by the side of the path. No harm done, fortunately and even more luckily no furry animal had recently relieved itself in the sward wherein Mr Blobby had plunged. He picked himself up; we stopped chuckling; we carried, breathlessly, on up.

Plunging down the steep chalk and flint hill after reaching the top I found myself behind SkinnyDipper and C5. She was telling him that she, “would be going all the way with you.” which gave me some pause for thought. C5, like many of us, was puffing and panting like an elephant seal with a nasal blockage. I really couldn’t see him keeping up with Skinny...

Now the other point about laying a Trail in this area is that there aren’t many places where you can put down Checks. The paths are lengthy, with few turn offs. Thus it was that Caboose, C5, Mr Blobby and I (all enjoying a variety of injuries and illnesses) found our selves right at the back of the Pack. But we had faith in our Hares’ Trail-laying and continued ever upwards into a forest, the sound of the Pack becoming fainter and fainter.

At least we could see the Hares at this point. It meant we didn’t carry straight on when the Trail turned a different corner, almost back on itself. Since we haven’t included a photo on this page yet and I realise that some of our readers have the attention span of a mosquito on meth, here’s one I took that perfectly illustrates how beautiful this area is. Enjoy. I’m sure those of you who ran this way did.



This was the view from the top of the steep hill in [Hartslock Nature Reserve](#) where rare plants, particularly orchids grow during certain periods during the year. At the top of this hill is a bench, where the above view stretches out magnificently in front of those seated there. There were two ladies doing just that, enjoying the view and a small



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picnic. Or they were enjoying them until the Hash burst across in front of them. 😊 They were very polite and wished us a “Good evening”. We scuttled away down the steep hill on the other side, where we came across SkinnyDipper, who was standing by the gate at the bottom. She had kindly waited in order to tell us where, a little further on, was a short cut that would take a mile off the Trail. Nice of her. She trotted off down the narrow, flint and pebble path and we followed, at a more sedate pace. It was hot work. It seems to have been hot since at least last Christmas so we were pleased to have an excuse to stop and chat to a couple of friends in the field next to where we were. The two bad boys were donkeys, proudly displaying the crosses on their backs and approaching the wire fence for a stroke and with vain equine optimism that I might have a couple of carrots hidden about my person. Sorry, chaps.

Mr Blobby, C5 and I reached the point where the Trails split. There was really no choice for us – we carried straight on, on the alleged ‘Short’ Trail. By the time we’d got back to the car park we’d done approximately 4.5 miles so I guess it wasn’t all that ‘short’. 😊 We had a long, straight trot past a series of rather expensive-looking houses, drifted past the railway station, then turned into the back road that led to the car park and a promise of a refreshing drink. Apologies to the runners, who don’t get a mention today. NappyRash did mention, later in the pub, that the run along the towpath by the river was something of a race – so I’m glad we didn’t do that. 😊

Our thanks to the Hares for laying a fine Trail through this beautiful countryside. Lovely evening.

On On Hashgate



Here's one of the donkeys. The blighter turned away just as I was ready to take his photo.

DOWN DOWNS

RA Foxy presented the following in the pleasant environs of the pub (paved) garden. We enjoyed cakes brought by Legova and Cuddles, whose birthdays they were celebrating. Thanks to them – delicious!

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Rampant	He found the Daisy’s Dream bear and received a Sucker chocolate bar.
Floater	He tried to run several people over in his Merc. We sang him the Janis Joplin song: ‘Mercedes Benz’. Well, part of it.
Dlpstick	He crept up on a heron to take a stunning wildlife photo before realising it was actually made of plastic!
NappyRash	Telling Kate, when she ran into a tree, that she should be wearing a helmet.
Slapper	Wearing that awful wig and bandana.
Mr Blobby	C5 presented him with a ‘mucky puddle’ drink for falling over yet again. He drank it in one – well done! 😊
Foxy	Being a Womble by carrying glass that she’d picked up on the Trail for about 5 miles. What a woman! We sang the Wombling song to her.

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John	The evening's Hash virgin quaffed his Down superbly.
Cuddles, Legova	Happy Birthday to them!
WellLaid, Pimp	Our Hares. He was well beaten but said to his lady, "I'm your man." 😊

Future Hashes – starting at 19:00 Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2509	17Aug26	The Woodcutters Horndean Road Bracknell RG12 0XQ What3Words: ///trails.swept.tour StreetMap trails.swept.tour	SkinnyDipper Spot
2510	24Aug26	Theme - "What I was wearing when the ship went down" The Packhorse Woodcote Rd, Mapledurham, Reading RG4 7UG What3Words: ///truth.race.vote StreetMap truth.race.vote	Hashgate Donut TC



WaveRider in full-on Wham! mode.

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