

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2176 05Aug19
Venue: The Three Horseshoes
Brimpton
Hares: Mr Blobby, Agatha

Visit the website - <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
Website Email - iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

The Brimpton Posse



Dumb Dumber Spot Donut Hashgate Florence Zebedee Itsyor OldFart Mo Foghorn MessengerBoy Utopia Mrs Blobby Motox HappyFeet ChocChuck NoStyle Gnasher RandyMandy Twanky Dunny Rampant SweetPea Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener CanalBob NoSole Slapper SkinnyDipper AWOL Swallow SlowSucker Gill and dog Stanley Baxter FalseTart Shifty Anne Vlad Jackie John Laura Adam HedleyHound Lonely

The Gardening Hash

RandyMandy was having trouble parking in the pub car park. The original space wasn't good enough so she essayed another. It took three or four goes until she was satisfied. No change there then...

I am pleased to report that Ms Whiplash's ankle is now much better and she hoped to have her splint off the day after this Hash. Despite the injury she has been bravely walking her own Trail at the Hashes. A tough lady. Shifty and FalseTart were busy spraying ChocChuck's legs with some kind of tanning solution. Or it could have been insect repellent. She turned first one way,



ChocChuck - before and after.

then the other, while the pair doused her below the knees. Though ChocChuck has a fine pair of legs, if I'd been a tick I'd certainly have thought twice about approaching her shapely calves.

The car park filled rapidly and Mr Blobby asked us all to pack in tightly at the far end since there was a pool competition at the pub tonight. As if on cue¹, a car with four large blokes, carrying equipment cases turned up.

SkinnyDipper called us to the Circle, welcomed Jackie, John, Laura and Adam and advised us it was Independence Day in Croatia. How fortunate we are to have a GM with such arcane and interesting knowledge to impart. Mr Blobby, as Chief Hare today, stepped up to advise us that he and Agatha (co-Hare and obviously not put off by the Henley debacle a few weeks ago 😊) had today mainly been gardening, rather than laying the Trail. There were some fearsomely overgrown bits along the way and the kind souls had been out with shears and secateurs to clear some of

the worst of it. This proves that Hares really do care that the Pack enjoys their country perambulations.

We set off and Donut and I were surprised that Swallow decided to walk rather than run. She'd sped round the Dinton Pastures Parkrun on Saturday like a woman possessed, beating her personal best by an incredible 1 second – probably due to the shouted encouragement of Donut, WaveRider and me during the last 100 metres. You can't stop, can you? It would be too embarrassing, even though your lungs are in Chernobyl mode. It seemed that, at the Hash, she'd brought the wrong sports bra. I asked for no further detail. One should never question a lady's garment choice. Always happy to support² a fellow Hasher.

There was some very sneaky Trail laying by our Hares as we found out early on when suckered into carrying straight on along a track with a blob on it when we should have turned left into the field. I found myself following HappyFeet who skipped lightly and elegantly over a huge badger poo that adorned our path. Dunny happily short-cutted across the field to join the rest of us.

While trotting through a narrow, bramble-lined alley I very nearly called out "On Hair!" when Laura caught hers in a dangling bit of it. Luckily, she managed to disentangle without losing much of her

¹ Yes, there is a small joke there. 😊

² And another here.

golden mane. This was just before the first Regroup, from which there was a Long and Short Trail. Mr Blobby advised that the Long was about ¾ mile, though it seemed a damn sight longer than that and was mainly an uphill pant. A loop that followed the course of a stream appeared and the grassy path had, rather surprisingly, been mowed. ChocChuck, Jackie and I, running along it, wondered if our Hares had dragged a lawn mower all the way over here and done the business. We doffed our mental caps to them if they had. 😊 We reached a little bridge with, you guessed it, a number of brambles reaching across it. The curious thing was that there were two flour arrows, one pointing over the bridge and one pointing back the way we had come. A tad confusing but, when we met the Walkers coming towards us, we realised why. As we came off the bridge, we met Donut, who had gone the wrong way from the Check. Since there was no directional arrow, we figured the other path through the woods was probably correct. And luckily, it was.

RandyMandy spotted what she thought was a two-headed horse in the paddock to our right. It was, of course, just the way they were standing together. It says a lot about her powers of equine observation and mental state...

Another somewhat psychedelic moment occurred as we ran past the bottom of a long, well-kept garden where there was a bird feeder hanging from a pole. Also on the pole was a small speaker with what sounded like Beyoncé issuing from it. Did the house owners believe that blue tits like music while they dine? Perhaps a little R&B to go with their nuts? Some thrash metal to accompany the fat balls?

The second Regroup appeared and many of those who took the longer Trail from the first one opted for the Short this time. We followed Motox and NoSole, who not only seemed to know where they should be going but actually did. We found four blobs and shot off rapidly.



So on to a very confusing Field Check. Florence sped off to the right, Shifty to the left, AWOL between them and Twanky in front of me on an almost invisible path that led, finally, to a gate about a mile away with a flour blob next to it. As we came out on to a road, Lonely and RandyMandy slipped past. Lonely said that she was his personal trainer and she advised that they were going for 4-minute miles. I replied that they might want to speed up a bit.

Florence, AWOL and Twanky got caught out by a Bar in the next field and then we met Itsyor, Slapper and John running towards us. They, like many, had completely missed a small gap in the hedge that led to the field next to us, which was where the Trail led. I mentioned earlier that the Hares had been really quite sneaky. However, we could now see Brimpton church and realised that we didn't have much further to go. With a sigh of relief we nipped through the churchyard, past the 'On Inn' and turned the corner back to the pub where a mountain of Hash chips (thank you Hares) and a decent pint awaited us.

Nice Trail, Hares, and many thanks for your gardening work! 😊

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

The word 'meme' was first coined by Richard Dawkins in his 1976 book *The Selfish Gene*. It encapsulates the way cultural information is spread through imitation. Jolly clever eh? There are lots of internet memes, largely because social media is an extraordinarily efficient method for providing information and enabling it to be shared.

Think PSY – Gangnam Style (See <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9bZkp7q19f0>) with 3,397,841,933 views and 16 million likes. Think of how the Hash House Harriers spread from the British officers and expats in Malaysia in 1938 to be a worldwide phenomenon, enjoyed by many and raising thousands for charities.

Interesting to think that you, as a Hasher and BH³, with its website, are part of a meme. 😊

Down Downs

RA Motox officiated and awarded the following.

Who Got It

Why

Mrs Blobby	Lost a £1 coin under her car seat and it took four chaps to find it.
Donut	Advising Hashgate to 'save your energy' while on the Trail. Motox wasn't sure why...
False Tart	Spraying people's legs with an unknown substance.
HappyFeet	Leaving her toothbrush at AWOL's house. We didn't ask why.
Itsyor	His birthday and a very happy one to him.
AWOL	Strutting around the car park like a tart.
TinOpener	Becoming totally lost on the Trail.
Joan	The pub lady, standing in for the landlady who is on holiday.
RandyMandy	Presented the 'La Pecarina' apron by CanalBob, for getting excited over Smarties. No, I haven't a clue either.
Mr Blobby, Agatha	Tonight's Hares and gardeners.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2178	19Aug19	SU825793	The Royal Oak Knowl Hill Common, Knowl Hill RG10 9YE	Shitfer NappyRash
2179	26Aug19	TBA	TBA	TBA

Our Hare Razor, Dumber, is in need of Hares to lay Trails from 26th August onwards.

Please contact him or email iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk to volunteer to lay a Trail.