

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2064 13Jun17

Venue: The Caversham Rose, Caversham

Hares: SkinnyDipper, Foghorn

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

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Rosy-Faced Hashers in Caversham

Swallow SlowSucker Donut Hashgate FlashBangWallop C5 Spex LoudonTasteless Twanky NappyRash Desperate Shitfer (or Shitface, as Ms Whiplash called him!) Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop TC Whinge Dumb Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Caboose Cerberus with dog Chilli BillyBullshit MessengerBoy TinOpener Iceman Utopia Uplift Spot Lonely Florence Zebedee Motox Slapper AWOL Lungs Naomi Helmet and PrickleMagnet Dorothy TT2

A Casual Trail, Run Smartly

They (who?) say 'travel broadens the mind'. Since I have been travelling for a bit my mind may have been broadened but the breadth of my ability to run non-stop and certainly to publish Gobsheets seems to have narrowed considerably. Apologies for the lack of reportage and here's one to keep you going.

Good to see returnees PrickleMagnet and Helmet joining us all the way from Cairns H³, a long way away in Australia. Their Hash website is at <https://www.cairnshashhouseharriers.com/index.html> if you'd like to take a gander. Also turning up, one like a bad penny, the other like a shiny sixpence, were BillyBullshit and Cerberus. The old fellow's foot has now stopped being a gangrenous excrescence (unlike the rest of his body...) and he was at least able to totter round, led by their exuberant Red Setter, Chilli.

Now The Caversham Rose is a refurbished version of The Grosvenor, a pub at which our Friday night crew have had some, shall we say, interesting customer care experiences in the past. It was interesting



to note tonight that, despite the extensive overhaul, of the three beer pumps, two of them weren't working ('Beer will be on tomorrow'. Advised the youthful bar person) and the third dispensed a beer name 'Purity', a most inaptly named beverage. The pint exuded a faint hint of vinegar and was certainly not what might be described as 'best' bitter. Whinge took his back, to be told by the youthful BP that, 'No-one else has complained.' As Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr said: Plus ca change, plus c'est la même chose... Whinge had actually bought wholly into the expectation that the pub would require smart/casual wear and his picture appears to the left. The top half smart. The bottom half casual. 😊

"It's fairly long." Said Hare SkinnyDipper at the GatherRound. "Though make sure you do the Long Trail to enjoy the bit of fun." That had us wondering since Skinny has had us gardening and enjoying a calliope in a private garden in previous Trails she has laid. We On Outed without a clue.

This area is fairly hilly and those of us who know this area figured we would probably hurtle down the big hill into Bugs Bottom before staggering back up. We weren't wrong. The rolling, grassy hills of this area were before us in an instant, with four possible Trails from a Check. I found myself running along a narrow woodland track behind Shitfor who was pointing out the sawn-off small and smaller

stumps of young trees that had apparently been carefully left a couple of inches above the ground. "Mind that." He said. "And that." "And Urk!" as he tripped over one. Luckily, he regained his balance or the leaves on the trees for several miles around would have dropped off and there'd have been a minor tsunami off Southend.

This hilly, green area got very confusing, with one part of the Pack running around the edge at the bottom, MessengerBoy and I following Spot up the hill (over a False as it happened) and Donut and Swallow in the Walkers group approaching the hill from the other side. In the end, we contour-ran our way round it, half way up. AWOL's bendy rubber leg came in very handy here since it was on the uphill side and evened up his trim.

Following an inevitable run up the steep, now pedestrian, Gravel Hill road and a hurtle along the tarmac we nipped over the A4074 and found ourselves legging it alongside the golf course. FlashBangWallop hadn't really seen a golf course before (he's from Africa) and was fascinated, asking permission of Mr Blobby and me (he recognises authority figures when he sees them) to skitter over to a tee and inspect it. He seemed dead chuffed after this little interlude. If only the rest of us could be satisfied so easily.

As we jogged up the long path by the course, Caboose appeared. I was fascinated to learn that he had been to Jordan recently to enjoy the first of a series of railway trips in carriages pulled by a steam engine. Afraid I don't know the name of the line. Apart from one loco breakdown (he said that minimum preparation seemed to have been in place) the journey was enjoyable and something of an adventure. Let's hope that Foghorn's forthcoming drive across America doesn't result in a breakdown or him going loco...

The Regroup finally appeared... and so did the flies! The little buggers swarmed around us, feverishly licking the salt from our sweaty skin. From here, the Short Trail and Long Trail ('Fun this way!') split and most of the gullible heaved off on the Long, if only to escape the flies. The 'fun' turned out to be a sashay through a deserted paintball site. It was massive and covered in wooden buildings, things to hide behind and what had once been a Routemaster bus. Everywhere were little paint balls – Skinny threw one at me that fortunately (for her, he said darkly) didn't burst. It was quite surreal, set in the middle of the forest.



An engine on the Jordan Hejaz railway

It was even more surreal, nay, hallucinatory when we got to the end of a long, long downhill run only to find a VERY steep little track going back up again. It was quite a *schlep* and we were pleased that Desperate gave us something else to think about as we gasped our way out on to the country lane. There was 1 Gravel Cottages, which was where Desperate lived many, many years ago when it was a tied cottage. When my breathing had slowed enough so that my eyeballs weren't bouncing around in their sockets I could see that the place looked very nice in its country location.

From here it was rather a run. To and around a tennis club courts, across the Woodcote Road and then, seemingly, miles through urban tarmac following Whinge, with Naomi and Dorothy, until the entrance to the pub car park finally appeared and we staggered gratefully into it.

Our Hares provided a most enjoyable Trail today and the calm, warm evening complemented it perfectly. Many thanks to Skinny and Foggy.

Along with many others, I am off to the BH³ week in Challaborough next Monday so you will be spared another Gobsheet for a couple of weeks. For those of you who can go, enjoy Desperate and Shitfor's Trail. 😊

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.

'Thought for the day'. Interestingly singular when you consider we have myriad thoughts during a day. Some conscious and many more sub or unconscious. Why then should we assign importance to just a single thought? It's actually quite difficult to do since we are, by nature, curious and interested, constantly aware of and distracted by different sights, smells, tastes and feelings that affect our thoughts and lead our minds tangentially. Rather like the FRBs on a multi-way Check.

It's hard enough to meditate, concentrating on a single thought, for a few minutes, let alone having a single thought for the day. Can you imagine having just one thought in your head? It might be Nirvana for the meditators among us but wouldn't you just get very bored, thinking about one thing? I suppose,

if you **were** thinking about only one thing you wouldn't get bored since you wouldn't have the capacity for boredom at that point. Your innate bodily functions like breathing and pumping blood don't require particular thought processes – or we would all fall down dead. But how would you drive, scratch your head, not trip over the cat, with only one thought for the day? Or ramble my way through this bit of the Gobsheet.

It was just a thought...

Down Downs

One thing the Caversham Rose has done well is the covered and partially side-glassed outdoor area, which was perfect for the raucous group that is BH³. Since official RA Foghorn had Hared today Shitfor took great delight in reprising the role he had previously excelled in and awarded the following:-

Who Got It

Why

Mr and Mrs Blobby
PrickleMagnet and
Helmet
LoudonTasteless

They have been married for a very long time indeed. Happy Anniversary!
Another wedding anniversary. They had their reception at The Grosvenor many years ago. Happy Anniversary too!

He has apparently been breeding squirrels and one now lives on his head
☺

TT2

One of today's Hash Crashers who somehow managed to fall on to his back! A fair bit of beer blowback while drinking his Down.

Dumb
Lonely

Another of today's fallers.

Allegedly mixed up the rough of Bugs Bottom for the smooth of the golf course. And it's his Birthday. Happy one!

Whinge
Spot

Today's sartorial elegance (see picture above).

Found a phallic object in the paintball area and gave it to a fellow gentleman to put his badminton balls in (as reported by Shitfor, who has clearly never played badminton).

SkinnyDipper, Foghorn

Tonight's excellent Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2066	26Jun17	SU860668	Cannie Man, Bywood, Bracknell RG12 7RF	Honeymonster & confused.com
2067	03Jul17 7PM start Walkers 7:15PM - 7:50PM Handicap Starts for "runners"	SU633639	Mortimer West End Recreation Ground Church Road, Mortimer West End, RG7 2HY (SU633639) ON TO Mortimer West End Village Hall Just across the road - BYOB and a glass £3 Members/ £5 Non-Members including food Run only - Normal Tick	C5 Mr Blobby