



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

Our Just Giving page is <https://share.google/i83sCeavtlwhGzH20>

Hash Number and Date: 2490 13Apr26

Location: The Turners Arms, Mortimer

Hares: C5, Mr Blobby

WHO TURNED UP



A Turner...

Sleazy PrettyInPink Donut Hashgate Iceman Spex LoudonTasteless Dunny Rampant Posh Bomber Dawn Twanky Dumber WetWipe Motox Foghorn SpecialBranch Foxy Floater Swallow SlowSucker Cockup Frabet SkinnyDipper and dog Miffy MessengerBoy and dog Willow Mrs Blobby Utopia Rob Emma and dog Sydney ForestDump Cuddles SexSlave Spot Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop NoSole Slapper Jonathan CabinBuoy FalseTart Shifty JJ Aqua AWOL Wimpey LemonySnicket Number2 PolishDumpling Lonely Dorothy Agatha

A STAR TURN BY OUR HARES

The Turners Arms. Shouldn't it be The Turner's Arms? Or The Turners' Arms? Singular or plural? And what or who was a turner? Apologies for beginning this Gobsheet with semantic questioning but whenever we've Hashed at this pub the grammar pedant part of me has always itched to shin up the pub sign with a paintbrush and touch in an apostrophe. Sad really. It turns out (see what I did there? Please yourselves) that the pub was originally three cottages, in one of which a wood turner plied his trade. He used a lathe to, literally, turn wood, using a variety of tools, such as chisels, to create, for example, chair legs. It was a highly skilled job and there still is a Livery Company in the City of London named The Worshipful Company of Turners. Their charter dates back to 1155. Who knew? Well now we do.



The turner's arms... and his lathe.

And since there was just one turner in the cottages before the pub appeared, the sign should show as The Turner's Arms. Glad we cleared that up. Here endeth the lesson. 😊

Given the usual lack of parking spaces and the traffic problems getting through Reading – roadworks, diversions and police shutting off one side of the IDR – I was surprised at the number of Hashers who assembled (if that's the correct term for a milling, chaotic mass of chattering runners and walkers) by the pub to listen eagerly and with concentration (hint of irony there) at the Circle. We welcomed returnees Jonathan and Frabet and almost virgin PolishDumpling. I do hope I have her name right. Happy to be corrected.

It was a beautiful, sunny evening, this area is surrounded by fine forests and our Hares have a combined Trail-laying experience of about 250 years. Nothing could go wrong. Especially when C5 and Mr Blobby told us that the Trail would be about 4.5 miles in length so we would get back before dusk... and they'd run about 9 miles

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each while laying it. That's dedication by two of our highly respected and well-loved BH³ grandees. We were in for a treat.

We On Outed, runners and walkers together. Having got the warm-up initial bit of tarmac out of the way, we plunged happily into the first of the woodland areas. If you're into *shinrin-yoku*/forest bathing, this is the place to be. Springy, leaf-strewn earth was beneath our feet, paths wound around the trees, many just coming into bud (not the paths, you fool!), the evening sun shone brightly, our stress levels reduced along with our cortisol, our immune functions improved and our minds decluttered. Essentially, the typical effects of Hashing. 😊 It was all going well until we came to that first narrow, steep-sided stream. SkinnyDipper followed her delightful little doggy companion as she jumped across. However, Skinny was brought to a bent-over halt by the steepness of the other side and, since I'd jumped across right behind her, I very nearly head-butted her bottom. Not something a gentleman generally should do. Fortunately, gluteal disaster had been avoided and we carried on.

We went back across the stream later. SpecialBranch literally put his foot in it. 😬 And Rob, with dog Sydney, and I got the Check entirely wrong and had to backtrack along the uneven bank to rejoin the Pack. Of course, we hadn't a clue where we were as we hurtled in zig-zags through the forest, desperately trying not to trip over gnarled tree roots. It didn't matter because we were thoroughly enjoying the Trail. We suddenly popped out where our uphill path met a wider, pebbly track and who should be there to greet us but a lone and smiling Zebedee! We may not have known where we were but he certainly did. JJ mentioned to me that it was impressive how our Hares could lay a Trail on a sixpence.

We reached a Check on the track where the Trail could go to the right or straight on. WetWipe and Dumber raced off to the right, eventually calling "On On!" But it wasn't to be. Hare C5, muttering and eye-rolling, called them "On Back!" while Motox, in judgemental mode, called for them to receive a "good whippin'". Perhaps a little harsh but surely no more than they deserved? Diving off the track into more forest, Dunny continued the corporal punishment tone by suggesting that Iceman should receive a slap for leading her in the wrong direction. Perhaps it was a good thing that we reached the Regroup/Beaver Stop and everyone began searching for our furry friend. Jonathan was the lucky finder. Here he is along with the rest of us, waving his prize jubilantly.





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Running with the Pack

Running on with Slapper, he told me that there used to be a 'Happy Tree' in these woodlands during lockdown. Local people used to hang things on its branches to remind them of happier times. He added that the tree, or its hangings, has disappeared now. Possibly, he said with a toothy grin, because people are now miserable.

With Dumber, Donut and Motox I came across, in close proximity, two flour blobs, a Bar-Check and an ordinary Check. We were duly impressed by the Hares successful attempt to confuse the Pack. These were just a few of the things designed to confuse us. The Trail led in and out, up and down, looped round and round. Excellent Trail-laying but, as JJ and I observed, it was the most inefficient method of getting from a back to a despite C5 and Mr Blobby being two of the most efficient people we knew.

Surprisingly, to us, we suddenly erupted from the forest into a full-on urban landscape. Neat new houses, a cul-de-sac, parked cars, trim gardens, wife-swapping, the lot. Quite a contrast to the previous arboreal perambulations. We were back in Mortimer and soon found ourselves at the top end of the sports field across which lay the pub. Our Hares had laid one final joke for us, a Field Check. Of course, everyone knew exactly where we were... except perhaps AWOL, who trotted away to check the far side of the field away from the pub. But then he does have a few slightly different ideas to the rest of us. 😊

This was a truly enjoyable Trail that cleverly kept the Pack together and had the runners and walkers coinciding on occasions. Additionally, we all got back before the light faded. A resounding "Huzzah!" to our Hares.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

Our Joint RA's, Foxy and Dumb awarded the following in the nice, warm pub since it was darn cold outside and our smiley landlord had kindly allowed us to do this. 😊

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Jonathan	Received a 'Dipsh*t' chocolate bar for finding Foxy's Beaver.
Rampant	He very nearly was involved in severe dog abuse by almost falling on Sydney.
Cockup	He suffered from a stiff knee and was running like a horse. 🐎
WetWipe	He was sitting on the other side of a bench where Floater and SpecialBranch were sitting. He stood up rapidly and the other two flailed about as the bench collapsed. Wish I'd seen that...
CabinBuoy	Lost property. Leaving a glove behind.
FraBet, Jonathan	Returnees.
Shifty, Mrs Blobby	Happy Birthday to them!
Motox	Having completed 100 walking Trails he was awarded his 'Wandering Aimlessly Never Keeping the Exact Route' T-shirt. See photo below. Congratulations Motox!
Wimpey	Awarded his 100 Hashes tankard by Hon. Pres. Spot. Congratulations Wimpey! Photo below.
C5, Mr Blobby	Our exceptional Hares!



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Future Hashes – starting at 19:00 Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2491	20Apr	The Volunteer Church Street, Theale, Reading RG7 5BX What3Words: /// cook.ages.handed StreetMap cook.ages.handed	CanalBobb
492	27Apr26	The Cherry Tree Inn Stoke Row, Henley on Thames, Oxon RG9 5QA What3Words: /// meanwhile.powder.retiring StreetMap meanwhile.powder.retiring	Number2



Wimpey enjoys his 100 Hashes Down Down, watched by RA's Foxy and Dumb..



Motox shows off his T-shirt award. He was actually a lot happier about receiving it than he looks. 😊

DAISY'S DREAM

Details of how much money has been raised for our supported charity Daisy's Dream now appears on our website homepage. This figure will be updated periodically.

BH³ 2500 CELEBRATION

You will all have received 2 emails that contain details of this event and a link to enable you to register. So that the committee can plan and purchase appropriately please register and pay as soon as possible. If you haven't registered and would like to be sent the registration link again please contact any committee member. We look forward to partying with you. 🥳

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