

### **GH3 Run 1520 BH3 Run 1909: 23/06/14;**

A joint hash around Frimley Green hosted by Berks H3

BH3: C5, Caboose, Florence, Foggy, Honeymonster, Iceman, Itsyor, Lonely, Loud and Tasteless, Mr. Blobby, Mrs. Blobby, Old Fart, Shandyman, Slapper, Spex, Spot, TinOpener, TT2, Twanky, Utopia, Zebedee, Ben Ralph

Our hosts' hares were Wally, TA, Honeymonster and Confused.com: with a triumvirate of that quality, what could we expect? Well Wally told us that this was to be a 'Pinball Wizard' run, but that was a reference only those of a certain age could register: something to do with bouncing balls (especially concerning to old men without jockstraps!). By the way that is Berkshire's Wally, entirely different from our own Wally (who, as the recent red dress run and a photo from the Dorset weekend reveal, only comes into his own, so to put it, when in wig and female attire).

Being a Berks hash, we had to have some dogs (ho,ho): there were 2, both with Hollywood connotations. Before the hash began Mouse introduced us to Oscar, a 4 month pup of the 'brown' breed. Oscar has not yet had his vaccinations against hashers however, and, after toiletries was returned to Mouse's vast pick-up where he had more than enough room to run around. Berking Leo, on the other paw, accompanied us around the hash, doing a credible imitation of the Jack Russell Uggie, unofficial Oscar nominee for its performance in The Artist. Shame the hash wasn't a silent movie on Berking Wally's part, but more of that later.

There was much chatter from GH3 about the Dorset weekend, which all attending seem to have greatly enjoyed, although many were complaining of stiff joints, getting their excuses in early. As we set off, those with a working memory (in contrast with those of us who can't remember where last week's hash was) said that we were following last year's joint hash in reverse. After crossing Frimley Lodge Park, where our twin GMs added frivolity to the burpees and cone slalom of an exercise group, we ran along the Basingstoke canal for a while, eyeing across the water the Frimley Freedom Fighters practising martial arts. We then entered a wood, shocking a band of Girl Scouts who were on a nature trail: is there a scout badge for spotting a hasher running? Inspector Gadget was seen carrying a stick for the second week in succession – prepared to beat off rampaging cows again? G-Force, the car salesroom attendant who notices and remembers everything (perhaps to make up for Ferret's shortcomings in that regard), spotted that Little Tung-a-Lung was wearing a new pair of gorilla feet: perhaps to prove that his real feet are not leathery and mud-coloured.

Berking Wally was to be heard everywhere; calling the pack back on a lengthy false; attempting the same a few times more (but we canny GH3 hashers were having none of it); abusing GH3 for slowness in comparison with Berks at every check: this was internecine war by other means. In fact there were a few more war connotations to the hash:

- we came across a sign warning us not to touch military debris: Bomb Bandit found he was running alone for a while.
- we ran past a blackened-faced soldier kneeling and talking on a mobile phone – if he wasn't taking a call from his Mum, as one wag suggested, but using a standard means of army communication, then we hope 3G signal is good in every future warzone.
- the rest of his platoon were soon encountered, walking either side of our path, looking at the hash with fingers itchy on the triggers of machine guns.

There were a couple of ReGroups, but to general disgruntlement no beer stops. At the first RG, Berking Wally did a tour guide spiel about the view: apparently we could see Farnborough Abbey and some other hall in distant alignment – this confused one GH3 hasher who thought he heard Westminster Abbey and the Albert Hall and went looking for Green Park tube station. More wood trails and then we found the On-In. A Berking-madman suddenly ran out into the road in front of a speeding ambulance with flashing blue lights: did he want a lift to Frimley Park hospital?

In Wurzel's circle a Guildford returnee was Moustafa (?), who is in want of a hash name. Sinners were: Erectile Dysfunction for being underdressed for running (but according to him not for walking); Old Man Nick for being a repetitive Timbling Tosser; Groper, the Trail Mistress who asked on Saturday where the hash was to be; a Berks hasher who had just become a grandad; and Head Boy for being on his mobile all the way round. Little Pecker put himself forward as an official sinner, but was refused hashy communion. DoggyStyle represented herself and Underdeveloped in having a beer to mark their wonderful organisation of the Midsummer NightMare, which had been a dream-like success by all accounts.

Replay showed off her war wounds suffered over the weekend: a rash on one leg, and lacerations on the other. She denied that the latter were whip lash marks; but her stars and stripes made her lower limbs resemble the Star-Spangled Banner.

The On-On was in the Frimley Working Men's club. Judging by the huge extension being built on the back, the number of men working in Frimley is rapidly expanding. How this sexist establishment survives at all in this PC world is a mystery, but the people working hardest inside were the female cooks. In return for negotiating a complex transaction, involving exchange of a sticky label and a fiver for a bus ticket at the bar, a procedure overseen by the Financial Conduct Authority I believe, those good ladies ladled out a plate of chicken curry (and for those arriving at the right time, some chicken scratchings), and very welcome it was. Mine was eaten in the company of Berking Wally's nephew (yes there is an avuncular side to Wally), who had been inveigled into hashing for the first time that night – like a lamb to slaughter.

All in all: the friendly joint hash was a warring success.