

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 1937 04Jan15

Venue: The Calleva Arms
Silchester

Hares: Aqua, JJ, Spot

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

Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Friends, Romans, Countrymen



MessengerBoy Donut Hashgate Desperate Cerberus BillyBullshit Twanky BlindPew
RandyMandy Iceman ChocChuck NoStyle Don Whinge TC WaveRider Chopstix
Shandyman Spex LoudonTasteless CabinBuoy Ms Whiplash Lungs Dorothy Slapper
NoSole Motox Glittertits PissQuick StinkingBishop Grommet Florence Zebedee Mike
Bomber Posh Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Tracey DoorMatt HappyFeet Booby

The Best Hash of 2015...

... Possibly because it is the first and only (official) one so far. How swiftly time passes. Last year slumps wearily by the endless racetrack of life as this year plucks the baton from its limp grasp and sprints forward. Running fast was a good idea today, since it was quite bitter in a fog-laden, damp kind of way. BH³ stamped around the pavilion car park in gloves and multiple layers, desperately trying to keep warm. Billy was even wearing a crazy coyote knitted hat with ear flaps – both those that went over his ears as well as a long, knitted pair that swept backwards from the top of it. Very fetching.

A gentleman approached us, walking across the field. Carrying a Christmas tree. Odd, we thought. Even odder was what he did with it. Going over to the open gate he hurled it into the scrub and trees, turned on his heel with a satisfied look on his face and walked back. We thought this was a little unfriendly to the countryside until we saw a small, printed note on one of the trees that stated 'Christmas Trees Here'. Presumably the council comes and collects them later. It was after the Hash that this activity became particularly amusing. An older chap in wellingtons (and other clothing) drew up next to the sign in a car filled completely with pungent green Nordic pine. Opening the tailgate, he plucked a sawn length of prickly tree and turned to heave it away. The rest of the tree was more than a bit miffed at being given the elbow so summarily after its brief but enjoyable indoor, glamorous couple of weeks and decided to make its feelings known. A large chunk of it managed to jump out of the back of the car, right behind the older chap, who stepped back, tripped on the sniggering foliage and fell a*se over t*t, wellies in the air. I know you shouldn't laugh at other people's misfortunes but it was a classic pratfall. ☺



While we clapped our hands and cuddled each other at the Circle to keep warm our GM, Slapper, advised us that in 1937 (the number of this Hash) the emergency 999 telephone number was introduced. Some examples of calls that the poor 999 people have to put up with are: my Guinea pig is in labour. Our snowman has been stolen. There is a crocodile in the garden. I have just been tripped over by my Christmas tree (well, not really. But it read well didn't it?). We On Outed hurriedly.

The Trail was generally... sneaky. Bars, Field Checks, Back Checks, One-Blob Checks all played a part and we must give a word of praise to Aqua and JJ, who only got back from holiday fairly late the night before, then rose early to ensure the Trail was laid for us. Spot played a reciprocal rôle for JJ since each assisted the other while both were suffering from colds – Spot last week, JJ this.

Early on Donut and new lady, Tracey, pelted into the FRB spot by back-checking while the rest of us milled about near a three-way Check by the Roman fortifications, RandyMandy calling BlindPew back from his trail investigation before she had actually found the correct route. She was very lucky that he had actually gone the wrong way. It was CabinBuoy who spotted a flour blob on a gate to the right of the path along which we were pelting and along which a small group continued to pelt... until they found the Bar.

It was just after here that AWOL informed me that he had started the Hash with his shorts on backwards but then since he (like most Hashers) gets most things *rse about face I wasn't surprised. He also gave

me his thoughts about the Gobsheet, advising that it would benefit by being 'darker'. Well anyone who has read the Christmas Gobsheet (1935) would know that even Batman, in his murkiest hours, would pale against the dark matter of the story that lurks broodingly therein (that's the last time I plug it. Honest!). The problem with producing Gobsheets that dunk Hashers in a rancid sheep dip of depression is that (quite understandably) no-one would read them. We all go Hashing to enjoy a childlike hour or two, away from the cares of the day. So I will thank AWOL for his feedback but decline a suggestion that might place additional strain on the NHS for those who might then require wheelbarrows full of Prozac.



The first of the three (three!) Regroups appeared, where a couple of gypsy ladies seemed to have joined us. They were Lungs and Tracey, who were wearing headscarves. I was expecting either of them to wander over and ask me to "Cross me palm with silver, dearie, and I'll tell your fortune." John rode his luck

by taking a call on his mobile. Silly boy. He was duly christened later – see Down Downs.

The rest of the Trail seemed to pass in a rapidly cooling blur. The weather began to set in and coldness began to seep into the bones, especially after that flooded road, where no-one could find the Trail, and the 'water jump', as described by the Hare, where water and shiggy combined in a glutinous mess that threatened to suck off the unwary plimsoll. Just after Booby appeared (as if he'd suddenly jumped out of a bush) so did a large brown bullock, frightening the bejusus out of several of us before it mooched back into the scrub, chortling in the way that bovines do. The last half mile slog was memorable only for a) the fact that ChocChuck and I kept overtaking each other, and b) we knew we were not far from the car park. Changing into dry, warm clothes was extremely enjoyable as the damp coldness got even damper and colder.

But we had lost two of our number. Who could they be but that perennial pair of lost waifs: Spex and Donut. They had found an un-kicked Check towards the end of the Trail and had wandered about, looking for the right way for some time. Luckily for us all they found it. Lucky for me too. I would have missed the old fellow and the Christmas tree floor show if they had been earlier. ☺

On On. **Hashgate.**

Letters to the Editor

We are starting a new feature in the Gobsheet this week. If you would like to have your thoughts published please send them to hashgate@hotmail.com, where our letters editor will carefully winnow out the literary dross and publish the gold. There may be some bowdlerizing and abridgment but the editor's version is final.

Here are a few that made it through the process.

Sir,
Am I alone in thinking that this pamphlet is far too superficial. In my day we expected news to be a lot darker. I suggest you tone it down a bit
Yours faithfully,
Mr U. Pholsterer

Sir,
I believe Hashes would benefit greatly from a later start. Fifteen minutes or so should do it. I would be grateful if you will put in a word with the top brass.
Yours faithfully,
Mr Z. Ebedee and Ms F. Lorence

Sir,
I must congratulate you on your most excellent journal. Its weekly treat keeps me in great spirits. The prose is polished, the metaphors witty and intelligent, the descriptive text makes one feel one was really there. And that Christmas story was absolutely to-notch. Keep up the good work!
Yours faithfully
Mr H. Ashgate

SIR,
I DO FINK IT WOOD BE GUD TO HAVE SUM
OTHER RIGHTERS ON OKAS UCCASIO
NOW AND AGAIN
UP YOURS
MR B.ULLSH*T

Down Downs

Since our esteemed RA, Shifter, had come down with a fearsome case of lurgi, Motox kindly stood in for him. He found he had a couple of spare drinks after awarding the Hares their Downs.

Who Got It

Why

Shandyman
StinkingBishop

Today's Hash Crashers.

AWOL

Wearing his shorts back to front before removing them in front of Lilo and frightening her with his hairy bum.

LoudonTasteless

Exclaiming loudly that he had "no idea where I am" while standing next to a large 'Silchester' sign.

HappyFeet

Daring to suggest that Motox should take up a diet.

Spex, Donut

Getting lost... again. Donut nominated Hashgate to join Spex in straw-sucking the ½ pint.

Lungs

'Allegedly' her 60th birthday (I thought it was her 35th...)

John

After several weak naming suggestions and as John took off his top to reveal his T-shirt with a logo that had Winnie the Pooh peering out of the Tardis door above 'Doctor Pooh', everyone agreed that he should be christened 'Doctor Poo'. The lad took it well, Desperate and Lungs assisting with the flour and beer shampoo.

Aqua, JJ, Spot

Today's excellent Hares. Hurrah for them!

Mike, Booby

Mike – I know not what for. Booby turned up incredibly late.

Zebedee

Gave his keys to Glittertits but didn't bother to tell Florence, who got back before he did. What a gent.

Up and Coming

Run

Date

Grid

Venue

Hares

Reference

1939

18Jan15

[SU524679](#)

The Mill
Bradley Moor Square,
Thatcham
RG18 4QH

LittleStiffy
Slackbladder

1940

25Jan15

[SU759722](#)

Randy Birthday Bash (21 again!)
Thatchers,
Woodley (TBC) RG5 3EZ

RandyMandy
BlindPew