



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

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Hash Number and Date: 2511 31Aug26

Location: YMCA Activity Centre, Padworth Common

Hares: MessengerBoy, Gnasher, CanalBobb, Twanky

PARTY PEOPLE



WaveRider Donut Hashgate Twanky Spex LoudonTasteless WellLaid Pimp C5 Legova TC Posh Bomber Dunny Rampant Utopia HappyFeet DoorMatt Foxy Floater Spot SpecialBranch Lungs Sonic FalseTart Shifty Grommet StinkingBishop Motox Foghorn Dumb Dumber Agatha SweetPee Swallow SlowSucker TreeT MesseengerBoy and dog Willow TinOpener Lilo and dog Flora SkinnyDipper BlowJob Yorkie YellowPeril Cuddles SexSlave Linda Iceman LemonySnicket Wimpey Robocop TipOff and dog Sidney Robin Tristan Alison Charlotte LittleStiffy SlackBladder and dogs Ava and Milo Lonely Gannet Aqua JJ

THE BH³ SUMMER PARTY

'Wear a Pub on Your Head!' was the theme for our summer party in the woods by Padworth. Not literally, of course; The Battle of Trafalgar might be tricky. As indeed might be Dirty Dick's. The idea was that, after we had hacked round the Trail we would repair to the neatly set out tables and chairs outside the YMCA building wearing our representations of a pub name. And here are the pub wearers, the winners of the Best Pub Head competition



kneeling next to labrador Willow. They are Foghorn – The Ship, though it could have been The Titanic because it went down well; LemonySnicket – The Lamb and Flag; DoorMatt – a witty and clever collage of a picture of his wife surrounded by a horse face. i.e. The Nag's Head. 🤪 There are too many creative ideas here to mention them all so here are just a few that particularly caught my eye - Foxy in her onesie and Floater with his dog's head: The Fox and Hound, Bomber with a number of bells on his hat: The Six Bells, CanalBobb wearing a natty trilby with a

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note on it that read 'I'll do it': The Volunteer, BlowJob with a crown atop a plump, square bolster: The Crown and Cushion. Well done to everyone who brought their imaginative ideas to the party. Such fun!

And here are some unusual pub names for your delectation: The Nobody Inn, The Cat and Custard Pot, I am the Only Running Footman, The Bull and Spectacles, The Legend of Oily Johnnies, My Father's Moustache, The Camel and Artichoke. I had also noticed The Old Spot Inn in Dudley and mentioned to Spot, before the Hash, that he could just come as himself; no need to dress up. He put me in my place by stating that, since he was a young, not old, Spot, he wouldn't be able to do it. 😊

I guess we ought perhaps to mention the Trail before we get too ensconced in the after party. We were pleased to welcome this evening two of our Deepcut H³ friends: Yorkie and YellowPeril and four of Floater and Foxy's friends: Robin, Tristan, Alison and Charlotte. At the Circle, many of us were wondering who and where the Hares were. After the welcome and when I handed over to the unseen Hares, Twanky bounded forward to inform us that Gnasher and CanalBobb were currently out laying a Live Trail. He compounded our confusion by telling us that Foxy's Beaver was indeed hidden, but we had to find it before we could On Out and the finder had to take



her with them all the way round the Trail. SlackBladder was the lucky fellow who found our furry friend. She was attached to the top of a small hat and this perched somewhat precariously on top of his large head. 😊 Here he is, with our Beaver friend clinging on for dear life.

We On Outed, knowing that we had little chance catching up with the Hares on a Live Trail and that we would, to all intents and purposes (great descriptive term, apparently originating in 16th century law and meaning 'in every practical sense' – useful to know, I hear you say) be in a race. We were. The Pack kept relatively together for the first couple of miles, snaking through woodland and along forest tracks, until we reached what we thought was a three-way Check where no-one could find the Trail. Not, that is, until Rampant, who had finally caught up after getting caught out on a Check earlier, dived into the bushes by the side of the track and found flour on a fourth way.

The Pack began to expand, to stretch out, like freshly kneaded dough slowly pulled apart until gaps appeared between the clumps, the clumps being small groups of Hashers of similar ability. With no possibility of a Regroup, the increasingly expanded Pack raced on. Our small group entered a large, grassy field, freshened by a strong breeze and virtually covered by nodules of animal poo. HappyFeet observed that, "Either this field was full of sheep or there are some big rabbits around here." Whichever they were, they certainly had experienced gastric issues.

Florence swept magnificently past me as we crossed a road and entered yet another forest. She'd arrived late and started about 10-15 minutes after everyone else. What a woman! Though the Trail had been well-marked and the Checks kicked out we'd run about 4 miles of the twisty route by this time and she'd still caught up. Round of applause please. 🙌

Almost everyone else had disappeared. Only Pimp and SkinnyDipper were anywhere nearby. The former brightened my almost solitary trot by pointing out a single and rather scrawny eucalyptus tree just off to the side of the pebbly path on which we ran. Fascinating stuff and who knew that Pimp was so arboriculturally knowledgeable. I felt privileged to have been the recipient of his woody divulgence. No, really...

SkinnyDipper and I suddenly met the walking group, WaveRider, Donut and Swallow at their front and Twanky sweeping up as Hare at the tail. Nice to see them and enjoy a brief chat. It also gave us some optimistic thoughts

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that the Trail might almost be at an end. And we were right. A little more yomping through tall clumps of grass and furze and the smell of barbecuing and an 'On Inn' sign let us know we were back.

Hats off to Gnasher and CanalBobb for laying this excellent, challenging Trail. CanalBobb told me later that he has been running round this forested area for about 35 years so no wonder he and Gnasher crafted such a serpentine course. Many thanks from all of us.

PARTY, PARTY

We had benches, we had tables and chairs, we had a fire, we had MessengerBoy turning sausages into charcoal on the barbecue, like the Devil skewering and roasting bad souls on the hobs of hell. Hmm. I may have gone a touch hyperbolic there, but you know what I mean. 😊

We had Lungs and Sonic managing the food – NoSole had created (as she always does!) some incredibly tasty puddings for us to enjoy before she went on holiday. As usual, excellent planning ensured that no-one went hungry.

Tops were popped off bottles of beer; Foxy celebrated her recent birthday by sharing a bottle of Dom Pérignon Vintage 2017 until it ran out. Laughter and chatter bubbled up among our party space between the trees.

BH³ did what it is so good at and had fun and a great time in a large, friendly group. Aren't we lucky.



Awaiting the avalanche of sausages in rolls.

Our thanks to MessengerBoy, Sonic, Lungs and our Hares: Gnasher, CanalBobb and Twanky for a thoroughly enjoyable BH³ Summer Party!

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

Wearing her trademark fox onesie (pub link: The Fox 🦊), RA Foxy expertly awarded the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Bomber	Received a 'Bollox' chocolate bar for find Foxy's Beaver last week.
SlackBladder	Received a 'Tosser' chocolate bar for finding Foxy's Beaver this week.
Hashgate	Having knotted my own Turk's Head I was awarded a Down for being an apparent bondage aficionado. Ooer.
Posh	She advised Floater that she was wearing, "very airy pants." 🤪
Gannet	He arrived late so that he could get at the sausages sooner.

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Bomber	Our fittest Hasher took a short cut on the Trail! Horrors!
Sonic	The Dark Destroyer (Willow) was reluctant to go on the walk so Sonic sang to her. Not sure if it worked or not. Singing to a dog – interesting. 🐕
YellowPeril	He wore a top that indicated his name was Michel. A tad weird.
Floater	Having extricated himself from the thorny embrace of a bramble strand, he let it catapult back and hit someone in the face. The cad!
Foxy, Dumb, LittleStiffy, LoudonTasteless, StinkingBishop	Happy birthdays to them!
WellLaid	Awarded the 'David' apron by Donut for driving blithely past the entrance to the YMCA car park.
Gnasher, CanalBobb, Twanky, MessengerBoy	Our Hares and devilish chef. Well done, all.

Future Hashes – starting at 11:00 Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2512	06Sep26 * 11:00 *	BH³ AGM Mortimer St John's Hall 22 West End Rd, Mortimer Common, Reading RG7 3TF What3Words: /// worm.vouch.robe StreetMap worm.vouch.robe Bring a picnic - your own food and drink.	Gnasher CanalBobb
2513	13Sep26	Mysterious Brewery 80's movie theme. Unit 6B Ash Park, Tadley RG26 5FL What3Words: /// country.cools.memory StreetMap country.cools.memory BBQ/ Live music/ Cask and keg beers /tea, coffee & soft drinks. Park in the field.	Foxy

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Page 4 of 4