

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2167 03Jun19

Venue: The Turners Arms
Mortimer

Hares: Dr Pooh, Spot

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

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Not Wednesday Whingers

Iceman RandyMandy BlindPew Donut Hashgate Spex LoudonTasteless Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby SkinnyDipper FlashBangWallop Twanky Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Swallow SlowSucker NoSole Slapper Utopia Motox Dunny Rampant TC Whinge Pantaloon Anne Vlad Dumber Sweetpea Agatha Posh Bomber Fiddler Itsyor ChocChuck NoStyle CanalBob Ben Jackie Bec Kim James and dog Benjie

Not Quite the Usual Trail ☺

It seems to have been some time since the last Gobsheet, for which I must apologise. Our entire journalistic staff have seen fit to be on holiday or have events organised for Mondays recently. A dreadful state of affairs and one which would surely not be tolerated by The Daily Telegraph. I have spoken strongly to our HR staff in order to ensure that continuous coverage is effected.



Tonight's venue is well-known to Wednesday Whingers as their weekly Summer location. The Turners has welcomed BH³ for many years and we happily collected in the somewhat chaotic car park. Interesting to note that SkinnyDipper had the Queen in the back of her car... or it could have been just a window sticker; I couldn't really see our beloved Royal donning running shorts and skipping off along the Trail with a corgi or two, calling "Orn orn!" Immediately after Skinny, the Lucky Clover Leaf ice cream van roared down the road, skidded into the car park on two wheels, spilling empty cornets out of the window, and screeched to a halt in the static caravan park beyond it. The driver, the size of whom confirmed that he regularly sampled his wares for quality, switched on a clanging 'Green Sleeves' tune, a couple of bars of which bounced and echoed around the caravans, bringing forth a selection of squeaking children who had been allowed to cancel their healthy, vegetarian evening meal in order to consume something containing rather a lot more sugar and fat. Well, sometimes you just have to, don't you?

We gathered for the Circle, addressed by our gracious GM, SkinnyDipper, who welcomed several new Hashers and returnees before advising us that today was the Queen's

Birthday in New Zealand. Quite why NZ celebrates her birthday on the first Monday of June each year is unclear. Particularly since the actual date is April 23rd. While Skinny spoke to us Whinge motioned me to view Posh's running tights. I had noticed these earlier. The black and white pixelated material clung to her shapely legs and Whinge said he originally thought she had been wearing an extensive crossword puzzle. Ah, if only I'd thought to bring my biro.

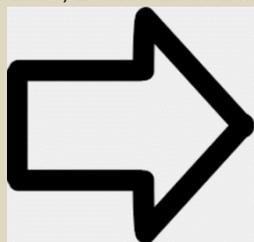
We On Outed past the front of the pub and skipped into the first road. Instead of wandering over Silchester way we were heading towards the Padworth Common forest, a tangle of tracks and trees that provided a feast of Trail options for our Hares. The pace was pretty speedy and there were some longish, straight bits that spread out the Pack. You could tell where Spot had laid Checks since these were neat little circles, perfectly round – he's an artistic fellow; I remember him laying Checks shaped like dragons during a St. George's Day Hash some years ago. He was obviously enjoying himself. So much so that at one point there were two perfectly laid Checks next to each other. I commented to BlindPew that maybe we should be checking for six and on, rather than the usual three.

I found myself behind Spex, with Slapper's friend Bec behind me. Now Spex uses a neat, energy-saving trot and I must say that the pace was excellent for the long, straight bit that led us to the first Regroup. Much better than my usual race off at speed for a few hundred yards then lean against the nearest tree to get my breath back method. We were hardly breathing heavily at all when we reached the crowd of

chatting Hashers, closely followed by Donut. Lucky it was that we had not overreached ourselves since the next bit was, you guessed it, a long, straight run. With a strength-sapping uphill curve to the left at the end of it. Urk! Fortunately, there was a Short/Long split not long after. Though there was only a third of a mile difference apparently. Donut, Anne, Vlad and I nipped off along the Short, which consisted of (surprise, surprise) a long, straight track through the forest. At the end of it we met Slapper, closely followed by Twanky who, surprised to see us in front of him, said, "I hope you haven't just done the Long Trail." I was tempted to answer that we had, just to confuse him.

We returned to the large, fairly open, chalky, stony area that we had run on the Out Trail along the other side of. When we got back to the pub, Twanky showed me the 5.5-mile route he had recorded on his mobile. It was shaped like the outline of a snowman wearing a bobble hat. The Short Trail had gone across the top of his head, rather than round the bobble. At least there were no snowballs.

Having dragged our carcasses across the desert landscape we nipped back into the forest and Vlad, Anne, Donut and I were surprised to see Posh and RandyMandy running long a track through the dense bushes parallel to us... but in the opposite direction! Curious. We came across



LoudonTasteless (wearing the La Pecarina apron) who was standing next to a track with an arrow on it that turned off our path to the right. Presumably the one Posh and Mandy had taken. "There seems to be another arrow ahead, pointing straight on." He said querulously. I took an executive decision and turned right. My mistake. Almost at the end of this track stood Hare Dr Pooh, looking rather sheepish and advising me that I should have gone straight on – the arrow on to this track should not have been there. Oh well, an extra few

hundred yards through delightful forest was not too onerous and I caught up with the rest of our group fairly quickly.

From here we had only a couple of roads to run down until we popped out almost next to the pub.

A fine Trail by our Hares today – always good to run around this area. Thanks!

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

Some interesting facts for you, borrowed from the QI books – thank you to them. 😊

1. The surface area of a cat, including each hair of its fur, is 100 times that of its skin and is enough to cover a ping-pong table.
2. Ping-pong balls were made larger to make the sport better for TV.
3. After EastEnders, so many kettles are turned on that Britain has to borrow power from France.
4. In 1845, a bridge collapsed in Great Yarmouth, killing 79 people who were watching a clown swim in a tub being pulled by geese.
5. The Elizabethans treated warts by cutting a mouse in half and applying it to the affected part.
6. Britain's share of the cost of the Large Hadron Collider each year is the same as we spend on peanuts.
7. In 2015, a Singapore Airlines freight plane made an emergency landing after farting sheep triggered the smoke alarm.
8. Invented in 1862, the anti-garrotting cravat shot spikes into the hands of any would-be strangler.
9. In the time it takes The Proclaimers to sing I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles), the International Space Station travels 500 miles, then 500 more.
10. In the Great Singapore Penis Panic of 1967, the hundreds of people who feared their penises were shrinking away, included a dozen women.
11. After noticing that the Queen washed up bare-handed, Margaret Thatcher sent her rubber gloves for Christmas.
12. A fish discovered in Australia in 2015 is named Blue Bastard.
13. After Barack Obama visited Kenya in 2015, two women named their sons Air Force One.
14. Hans Christian Andersen wrecked his friendship with Charles Dickens by staying with him three weeks longer than planned.
15. Charles Dickens' father went into business with Butch Cassidy's great-grandfather.
16. There are only 140 cases in medical history of a man having more than two testicles.
17. In 1958, Chairman Mao invited Khrushchev to a swimming meeting, knowing that he couldn't swim. Khrushchev had to wear armbands.
18. The first passport-holders had to give written descriptions of themselves instead of photos. Almost everyone described their nose as "average".

19. When Monty Python toured the US and were asked to trash a hotel suite for publicity, Michael Palin obligingly went in the bathroom and broke a toothbrush.
20. In 1996, two neighbours in Devon spent a year hooting at owls, unaware they were actually hooting at each other.

Down Downs

Our inestimable RA, Motox, officiated and made the following awards.

Who Got It

Why

Rampant	Today's HashCrasher
Hashgate	Doing too much washing at home and failing to find a parking spot at SkinnyDipper and Pantaloon's Hash.
Vlad, Anne, Jackie	Returnee and virgins. Anne nominated SlowSucker, which was a bit of a mistake.
Fiddler	Motox asked for a nomination and Fiddler got it!
Agatha	LoudonTasteless passed on the La Pecarina apron to Agatha, calling him Agnes in the process and droning on interminably. As is his wont. ☹️
Spot, Dr Pooh	Tonight's doughty Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2169	17Jun19	TBA	TBA	Dumb, Dumber, Foghorn
2170	24Jun19	SU706804	 <p>Hawaiian Theme – Awesome Prizes!!</p> <p>Hash Chips Will Be Served!!!</p> <p>The Hare and Hounds, Woodlands Road, Sonning Common RG4 9TE</p>	Donut, Hashgate