



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: 2512 06Sep26

Location: Mortimer St. John's Hall

Hares: Gnasher, CanalBobb

DELEGATES FLOCKING TO THE AGM



Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Foxy Floater Donut Hashgate Dunny Rampant Lungs Dumb Dumber C5 Iceman Spot Foghorn Motox ForestDump Lilo and dog Flora ChocChuck and dog Bonnie NoStyle Swallow SlowSucker Nutty Potty FalseTart Shifty Hamlet SkinnyDipper and dog Fivos MessengerBoy and dog Willow (aka The Dark Destroyer) Sonic Twanky SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Milo Florence BlowJob John Aqua JJ

You have to love what Microsoft Designer can produce. Note the names of the committee: Woolson, Ewe-ings, Baa-iley, Lambert. Interesting to note too, that the agenda is very similar to BH3's. 😊

THE BH3 48TH AGM AND TRAIL

48 years of AGMs! That's quite something for a Hash kennel. It illustrates the interest and commitment of our members in supporting the enjoyment we get from our activities.

And activity there was aplenty when Donut and I arrived at St. John's Hall, only slightly later than expected due to the joyful experience of driving through the congested, traffic-light ridden, spaghetti roads of Reading. There were a number of ladies setting out the tables and chairs – Dunny, Foxy, Lungs, Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Dumb, Gnasher to name a few, while several gentleman Hashers looked on, evidently in a managerial rôle. The coffee and tea station was ready, Floater had generously donated a container of excellent [Mysterious Brewery](#)



golden ale and a rustling mass of bags of crisps covered the table near the front door for people to pick up when they returned from the Trail. Outside, the sun shone in the clear blue sky and people and dogs (quite a few of them) gathered as I called for the Circle to form. Our Hares were Gnasher and CanalBobb and this was their second Trail in two weeks. What a keen pair!

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They told us that they'd laid 5-mile, 2.5 mile and 1.5 mile Trails. Our choice. We On Outed. Now you may be wondering why a photo (kindly supplied by Dunny) of the runners' Regroup appears on the previous page. 1) It seemed like a good place to plonk it. 2) Since I had a calf injury and had to walk, I didn't see anything at all of the runners... apart from this picture. Note Rampant's curious head furniture. This is the Foxy's Beaver hat that SlackBladder was wearing in last week's Summer Party Gobsheet. Rampant found our furry friend this time. Great to see ChocChuck in the photo – we haven't seen her or NoStyle for ages.

So not much to report regarding the running Trail this week, though, on their return, a number of the runners ruefully panted that the Trail had seemed a tad longer than the expected 5 miles. 😊 Our walking Trail originally



led Potty and me past the front door of the nearby church. Standing there, resplendent in pristine, black cassock and sipping coffee from a mug was the vicar, radiating goodness. "You need to catch up with them;" he urged, pointing at the disappearing runners, "don't want to get left behind." His beatific smile belied the urgency of his exhortation. It was the shortest sermon that had ever been delivered to Potty and me and the first time on a Hash that we'd been berated by a member of the clergy. 😊

I spent the next 40 minutes walking the 2.5 mile, sunny Trail in the pleasant company of Nutty. We enjoyed beautiful views like this. We got back to the hall before anyone else and I was pleased to announce to Dumb and Dumber, sitting in the empty space that I had 'won'. Sad really but I take what I can get. They managed not to eye-roll. 😊 After a while, the hall began to fill with Hashers who were clutching their drinks and picnic food. They made their way to the tables and, when everyone was there, Foxy proceeded with the Down Downs.

Our thanks to the Hares for their well-laid Trails. At least, unlike last week, they weren't 'Live' Trails/races. 😊

On On Hashgate



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DOWN DOWNS

We were treated to some cabaret by Foxy, Dumb, Iceman and C5 who read out Foxy's 'Top Ten Things Hashers Say'. Such as #1 'There are no rules in Hashing', #3 'It always goes this way'. C5, who was next to Iceman, and despite a rehearsal, nearly jumped out of his socks when Iceman roared out #9, "ON ON!!!" 🤪

On her final outing as RA, Foxy, who has presided over 117 Down Downs to date, channelled her inner vixen and wore her furry fox onesie to present the following.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Rampant	Yet again found Foxy's Beaver.
Lilo	She reversed (her car) into a fence and defended her action by saying that she was 'looking forward'.
Rampant	Running like a lunatic.
Whisper (The Dark Destroyer)	MessengerBoy's lovely black labrador stopped suddenly amongst the Pack and 'watered' Twanky and Floater's running shoes. 🐾
CanalBobb	He was asked by FalseTart to take a photo of the large number of Hashers who had managed to shoehorn themselves into a kissing gate. He managed to take six pictures of the sun! ☀️
Potty	Presented his 700 Hashes T-shirt by Hon. Pres. Spot.
Gnasher, CanalBobb	Our Hares. CanalBobb was soundly beaten by his woman.



This year, the RA rôle was shared between Foxy, Dumb and Gnasher. Dumb was unable to do the job a number of times, due to illness. She wanted to show her thanks to her fellow RAs for their support and presented Gnasher and Foxy with flowers and wine.

Here they are, enjoying the moment.

We shall miss Foxy and thank her for her fun RA innovations. Gnasher remains as RA assistant.

Following this, we moved into AGM mode. Below is the report of the event. Most of it is factual.

THE BH³ 48TH AGM

The BH³ committee always sits at an apparently 'top' table arrangement, facing the hoi polloi and ne'er-do-wells of the common membership. Usually and like the Elizabethan court, there's a seemingly casual, gimlet-eyed, sharp-elbowed, jockeying for position by the committee members so they can be seen sitting nearest to the seat of power, the venerated patrician: the GM. But this time was different. The whisper was that the current (s of p, venerated p etc) GM would be relinquishing the trappings of kingship, slipping off the cloak of supremacy. Alliances needed to shift, fealty adjusted, unctuous faces turned another way. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown', mused Henry IV in Shakespeare's play. How true. Though I'd schemed and plotted my way through two years and three months as GM I knew the time had come to hand my awesome power to another.

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I welcomed the meeting delegates, Rampant and Donut proposed and seconded last year's AGM minutes and I assumed a proud, but humble, pose (always goes down well when public speaking) to deliver my final GM report. It was pure theatre; Olivier, Gielgud, Irving, Branagh rolled into one. The audience were spellbound, in silent awe at the sonorous oration. Only the occasional chomp into a crusty picnic roll or a swallow of an alcoholic beverage broke the quiet. Like warm sea waves, four pages of rich prose rippled through the room, buoying the listeners. They lapped it up. I'm sure there would have been roars of approval, a fusillade of applause and shouts of 'Encore! Encore!' had they not been so stunned...

And then we were on to the HashCash/treasurer's report. We always look forward to these amusing, largely fictional accounts from SkinnyDipper who, like our Chancellor of the Exchequer, steps confidently along the high wire of fiscal jeopardy. It was a bravura performance. She cycled across it, walked backwards blindfolded while pulling the wool over our eyes. Excellent routine. I'm glad she's on our side.



What a performance this would be!

We moved on to the handover of Honorary President from the excellent Spot to the equally exceptional C5. C5's acceptance speech was a shining exemplar of brevity. In essence, "Ta muchly." Few words but infused with sagacity and gravitas. He's a truly worthy successor.

The agenda item then read 'Appointment of the new Committee' (a capital 'C' to emphasise their importance). This was it, the confirmation of committee members and the handover of power. Having announced all members of the committee and their assistants I called on MessengerBoy to come forward to receive the symbols of his great office. I handed over to him the ancient BH³ Briefcase of Beneficence, the Great Gavel of Grandiosity and, finally, the ultimate symbol of authority: the Tie of Transcendence. Handover complete, I scuttled off to sit below the salt. 😊

ROLE	NAME	Comments
Grand Master	MessengerBoy	Assistants: Twanky & Motox
Trailmaster	Bomber	
Hash Cash	SkinnyDipper	
Haberdash	Dunny	
Hash Scribe	Position free	
Membership	Florence & C5	
RA	Dumb	Assistant: Gnasher
Hash Ents	Twanky	
Hash Tick	Florence & C5	
Webmaster	Iceman	
On Sex	Swallow	
Dogsbodies	Dumb & Gnasher	
Hash Mash	NoSole	Assistants: Lungs, Sonic & SweetPee



MessengerBoy receives the Tie of Transcendence from Hashgate while Swallow, C5, Iceman and Dunny look on.

Joking aside, here is a list of the new committee members, most having remained from the previous one. They are a great group of friendly, dedicated volunteers who organise events so very well. I've thoroughly enjoyed working with them and I wish them all the very best.



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YOUR SCRIBE LAYS DOWN HIS PEN

I wrote my first Gobsheet on September 16th 1999 and I took just a one-year break between then and now. So I've been writing the Gobsheets for 25 years and I'm now almost doing it right. It's certainly been an absolute pleasure to write about our Hash events. And very easy too. So many things happen that can be reported: people say something funny, mistakes are made, there are pratfalls (yes, you, Mr Blobby and C5 😊) aplenty, fancy dress, charity events, Christmas parties, Fun Runs, cake and coffee Hashes. Hashers move elsewhere, Hash Virgins become members, visitors come from far away, some members sadly pass away...

Originally, we had printed copies of the Gobsheets. Which meant I had to limit the report to two pages and sweat through the nightmare scenario of photocopying them at the company where I was freelancing, hoping not to get caught and escorted from the premises. There was little or no access to the internet and including pictures or photos was difficult. The process became easier, quicker and more efficient as access to the internet improved and I could move to electronic publication/distribution on our BH³ website (thanks to the expertise of Webmaster Iceman). It wasn't long before I could post .jpg versions of the Gobsheets on SkinnyDipper's Berkshire Hash House Harriers Facebook page. It has been very interesting and rewarding to note that the Hua Hin Full Moon H³, based in Thailand and Maharani H³, based in Malaysia, have posted likes and nice comments about our Gobsheets, as have several others. All your kind comments have been gratefully received. Always good to know when I've been doing it right. 😊

But now I've decided a change is due. 25 years is long enough and it's time to dip my metaphorical pen in a different inkwell. Having completed a couple of advanced writing courses at Oxford I intend to write more fiction, something I've enjoyed doing for some time. I'm not concerned whether it gets published or not since I just want to write well. Hopefully, I will.

Thank you everyone for supporting the Gobsheets over the years and I hope someone will step into the rôle of Scribe for BH³. I thought you might like to read my very first Gobsheet (which included a report on the 1999 AGM), since you are currently reading my last. See you at the next BH³ Hash!

On On Hashgate

Run 1138 12Sep1999
Number:
Hares: Motox and Whinge



I'm sure you will all join me in thanking my predecessor, Gusset, for her hard work in producing the gob sheets up to this point. We have all been highly entertained by her quixotic turn of phrase, quaint spelling and questionable grammar. I only hope I live up to her standards as your new Hash scribe.

Hashgate.

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THE RUN

Obviously the AGM was of great interest to the Hash. A large proportion of punters turned up and milled about in the car park along with various hangers-on, hawkers, kerb-crawlers, down-and-outs, dogs, 'proper runners' and a couple of welcome guests from the North American continent. Perhaps the best sight was Lonely; around his neck hung a forlorn, plump sheep with a surprised expression on its face – to the average passer-by (and the rest of us) he looked a complete arse. Just before we started Motox rather ceremoniously fashioned a large, floury arrow on the pavement in order to a) indicate the start direction, and b) show just how profligate with flour he could be. The former was, surprisingly enough, correct. The latter totally misleading. We can rest assured that there will be no requirement for overtime during this year's grain harvest.

C5 gathered us together with a brief example of just how loud a man can shout when his voice is breaking for a second time. After introducing newcomer Poisoned Chalice, who (along with a couple of others) appears to subscribe to the school of Sumo Hashing, the legendary pack of finely tuned athletes streamed panther-fast on to the trail.

This did not last long. A number of us blundered into the first cunningly disguised elephant trap and had to backtrack sheepishly. Surprisingly, Lonely was not among us. So off we sped again, weaving along until we crossed the main road and into a field. Great was the joy and merrymaking as a number of us braked hard at an 'F' in the grass and saw Thrush (aka Wally) disappear into the wood on the other side of the field. Sadly, this sanctimonious display of backslapping and sneering was to end ignominiously. The 'F' was an old one, not connected with tonight's trail. Those of us who mistakenly entered the council estate searching for the trail were rightly shouted at from bedroom windows by snotty-nosed kids. At least the gentleman with the dogs did not "let 'em off the lead" as his merry friend suggested.

So it was into various woodland that we burst, several false trails craftily keeping the pack together and providing the opportunity for friends, old and new, to pass the time of day while the FRBs rushed frantically through the undergrowth panicking the wildlife in a desperate attempt to make people believe they knew where they were going. Most of us didn't and it took a call from Motox to bring us back to our senses and the trail.

At one point a clear trail led FRBs and many of the pack into a bramble-infested, stinging nettle strewn arboreal wilderness. We crashed about amid the deepening gloom. "That's the last blob, on that tree.", we all said with varying degrees of desperation or irritation. After much milling around the strong began to curse and the weak to whimper. Several lay down foetally to await the end. Baldrick smote his head 'gainst a mighty beech – several times. Although this improved his looks it did not help our situation. At last the nasal tones of Whinge rang through the forest. "On back", he cried. So on we backed. I found him perched elflike on a log. "So did we go wrong or miss a false?", I queried. "Naah." He replied with a smug grin. "Motox lost the trail and had to come back". Several words came to mind at this point but I won't sully this journal by reporting them.

The gloom began to deepen. We were just lucky that Motox had laid a short trail...

After several fields, some roads and the track casually dotted with seen-too-late piles of squashy, fresh horse poop we reached the petrol station in Spencer's Wood. We breathed a sigh of relief. Not far now! Unfortunately, Motox appeared, like a wraith in the gathering darkness, and pointed a ghostly finger down a dark, grassy track. Bugger! I had been salivating at the thought of that first pint.

Eventually, some of us made it back quickly by the wrong route; others returned by the correct route – to the ribald comments of those of us who had done the short cut. At this point Lonely jogged off again in search of Beaver. Greenfly and I discussed the sight. "Poor old Lonely has to find his beaver by running down the



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road and whistling". I mused. "Yes". Replied Greenfly, a tear in his eye. "And he only ever ends up with an old dog".

Down Downs

RA Chuck awarded the deserving as follows:-

Name	Reason	Style points
Poisoned Chalice	Being a newcomer.	Down in one. Minor spillage.
Squeaky	Beer plus banana for general squeaking and wearing pearls on the Hash.	Excellent banana technique. Whimpered out of a pint. Didn't manage the half and chucked it on the pavement. Sad.
Lonely	Losing his Beaver. This means he retains the sinners sheep for a record second week.	Super down in one
Big Spender	Being passed at some point, I believe.	Very acceptable throating.
Motox and Whinge	They were the hares.	Excellent duo. Motox just won.

THE AGM

A ramshackle meander through committee process followed the run. Valiantly chaired by our outgoing GM, C5, the procedure was lubricated by some excellent beer. Though interrupted by unruly chattering in the stalls and the occasional dropping of objects by some of our more physically challenged members our GM made his report, the gist of which was that we are a successful Hash with a burgeoning membership, good attendance, well enjoyed events and a healthy bank balance.

Chuck enlivened the proceedings with a superbly sculpted paper aeroplane which made a fine maiden/last flight across the length of the hall to the delight of the assembled crowd. C5 managed to draw his report to a succesful conclusion despite having to whip out his gavel and bang it on the table – not a pleasant sight. He then handed the reins over to our new GM: Mr. Mainwaring, who made a fine speech, thanking C5 for his excellent efforts and awarding him with a consoling Down Down. Very well deserved we all agreed.

At this point the Thrush began to warble and was only stopped with a cardboard box over the head – again to the delight of the assembled crowd. Had the box been full of porridge or cement the evening would have been even more successful. But you can't have everything. The officers of the Committee were duly elected by a democratic process of which East Timor could be proud and were awarded Down Downs for their stupidity eagerness to serve. Sadly, one amongst them failed dismally to quaff the brimming beaker in a single try. I'm sure his work rate on the Committee will be doubled to expunge the awful shame. (*Hashgate: that was me 🤦*)

Mr. Mainwaring brought matters to a close by commending the Hash and requesting that the troops should suggest, at any time, ways we can improve. The meeting over, La Squelch and the dinner ladies laid out a sumptuous repast (thankyou very much, ladies) and the evening wore on in a haze of conviviality.....

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UP AND COMING

<u>Run Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Grid Reference</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Hares</u>
1139	19 September	980712	The Sun Saville Gardens	Cloggs Chuck
1140	26 September	558623	The Ship Ashford Hill	Old Fart Captain Y Fronts

AND FINALLY...

Motox is organising a walking weekend in Snowdonia (staying in the Llanberis area) for the 15th to 17th October. If anyone is interested in going talk to Motox or Mudman.

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

<u>Hash #</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2513	13Sep26	80's Movie Theme. Mysterious Brewery 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. Please park in the field.	Foxy
2514	20Sep26	The Badgers Wood Wolverton Rd, Baughurst Tadley RG26 5JH What3Words: /// buffoon.eager.parading StreetMap buffoon.eager.parading	Slapper

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