

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2097 28Jan18

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

Venue: Cinnamon Tree Restaurant
The Street, Mortimer

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Dr Pooh, Florence, Zebedee, Mike

50th Party Goers



Snowy Potty Nutty Hashgate RandyMandy Sharon Posh Bomber Dumper OldDog Itsyor OldFart Iceman C4 C5 Caboose Motox Foghorn Twanky Cerberus BillyBullshit Desperate Shitfer Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Dunny Rampant Hamlet Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Uplift Utopia Cloggs NonStick Tequilova Swallow SlowSucker MessengerBoy TinOpener Lilo and dog Minx Mike Kim FannyBag and dog Megan NoSole

Dr Pooh Scores a Half-Century

Amazing isn't it? Any Hash where food is expected and the number of Hashers increases exponentially to ensure no morsel is wasted. The usual Pack of tongue-lolling creatures had swollen in numbers to a slavering collection of eye-rolling beings eager to finish the Trail and fall upon the Indian food treats like the proverbial wolves upon the fold (appropriately, I believe there were lamb samosas among the largess, later). Today, Dr Pooh had invited us to share in the celebration of his 50th birthday (which is actually on Wednesday, 31st January). On the way round, he told me that he wasn't having **too** much of a trauma about reaching this age. I congratulated him, thinking that, were he actually finding it an issue, there are plenty of people in BH³ who can hardly remember their fiftieth birthday, let alone if they were worried about it. Think yourself lucky, Dr Pooh. You are a mere chit of a lad where BH³ is concerned! 😊

We haven't Hashed from this venue for many years. My last sojourn was when it was still a pub and I drove there with Shep. So, yes, many years ago. Very good of Dr Pooh to negotiate with the Cinnamon Tree to allow us to use their upstairs facilities (not the bogs; I mean their upstairs dining room) after the Trail and supply us with rather delicious poppadoms, chutneys and samosas. The poppadoms had almost magical qualities. I turned to speak to Snowy, just as basket of six or seven was placed on the table in front of Shitfer, and, turning back after approximately 30 seconds I noticed that nothing but a few dry crumbs was left in the bottom of the basket. Incredible!



But I get ahead of myself. Which certainly was not the effect of the shiggy on the Pack during today's Trail. There was plenty of it, almost from the start, and, whether we were slogging our way uphill (90% of the time) or slipping our way downhill (10%) of the time, running fast was not an option. Either due to lack of breath due to the sheer physical effort involved in one-step-forward-and-one-step-back (50% of the time) or fear of sliding off the track, breaking an ankle and ending up in a smelly ditch (50% of the time).

Our Hares had laid a superb, twisting, up-and-down Trail through (what in summer will be) gorgeous countryside. Farms, tracks, woods, roads, parks all played a part in this meandering route. And they threw in two (yes, two!) Regroups, to boot. Ever wondered what 'to boot' means? Or 'it boots not'? The former is another way of saying 'moreover' or 'on top of that...'. The latter refers to something provided as part of a bargain that does not increase value or quality. Fascinating stuff, eh?

Oops! Digressed a tad into philology. I think I was trying to get away from thinking about all that slithering, sloppy mud. It physical effort certainly had an effect on our sense of direction when we reached Brewer's Common. Hashers were diving off the road in all directions from a neatly laid Check by the Hares. Apart from the sensible, who stayed by the Check to provide management and order until the correct route was found...

Our first Regroup appeared and OldFart, sighting the chest-heaving group kindly advised me, "Ah. The Regroup. I'm off to have a p*ss." Perhaps not the most gentlemanly or, indeed, uplifting pieces of information. But certainly very true. While chatting at the gathering Shitfer sidled up to me. Apparently, he had been talking with C5 who had told him that he had bought a new and very smart TV. Shitfer advised him that, since it was so smart, it would be a good idea if C4 got rid of C5 and kept the TV. Harsh, perhaps, but fair.



Itsyor finally caught up with us at the Regroup just as Zeb called on us to check it out. Many of our sheep went straight on into the forest but Caboose and I mooched off to the left, having spotted a rather obvious flour blob over that way. We felt there was no immediate rush, since the Trail could just as well have gone in entirely the opposite direction. It did! We congratulated each other on our sagacity and perspicacity (neither of us having a clue what the words meant) and trotted back past the Regroup where Cerberus berated us both for what she called, "The most pathetic Checking I've ever seen." She was, of course, perfectly right and, as we went past her, we displayed even more sheepish characteristics than the original forest checkers.

A little later in the forest we came upon one of the more curious things we have seen during our years of Hashing. Hanging by a thread from a twig on a tree was a little woodland creature. Its body was a small pine cone. Its head was an inverted acorn with a little face painted on it, the acorn cup and stem acting as a tiny cap. Dark, raspberry-coloured hair flowed over the pine shoulders and two dry beech leaves had been stuck on to the back like wings. It was a delightful little thing. If only I had had a camera I would have taken a picture to show you. Hopefully, a family out for a walk will have seen it and a small child will now have it carefully lodged on their bedside table.

Cabaret time was today provided by OldFart and MessengerBoy who ran past a clear 'F' to wade through a deep, muddy puddle. Only to be called back and having to wade through the whole mess again. Most enjoyable... for the rest of us. 😊

Our second Regroup took place on Mortimer Fairground and there were many of us who knew that the Cinnamon Tree wasn't too far down the road. I glimmer of hope sparked inside us... only to be doused immediately as we ran off away from the road and way off into the wet fields behind The Horse and Groom. What a long way that last bit seemed. This is often the effect of going away from where you want, nay, need desperately to be. The wind got up a bit and the weather started looking very grey. I was very pleased (as no doubt were others), albeit rather confused when the 'ON IND' sign appeared. But no point in pondering about it. Like the rest, I skittered for the finish, changed clothes as quickly as possible in the rising, cold wind and made straight for the upper room in The Cinnamon Tree that was warm, full of chattering people and about to be filled with yummy poppadoms and samosas.

Thanks to our Hares for their hard work in the shiggy. A fine 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.

The Five Ages of Hashing

One thing links all ages of Hashers...

Infancy

Usually Nana and Grandad take me. Sometimes in my buggy where I'm warm and snug instead of cold and wet like the other Hashers. Sometimes in a most uncomfortable backpack where all I can see is the back of Nana's head. I don't have a clue what's going on.

Childhood

Mum or Dad usually take me. Or I go with a couple of mates. We can run faster than almost anybody else. Especially the old grandads and grannies who think they can still run. The mud and puddles are great and nobody cares if we get mucky. I don't have a clue what's going on.

Adolescence

I can't be bothered to go and I don't have a clue what's going on. About almost anything.

Maturity

I've been running competitively for quite some time. Train hard and use the Hash for lower leg strength training. Always like to wear my most recent race T shirt. Not sure why people want to run without timing themselves. Don't know what those daft flour marks mean and generally ignore them **and** all the shouting. What the hell does 'On Back' mean anyway? Basically, I don't have a clue what's going on.

Dotage

Having lumbago and a dodgy knee won't stop me Hashing. Hopefully, I'll snuff it in the middle of a Trail. I like to lay the odd one with somebody a lot younger so they can do all the running and I can boss them about a bit, using age and experience as an excuse. Trouble is, as I get older, I find it more difficult to remember where I laid the damn thing. And trying to follow another Hare's Trail can be daunting if they haven't laid arrows since I'm generally at the back of the Pack. Generally, I don't have a clue what's going on.

Down Downs

Quite rightly, Foghorn decided that the price of drinks today precluded a mass Down Down so awarded the Hares and left the rest for next week.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2099	11Feb18	SU764819	THE RED DRESS RUN The Three Horseshoes, Reading Road, Henley RG9 1DN On street parking	Dipstick
2100	18Feb18		TBA	