



# 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:** \*2500\* 20 – 21 Jun26

**Location:** Tadley Rugby Club

**2500 Hares:** Bomber, Posh, Foxy, TC on Saturday.

**Sunrise Hare:** Spot

## LATE PARTYGOERS AND EARLY RISERS

Madame Butterfly Iceman SkinnyDipper Spot Donut Hashgate NoSole Slapper Foghorn WaveRider NappyRash C5 Legova Utopia Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Floater LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Milo and Ava Dunny Rampant Motox Sonic FalseTart Shifty Slapper Sue Dave ForestDump Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener Cuddles SexSlave Slips Snowy Florence PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash WellLaid Pimp Grommet StinkingBishop Chopstix Shandyman Swallow SlowSucker EverReady Aqua JJ Cockup Fiddler Gnasher CanalBobb Spex LoudonTasteless Twanky BlowJob



## THE BH<sup>3</sup> 2500<sup>TH</sup> HASH CELEBRATION



2500 Hashes! Who would have believed, in April 1978 when Bill Holmes started the then named Bracknell Hash House Harriers, that this would lead to 48 years of unbroken (except for Covid times) weekly Hashing in and round Berkshire. Our friendly group is very popular, with over a hundred paid-up members for many years. We welcome anyone, young or old, fit or unfit. Just turn up and have fun. 😊

Which is exactly what the Hashers and friends listed in the above list did. We'd taken over Tadley Rugby Club for a day and a half. A perfect location, with a good-sized area inside for dining and carousing, a bar, lots of parking space and a fine grassy area beyond the rugby pitches where anyone who wished to could pitch their tent or park their motor home. Chef de cuisine NoSole, expertly assisted by sous chefs Lungs, Sonic and Sue (Slapper's sister) had created (i.e. prepared, cooked and presented) a variety of food for our

dinner after a Trail that had been expertly laid by our Hares: Bomber, Posh, Foxy and TC. The sun shone, the day was hot. What could possibly go wrong?

Just one thing. We were sure we'd arranged for the club gates to be unlocked and opened by 2 o'clock in the afternoon so that campers in particular could get set up and be ready to Hash at 4:30. At a few minutes before 2 o'clock, Donut and I pulled up next to Spot's car in front of the sturdily locked gates. "It's locked." Spot declared, confirming our suspicion, having viewed the solid, heavy padlock that held the barred metal gates together. Dunny and Rampant arrived. Slapper parked on the road. Foghorn chugged up in his Winnebago. SkinnyDipper

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trundled to a stop behind us. Foxy and Floater rolled up and parked very close to the ditch by the side of the road so that Foxy could attempt to fall into it. She almost succeeded. They celebrated the close call by handing out small ice cream tubs to, well, just Rampant and SkinnyDipper, since there were only two left in the pack. Since no spoon was provided with the tub, SkinnyDipper used her credit card. Thus freezing her assets? Fortunately, my phone call to the friendly Dennis, who holds the keys to the club, had him with us very quickly and, with an ear-jarring scrape of metal on tarmac, the gates swung open and we were in. Spex took a number of goes before she found the space in which she wished to park – fascinating to watch. We led the vehicles of Waverider, Iceman, Dunny and Foghorn to the far side of the pitches where they started to put up their tents, some more professionally than others. Earlier, Spot had asked us to tell Twanky that he had gone to lay the Sunrise Hash Trail and would he mind putting up his tent. We did so and raised an eyebrow some time later when Twanky sauntered over to us and whispered with a smile, “Spot’s erection is now up.”

With help from Ms Whiplash, Dunny, Rampant, Lungs, Foxy, Mr Blobby, HappyFeet and Doormatt the tables and chairs were set up very quickly, cutlery was swiftly laid on the pale green plastic table covers and our chefs scurried about efficiently in the kitchen. Meanwhile, Tadley RFC Dennis and his companion opened the bar, poured themselves a pint and settled down to watch the rugby on the TV. BH<sup>3</sup> slid outside, for a session of Welly Wanging and golf ball putting, overseen by impresario C5. The Welly Wanging looked simple – just throw a welly as far as you could. Trouble was, if you let go too soon or too late the thing could end up anywhere. Which CanalBobb found out quickly. His first attempt cartwheeled to his left, instead of straight ahead, to thunderous laughter and applause from those watching. He tried again and it skipped off to his immediate right, stopping in a crumpled, green, rather apologetic heap. He took it well and stepped aside for Snowy to parade his wanging prowess. He picked up the welly. He assessed the necessary pitch, height, velocity, leant back for a mighty underarm throw... and chucked it almost behind himself, the boot bouncing off the guttering of the flat-roofed building that stood there. The watching crowd doubled up with laughter, one or two almost weeing themselves. Hilarious. Those of you with facebook private BH<sup>3</sup> group access can watch the comedy on Foxy’s excellent ‘BH3 2500th run and 20th sunset run.’ video.



Rampant grits his teeth for the big one, watched by Dunny and DoorMatt.

### THE AFTERNOON HASH TRAILS

**B**omber, Posh, Florence, Foxy and TC had laid a number of Trails for us. Well done, in that temperature. 😊 There was a Long (about 6 miles, laid with white flour), medium (about 5 miles, laid with white flour) and walking route (about 3.5 miles, laid in pink flour). At the circle, Bomber described the Trails efficiently and clearly. We understood; there were no questions; everyone was happy. Until he mentioned that Spot, who was still out laying the Sunrise Hash, had laid a fair bit of it alongside the other Trails, also with white flour, and that his Trail would have two flour blobs together whereas the others would have just one. A great wailing and gnashing of teeth arose from the assembly. Surely this was a disaster in the making? It certainly was for



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EverReady, who arrived late, missed these instructions and ran bits of various Trails partially backwards! It pays to arrive on time! We On Outed, with hope in our hearts.

Before invading the forest, we had about ¼ mile to run/walk on hot roads where delighted(?) car drivers swerved around us, wondering why on earth these curiously dressed people were out in a group on a very hot afternoon. Not that the drivers knew it, but some of them had done a parkrun in the morning: WaveRider, NappyRash and Donut that I know of.

Cockup lived up to his name at the first of the runners' Trail two and one-blob markings, leading the FRBs entirely the wrong way. I guess they didn't **have** to follow him. The rest of us carried on through the humid woodland, fetching up at the first Regroup, marked in both white and pink. We weren't sure whether we were supposed to



search for Foxy's Beaver but some people did and Shifty was surprised to find not a beaver, but a small sheep's head. Not a real one, I must explain. Here he is, proudly displaying his ovine prize in a rather concerning anatomical location. You may notice that he is wearing an England football strip from the 1980s. He was one of a large group of us that went to a Butlins 1980s weekend in January. We decided to wear the England kit one night. Given that the World Cup is in play now, it was the perfect opportunity to wear it again. 🏴󠁧󠁢󠁥󠁮󠁧󠁿

There was a long and medium Trail from here for the runners. Since the forest and the more open land around it was beginning to shimmer in the heat and humidity a number of Hashers decided on the medium. Not that it seemed medium in that heat. The Pack fractured into a series of groups, couples and lone runners/walkers, all staggering along in the heat with their tongues lolling out. Quite a similar style to Messenger Boy's dog, Willow. We began to hallucinate. On the wide and radiant sand and broken stones land next to an excavated pit a blurry line of camels swayed past, laden with spices for the East, ridden by Bedouin tribesmen, one of whom looked down at us and uttered, "Ah bal'." In the next sultry forest, troops of monkeys whooped and clattered through the treetops; brightly coloured birds called and cried; unseen, mysterious animals



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'Idiots'

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crept stealthily through the undergrowth. Hmm. Think I'm beginning to hallucinate, writing this Gobsheet – the temperature is 34C after all. 🤪

I finally returned to the rugby club, along with JJ. We were hollow shells of ourselves, wobbly legged and soaked in perspiration. Fortunately, the club had given us access to their showers. And the bar was open! Wonderful.

### DINNER, DRINKS AND DANCING TO PINK FISH

**P**ink Fish, the band, had completed their sound check and a number of them were sitting outside on what looked like a sturdy table with benches attached either side. I went over to ask if I could meet their manager. One of the friendly chaps said he would take me to him and stood up. His side of the table/benches suddenly rose and there was a huge guffaw of laughter as the two musicians on the other side were catapulted backwards. Fortunately, no-one was hurt, apart from a minor stitch from laughing too hard.

Our magnificent chefs laid out all the food on serving tables that stood below the club's large-screen TV while we all found somewhere to sit. I had brought along my pc and hooked it up to the TV so everyone could enjoy the BH<sup>3</sup> Flickr photos of our 1500<sup>th</sup> Hash celebration and a couple of Hash holidays. Many people stopped to view the slideshow and it was amusing to hear certain Hashers (no names included) exclaim, "I looked a lot younger then."

I got my GM welcome bit in as quickly as possible since people were getting twitchy, eyes and nostrils straying towards the groaning food tables. It was particularly nice for us to welcome Madame Butterfly, since not only is she a really lovely person, she was one of the people in 1978 who started what became Berkshire Hash House Harriers. I wrapped up the speech and stood back to watch the (fairly) orderly stampede for the food.

Several plates of food and pints of beer later we moved the tables away from the dancing area in front of the band and they got into it. Pink Fish are superb musicians and singers and really connect with their audience. They



Pink Fish tear it up. Hashers who still had some energy left after the Trails join in.

struck up with the Proclaimers' 'I'm Gonna Be (500 miles)'. Always a crowd-pleaser, this one, so I was surprised to see Gnasher dancing... out of the back door of the club! When she reappeared, coming in the side door, I quizzed her about it and she explained, quite seriously, that she'd walked five hundred miles, very quickly, before coming back into the club. Right. 😊

The hits kept coming, interspersed with lively banter from the band members. 'Proud Mary', 'Hi Ho Silver Lining', 'Johnny B. Goode'. Everyone knew the songs, singing and dancing with frenzied self-expression. In this photo, from the

right, you can just see Bomber, Posh, DoorMatt, HappyFeet, Cockup, LoudonTasteless, Spex and Grommet in the main group cutting a damn fine rug. Just in time, before too many sagged from exhaustion and over-

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imbibement, the band finished their first set and we stumbled outside into the slightly cooler atmosphere where we could enjoy the Down Downs, brought to us by RAs Foxy and Gnasher. Let's include one of the standard Gobsheet Down Down tables to make the awards easier to see. 😊

Beneficiary	Down Down Awarded For
Rampant	The Foxy's Beaver finder. 🦫
Shifty	The finder of the sheep's head. 🐑
NoSole, Sonic, Lungs, Sue, Floater	All round kitchen excellence! They sure deserved it! Floater had a very small one (see photo 😊)
Bomber, Florence, Posh, Foxy	Our hard-working Hares.
Lady Welly Wanging Winner	Dunny – for a spectacular and lengthy wang. 🦵
Gent Welly Wanging Winner	CanalBobb – after a remarkable improvement on his first two wangs.
Lady Putting Champion	Spex – for accuracy and style.
Gent putting Champion	Rampant – essentially, it was pure luck. 🎲
Hashgate	Hon. Pres. Spot presented me with my 900 Hashes T-shirt. I had completed exactly 900 Hashes on this 2500 <sup>th</sup> Hash day!
SkinnyDipper	Eating ice cream with her credit card (see page 1). 😊



The kitchen excellence team. From l to r: Sonic, NoSole, Lungs, Sue, Floater.



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Pink Fish raced off from the start of their second set like musical greyhounds chasing the lure of good times and applause. Yes, I know this is a bit of a stretched metaphor, but I just thought I'd give it a run round the track of your appraisal. Oh crikey! There's another one. I really must stop this. The band whipped up a storm of superb music that was greatly appreciated by the whirling dervishes on the dance floor and the more sedate (and sensible) toe-tappers who were sitting outside in the cooler evening air. It was only a matter of time before the song many of the BH<sup>3</sup> musical cognoscenti had been expecting materialised. With a tongue-in-cheek warning from the band's singer they launched into the 1976 Smokie hit 'Living Next Door to Alice'. Huge grins appeared every time the chorus was sung and we added the immortal question, "Who the f\*ck is Alice!?" You can watch some of our performance on the Facebook private BH<sup>3</sup> group on Foxy's excellent 'BH3 2500th run and 20th sunset run.' video. You can also see Smokie's version at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gudDmgr1H3o> ... along with the question. 🤔 Great fun and very good of Pink Fish to include it in their excellent, very professional repertoire.

When the set finally ended there was great applause and you could feel the rapport between band and audience. It was a really fun way to complete a most enjoyable day. Thank you, Pink Fish.

### THE LONGEST DAY HASH TRAIL

Spot had laid this shortish (3 or so miles) Trail so the druids and sun worshippers among BH<sup>3</sup> could enjoy the sunrise. Some people were unable to stay overnight or would have had to travel too far. Donut and I were included in the latter. Camping? Nah. Sleeping in the car? Not a chance. Going home, sleeping for a couple of hours, then driving back? Not really. So apologies for not being there and not recording the Trail. But I do have a couple of photos kindly supplied by Foxy and there are more on Facebook. Here you are:-



Sunrise! Beautiful.



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The sun, the Pack and the labrador. 😊

Watching the sun rise on the Longest Day (or any day), with friends, is one of the very best things you can do. There is a visceral thrill as the first rays of sunlight pierce the sky and the day begins. Long may we be able to do it. Our thanks to Spot for laying and leading this life-affirming Trail.

I must mention EverReady, who had perhaps forgotten the information that had been emailed, which explained that the rugby club gates would be locked until 7:30 in the morning. She had parked in the car park, not realising this, despite needing to be away early for personal business. To while away the time until the gates opened, she ran round the Longest Day Trail three times. 🏃‍♀️ Plenty of exercise to work up a hunger for breakfast then.



Breakfast with (from l to r) NappyRash, Hashgate, LittleStiffy, SlackBladder, Foghorn, Fiddler and WaveRider.

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Talking of which, NoSole and her comestibles elves produced bacon, sausages and rolls to go with the coffee and tea they had provided. There was plenty and we were pretty ravenous. Note the 'we'; Donut and I certainly weren't going to miss out on our breakfast! We all sat out on those bench/tables mentioned earlier and no-one was upended when someone stood up, though Legover certainly tried when she hurried out of her seat to get seconds. 😊

We all enjoyed sitting in the sun, munching our rolls and chatting. Amazingly, no-one seemed hungover or too exhausted, though a number of people did mention that the afternoon might provide a perfect time for a sleep. After the day before's celebration activities in the intense heat until fairly late at night, I'm not surprised.

There was one final cabaret moment when SkinnyDipper decided to perform her 'Packing up my Tent' comedy routine. This involved a number of Hashers and took some while. They finished to a round of applause. Here's a picture of the event, with Gnasher, SkinnyDipper, WellLaid and Fiddler all assisting in the routine.



### DAISY'S DREAM CHARITY DONATION

**Y**ou generous people! We had asked everyone to bring along one or more books, wrapped so the title couldn't be seen, so that you could donate some money and pick up a book. Additionally, Spot had brought along some classic BH<sup>3</sup> T-shirts and an inscribed pint beer glass. Your cash and online donations amounted to a fantastic total of £162.11! Thank you so much everyone.

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## A FINAL WORD

Founder member Madame Butterfly was good enough to send us a thank you email. In it she described BH<sup>3</sup> as ‘a successful, welcoming and creative hash’. Kind words and certainly what our members want to be. I think our celebration of our 2500<sup>th</sup> Hash was a perfect example of that description. Thank you to everyone who made this event such a fun-filled success. Let’s look forward to our 3000<sup>th</sup> celebration!

## On On Hashgate

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2502	29Jun26	<b>The White Hart</b> Reading Road, Sherfield on Loddon, Hook RG27 0BT What3Words: /// <a href="#">harmlessly.irrigated.politics</a> StreetMap <a href="#">harmlessly.irrigated.politics</a>	Cockup
2503	06Jul26	<b>Nettlebed Village Club</b> High Street, Nettlebed RG9 5DD What3Words: /// <a href="#">aged.loitering.outlooks</a> StreetMap <a href="#">aged.loitering.outlooks</a>	Pyro



The second group to arrive at the Saturday Trail Regroup. From l to r: Slips, Gnasher, Snowy, Twanky, Foxy, Floater, Utopia, Mrs Blobby and Ms Whiplash.

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