

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2087 19Nov17

Venue: The Royal Oak,
Knowl Hill Common

Hares: SkinnyDipper (sans children - see
below)

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

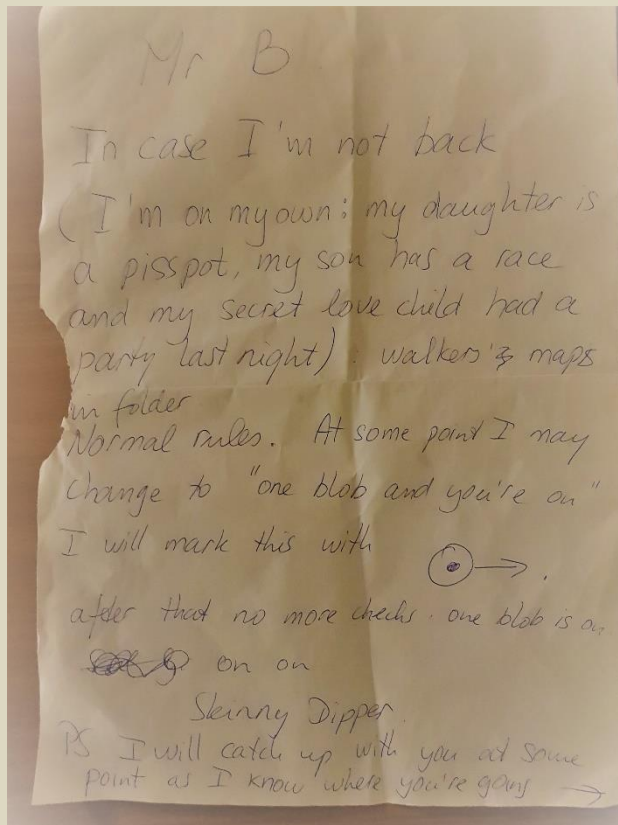
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Lost Boys and Girls

Iceman Mr Blobby Mrs Blobby Donut Hashgate BGB Horny Mr Horny RandyMandy SlackBladder TC Whinge WaveRider NappyRash Desperate Shitter OldFart TinOpener with dog Minx C5 Slapper BlowJob Twanky Pyro and dog Whisper Dunny Rampant Motox Cerberus BillyBullshit MessengerBoy Dorothy Spot NonStick Florence Zebedee Tequilova Foghorn HappyFeet DoorMatt Bomber NotInMyCar PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash

The Trail With No End (that we could find...)

The map shows where the Trail should have gone. 'You all appeared to have approached the regroup from the wrong direction.' Was Skinny's email comment to me regarding the fact that we became lost half way round and made up the rest of the route back to the pub. We weren't the only ones who became lost. So did SkinnyDipper, who phoned Mrs Blobby while out laying it to advise that she didn't have a clue where she was! Honest though. I'll give her that. She left a note for Mr Blobby, which you can enjoy below. Obviously, a family with a serious need for Social Services intervention. Not surprising that the poor woman struggled on the day. I think she deserves a round of applause for finishing the damn thing and actually getting back to the pub!



It seemed also that the Marlow Hash had laid a Trail that crossed ours near the Regroup. We found a chalked message next to the 'RG' sign that read "Hello from Marlow HHH"! I suppose Skinny has set the bar so high with her previous Trails – a Water Stop to irrigate her allotment, a rousing musical calliope Regroup – that, like Icarus, she had flown so high that she eventually had to fall to earth. Mind you, I have to say that I really enjoyed this Trail, the Pack mainly kept together and the sun shone beautifully on the sylvan landscape through which we ran.

I haven't Hashed for five weeks, since I've been travelling about in the U.S. and India so I was looking forward to today. Btw, my thanks to Iceman and C5 for kindly stepping in and writing Gobsheets while I was away. I was looking forward to it, that is, until we ran diagonally across that huge, upward-sloping first field, slipping and sliding in the shiggy. Exhausting or what?! By the time we reached the gate at the top, mass hawking and lung-racking coughing was the order of the day, with several Hashers calling for Ralph discreetly behind bushes. It took a few minutes to recover, before we angled back across another rising field towards the side

road that we could have run along instead! Aaargh! Talk about a racing start. And from here the only way was up. Up gravelly roads. Up slippery tracks. Up woodland paths.

However, we finally came to a fairly flat beech wood where the uneven ground was carpeted with yellow



and copper beech leaves that glistened wetly in the sunshine and rustled underfoot. Life became good again. There were rather a lot of long straight bits with few Checks, so we were pleased when a couple of Bars appeared and the Pack reversed. Skinny had obviously been working like a Dutch demon when laying the Trail.

Apart from the Marlow Hash message we also found a Check from a previous Bash, indicating that we were in a popular area for sporting events of the H/Bashing kind. And were getting even

more confused. To take my mind off things Florence showed me her chest. No, it's not quite what you think. She was showing me her T-shirt from the 19th November 1987 Beaujolais Marathon. I have to say that the experience was most, er, uplifting ☺

After following NonStick and Foghorn who were discussing operations and the effects of anaesthetics we came to a Check on a low wall. The Pack had burst off towards the woods so I kicked it out. Oops! They came bursting back! I tried putting the Check back together. Then we all decided to run down the hill on the road so I kicked it out that way... then we all ran back. This was getting a tad frustrating. There was much head-scratching and mutinous muttering before we all ran off into the forest again. With a sigh I kicked out the Check one last time. But we had managed to lose the correct Trail completely – despite finding part of it that we had run Out on. In the end Iceman suggested we run all the way up and around that bloody great big mud and leaf-covered hill. Despite there being no Trail there. What a great idea! It was a long old haul through the slippery woods and down the other side. Particularly since we weren't following any flour. But luckily, we all managed to find our way and gratefully heaved our exhausted carcasses into the pub car park.

Thank you, SkinnyDipper, for laying the Trail all on your own. A magnificent effort and a lovely day for a trot about in the forest.

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.

Habits. We all have them. Sometimes without knowing. A habit is the progeny of its parents, repetition and duplication. Perhaps it's something like always having tea instead of coffee in the morning... and leaving the cup, unwashed, in the sink, to the irritation of one's partner. Maybe always checking that the front door is locked, even though you just locked it a minute ago (not a bad idea, this one).

So what charming little habits do BH³ Hashers have? Zebedee (as mentioned above) always likes to arrive at the Hash fashionably late. Shitfer can't go anywhere without spraying himself with anti-perspirant for five minutes solid, followed by a bucket of aftershave. BGB finds it impossible to lay a Trail with more than ½ lb of flour. Slapper can't face himself in the morning unless he has organised exceptionally complicated events for large numbers of people. Sesquipedilianism¹ is certainly one of mine.

I guess that habits are part of one's personality, defining and identifying us. And where would we be if neither we nor others could define and identify us? One habit BH³ members have is that they all like Hashing. Many of us have been at it for years. Old habits die hard...

¹ Using polysyllabic (there, I've done it again!) words.

Down Downs

Our revered RA, Foghorn, led today's awards.

Who Got It

Why

Zebedee, Rampant

Arriving late. By this token, Zebedee should get one every week.

Florence

Awarded her 1,000 Hashes framed certificate. She is the first person to receive this thoroughly deserved honour. She downed a pint like a parched camel in the desert who has just found an oasis after two weeks.

DoorMatt, HappyFeet,
Hashgate

HappyFeet for ordering her husband to tie up her shoelaces during the Hash and he for obeying like the DoorMatt that he is 😊 Mine for multiple Check kicking-out. For once I downed the beer quite quickly!

Dorothy

Awarded the La Pecorina apron by Slapper. Dotty has recently retired and is looking for new hobbies (sheep-sha**ing presumably being one of them).

SkinnyDipper

Today's magnificent Hare. She wore shabby chic, soft grey slippers while enjoying her Down.

Up and Coming

Run

Date

Grid

Venue

Hares

Reference

2089

03Dec17

[SU504729](#)


The White Horse,
Hermitage (TBC)

Dipstick
Cari

2090

10Dec17

[SU652667](#)

 **Hash Christmas Party**
Burghfield Village Hall,
Recreation Road
RG7 3EN

MessengerBoy and
son Sam