

Hash Number: 2218 13Sep20

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>

Venue: Burghfield Common Car Park

Email – iceman@berkshirehash.co.uk

Hares: Slapper, Spot

PLOGGERS

BlowHarder Pissn'Chips Donut Hashgate WaveRider NappyRash Dunny Rampant Slips Snowy C5 HotDog CouchPotato SkinnyDipper Spex LoudonTasteless Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Motox Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Lungs Tequilova Joycee BGB HappyFeet DoorMatt Horny Helmet Twanky Florence Zebedee Caboose NoSole Pantaloon Dumb Dumber Hooker Judas Foghorn AWOL Lonely

FOREST PLOGGING

It was a perfectly beautiful, warm and sunny September morning as we pulled into the (already stuffed with cars) woodland car park. Hashers sat in cars, forwarding and backing and we wondered where we could park. Our saviour was SkinnyDipper, who waved us forward and into a seemingly tailor-made space for two cars (the only one left) that was bounded by large logs. As we backed carefully into this Pissn'Chips (while passenger BlowHarder covered his face with his hands) shot her car forwards into the gap next to us and thoughtfully rammed its front end into the boundary log. I guess at least she knew exactly where the end of the parking space was.

Today's event was a 'plogging' event. If you are not aware of the meaning (I wasn't), plogging is a combination of two words: jogging and the Swedish phrase for pick up, 'plocka upp'.



Ploggers 'plogging'!

Started in Sweden by Eric Ahlström in 2016 is a combination of running or jogging while picking up rubbish. So it's about helping the poor beleaguered planet and keeping healthy. What a great idea! Hare Slapper duly gave out black rubbish bags to members of the small, socially distanced groups into which we were split – Fast Runners, Relaxed Runners and Strollers. Spex got a bit confused about which group she should be in since she thought she might be in with the Fast Runners. We guided her carefully into one of the Relaxed Runners groups. For safety reasons the Fast Runners set off first in opposing directions, followed by the Relaxed Runners; then the Strollers.

It all went very well with our little group (accompanied by Hare Slapper) for the first ½ mile, then the pattern for most of the rest of the plog was set. The Fast Runners on our route completely lost the plot (and the Trail) and we found them running back towards us. Many, many times this happened, each time the Hares' names becoming blacker than dark shiggy in the minds of the so-called 'Fast Runners'. We eventually figured that the groups ought to swap names since we seemed to be running ahead of them for much of the time. 😊

Caboose, who we haven't seen for some time, was running with his backpack on one shoulder. A curious plogging accessory. Perhaps he wanted something a little more upmarket than a bin liner in which to collect rubbish?

Poor Slapper was having to re-lay quite a few of the Checks as we sped through the forest. Either people had been kicking them out (not we Ploggers; woodland amblers) or animals had scented the delicious flour and hoovered it up gleefully. This did not contribute to the Fast Runners ability to find the Trail...

By the way, Slapper and NoSole's recently born little grandson has recently been named. So welcome Liam Michael and we look forward to seeing you at the Hash in the future.

We ran up and down a variety of small hills in the forest; sometimes finding the Trail and sometimes relying on Slapper to tell us the way. Not that this always worked, since the lad had laid the Trail from the opposite direction, making it difficult to visualise where we should go next. At one point where he found a Check he declared that he was “amazed” to have found his own Trail. Ah, the joys of plogging/Hashing.

In fact, we were very pleased to find little litter where we were running. This was not the case with WaveRider. You may remember that she broke her ankle a couple of weeks ago and today she had decided to ‘plog’ round the car park while on her crutches. With bin liner dangling from one hand, she set off. Much to the surprise of some people who were amazed that an injured lady should be picking up rubbish. By the time we returned she had filled her rubbish bag. I think this says a lot about how much some people care about the environment. Well done WaveRider!

We got to a crossover point where we met the Strolling Ploggers. Lungs, Ms Whiplash and the rest, according to Slapper, weren’t meant to be there at all. With the Fast Runners confusion and this, I’d say that the Trail was a roaring success. 😊

We passed the most beautiful (and highly toxic) fly agaric mushrooms.



Here’s a picture that Donut took. These fellows can cause hallucinations and psychotic reactions if eaten – Donut and I left them to grow peacefully.

Suddenly, Spex appeared, FRB’ing and running from the other direction in Spot’s Relaxed Runners group. SkinnyDipper followed her. We exchanged socially distant pleasantries and ploughed on, coming to a possible Short Cut, which Donut decided to take. BGB, Joycee (now yodelling in soprano mode like Florence) Slapper, Foghorn and I took the quite enjoyable loop that led through some bushy forest, then down a narrow track towards Donut, who seemed quite relaxed and took some pictures of us. Once again the Fast Runners were lost – they couldn’t find the 3(!) blobs at the top of a small hill. Doh! Slapper pointed them out and they ran sheepishly past us.

We reached and ran over Mr and Mrs Blobby’s bridge. This is a little bridge that was built over a stream near the back of their house that was built very shortly after they had moved to this area. Very nice of whoever to build the thing to enable Mr Blobby to keep dry tootsies when he went running. Further on from here and going up some deep steps, BGB decided to go for the sympathy vote and trip over one

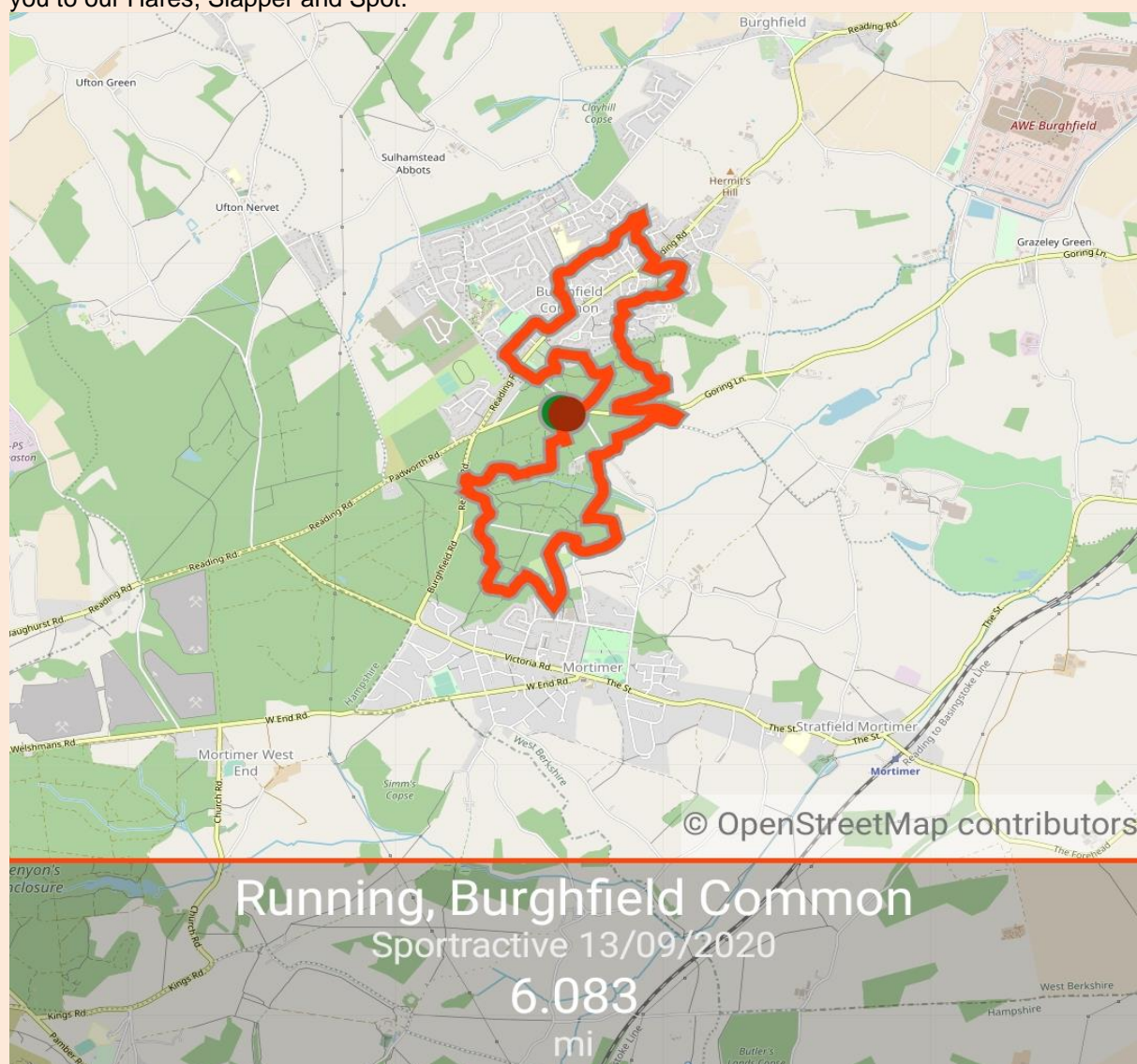
of them. Luckily, he had his plogging rubbish bag in the hand that hit the floor first so he was saved from any injury.

TinOpener also tried to injure himself as we ran through some low branches. I had just called out “Mind your heads” to warn everyone when he put on his cap and banged his head into a branch. He explained that, having put on his baseball cap to protect his head, he couldn’t see above the peak. Duh!

We had a Field Check, followed by a run through some built-up area. Then ran into a recreation ground in Burghfield where Florence decided to try her luck by chatting up three (yes, three!) young, teenage lads. It’s always the quiet ones, isn’t it?

We then spent a while running apparently away from the car park – which we knew was only ¼ mile away. Slapper described this as ‘the sting in the tail’. Hmm. I guess we at least kept away from the roads and came to the cars via a forest path.

Below is the plogging route. A thoroughly enjoyable run and rubbish pick on a beautiful day. So thank you to our Hares, Slapper and Spot.



I won’t be writing a Gobsheet for a little while since I will be in hospital for a bit, then recovering at home. In an amazing coincidence, Shifty is going into hospital the day before me, for the same reason and we’ll be on the same ward until we go home. We’ll be taking a small bag of flour to lay a Trail. 😊 I look forward to getting back to Hashing and seeing you all again soon.

Take good care of yourselves.

On On. [Hashgate](#).

DOWN DOWNS

RA Motox awarded the following among the delightful Burghfield Common woodland, next to a bullrush-filled lake. Lovely.

Recipient	Reason
Spot, SkinnyDipper	They alleged that last week's Leighton Buzzard earth tremor was caused by Motox falling over during the Hash.
Snowy	Presented by Slips for leaving his mobile and keys on top of the car last week and driving off, scattering them hither and thither and not realising for some time.
Rampant	Nipping into Motox's car parking space today. As Rampant said, "You snooze, you lose."
Lonely	Being exceptionally late today.
Zebedee, Pissn'Chips, BlowHarder	They said BH ³ does not have enough songs to sing. Our new friends gave us a lively new song, which was well received. Slips reckons we're all too old to learn both new tunes and new words. Prove her wrong!
BGB	Today's Hash Crasher.
Lilo	Stating to Motox that, when unable to find thee Trail, she had 'lost her end'!
Florence	Singing "On On" like a Diva while running.
HotDog	Awarded the 'La Pecarina' apron by Lilo for his ingenious use of a stick while plogging.
Slapper, Spot	Today's excellent Hares.

THE BH³ HASH NAME QUIZ

Here are the answers to last week's quiz. I hope you didn't have too much trouble with Foghorn! There are still some BH³ names left so I will resume the quiz the next time I write a Gobsheet. I hope you have been enjoying it! 😊

Clue	Hash Name	Real Name
An aroma that may have lingered for some time.	OldFart	Jim Webb
One does not make the summer.	Swallow	Hilary Barber
Snowmen might have them...	Snowballs	Jon Williams
A vegetable on a settee?	CouchPotato	Don Townsin
You'll hear this before you see it.	Foghorn	Terry Holmes

A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA THAT SKINNYDIPPER SENT TO ME:

HHHi Hashgate,

You know how I like to crunch some numbers and I thought you might be able to use this in the next Gobsheet.

We have had 10 hashes since lockdown. Average number of hashers was 38.7.

So 387 runs have been completed since lockdown.

Of those THREE have resulted in a visit to hospital. (Tinopener, Waverider and MotoX).

3 out of 387 is 0.007751937 or, for comparison with Covid statistics as used in government statistics: 775.1937 per 100 000.

Last week's new Covid cases for Reading, Wokingham and West Berkshire combined was 34 per 100 000.

This means the risk of ending up in hospital through hashing is nearly 23 times greater than the risk of you catching Covid.

And we still turn up every week !!!!

There is a flaw in these calculations though so perhaps it could be this week's challenge to work that out. (ANSW : I should have used the new cases for the whole 10 weeks instead of just one week, but at least that will show how easy it is to misuse statistics).

On On

Skinny