

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2130 16Sep18

Venue: The New Inn
Tadley

Hares: Slapper, Tequilova

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

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Old and New In

Dunny Rampant Donut Hashgate Motox Iceman C5 PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Potty Nutty Dee WaveRider NappyRash Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby with dog Minx Swallow SlowSucker Dumb Dumber SkinnyDipper NoSole Lynne Hannah Mac RandyMandy BlindPew Twanky ChocChuck NoStyle Sharon Tony BGB Alison Debbie Fikawe Hamlet FlashBangWallop and later, NoWaiting

A Walk in the Park...

Our revered GM, today wearing the La Pecarina Apron with which she had been presented last week, advised us that today was 'Respect For Wives Day'. An American idea, surely, which was certainly not embraced wholeheartedly by Slapper. His wife NoSole proudly showed him her new BH³ hoodie and, on inspecting the label therein, he asked her, "Is that aspirational sizing?" Cue pursed lips, intake of breath by listeners. Somehow, I don't think Slapper received his Sunday lunch later. Of course, Americans don't just have one special day. They also have the following: Get Ready Day, Cheeseburger Day, Water Monitoring Day, Hug a Greeting Card Writer Day, First Love Day, International Read an eBook Day. Perhaps they should add Cuddle a Warthog Day, Wear Your Shoes on The Wrong Feet Day and Not Having a Special Day Today Day.

We had a variety of virgins and returnees today (perhaps it was Virgins and Returnees Day?) so we welcomed Lynne, Hannah and Mac, Alison and Debbie. New Hasher of last week, Dee, returned (given the length of the Trail she probably wished she hadn't...) and it was great to see Fukawe and Hamlet again.

Many of us were still humming songs from the show Jesus Christ Superstar, which a whole bunch of BH³ had seen last night at the Progress Theatre in Reading. Dumb had organised our party to this superb production. We were all blown away by the performances, especially NoWaiting, who played Judas. Lonely made a new BFF in the form of a winsome, slinky, exceptionally camp young fellow in a skin-tight, split to the groin, leotard who, as part of the show, came and sat on his lap and whispered sweet nothings in his ear. I haven't really seen Lonely embarrassed before. We (but probably not he 😊) were all very impressed that he could pull in such surroundings...

Due to a particularly horrendous session of man flu I was unable to run today, so I was looking forward to joining the walkers. Hare Slapper mentioned that the runners and walkers' Trails went in opposite directions so we rather hoped we might all pass each other with a cheery 'View halloo' at some point. What I hadn't realised was that the walkers yomp rather than amble. They set off at a tremendous pace and Hamlet and I found ourselves at the back, enjoying the sight of a friendly-looking herd of donkeys in one of the first fields through which we passed. Our line began to stretch out. It was a bit like watching an unevenly matched 10,000-metre running race. Hamlet and I at the rear. Dumb, Alison and Debbie in the next group, Swallow, Mrs Blobby and PennyPitstop a hundred metres further on, Ms Whiplash (with the map 😊), Nutty and Potty nowhere to be seen. In Pamber Forest I figured I'd catch up with the Mrs Blobby group so trotted on to join them. Bit of a mistake. As I caught up my gentlemanly and casual, "Hello ladies." Became a bout of boot-exploding coughing followed by asthmatic wheezing punctuated by occasional hacking. Swallow, as became a



member of the medical profession, decided to ignore my tubercular interjections and chatted amiably while my breathing settled down to a gentle panting and my heart rate slowed to less than 240 bpm.

When my eyeballs had stopped streaming I was surprised, nay thunderstruck, to look ahead and see Ms Whiplash, Nutty and Potty (gulp) RUNNING!!!! If only I'd had my camera I could have taken a short video and posted it in this Gobsheet so you could see for yourselves. I cornered Ms Whiplash later in the pub to ask her about this phenomenon and she coyly admitted to the fact. Apparently, there is a 5k race in Madrid (where BH³ are going next April) and she is determined to jog/walk it as fast as she can. Well done to you Ms Whiplash. And indeed, well done to Nutty and Potty for joining in.



We enjoyed a sunlit walk and chat for about 3½ miles, got lost only a couple of times, met Motox and NoSole going in a different direction to us and ended up back at the pub after about an hour. Whereupon we ordered some brain-numbing hooch from the bar (Mrs Blobby – lemonade and blackcurrant, Swallow – water with lime cordial) and repaired to nearby seating to chat about the evils of social media, flu vaccinations and a variety of other topics. Very pleasant it was too.

Of the runners, we knew nothing. So this organ can only report the *vox populi* in the delightful form of Donut who has taken up running properly again in the belief that this is what one does on the Hash. Condensed from the breathless diatribe an hour after the walkers had returned to the pub, her description was of a fairly non-stop, pell-mell, scratch n' sniff, hope-for-the-best 9-mile (!! Rampant did 10!!!) run for life through woods and along tracks, with a beer stop thrown in for good measure some distance from the finish (which had WaveRider eructating for good ¼ mile after it). For some reason, I was quite pleased that the terrible man flu had robbed me of the opportunity to take part in today's running event...

Have to thank the Hares for their mammoth Trail-laying task today. I'll leave it up to the runners to thank them individually...

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

We all have our interests/quirks and one of mine is subconsciously thinking about words. Etymology is quite fascinating – no really, it is. So, today's word is 'loitering', meaning to wander or stand with no apparent purpose. It's apparent origin (stay with me...) is from late Middle English, possibly from the Dutch 'loteren', meaning to wag about. Presumably an idle wagging.

One can 'loiter with intent' which has a rather furtive connotation, or refers to someone wasting time under canvas, depending on how you read it.

A more Pre-Raphaelite sense may be found in Keats' poem 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' (the beautiful lady without pity, or mercy) where he describes the knight who was captivated by her as 'Alone and palely loitering'.

In a roundabout way we can apply the above two descriptions to certain members of the Hash. The former, furtive import to Hares loitering at a Check, sniggering with anticipation at the chaos to ensue, as the FRBs near it. The latter to some members of the Pack on reaching a Check, pretending to look diligently for the Trail but actually waiting (loitering) for others to check it out...

Down Downs

Unfortunately, there is no Down Downs report this week. We had children/grandchildren coming round and had to prepare. Of course, no preparations are quite good enough. The youngest grandchild: broke into pieces my Lego Bugatti Chiron, ran/waddled off with a couple of our framed photographs, pinched a couple of the TV remotes, insisted on toddling behind the shed where the compost heap is, scrambled half way up the stairs whenever she got the chance and left us exhausted (and Donut was already exhausted from the Hash!). Lovely child. 1½ and cute as can be. 😊

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2132	30Sep18	SU755704	Seven Red Roses, Maiden Place, Lower Earley, RG6 3HA	RandyMandy NoSole SkinnyDipper
2133	07Oct18	TBA	TBA	Awaiting Hares