

69er's rambles:

"Bangers & Mash" today! Packed the "Jam Jar" and fed the "Cooking Fat" while the "Trouble 'n Strife" put on her "Dickie Dirt", "Bonnie & Clydes" and "Fighting Cocks". We hit the "Frog & Toad" then picked up a couple of "China Plates" on the way. There was plenty of time for "Rabbit and Pork" as we sat on our "Bottle & Glass" in Ubud's traffic jam. That gave us the "Two Bob Bits"! Wouldn't have minded a "Pig's Ear" at the "Rub A Dub Dub" right then and there.



[Editor's translation if you're not a "To and From" Pom, ie an Englishman:

Hash Day! Having fed the cat, the car was loaded while the wife donned her top, leggings and socks. Down the street we collected a couple of friends. Sitting in Ubud's traffic there was ample opportunity for chit chat while just sitting there on our behinds. It was irksome. A beer in a pub would have been a better idea . . . An illustrated glossary is provided here]



Another amazing day with BHHH2! Thanks to this crew of **Coming Round The Mountain, Concrete Erection, Inflatable Bedmate, Princess Rommel & Mount'n Groan**. It had everything your hashing heart could desire: a superb run site that offered us magnificent scenic trails, pie & peas prepared by **CRTM**, a proper bar replete with 2 gallons of tequila courtesy of **IB**, English themed shirts designed by our **Hash Master**, cold Prost beer and loads of fun and games for the many hashers who rolled up for this run. And it turned out to be a fine day right up until the very end of a memorable run and Circle.



The bar proved unsurprisingly popular – he's a damned good salesman! And pie & peas washed down with a cold beer wasn't bad either after a good hard run/walk in stunning countryside.



Here's a shot to warm the heart of **Horny Herring** who has a real fondness for these structures! This photo comes courtesy of **Rock On** – maybe he thought this would be the last picture of **Frock Off** as she makes her way up the slippery slope. Exemplary trail marks ensured no lost souls and once again, no one died . . . Astungkare!



Just to satisfy **Horny Herring's** need for death-defying gorge crossings, several of these constructions were provided for him to test his intestinal fortitude.

Here is yet another means of getting from A to B . . .

The trails had a bit of everything, offering adventure a-plenty for the hounds.



Hash Master and a hare for this run **Mount'n Groan** egregiously stole his lines from **The Bard, William Shakespeare**, to send the baying hounds on their way:

*I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,  
Cry 'On On [sic] for Harry! England! and Saint George!'*

In case you were wondering about said **St George**, Patron Saint of Blighty, you may be interested to know that he was neither English, nor did he ever set foot in Albion. He was actually born, in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Century AD, more than 2,000 miles away in Cappadocia in modern day Turkey. He is thought to have died in Lydda (now Israel) in the Roman province of Palestine in AD 303.

The story goes that **St George** rode into Silene (now in Libya) to free the city from a dragon with a taste for humans. But it's a story which post-dates the real **George** by several centuries, and likely simply represents the eternal battle between good and evil. Images of **George** and the dragon survive from the 9<sup>th</sup> Century, 500 years after his death.



**St George** is a popular sort of guy - England shares **St George** with Venice, Genoa, Portugal, Ethiopia and Catalonia among others as their patron saint.



There were Brits everywhere on this run, so many that at times I thought I was seeing double!

The **Circle** was called and the **Hares** were acknowledged for their universally appreciated trails. Bravo, the lot of you!

**Labia** did his impression of Laurence Olivier, playing **King Henry V**, and recited the famous lines spoken before the **Battle of Agincourt** in 1415.



In a fervour of patriotism, **Concrete Erection** aided by **Gritty Balls** and others, sang **William Blake's Jerusalem** to recall "England's green and pleasant land".

The texts, for anyone moved to remind themselves, are offered here:

**Henry V Act 3 Sc 1**

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, our duty; Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace there's nothing so becomes a man, As modest stillness and humility; But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger: Stiffen the sinews, conjure up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage; Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head, Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it As fearfully as doth a galled ox; O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide; Hold hard the breath and bend every spirit To his full height. On, on, you noblest English, Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof! Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, Have in these parts from morn till even fought, And sheathed their swords for lack of argument. Dishonour not your mothers: now attest, That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you. Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman, Whose limbs were made in England, show us here The mettle of your pasture: let us swear That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not; For there is none of you so mean and base, That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game's afoot: Follow your spirit; and upon this charge, Cry 'God for Harry! England! and Saint George!'

**Jerusalem**

And did those feet in ancient time,  
Walk upon England's mountains green;  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Saticanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;  
Bring me my Arrows of desire;  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold;  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green & pleasant Land.

Collectively emblazoned with the Cross of St George, the Circle dealt with the Returners and Leavers, visiting hasher (from Bandung); **Wooden Eye** deflowered the Virgins.



There was much merriment too as **Konkorde** strutted his stuff. He too is a Leaver – hurry back mate, as we'll miss your entertaining contributions.



Next week it's the **ANZAC Day Run**, an opportunity to remember those servicemen and women from Australia and New Zealand who fought and died in military actions to secure peace for future generations. We will remember them! See you all there.

After a day like that, we were just about "Cream Cracked" and ready for our "Needle & Thread".

*Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves  
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!*