

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2088 26Nov17

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

Venue: The Black Horse
Kidmore End, Emmer Green

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Dumb, Dumber and NoWaiting with
Poppy the dog

Frozen



C5 Mr Blobby Donut Hashgate TC Whinge Desperate Shitfer Cloggs NonStick Waverider and baby Katie NappyRash Uplift Motox Twanky CouchPotato Slapper Ms Whiplash PissQuick Glittertits Spot Caboose HappyFeet DoorMatt SkinnyDipper Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Bomber Florence Zebedee Iceman Lungs Debbie

Let It Go

It was cold (very), clear and bright. A perfect day for Hashing apart from having to park almost in Newbury since there was no pub car park and the roads were full of cars that had brought kids to play in the football match on the adjacent park. As we shivered our way towards the pub Mr B came running towards us with his arms full of NappyRash's gear which he shoved into his car boot. Jolly good of the fellow to act as unpaid hat check person, we thought. Outside the pub stood BH³, stamping about and trying to keep warm.

Waverider and NappyRash's granddaughter, Katie, had the right idea. Wear exceptionally warm clothing and enjoy the environs of a well insulated buggy. She decided to play a little game with me. On her well-blanketed lap was a woolly hat with ears attached to it. "I'll throw it on the floor," she thought, "and see if this old chap will pick it up and put it back on my blanket." She did. And I did. She did it again, with a beatific look on her innocent face. I picked it up again. We had a thoroughly enjoyable five minutes of this which exercised my quads and made her very happy.

Mr Blobby called us to order and handed over to the Hares, who extolled the virtues of their Trail (advising us that some had been laid in blue flour, some in white!) before sending us on our way. BH³, somewhat stiffly (arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism and general decrepitude being exacerbated by the chilly weather) legged it across the road and burst out in all directions like a slowly expanding whiff of grapeshot. I pointed out to Uplift that a little alley was the way we have often gone in the past and she trotted warily down it, telling me, "If I find out this is wrong, Hashgate..." She didn't finish the sentence because the Trail did, fortunately, go that way. Would have been interesting to know what the unfinished threat consisted of 😊



WaveRider pushes young Katie

We hurtled rapidly past what used to be the BBC monitoring station at Caversham Park, enjoying also the ancient pile that is PartyAnimal's house. Losing our way at Emmer Green we pushed on with all speed across the top of Caversham Park Village, then into its spider's web of footpaths. You'll note the tacit information that all the Trail had so far been on urban tarmac so it had been more of a race than a Hash. We lost it again when Slapper heaved himself up one of the steep paths only to return with the news that it was a False. The fact that it wasn't caused us a bit of a delay, with Hashers milling and wailing until Hare NoWaiting turned up with Jack Russell Poppy and pointed us back up the hill.

We finally got into the woody and grassy area that is Clay Copse (to those of us locals) and we streaked our way in and out of it like a flying shuttle on a weaver's loom. For those of you who may wish to know, the flying shuttle was invented by John Kay in 1733 and proved to be a fairly pivotal component of the Industrial Revolution, allowing one weaver to perform the work of two and to weave much wider fabrics.

What other Gobsheets would bring you such fascinating historical snippets? You get your moneysworth with BH³.

I think you can gather from the rather tangential information scrap that nothing much else happened during the Trail. It wound its way superbly round the fine local countryside, meandering past the excellent Loddon Brewery and easing tantalisingly close to Donut's and my house (a hot coffee and a biscuit would have gone down a treat!). I found my self alongside Cerberus and her beautiful Red Setter, Chilli and we passed a pleasant and chatty twenty minutes wandering back to the pub from Dunsden Church.

This was a fine, if fast, Trail on a literally brilliant Sunday morning. Our thanks to the Dumbs and NoWaiting... not forgetting Poppy the dog, of course 😊

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.

Watched a fascinating Horizon programme last week about cognitive bias. Nobel Prize winner Daniel Kahneman formulated the now proven theory of human thinking and how we are programmatically biased when making decisions. Our brains form thoughts in two ways: System 1 is almost instantaneous and largely subconscious. For example, you know that $2+2=4$. You don't have to work it out. You know that an object is further away than one nearer. System 2 is slower and more calculating. For example, you estimate whether it is safe to cross a road. You can work out which of two similar products at similar prices is the best value.

The problem is that we mix the two types of thinking to reach what we think reach 'logical' conclusions. An experiment in the Horizon programme exemplified this procedure. Random members of the public were asked to reach into a bag containing table tennis balls with numbers written on them. They didn't know that every ball had the same number: 10. Having picked a ball and seen the number they were asked what they would be willing to pay for a bottle of champagne. Everyone chose to pay an amount near to £10. When the experiment was repeated and the balls had 65 written on them, everyone chose to pay an amount around £65. This is called Anchoring; our tendency to be influenced by irrelevant numbers.

The other fascinating experiment displayed our inability to see or remember (Memory bias) things going on around us when we are concentrating on something else. A professor at an American university set runners off at five minute intervals, asking them to run a set course and pat their heads every n seconds. Half way round the course he had arranged with three young men to stage a pretend fight, just slightly off the runners' course. Nearly ninety percent of the runners failed to see the fight. They were concentrating on other things.

So we are not quite as rational as we may think we are.

One final cognitive bias mentioned here concerns our requirement to look for things that 'back-up' what we think we know. Confirmation bias can be a real issue in social and commercial situations. It was also a real issue when I wandered down that (unseen to me) False in Clay Copse, convinced I had gone the right way and looking for any type of confirmation that I had 😊

Down Downs

Stand-in RA Shitfer decided against hauling us all out into the cold to have the Down Downs so we stayed in and irritated the two old blokes sitting at the bar who could have done without all us merry folk spoiling their quiet Sunday drink.

Who Got It

Why

Billy, WaveRider, Donut Coffee club members who stopped for a restorative beaker at the local café during the walk. Since Katie was sitting on Donut's lap she nominated me (it wasn't too bad).

Florence Calling our beloved GM Mr Blobby, fat, when he was swinging about on the end of a rope in Clay Copse.

NonStick, Debbie
DoorMatt
Glittertits
Dumb, Dumber,
NoWaiting

Racing! They sprinted at the end of the Trail.
His birthday. Happy one to him!
Riding his bike on the Trail and moaning when he had to haul it over logs.
Today's Hares, God bless 'em!

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2090	10Dec17	SU652667	 Hash Christmas Party Burghfield Village Hall, Recreation Road RG7 3EN	MessengerBoy and son Sam
2091	17Dec17	SU732676	The Bell and Bottle, School Green, Shinfield RG2 9EE The hare's millstone birthday trail!	Iceman