

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2061 22May17
Venue: The Red Lion, Upper Basildon
Hares: Zebedee, Florence

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

A Pride of Hashers

Tina Foghorn Donut Hashgate PissQuick Glittertits Utopia Motox PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash OldFart Iceman C5 Twanky Dunny Rampant Mel Duncan Desperate Shitfor TC Whinge Dorothy FalseTart Shifty Lungs SlowSucker Swallow Spot HappyFeet MessengerBoy Potty AWOL

Tarmac Trails and Woodland Wandering

Somehow (probably because I didn't 'pause' it) my recording machine seems to have recorded every 'On On', slapping footstep, 'False Trail', crunch of gravel and squelching of mud along the entire Trail. So a fair bit of this Gobsheet will be from memory since I don't have an hour and a half to sit and listen (however enjoyable it would be) to everything that happened. What I need is a smart recorder that only turns on when it hears my voice. Perhaps one day...



Nice to be back in this area. We haven't run from here for some time and the evening was balmy and warm. Almost too warm to run up and down all those hills in the slightly humid air. At the Gather Round Zebedee asked if there were any animals tonight. Desperate answered that there was only Shitfer...

We On Outed along the first of a number of roads. Early on seemed to be almost all tarmac and I'm sure that Whinge, trying out his slightly duff leg by running for a change must have felt it. SlowSucker was certainly feeling it. Our birthday boy (amazingly 65 today) had been to The Crooked Billet for lunch and had, shall we say, partaken of a number of beakers that considerably slowed his initial ambulation. He seemed to shake it off

after a ¼ of a mile though one wonders at the toll it took on that ancient bod.

Our Hares, experts that they are, had laid a twisting, turning Trail, with at least one Back Check and a couple of Regroups. No Bars surprisingly. It had the Pack confused, if not befuddled, as every good Trail should do.

... and now it's Wednesday evening as I return to write this. Time does fly when you're working (and supporting the retired). At last I can sit outside in the evening sun, a choir of birds singing and Donut removing the nail varnish from her toes. Where was I? Ah, yes...

Although it seemed like forever, it probably didn't take that long for the ground on which we were running, prancing, trotting, walking, shambling along to change itself from hard tarmac to generally soggy, but rather pleasant, green woodland. There was a lot of it. Or rather there were a lot of paths leading hither and thither across Ashampstead Common. A number of the locals (all pretty wealthy by the look of them) came out of their chic, converted farms to look at us and rattle their jewellery. As Dunny said, not only had they been invaded by the paparazzi for Pippa's wedding but now they had a collection of old gals and geezers in strange clothing wheezing their way past their front door.

The evening sun slowly lowered itself below the level of the dark green of the distant trees, a long way across the verdant, undulating fields. It lit the silent clouds, as we tripped lightly across the tops of hills, in salmon pink and deepest grey, sparking red cinders of light into the sky and outlining the horses as they stood quietly and peacefully in their fields. We are very lucky people to be able to see and enjoy such beauty and serenity.

But, being the Hash, it wasn't long before some bathos that brought us, laughing, down to earth. In Zebedee's case, literally. He was a few yards in front of me as we high-stepped it along a narrow forest path, liberally strewn with fearsome brambles. One of them lashed out viciously and caught Zeb around the ankle so that he thundered into the mud with a 'thwock' and a muffled gasp. And not long after, ChocChuck lost a shoe in the shiggy while cornering through a particularly viscous chicane. Zeb was again on hand to offer the lady assistance by hoiking her foot furniture out of the gloopy mess and handing it back to her with a willing smile. I guess she should think herself lucky – there are probably a very few Hashers (blokes, of course!) who might find it amusing to do the hoiking, then hurl the dripping object far into the undergrowth followed by a mighty guffaw.



Once we reached the bottom of that rather lengthy hill, we knew where we were. Just up there, we thought, as we gasped our way up it, and we'll be almost back. There were still a couple of big fields to negotiate – the runners round the edge, others through the middle. I shall forever remember seeing Glittertits' bicycle helmet, seemingly with nothing beneath it, streaming smoothly along, just above the top of the crop.

Dorothy and I came to the pub together, discussing bats and insects in Las Vegas and wondering how he could possibly have missed the pub when he drove past it earlier 😊

An excellent Trail from our Hares. As we agreed, you can't get much better country to Hash in than this. Thanks!

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.

Eyebrows. Fascinating creatures, aren't they? As I sat on the lumberingly slow train to London this morning (earlier broken-down engine) my eyes chanced to fall upon the sleeping face of a rather attractive Titian-haired lady opposite me. Her eyebrows were (are, in fact) perfectly sculpted. Triumphant arches, plucked and shaped. This set off a chain of thought that involved the now late (sadly – I did like the chap) Roger Moore who, in his obituary in the Telegraph this morning was mentioned being nicely self-deprecating about his acting abilities, saying that one raised eyebrow or the other were the two 'looks' he had cultivated and excelled in during his career.

Eyebrows are located on a very expressive part of the face. They can show surprise by shooting skywards, sardonic disdain with a slow arching (ask Posh to show you how this is done), deep thought by 'knitting' (C5 an excellent exponent, despite the complete lack of cerebral activity behind them at the time), mournful pleading (show a biscuit, then take it away, from almost any dog).

There are mono-brows like that seen in Dodgeball (picture to the right), painted on versions like a photograph of a lady(?) in Walmart I saw whose brows looped so far up on to her forehead they looked like the McDonald's sign, hard-cases who shave a couple of notches in one of them and people who push chunks of hardware through them (not sure why).



Most of us have 'em and use them to augment a variety of feelings. Just think, the next time you raise your eyebrows 30 muscles are used to do just this. Now there's a surprise. You see, you just did it 😊

Down Downs

RA Foghorn decided to award in the pub. Well, why not? There was only one customer apart from us and he certainly didn't mind.

Who Got It

Why

Motox, Shitfer

Heatedly discussing the philosophical merits of Descartes and Rousseau in the car park before the Hash.

Rampant

A well-deserved 300 Hashes. Well done!

SlowSucker, Mel

Today's birthday people. Mel kindly donated her beer to Duncan, who enjoyed it immensely.

Glittertits

Hurling himself headfirst off his bike while trying to leap a small log.

MessengerBoy

Forgetting footwear and wearing one white trainer and one motorbike boot. Doh!

Zebedee, Florence

Tonight's Hares. Didn't they deserve it?! Hurrah!

Up and Coming

Run

Date

Grid

Venue

Hares

Reference

2063

05Jun17

[SU690802](#)

The Reformation,
Gallowstree Common RG4 9BP

Dunny
Rampant

2064

12Jun17

[SU705762](#)

The Caversham Rose
(formerly The Grosvenor)
Caversham RG4 7NH

SkinnyDipper