

THE HASHLESS TIMES

This is going to be a C****av***s-free Gobsheet. We've had enough of the damn thing and even the farcical toleration of mass protest groups versus the denial of close contact with one's relatives hardly evokes a smile.

So let's talk about pussycats! Every morning around 8 o'clock, along the road towards the little gate that leads into the allotment opposite our house, purposefully pads a sleek black-and-white cat. He graces the lives of a nearby neighbour by living at their house and allowing them to feed him. He has a great human-given name, which is Chairman Mao. Love it! Of course, those of you who have read T.S.Eliot's book, Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats or who have seen the show Cats, will know that cats actually have three (yes, three!) names. In the poem, The Naming of Cats, Eliot writes:-

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,
It isn't just one of your holiday games;
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.

They have one name that is used daily by the family they live with. Then a name that is particular and peculiar to them – no other cat has the same name. Examples are Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat. Finally, there is the name that is known only by the cat itself. As Eliot explains:-

The name that no human research can discover--
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,
The reason, I tell you, is always the same:
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name:
His ineffable effable
Effanineffable
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.

Which is why Chairman Mao occasionally seats himself neatly and furrily by the allotment gate and regards the overgrown ditch running alongside the road in a remotely contemplative manner, staring into metaphysical space with an almost frightening intensity for some time, before easing himself up and jumping through the bars of the gate to continue his territorial patrol. Two times this week I've seen him scurrying back home later with 'presents'; the first a large and very dead rat (nice job – we could use him in our garden) , the second, also bereft of worldly cares, apparently adorned with plumage (naughty – but that's what they do). I'd like to provide you with a photograph of this feline character but I don't yet have his permission and you know how gnarly data protection laws can be. Instead, here are a couple of pictures of pussycats I hope you'll like as much as I do. 😊



SPOT ON...

Spot kindly sent in the below musings for publication. Thanks Spot!

Written in mid-May. From the chain gang.

While out cycling with Fritz around the Frilsham area, Fritz had a phone call, which gave me a break for ten minutes so. We had stopped next to a beautiful meadow of buttercups with horses grazing and this set off a chain of thoughts.

It reminded me of when I first started hashing in May 1989 and how this virus has a lot to answer for.

First of all, I'm not hashing on my Hash Birthday and the virus has put paid to our 2222 celebration in June that we were all so looking forward to.

The jinks [not Jenks] goes further back - most of you will remember our 1234 weekend that was cancelled due to foot and mouth in 2001.

Going farther back, in 1987 when Berkshire were hosting Nash Hash, the beer ran dry [beer famine]. Something that's gone down in Hash folklore.

So we have had: a beer famine

an animal pandemic

a human pandemic

I wonder what will be next?! I think that Nostradamus made a prediction that in 2030 there would be a return of Wallyitus.

You have been warned,

On On, Spot.

'NOT THE HASH` - 7TH JUNE 2020

Mr Blobby sent his report of the weekend's Not Hash. I'm a little concerned that he gave Twanky a 'proper job' prior to their run... And what is it with C5 and Hash Crashes?!

Today's Not Hash started from Silchester Village Hall car park, with the ceremonial hand-over of the apron. I gave Twanky a 'proper job' before we started. I also gave him the apron and a Maharajah IPA from West Berks Brewery. C5 was late arriving. I think he was still basking in the glory of his quiz victory of the previous evening.

We headed off to Silchester Common in bright sunshine. It was perfect running weather and we felt great as we ran through the Gorse.

We meandered our way across the common, before leaving to enter Pamber Forest. It was here we encountered the usual water hazard. It's interesting to compare the styles in crossing the water hazard. C5 wobbling, Twanky balletic and yours truly athletic!!





From there we climbed up out of the forest and headed for Tadley Common.

On Tadley Common Twanky decided to take on the fitness trail doing his impression of a streamlined Jumbo Jet.



One that had jettisoned its cargo bay and its undercarriage.

We wended our way over the common, crossing the Silchester Road and then followed footpaths through fields and woods to cross the Soke Road and enter Aldermaston Soke.

It was here that C5 had another hash crash, tripping on a tree root and falling on his dodgy shoulder, but the man is tough as old nails. He picked himself up and carried on. He ran on for a while and hadn't fallen over for a while, so I turned round to him and said you seemed to have solved the 'root cause' of your falling. This led to some five minutes of relentless puns on trees and falling, including barking up the wrong tree and boughing out on a high, etc.....

While we were running along I spotted a blue butterfly on a rock. I stopped in my tracks and went back for a closer look. Only to find that someone had left this beautifully painted pebble by the side of the track. We carried on across Kings Road and followed the trail back to the car park completing an 8 mile trail.



I got home, had some lunch and we decided to go for a walk over Kingsclere way. So Mrs B selected a flat 3.5 mile walk for us to do, however the directions weren't that good and so we started by walking down beside the



dual carriageway. The directions didn't improve and we ended up walking 7.5 miles!! But we did walk along some lovely paths including one through a meadow of buttercups containing hundreds of Meadow Brown butterflies.



On On to next week's 'Not Hash'.

THE BH³ HASH NAME QUIZ

Let's have a bit of light-hearted fun with a BH³ Hash name quiz. I'll do some of these every week, in no particular order. See if you can figure out who our Hashers are from the slightly cryptic clues. Award yourself an extra point if you know their real name.

Note that Hashers only have two names – it's cats that have three! Answers in next week's Gobsheet. Enjoy!

| Clue | Hash Name | Real Name |
|--|-----------|-----------|
| In the theatre of life, he's a bit of a pantomime character. | | |
| You'd think he doesn't have many friends. But he does. | | |
| Is he a Dane? No. Perhaps you can smoke him out? | | |
| She may have a cat... o' nine tails! | | |
| He may spot you, if he can see you! | | |

I tried this out on Donut to see if it would work. She asked me to let you know that she got three (including the real names). The third and the fifth foxed her and a forehead smack and a "Doh!" were her response when I gave her the answers. 😊

SOCIALLY DISTANCED PICNIC

Finally, I thought you'd like to see how Donut and I entertained (at a distance) WaveRider and NappyRash, following the Government's decision to allow up to six people to visit. We were originally going to use our garden but the weather was cold and rain was expected. A light-bulb idea saw us clear out the garage, pin up old Hash T-shirts round the walls, lay the floor with old carpet



pieces, bring in the table and garden chairs and plug in some music. We split food plates, knives and forks and booze and sat two metres away from each other with the garage door open. Worked perfectly and a fun time was had. It was very nice to have someone round for the first time in almost three months. And quite interesting watching WaveRider get on her bike when she left, after a couple of beers and a rather large gin and tonic. 😊

Take good care of yourselves.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

If anyone has something they would like to see in the Gobsheet, either send it to your reporter/editor/tea boy/floor mopper at hashgate@hotmail.com or to Iceman at the address above.