

Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Run Number: 2177 12Aug19
Venue: The John Barleycorn
Goring
Hares: Zebedee, Florence

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



**“ And the huntsman he can't hunt the fox nor loudly blow his horn
And the tinker he can't mend his pots without John Barleycorn ”**

(Traditional folk song. John Barleycorn is the personification of the annual barley crop.
See/hear the Steeleye Span version of the song [here](#).)

Tonight's Pack

NappyRash Donut Hashgate Spot Twanky Christine TinOpener Agatha TC Whinge TT2 Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Dunny Rampant RandyMandy Gnasher Shitfer Desperate Becky C5 Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Utopia OldFart MessengerBoy Itsyor Dumb Dumber Judas Jackie John FalseTart Shifty SkinnyDipper Swallow SlowSucker BillyBullshit Foghorn Motox NoSole Martin (CrownJewels, due to his oversight at National Trust properties, as named by Didcot Hash) Slapper ChocChuck NoStyle Caboose CanalBob Annie Richard AWOL Pyro and dog Whisper Ben Lonely... and after the Trail, Cheating!

Exploring Goring

Donut, NappyRash, Spot and I watched from my car and Twanky, next to us, watched from his as TT2 drew into the car park and slowly circled it, looking for a parking space. That there were many made no difference. It had to be the right one. He finally spotted The One and attempted to back into it... three times. Eventually, he was satisfied, even though his vehicle was not exactly parallel to the white lines. “TT2 is parking like a TT Twat.” Said T Wanky, sardonically. The effort was almost matched by Desperate, who went in forwards and left the front of her car over the delineating white line. As I've mentioned before, it's a good idea to get to the Hash early so you can enjoy these kinds of shenanigans.

A good crowd attended on this perfect summer evening, the sky cloudless and the air cool but not cold – perfect for Hashing. We were called to the Circle just down the road from the public car park outside the pub where GM SkinnyDipper addressed us. We won't be seeing her for a while since she has embarked on a 900-mile cycle ride to Sweden to visit her son. Here she is, just starting out with, if you can see it, a small monkey attached to her handlebars. Presumably, a bijou, simian satnav. We wish her well on her epic voyage. May the sun shine, the traffic be light and no punctures. 😊



Skinny welcomed Christine (from France) and Richard to the Hash and advised us that today was a Public Holiday in Samoa before handing over to our Hares: Florence and Zebedee. Since the nights are drawing in a bit and we would be in forest, they got us on our way quickly. A little too quickly for Mr Blobby. About a hundred metres down a stony road, he and Rampant were running and chatting in front of me when there was a crash, an “Ouch!” and the good Mr B had executed a perfect pratfall after catching his toe on a slightly protruding manhole cover. Now I know that both Mr Blobby and C5 are currently well-known for hurling themselves to the ground at every opportunity but that doesn't make it any less painful. We all clucked around him for a bit but, brave chap that he is, he did a bit of knee-bleeding, then carried on without any complaint. I have to say that I almost did something similar later, when I tripped over a vicious little tree root and only just stopped myself from falling by grabbing Donut by the shoulders. Half a step further and she would have been giving me a piggy-back, which would certainly have warranted a round of applause for her and a Down Down for me.

We skirted the grey-blue Thames, past George Michael's house, up on to the main Goring road over the weir and SlowSucker, NappyRash, Rampant and I found the 'F'alse further up the road while everyone else turned off into a rather pleasant, grassy recreation ground. On a stony track leading off

it I found Christine *qui prendre des photos* (she's French...) of a thick wooden pole into which had been carved owls. Very pleasant and it took our minds off the Bar which appeared just after it. Nice one, Hares.

Pyro's dog Whisper, looking sleek and slim after her Summer haircut, spied a marmalade cat which was peering round the edge of a car's tyre. It didn't peer for very long, performed the feline equivalent of Usain Bolt in the 100 metres and shot up and over a trellis. Whisper stopped, looked up regretfully at the empty trellis top, then resumed her wolf-like Hash trot. She's a lovely dog. 😊



We began to climb. Up steep, grassy hills that gave us superb views over the river valley. The Pack missed a Check at the foot of one (it had been rubbed out) and clambered up through the forest to find no Trail, while Donut, Agatha and I went along the track at the foot of it on Zebedee's advice. We all came back together during an uphill forest run and I came upon RandyMandy, who was not wearing the apron she had been awarded last week. It was twisted around her hand. We agreed that the best excuse was that it was being used as a bandage because she'd 'hurt her finger'. The thing does rather restrict your running.



We arrived at the first Regroup where Shifty reckoned it would be useful to have minions to check the Trail from here. Not a bad idea, though I can't imagine how they'd call "On On" with the voices that they have. A number of us opted for the short cut from here and we ran on a narrow path alongside a waist-high barbed wire fence with the most beautiful, grassy valley on the other side. FalseTart said she'd love to look at it but was frightened of tripping over a root and end up dangling on the barbed wire. She had a good point. This was

where I nearly went over. At the end of the path we stopped and met BillyBullshit, who had appeared like an unexpected rash. How the hell he had got there when we hadn't seen him all evening I don't know. Down into the valley we went, then into an apparently private road that wound upwards very steeply. I was passed by SlowSucker: "I can't do hills very well anymore." he gasped as he chugged upwards. Then by Rampant, who didn't seem to be able to speak at all. Not surprisingly there was another Regroup at the very top, where we found that the land we had come through was Elvenden Priory which had indeed been an old priory but is now a private house. The Hares had stopped us here not only for a short rest but because we had about 250 metres of main road to negotiate and we needed to keep together. As we jogged along the side of the road a kindly motorist, coming towards us, stopped, put on their hazard lights and clapped us on our way. Nice people. It was good to swing off the road and into a long downhill track through the forest. Only trouble was, it was heading away from Goring! Above us in a field a combine harvester cut swathes through the corn like some monster trampling and groaning. Slightly surreal in the dim quiet of the leafy woods. Though easy running, it was quite difficult to see the many tree roots that had grown specially to try and trip us up. Fortunately, both Mr Blobby and C5 (and everyone else) managed not to Hash Crash.

Eventually, we came out of the forest to run along a downhill chalky track by delightful, rolling fields. The almost full moon shone above in the deepening blue of the sky and I thought, who needs to practise mindfulness when you can do this? Just run and enjoy. Aren't we lucky to be able to do it?

A final, huge field with a 'Field Check led us out just below Goring and Streatley railway station and I followed AWOL and RandyMandy up and over the bridge across the tracks. Just a shortish run as night descended and we were back at the car park before enjoying the delights of the rustic John Barleycorn, which we filled completely.

A really excellent Trail by our Hares tonight through some of the best countryside in BH3's bailiwick. Our thanks to them.

On On. **Hashgate.**

BH³ Hash Blog

'Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.' A curious phrase despite being in common use, meaning either a person of cool demeanour or someone with a niceness of manner. The former was written as follows by Jehan Palsgrave in 1530: 'He maketh as though butter wolde nat melte in his mouthe'. The latter was how Charles Dickens described Mr Pecksniff in Martin Chuzzlewit: 'It would be no description of Mr Pecksniff's gentleness of manner to adopt the common parlance, and say that he looked at this moment as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He rather looked as if any quantity of butter might have been made out of him, by churning the milk of human kindness, as it spouted upwards from his heart.'



'Kind words butter no parsnips.' Is another add phrase we occasionally use to say that flattery achieves nothing. This saying is English and originates in the 17th century. Probably the earliest reference is from John Clark, who wrote in 1639: "Faire words butter noe parsnips."

There are quite a number of uses of the term 'butter' in the English language. To 'know which side your bread is buttered on.' To 'earn your bread and butter.' 'Butterfingers.'

Fascinating, English idioms. Now if anyone can tell me how many times the word 'butter' appears in this blog I'll buy them a pint. But, er, you have to have exactly the correct number and don't try to butter me up. 😊

Down Downs

RA Motox presented the following in the pub garden, at a time when most of BH³ are sipping their Ovaltine and preparing for their beds. 😊

Who Got It

Why

Mr Blobby	Tonight's Hash Crash victim.
MessengerBoy	His birthday. Happy one to him.
NappyRash	He reckons he's 'gender neutral'!
Motox	Awarded by Mr Blobby for stretching before the Hash and going, "Ouch!"
Richard	Tonight's virgin got it down rapidly.
Dumb	She's retired very recently. A long and happy one to her.
Cheating	Tonight's returnee. Nice to see him again.
NoSole	On the Trail, heard geese and thought it was Florence!
SkinnyDipper	To help her on her 900-mile cycling way. Motox asked the group for suggestions as to what she need to take and a bicycle, vaseline and a satnav were in the list.
Motox	Was passed the 'La Pecarina' apron for giving Mandy the most abuse this evening.
Zebedee, Florence	Tonight's Hares.

Up and Coming

Run	Date	Grid Reference	Venue	Hares
2179	26Aug19	SU763818	BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY AT 6PM The Three Horseshoes 90 Reading Rd, Henley-on-Thames RG9 1DN	SlowSucker
2180	02Sep19	SU633637	The Red Lion, Church Road, Mortimer West End RG7 2HU	Slapper Motox

While our Hare Razor, Dumber, is on extended holiday, Slapper has kindly volunteered to stand in for him.

We are in need of Hares to lay Trails from 15th September onwards.

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