

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

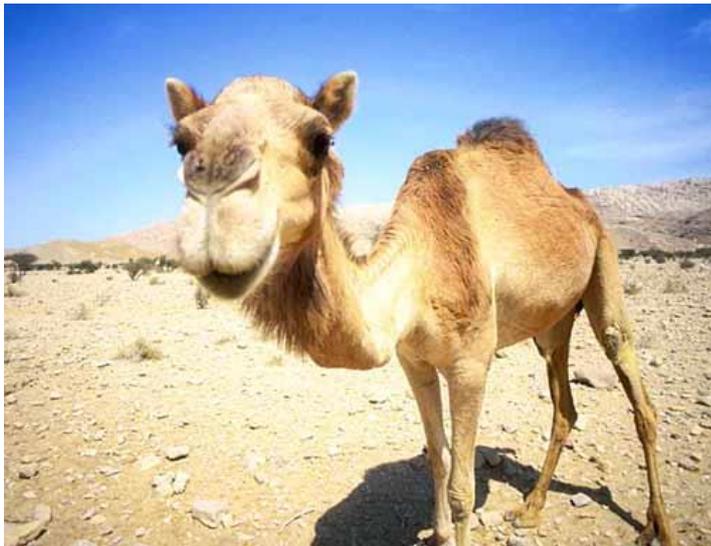
Run Number: 1957 25May15
Venue: The Pack Horse, Chazey Heath
Hares: Bomber, Posh

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

The Pack

Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia Donut Hashgate Desperate Shitfor Cerberus BillyBullshit TC Whinge WaveRider Motox JJ Aqua Don (now CouchPotato) Florence Zebedee OldFart Caboose C5 TT2 Lonely TinOpener Spot MessengerBoy Slowsucker Swallow Foghorn Iceman OutdoorPursuits BGB Slapper NoSole Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop DampPatch Spex LoudonTasteless Rampant Dunny Pinky Pyro

Home Thoughts From Abroad



No. Not the Robert Browning poem but me, sitting in Dubai airport at 12:50 in the morning local time, writing this Gobsheet. Curiously, the TV in the lounge is showing Norwich City's triumphal return to the Premiership.

But to the Hash, which was set on a very pleasant evening, the air still and warm. Almost sticky. Slapper instituted proceedings by reminding us that 1957, the year that matches this Hash number, was the year that the computer programming language Fortran was unleashed on to the world, Sputnik circled the earth and the unfortunately named and not universally accepted Wankel engine invented.

Prior to this Mrs Blobby and Utopia drew my attention to the large advertising board by the side of the road which read 'We're making some changes to our wine list. Some delicious enteries coming in.' New word? Typo? We settled on spelling mistake finding it quite amusing.

Despite the fact that Zebedee had informed his brother, TT2, that the Hash was at The Pack Saddle instead of The Pack Horse the lad managed to turn up at the correct pub. And, surprise, surprise, Zebedee and Florence arrived later than they did ☺

Florence was a tad unlucky early on, tripping over an extending root and essaying a perfect face plant in possibly the only patch of mud for miles. Luckily, she missed the various branches and sticks lying around and seemed to be ok so Slapper and I discussed the various merits of mud facepacks while others assisted the lady to her feet and brushed off the sticky bits.

While we trotted, a little lost, through the early forest I thought Desperate was being a tad rude to me. I went to the barber's recently so was a bit miffed when she turned to me and said, "What a haircut!" And then I realised she was looking past me and actually talking about, and to, Pyro's dog.

We ran past a lovely, green, buttercupped (maybe not a real word but you know what I mean) meadow with two tiny ponies staring curiously out of their shed at us. We enjoyed what the Hares had described as a 'Greenfly' loop, referring to a fast and long running Hasher from some time ago. We had figured that this might involve a couple of miles of all-out running but it was actually the longer run round a large green field. As Bomber put it. "It's green and you can fly round it." Such a wag.

Time is getting on and my eyeballs are beginning to complain so I'll wrap up this Gobsheet by saying we had a generally enjoyable run through some fine countryside – though that last long uphill drag was a touch heavy going. Obviously so for Aqua, who couldn't lift her weary foot over another of those roots right at the end of the run, in sight of the car park, and emulated Flo's earlier face plant. Fortunately, again, no real harm was done.

Thanks to our Hares... and to next week's Gobsheet writer, since I will be in India. It's Billy☺. He informs me he has finally found the caps lock key so I guess you're in for a real treat. Enjoy!

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

Unfortunately, no letters were received in our Letters department this week. No doubt a flood will be received in a couple of weeks. We look forward to your efforts.

Down Downs

Florence for face planting. We sang 'Mud, Mud Glorious Mud' to her

Hashgate – allegedly using innuendo willy-nilly

Don – named 'CouchPotato' since he does so many sporting things

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
1959	08Jun15	SU706804	The Hare & Hounds Woodlands Rd, Sonning Common RG4 9TE Please park on the road and pre-book meals	Hashgate Donut
1960	15Jun15	SU694640	The Elm Tree Beech Hill Road, Beech Hill, Reading RG7 2AZ	Slapper Dr Pooh
Extra	21sJun15 4.30am		Longest Day Sunrise Hash TBC	Spot