



# Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH<sup>3</sup> is pleased to be supporting [Daisy's Dream](#).

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**Hash Number and Date:** 2499 15Jun26  
**Location:** The Butt Inn, Station Road, Aldermaston  
**Hares:** WetWipe, SkinnyDipper

## SHEEP



Awol Lonely Donut Hashgate Zebedee Florence Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener Number2 EverReady Crawler Gannet MessengerBoy and dog Willow NoSole Slapper SweetPee Agatha Utopia Mrs Blobby Cuddles SexSlave PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Linda CabinBuoy Swallow SlowSucker Motox Foghorn C5 Shifty FalseTart Emily Slips Snowy Iceman OldDog SpecialBranch TreeT Posh Bomber Gnasher CanalBobb Twanky Spot LemonySnicket Wimpey DeepLunge Turnoff Dunny Rampant DoggyStyle Hamlet JJ Aqua Rob

## WE'RE POOR LITTLE LAMBS WHO'VE LOST OUR WAY

I bet you, like me, didn't know that this title text comes originally from Rudyard Kipling's poem [Gentlemen-Rankers](#). Additionally, this chorus was included in [The Whiffenpoof Song](#), by an *a cappella* group at Yale University in 1909. See, we do learn interesting stuff on the Hash. This title was selected because it succinctly describes the action of certain members of our above participants list. They became horribly lost. Not entirely their fault though. A farmer had carved his/her way along a grassy path between two fields, erasing all flour blobs, including the Check at the end of the path where it split at right-angles, left and right. Sadly, the lambs took the right-hand path when they should have gone left. Mind you, as SkinnyDipper said later, if you're not on flour, you're not on the Trail.

This evening we were pleased to welcome Rob, SkinnyDipper's son. He is exceptionally fit so, at the Circle, His old mum reminded him that a Hash is not a race. Tonight we were due to say goodbye to Emily, who has joined us for four or five Hashes and who has written her degree dissertation on linguistics used in running fraternities. She will be moving away but we hope to see her sometime in the future.

Of course, all Hares are volunteers and we are very thankful for their efforts. On this occasion we should thank SkinnyDipper especially since she has only just returned from one of her epic cycling tours in Europe and must be knackered. We were told by the Hares that there would be no Foxy's Beaver to find on the Trail, but there would be a Beer Stop at the Regroup. Excellent! We On Outed happily, with our hats and bonnets set to a jaunty, optimistic angle.

Now since your reporter was walking this evening (due to exhaustion and general languor) there is precious little in this Gobsheet about the runners. Though some of us had decided to walk the 5-mile running route. This included Donut, Foghorn, Shifty, Motox, TinOpener and OldDog. We were quite pleased that the runners checked out the way to go, which was backed up by Hare WetWipe, trotting behind us. 😊

We quickly entered humid, ferny forest. It was almost tropical as we sweated along, enjoying the rushing streams that churned and dashed beneath us while we crossed a series of small footbridges. All was going well. And then

we came across a shallow stream about two metres wide with no bridge across it. Wetwipe was directly behind me as various people (see Down Downs) tried to jump across without getting wet. “That wasn’t there earlier.” He intoned in an entirely unconvincing way. Ever the gentleman, I offered my wife, Donut, a piggyback but she declined, even though her legs are somewhat less lengthy than mine. She jumped like a gazelle. She landed in the water like Peter Kay in the John Smith’s diving advertisement. Er, no she didn’t – not if I don’t want to lose all this month’s brownie points – she landed delicately and with the tiniest of splashes. “I’ve got a wet sock.” She advised me, perhaps accusingly. I jumped in too, on purpose – we share everything. “So have I.” I replied, displaying my dripping running shoe. 😊

Now, you’ll note that we’re a bit short of pictures so far. So here’s one of the beautiful vista that greeted our eyes as we squelched away from the water and out of that forest.



Our path swept up the hill, past the fine Georgian house to our left, eventually cresting by a farm and a lovely old church that has an unusual wood-tile-clad steeple. As we gasped up the hill the sound of the church bells reverberated across the valley. It seemed to me that, either it was practise evening for wannabe bell-ringers or a troupe of drunk monkeys had invaded the bell tower and were swinging on the ropes. Grandsire Triple, Cambridge Surprise Major or Plain Bob Minor it was not. Luckily for us the bells fell silent as we approached the church.

With OldDog we passed between the farm buildings and small paddocks. It looked like each little paddock contained a different set of animals, perhaps a children’s pet place? A bevy of diminutive goats jumped up and down on wooden ramps and platforms, prompting Donut, who’s into yoga, to wonder if we could steal one so she could practise goat yoga. The enclosure containing chickens had a sign with ‘Chicken Chateau’ on it. The owner evidently has a sense of humour. 🐔

Motox attempted to lead our walking group over to a private path at the top of a hill road, telling us that, “It used to be a footpath. Went all the way down the hill, off the road.” Well, it doesn’t any more so we had to yomp our way down the steep tarmac, leaning well back and ignoring the shooting pains in our quads. Fortunately, at the bottom, we sneaked off into more woodland, flattish this time, and we followed Foghorn and TinOpener along the wide earth track that led to the Regroup/Beer Stop.

WetWipe popped the top off bottles, glass clinked, thirsts were slaked, the sound of Hashers chatting grew in the humid, lush surroundings.

Here’s a photo of us enjoying the brief rest.



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At this point everyone looks happy. Those who are about to get lost haven't a clue. There was a Long and Medium split at this point, the Long Trailers expecting to run about 6 miles. Having tidied up the bottles we On Outed again. A little way further along the Medium Trail we had to call Pyro back from a diagonal canter across a field where no flour had ever lain. 😊 This was where the footpath mentioned earlier slid between fields and had been pretty well churned up by tractor tyres. Luckily, we had Hare SkinnyDipper with us and she kindly pointed out where we should go, especially at the foot of the hill, where we should turn left. This was where some of the runners went wrong. I asked Skinny about her cycle tour and she confirmed it had gone very well, except parts of her had become zebra-like. I raised a querulous eyebrow and she showed me her wrists. On the bike she had become quite suntanned, except the lines on the top of her wrists showed white where they overlapped. I think this could start a new trend. Quite eye-catching.

Also near the bottom of this hill was a section of rusty barbed wire which C5 carefully pulled out of our way, risking his own skin, as it were. Fortunately, he didn't hear me mention that it was as if he'd thrown himself on the barbed wire to allow us to pass like soldiers in the First World War... because he can remember that far back. Sorry C5.

We caught up with the main walking group: PennyPitstop, Snowy, Slips, Ms Whiplash and we wandered through luxurious swathes of grass, bounded by green bushes to our right and a peacefully flowing, salmon-grey river to our left. Birds sang and church bells rang in the distance. Utterly beautiful. Then Slapper careered past me in a multi-coloured, visually-exploding T-shirt. Ah well; can't have everything.

Shifty and I tramped on towards the pub, declining SkinnyDipper's call from behind that advised us that we could take a slightly more scenic route. Well, we were on flour and thirsty. And very soon back at the pub.

Since it was very warm we all sat outside and I was very pleased when Pyro uttered the Quote of the Night (possibly the Year) when she asked Agatha, who was attempting to sit on the high bench next to her, "Can you get your leg over or would you like to come in at the end?" Like the Old News of the World reporters, I made my excuses and left. 😊

Florence, Posh and Iceman, finally dragged their carcasses back to the pub around 9:30. AWOL SlowSucker and Number2 arrived shortly afterwards, driven in JJ and Aqua's car! EverReady and Crawler got back around 9:45 and Bomber, who had come back with the rest of us before going out again to search for wife Posh and others got back at 10:10, ten minutes after the pub had closed. Luckily, a drink had been bought for him.

A fairly spectacular end to the evening, the Trail of which had been laid through some equally spectacular countryside. As Foghorn observed, we haven't Hashed around this area since the 1500<sup>th</sup> weekend, a thousand Hashes ago. Our thanks to the Hares.

On Saturday many of you will enjoy our 2500<sup>th</sup> Hash celebrations. The editorial team look forward to seeing you there and having a great time!

## On On Hashgate

### DOWN DOWNS

Gnasher, our patient RA, having waited until the final few lost lambs wandered back to the fold, presented the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Lonely	Happy Birthday to him!
Gannet	SexSalve managed to get some of the walking group lost. Since he had left by this time, Gannet 'took one for the team'. What a chap!
Pyro	JJ expected to jump the little stream and keep dry feet. He didn't. Since he had left, Pyro kindly stepped in to have the free drink. Highly altruistic of her.
Emily	Having completed her university studies and obtained her degree she is leaving us to pursue her career and her dreams. We wish her well and hope that she might join us again in the future.
Iceman, Flo, Number2, SlowSucker, Posh	Lost sheep. They got a DownDown in one glass with several straws while Number2 enjoyed a water all to himself.
MessengerBoy	Received the 'David' apron from Posh for asking her earlier if she was wearing anything underneath it. Dirty boy!
WetWipe SkinnyDipper	Our Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
		<b>BH3 2500th Hash</b>	
	20/06/2026 16:30	<b>Tadley Rugby Club</b> What3Words: ///label.freezers.ratty StreetMap label.freezers.ratty	
<b>* 2500 *</b>	21/06/2026 04:40	If driving to the club on Sunday morning, please park in Red Lane since the club gates will be closed at this early time.	Bomber, Posh, Foxy Spot - Sunrise Hash on Sunday morning
2501	22Jun26	<b>The Royal Oak</b> 69 Westwood Glen, Tilehurst, Reading RG31 5NW What3Words: ///forks.causes.gross StreetMap <a href="#">forks.causes.gross</a>	Motox, Foghorn

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