

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

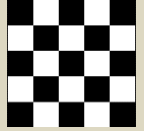
Run Number: 2055 10Apr17
Venue: The Bull and Chequers
Woodley Green, Reading
Hare: SkinnyDipper

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

Roustabouts



Lungs Donut Hashgate Georgie RandyMandy Swallow SlowSucker OldFart
Foghorn Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop BlowJob Stripper Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby
Utopia Desperate Shitfor TC Whinge Dunny Rampant Slapper
OutdoorPursuits Dorothy TinOpener Dumb HappyFeet Florence Zebedee Mel
Duncan C5 Tina Joe Caboose



All the Fun of the Fair

TEchnology! Pain in the bum! Not 20 yards from the pub, as we On Outed, the blasted batteries in my recording machine breathed their last. Closely followed, but 50 yards later, by the battery in my running watch. So this pamphlet is entirely from memory and I have no idea how far we actually ran – though, at the Gather Round, SkinnyDipper said it was about 5 miles. Felt more.

At this first summer evening Hash we were given interesting instructions by Skinny before we started. “If you see the Bar-7,” She said, “Ignore it. Just run straight over. However,” she continued, “Don’t run over the Bar-6. That’s a proper one.” Knowing how numerically (and just about everything else) challenged BH³ is I figured this was a recipe of Mary Berry proportion for disaster. “Oh, and can you please take some loose change with you?” Asked our smiling Hare. Cue quizzical looks all round. Why would we need loose change? We found out about half way round...

Whether there was a desperate need to get back to the pub for a drink or a fear of being caught in the dark, I don’t know, but the Pack set off at great speed through the urban jungle that is Woodley Green. People peered through their curtains at the oddly-dressed group that was running past the safety of their houses. We didn’t see very many people out on the streets but we did see lots of parked cars, houses, tarmac. It all blurred a little before we finally sneaked off into a track through green bushes. Bliss! We were off-road. Mind you, the ground beneath our pounding feet was rock-solid. You’d have thought the last time it had rained had been September. For those of an arthritic persuasion, it was not ideal.



After a long series of fairly straight eyeballs-out runs, we began to hear music. Jolly, friendly music emanating from a garden on our right. It was a calliope! Anyone unfamiliar with the term can click [here](#) to find out about it. Here’s a picture of one of these lovely old machines. If you’ve been to a steam fair you will certainly have heard one. As we turned the corner of this leafy, quiet road we could see bottles of water that had been set out for us in the house’s drive, behind which was the calliope, not a steam one but an electric version, pipes merrily spouting music, snare drums rattling, xylophone keys plinking. Wonderful

stuff! And we found out what the spare change was for. A sign by an (initially) empty bucket asked us to contribute some change for the charity Camp Mohawk (click <http://www.campmohawk.org.uk/> for details of the excellent work done). Skinny also asked us to put any spare money we had in a cap in the pub later. The amount in the cap came to £26.30 and Skinny reckons the bucket collected about another Fiver. She reported that she took the money to the charity this morning (Tuesday) so well done Skinny and all you generous people.

So why/how come the calliope. On behalf of our readership I interviewed Skinny later and she advised me that, during the Trail-laying she came across the gentleman house owner, as she put it, 'testing his organ in the garden'. I know, I quivered mentally at the thought too. Of course, Skinny couldn't resist the sight and went to investigate. Using her undoubted feminine wiles, Skinny persuaded the friendly chap to allow a rag-tag gaggle of Hashers on to his property to prance about in his garden, enjoying such delights as the organ pipe version of the Can-Can music and 'YMCA'! While I'm at it, if you'd like to hear 'Bohemian Rhapsody' played on a 100-year old calliope, click [here](#) and enjoy.

Oops! Running out of time here so will have to finish quite quickly. I really need to pack up work so I can devote more time to my reporting duties. 😊

We On Outed down that long straight road that led to the Land's End pub, thinking it was only a matter of time before we went wading through the ford where SkinnyDipper had gained her sobriquet, after plunging back-first into the stream some time ago. Ah. I still enjoy the thought. But no. Instead of getting wet feet we hurtled off towards the lake-surrounded area that was Twyford nature reserve. This was where the Bar-7 appeared and we duly ignored it as ordered. Only to enjoy the Bar-6 a little further on. 😊 It was quite a long haul back to the pub and somehow we caught up with striding walkers Whinge and Utopia as we re-entered the urban brick and tarmac of Woodley Green. The gloom was gathering as we returned to the welcoming pub after our first Summer Hash of 2017.

A fine Job, Skinny. And it's certainly raised the bar for following Trail layers. Thanks.

I shall be in foreign climes for the next couple of Hashes so next week you can enjoy the matchless prose of Shitfor, who has kindly agreed to write the Gobsheet Enjoy...

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.

Have you noticed how aware birds are? We currently have a garden full of blackbirds. There must be a couple of nests somewhere for there are young ones, mums and dads all scurrying about on the grass. Whether they are pecking at my nuts (perhaps I could have put that better), pulling the bark out of the beds for no good reason, fighting under the fuchsia, scooping up water from the bird bath, hopping about with a beak full of worms or sitting under a bush in the sun, feathers all puffed up and beak open, they are fearfully alert. Rarely still, they cock a beady black eye in one direction, then another, while changing position constantly. It must be flipping exhausting. Now contrast that with the typical mien of a Hasher. They bumble around, occasionally looking for flour and occasionally finding it. Or they hang about at Checks. Or sit in the pub, enjoying a drink. So ask yourself, would you rather be a blackbird or a Hasher? One could be pounced on by a pussycat at any moment. The other swans around in a cloud of confusion, enjoying him or herself. Difficult decision.



Down Downs

Intrepid RA Foghorn decided that, since a) the pub had cordoned off a large section of itself for our benefit, and b) the chance of getting the assembled throng out into the dark was nil, he would perform the awards inside. Wise move, Foghorn. 😊

I have to mention C5, who was busy collecting Tick and talking to people at the same time. Obviously a bloke who's multi-tasking facilities were not firing on all cylinders. Firstly, he gave me £8 change for our two Ticks even though he hadn't picked up the tenner that languished, unwanted on the table in front of me. Secondly, he picked up my pint glass, with its just under a ½ pint in it and started drinking, leaving his pint glass with a ¾ pint in it for me. Just so you know, I handed him the tenner... and we drank each other's beer.

Who Got It

SkinnyDipper
Mrs Blobby, Caboose
Mr Blobby, Stripper

Spot and an.other
Joe
Whinge
SkinnyDipper

Why

Blatantly wearing new running shoes.
Two Birthdays. Happy one to them.
Throwing their keys into the middle of a Circle. Prior no doubt to a little dogging...
Producing and discussing a clock that was in the boot of the car...
Today's virgin.
I believe 500 Hashes.
Our excellent Hare.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2057	24Apr17 * 19:00 *	SU708818	The Red Lion, Colliers Lane, Peppard Common RG9 5LB	Spot SlowSucker
2058	Bank Holiday 01May17 * 17:00 *	SU537643	Travellers Friend, Crookham Common, Thatcham RG19 8EA	Simple Skids