

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2074 21Aug17
Venue: The Pelican, Pamber Heath
Hares: 2Bob, CastingCouch,
JustWill, JustJeremy
Carefully steered by
C5 & Mr Blobby

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

Odd Birds

Nutty Potty Donut Hashgate Iceman Fiddler Itsyor Swallow SlowSucker Uplift LoudonTasteless Spex Foghorn Desperate Shitfor Florence Zebedee Motox TinOpener SkinnyDipper Mrs Blobby Utopia Shifty Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Lonely Dunny Rampant JJ Aqua Slapper Dorothy Caboose HappyFeet Kim Kerry (all the way from Guam!) MessengerBoy Melanie Duncan Litle Stiffy SlackBladder and dog Masie Dr Poo

Prickles and Shiggy

(Running a little short of time this week so this is quite a swiftly written Gobsheet.)

A wonderful bird is the pelican.
His beak can hold more than his belly can.

Dixon Lanier Merritt

Just before the Hash we were sent a cryptic email that advised us that the Trail would be laid by overseas visitors. Curious, we thought. Could it be that Yankit and his American posse had hauled his ass across the pond? But no. It was 2Bob, now living in Vienna and looking very fit, and a bunch of friends, as listed above. Great to see him again and the friends were a nice bunch. Also from overseas was Kerry, who had travelled all the way from Guam just to Hash with us. Kind of her.

We picked up MessengerBoy, on our way out, who had just parked his car down the road and felt himself lucky that he had arrived on time, since he had forgotten it was a 7 o'clock start. The last time I was running with him down the track that led off away from the road, he was with his big old dog, who had just laid a giant waymarker in the middle of the track. "He gets very excited." Explained MessengerBoy. Glad most of us don't have the same response to excitement...

We plunged into the heathland and our Hares had very kindly laid the Trail through some thick and VERY prickly gorse. I let Spex lead the way so she could gain the full benefit of the prickles. Good in its way but several sprang back as she passed, so that I too could enjoy those benefits. Slapper ran straight through a False, blithely ignoring the (no) rules of Hashing. But then



both he and we were stopped in our tracks by a One Blob Check in the middle of the forest in a glade surrounded by skinny trees. Not an easy one, so the more sensible waited for someone to find the Trail. Could have been Iceman, given the mighty "On On" wail that seemed to emanate from his direction.

Florence and I trotted amiable down a shingle and shiggy track and were most surprised to find Itsyor climbing through a wire fence on to it. We figured either he had required a 'comfort break' or had become even more disorientated than the rest of us. Thank goodness, then, that a Regroup appeared and we all stopped for a bit of a sweat (it was very humid) and to be attacked by the salt-loving flies that delighted in attaching themselves to one's ear lobes. Strange. Perhaps they were Aurally Curious Flies; A genus that exists solely in the environs of Pamber Heath, seen rarely and with a single exhibit pinned to a card

in the Natural History Museum due to naturalist Victorian collectors, infuriated by their activities, sending them to oblivion with their fly-swatters. This also caused the earliest recorded cases of 'cauliflower ear' among their group.

Now a Regroup is usually marked with an 'RG'. However, this one was marked with an 'SS'. The initial theory was that, since 2 Bob was now living in Vienna he might have been seduced into a WW 11 frame of mind. But this was soon debunked when we realised it was a 'Song Stop'. Don't think we've ever had one of those before. Iceman warbled 'This is your Down Down song. It isn't very long.' Before Foghorn launched into 'Father Abraham' but, to the relief of all present, didn't manage to get past the first verse. We On Outed again with relief.

Following this, there was an awful lot of running down stony tracks and across wet heathland until we appeared at the end of a semi-deserted playground and a car park. I say semi-deserted since there was a single small car with its engine running, hip-hop music grinding out of its open windows and two lads inside with their hoodies pulled up, nodding away to the beat. Looked like a real fun night out. I was glad I was fairly well covered in shiggy, sweating like a pig and fairly exhausted. Those lads just don't know how to enjoy an evening 😊

Civilisation in the form of houses, a main road, a sign that read 'Pamber Heath' and the squat, red-brick form of the Pamber Heath Gospel Hall. Offering up a silent prayer that we weren't too far from the pub I ploughed on over the road... and straight back into some more heath. Mr Blobby caught up with me and we enjoyed a chat for the last few hundred yards to the pub car park where many a Hasher steamed gently while changing.

A nicely laid Trail, so thanks to our overseas Hares (overseen by C5 and Mr Blobby, of course). Look forward to seeing you again 2Bob.

On On. **Hashgate.**

Thought for the Day

This little section contains a thought or something (hopefully) of interest to you. Winsome, perhaps. Whimsical, maybe. Philosophical, probably. Atavistic, occasionally. But hopefully interesting.

Is your TV watching you? One of the problems with the IOT (Internet of Things) is that there is very little or no security in the apps/software. Which means that, if you have one of those clever fridges that can tell when you're low on eggs and haloumi it can automatically order some from Waitrose and pay for it with your credit card. Which means that anyone who has hacked into your fridge knows your credit card details.

Similarly, with your internet-enabled TV. Great for automatically downloading updates to the software but open to the possibility that some Government agency may be watching your every viewing move. But what useful data would it glean from spying on us? That Mr Brotherton at number 32 was keen on extracting every single nugget of nasal detritus during episodes of The Antiques Roadshow? That Kitty Hawkins and Emily Sproat in the flat above the betting shop in Chipping Sodbury had become very much more than flatmates during a particularly exciting episode of Poldark? That old Mrs Parkins could put away two tubs of Walls ice-cream every day while Cash in the Attic was on air?

So I shouldn't worry too much. When most of us watch TV we're either asleep and lightly drooling, unmoving and staring blankly at whatever we have decided will entertain us, or shouting about the number and length of 'the bloody adverts!!'



Here's one of them. They were quite young... but feisty.

Down Downs

Presented indoors by our own, inimitable RA, Foghorn.

Who Got It

Why

Desperate	Getting changed in the boot of her car while the engine was still running. Health and safety award!
Fiddler	Tonight's shiggy skidder.
Florence	For likening Foghorn to a character fro 'Last of the Summer Wine'.
LoudonTasteless	Maundering on and on about the 'leaded valley' in his roof.
Kerry	Tonight's visitor from Guam.
LittleStiffy	Her Birthday. Happy one!

The Apron Award – Holder SkinnyDipper had looked up the meaning of 'La Pecorina' (written on the apron next to a picture of a sheep with a tongue stud and a naked gentleman behind her) which apparently means 'doggy-style'. She presented the apron to Caboose who had, during the Trail, been bending over, allegedly tying up his shoelace, waiting for 'La Pecorina'. 😊

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2076	04Sep17 * 19:00 *	SU596707	The AGM Bradfield Southend Village Hall RG7 6EY	Snowy Shifty False Tart
2077	Sunday 10Sep17 * 11:00 *	SU760824	The Bird in Hand, Greys Road, Henley-on-Thames RG9 1SB No pub car park so use Greys Road Car Park RG9 1RY (free on Sundays)	Lonely (all on his own)