

# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2048 19Feb17  
Venue: The Ship, Ashford Hill  
Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

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## Shipmates



WaveRider Nappyrash Donut Hashgate C4 MessengerBoy CouchPotato Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop FalseTart Shifty OldFart Spot Motox Iceman Twanky Chopstix Shandyman StraddleVarious Foghorn Kate BGB OutdoorPursuits TC Whinge Potty Nutty DoorMatt HappyFeet Dumber Mrs Blobby Uplift LittleStiffy Slackbladder and dog Masie TinOpener and dog Minx RandyMandy George BlindPew Cloggs NonStick Hamlet Slapper PissQuick Glittertits Slippery Snowy Caboose FlashBangWallop Tequilova AWOL Dunny Rampant Dan Ness Squidge and a bunch of R2D2 Hashers

## The Fairy T(r)ail

Firstly, I must offer this pamphlet's apologies to OldFart. Last week's edition included a fascinating article, supplied by him, about the pubs owned and run in Reading by OldFart's family. Unfortunately, due to a compositor's error, it was written that it was his father, instead of Grandfather, who was the landlord. As OldFart mentioned to me, if this was correct, people would think he is even older than he actually is. The entire editorial team grovels before you, sir.

This piece is entitled 'The Fairy T(r)ail' since a certain element of the Trail laying seemed to have been the subject of fanciful invention. In short, the flour. At multiple points along the way the Hares scratched their heads in puzzlement, advising the confused Pack that, "Well, we only laid it a couple of hours ago and it's gone." No doubt, the voracious, woodland badger population, deprived of fresh hedgehogs by their own over-(um)grazing, followed our two Hares as they skipped through the forest, nipping out of the bracken to feast on the plentiful Homepride that they found there. Whatever caused it, a lot of flour was missing and we took great delight in moaning to Mr Blobby and C5. Mind you, it kept the Pack together so that was a good thing. Here's one eyeing up a floury Check on a tree trunk.



It's often difficult to get going at the start of Hashes and WaveRider, FalseTart and Shifty were no exceptions this morning. The former resorted to drugs (ok, asthma puffer) to get in some oxygen, while the latter two joined me in a gasping drag up that first hill, past the snowdrops. Delightful! Spring must be finally on the way. When we finally topped the hill we were greeted with the sight of HappyFeet standing imperiously by a log with one foot on it and her aptly name DoorMatt tying up the shoelace on her brand new running shoe – she paid for this later with a Down Down.

An issue mentioned by our Hares earlier was the plethora of 'Keep Out!' and 'Private!' signs that littered the forest, shouting at us at almost every turn of the Trail. My favourite was 'Deer stalking. Keep to the paths!' I had visions of deer creeping silently among the trees, crawling on their bellies and slotting a couple of cartridges quietly into their over-and-under shotguns before carefully sighting at a Hasher who had become separated from the other Pack animals. An ear-smarting "Bam!", the Hasher drops gracefully (in contrast to their running style) and the deer hoof-high-five it. Another bag for the cull.

Not long after the mental road-crash that was the first Bar (Doh! How did we miss that?) the First of the two Regroups appeared. Cue a lot more confusion as half the Pack went of one way, most of the rest the other, and Iceman yet another. Glittertits, seated magnificently if muddily on his bike, and I discussed the odds on Iceman Getting It Right. We figured at least 500-1 and a lot less on a myopic badger mistaking him for a bag of Highland flour (McDougalls then?). Wouldn't you just know it?! Our Gaelic friend was 100% on the button and finding blobs all over the place. Just as well we didn't lay money down...

We followed him at pace. Well, as fast as we could slip and slide in the rutted shiggy. Coming towards us was a lady on a large horse and we stood to one side. Not a flicker of thanks sullied the thin line of her lips. This was one of those horse people that live in a different world from humankind. They regard anyone who has less than four legs as an abomination and an affront to equine company. As she drew level the birds seemed to stop tweeting and the sun hid behind a cloud. She was almost as large as the horse and I was most amused to see she was wearing one of those fluorescent bibs with writing on the back which read, "Please pass. Wide and Slow." Perhaps I mistyped the fullstop... ☺

Shandyman and I investigated a possible from a Check. Just as we reached the inevitable 'F' a pheasant rocketed out the undergrowth with a flapping whirrrrr and a lot of guttural clucking. As one,



we looked at each other, "F' for Feasant!" we chortled. Ah, how the mentally challenged are so easily amused. At least we can bask in the glorious knowledge that pheasants are a lot less clever than we are.

All right, it's a frigate bird. Anyone can get confused in Google. 's a bird innit?

And then we were running by the side of a horse race track. All on its own in the country. No grandstands, owner's enclosure, bars, bookies or indeed, horses. Just a well-raked cinder track. Someone has an expensive hobby. A hobby horse, you might say.

The second and final Regroup appeared, after a lot of whirling about in a forest. C5 finally appeared and advised us that there was a 'very Short' Trail and a Long Trail with a short cut in it if anybody wanted it. Most decided on the Long. And indeed, decided to go entirely the wrong way down a rather steep track. Yes, it was a bit of a *schlep* back up, then across to the other steep track. At least it was downhill again. So we enjoyed a bit of a hack for what C5 described as 'a kilometre and a quarter'. We also enjoyed a bit of eccentric Trail-laying when we came across a One-Blob Check followed by a Bar. Now the idea of a One-Blob-Check is that the first flour you find is On. Thus, Tequilova and I were a mite confused as to whether we should go back or continue and hopped about on one leg for a bit in an agony of indecision until C5 sprinted obliviously by, chatting to Dunny. Another ½ mile downhill across uneven, boggy land finally saw us slip out on to the road by the pub along with the Short Trailers and walkers. Nicely coming together at the end. A great relief to us all. Especially since we knew the kindly landlord was handing out chips and baps today. Very nice they were too.

Great to see our friends from R2D2 today and I'm sure they enjoyed this Trail as much as BH<sup>3</sup>. Thanks C5 and Mr Blobby; a masterly effort.

On On. **Hashgate.**

## Thought for the Day

Should you wish to write a letter to The Gobsheet it will, of course, be published. This little section will now contain a thought. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

Today's text is lifted verbatim from 20<sup>th</sup> February Daily Telegraph Obituaries. Due to a) laziness on the part of your reporter, and b) the interesting puzzle it contains. If anyone has a clue on how to solve this The Gobsheet will be pleased to purchase you an aperitif of your choice.

20 FEBRUARY 2017 • 7:01AM

Raymond Smullyan, who has died aged 97, was a magician, concert pianist, hippie and Taoist; he was also an accomplished logician, mathematician and professor of Philosophy at Indiana University credited by the logician George Boolos as the originator of the "hardest logic puzzle ever".

The puzzle goes as follows: Three gods A, B, and C are called, in no particular order, True, False, and Random. True always speaks truly, False always speaks falsely, but whether Random speaks truly or falsely is a random matter. Your task is to determine the identities of A, B, and C by asking three yes-no questions; each

question must be put to exactly one god, though you can ask the same god more than one question. The gods understand English, but will answer all questions in their own language, in which the words for yes and no are “da” and “ja”, though you don’t know which is which.

Good luck!

## Down Downs

RA Foghorn dragged us from the warmth of the pub to enjoy the pungent aroma of the nearby cesspit while awarding the Down Downs. Thank you Foggy...

### Who Got It

### Why

HappyFeet	New shoes and she was brave enough to drink her Down out of one. Excellent ‘on the toes’ style.
C4	Her birthday. Happy one to her.
Dan, Ness (I think)	Two of our virgins. Curiously one of them was pregnant!
RandyMandy	On accosting Glittertits with his bike going up a steep hill she said to him, “I’ll get on and you can push it right up.” Goodness!
BGB	Fell over by a bridge after refusing to assist another Hasher. Nice one.
PennyPitstop	Unable to find her way out of the pub toilet...
FlashBangWallop, Caboose	It took them an hour to walk to the pub from Midgham station... and they were going to have to walk back.
Mr Blobby, C5	Our Hares today.

## Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2050	05Mar17	<a href="#">SU821599</a>	Joint run with North Hants H3 The Cricketers Cricket Hill Lane Yateley GU46 6AW Overflow parking at Yateley Common Country Park car park	Cloggs NonStick
2051	12Mar17	<a href="#">SU821599</a>	The Swan Station Road Thatcham RG19 4QL	Snowy Slippery