



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

BH³ 2025 Review

It's been another fun-filled, effervescent year for BH³ members and our friends. We've enjoyed a range of activities in a variety of locations. We have over 100 paid-up members, a can-do committee, willing volunteers who lay Trails each week and a host of helpers at our various events. We've searched for Foxy's Beaver and invaded Milford-on-Sea during the Hash holiday. Let's take a look at just some of the things we have enjoyed during the year with extracts from the Gobsheets.

JANUARY

We had a cold celebration of my birthday at The Butcher's Arms in Sonning Common.



Among the car-parking chaos Dumber pointed out to MadMoose that he'd left his radio on when he had stepped out of his car. A kind thought. However, MadMoose explained to him that Snoopy, his fine and lengthy dog (the black and white one on the right of the photo), who was sitting on the back seat, likes listening to Radio 2.

We went down through the pine forest and found another 3-way Check at the foot of it. Though I had to call MadMoose and Snoopy back, most others shot off correctly along the frozen, stiffly-rutted track to the left. Quite why Bomber and NappyRash later decided to run across the golf course is a question with no answer. It took them a while to catch up. This was just after the farm track that had caught out Slapper, Foxy, Lonely, Dumber (though he'd also stopped for a wee). Slapper had just gone past me on the frosty hill when a lady appeared at the top. "Happy birthday!" She said, to my surprise. Slapper had asked her to wish it to me. 😊

FEBRUARY

It was just as cold in Newbury when we held our annual Red Dress Run.

Just before we On Outed, RA Foxy wandered over to me. She had Foxy's Beaver sticking out of her jacket pocket so, naturally, I gave it a stroke. "You do realise," she said, "you've just stroked my beaver in a Newbury car park." For once, I was a bit lost for words.



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Iceman and WetWipe both appear to have well-proportioned and well-located hooters. Two things about this: 1) compared to previous years, Iceman seems considerably reduced in the busy cargo department. Perhaps he couldn't find any large balloons or he hasn't now got enough puff to blow 'em up. 2) While we stood around at the Paddington Regroup I congratulated WetWipe on his restrained, yet pert top norks, at which point he reached into his dress and hoiked out the flannel he usually carries to wipe his face. Sadly, the previous frontal symmetry was not the same when he replaced it.



Berkshire Womens Aid

The money raised for the charity BH³ is supporting from the Red Dress Run and Slapper's sponsored Reading Half Marathon stands at £736.10 plus £109 gift aid = £845.10. Thank you to everyone who has donated and a very well done to Slapper for running in that red dress!

MARCH

A coffee and cakes Hash at Stoke Row sports club.

Our Hares got us On Out quite quickly and fooled the front runners by sticking a 'F'alse way down on the sloping cricket pitch that leads towards the woods and the way we usually go out. The rest of us bustled along the narrow



snicket behind the pavilion and I was surprised and possibly thrilled to see Little Stiffy actually attempting some running. This led out on to the grassy area where Stoke Row's delightful little sheep live. Our picture shows the woolly ladies and poses a question to which only Gnasher and CanalBobb know the answer. They'd laid down amongst the flock for a photo opportunity but when they got up one of the sheep lay on its side, legs flailing! So, the question is, has the guilty-looking CanalBobb indulged in sheep abuse or is Gnasher hiding her face because she's just given one of the sheep a damn good kicking? I guess they're both guilty of

ovine disturbance but which one leathered the lamb? 😄



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APRIL

Roman (and other) ruins at Silchester

Silchester, otherwise known as Calleva Atrebatum, contains the ruins of an important town that was abandoned in the 6th or 7th century. The car park in front of The Calleva Arms contained the ruins of a number of ex-athletes who now stumble about, calling themselves Hashers. In fact, there was a large number of us. Surprisingly, given that it was Easter Monday. In addition to the usual ramshackle crew we were pleased to welcome YellowPeril, who generally attends Hampshire Hashes and the curiously named DildoShaggins from USA. I'd be delighted to inform you of the origin of that particular sobriquet but I felt a bit embarrassed to ask. Just thank your lucky stars, BH³, that our choice of nicknames is relatively reserved. 😊

At the Circle, Motox advised the walkers that they didn't want to walk the runners' Trail, just follow him for an altogether better route. Which is why he is also listed as a Hare.

The walkers streamed one way. The runners streamed the other, soon plunging into the root-gnarled woodland where False Tart delighted us all by misjudging the firmness of the bottom of what had been a stream, engulfing her foot and ankle in a foul-smelling, dark mess and hurtling sideways and backwards on to a patch of grass. At least she didn't end up in the same morass that her foot was in otherwise husband Shifty would have banned her from the car on the drive home later.



Motox 'hits the wall'.

MAY

Cerberus and Billy (assisted by TC) celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary with us. Rampant was delighted to find Foxy's Beaver.



A triumphant Rampant with Foxy's Beaver. Willow and WetWipe in the background look for a place to wee.

Down another hill through the dry forest and we were motoring along a fairly wide, woodland path. Unfortunately, a momentary lack of concentration on my part meant that I didn't see the tree root that stuck out in front of me. A toe caught on it and I hurtled through the air (funny how time seems to slow down during these events, isn't it?) and crashed to earth like a charging water buffalo felled by a 12-bore. Actually, having re-read that description and thinking of my body shape I'll change it to: like a stick insect swatted with a copy of The Daily Telegraph. All the breath was knocked out of me and my solar plexus strained desperately to return to its usual rhythm. I managed to roll on to all fours just as a small group that included Dunny and Agatha came along. Agatha unleashed all the first aid knowledge he has gained during his life and... patted me on the back. 🙄 If I'd been able to laugh I certainly would have done. However, thanks for the sympathy Agatha and to all of you who asked me if I was ok.



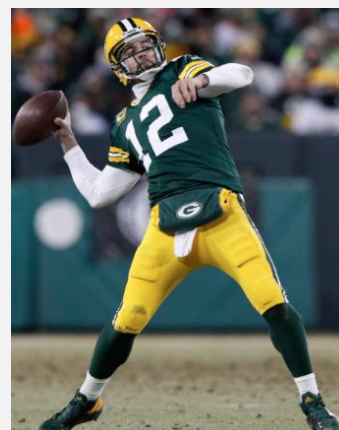
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JUNE

Foxy, Gnasher, CanalBobb and Floater hosted a Mortimer West End Village Hall chip fest after the Trail. Additionally, between June 20th and 27th the Hash Holiday group descended upon Milford-on-Sea. You can read the diary of this week via the BH³ website [Hash Hols link](#). It was so much fun. 😄

The small hall was full up of loudly chatting Hashers. It was like a London pub but with fewer tattoos. Most of us sat on the chairs we had fetched from the chair storeroom but Twanky had brought his own extendable plastic stool. A clever design. And quite robust. I'm glad I could describe it as an extendable stool rather than a collapsible one; though the thought of Twanky soaked in his beer sprawled on his back on the floor has a certain wish fulfilment quality. Hare Gnasher was heading up the air fryer mass chip creation activity and when she appeared next to the table on which rolls and sauces stood, placing them there with what I heard (😊) as, "The chips are down!" there was a stampede by the BH³ horde. Gnasher disappeared beneath the rush. Elbows flew sideways, there was a snarling and gnashing of teeth. Bareknuckle fights broke out. "Devil take the hindmost!" squealed Lilo, fighting off Motox with a well-placed eye-poke using the Sarsons vinegar bottle. Dunny dived over the top of the squabbling mass, tore the Sarsons bottle from Lilo and threatened the slaving riot leaders with it. They stopped, panting and drooling, looking for their chance, like wolves hunting a moose (not, I hasten to add, that Dunny is anything like... ok, I'll just stop digging). "Back you dogs!" she ordered, waving the Sarsons threateningly. I must say, I was a tad confused here because neither Dougie nor Stanley were anywhere nearby. However, I digress. Dunny reached behind her, to the tray of chips. She scooped a large handful, all the while watching the desperate faces in front of her. She scrunched the chips together and dropped the gooey lump into an open bread roll. She gripped it, pressing it together and took her arm way back for a Hail Mary Quarterback play. As she called out "Hut! Green 80!" husband Rampant charged down the back of the hall as the butty spiralled across the room. He dived and caught it for a triumphant touchdown while Dunny was sacked by a surge from the chip offense.



Dunny unleashes the chip Hail Mary.

JULY

We celebrated Shitfor's birthday with a yomp around Twyford.

We arrived at the Regroup, a leaf and bush-edged crossroads of four damp-earth paths. Hare Desperate had told us at the Circle that there would be no Foxy's Beaver to find but there would be a fox (she wasn't given the Beaver last week so sourced a replacement furry). Hashers searched high and low, directed by Desperate towards an area near to where Adam stood, looking clueless. He wasn't the only one because Foxy was actually standing in the middle of us with the fox she'd found earlier slumped limply over her shoulder. Doh! Here she is, triumphantly showing off what appears to be road kill. I certainly can't imagine this flattened creature bothering any hen houses in the near future.

We On Outed, marvelling at an incident we could scarcely believe. Mr Blobby was running in front of Wimpey when the latter caught an edge, stumbled and hurled himself forwards in an apparent attempt to rugby tackle Mr Blobby. The Blobster not only managed to save himself and Wimpey from crashing to the ground but also saved his shorts from being heaved anklewards. Bit of a win-win and highly unusual that the action wasn't initiated in reverse. As





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RA Foxy mentioned at the Down Downs later, this has not helped Mr Blobby in his progress towards receiving his 50 Hash Crashes award.

AUGUST

We held our annual Summer Party at the YMCA Activity Centre in Padworth. An extremely well-organised, excellent trail and event. Lots of fun.

MessengerBoy and Splash had been hard at work roasting sausages on the barbeque in order to provide us with meat-based sustenance and improve the Hash's green credentials by capturing carbon in the pork tubes. Hash Mash NoSole was busy in the kitchen preparing and laying out food. And Pyro was outside providing the comedy cabaret by failing to set up her deckchair. It took a few goes and a lot of laughter but she got there in the end.

Gnasher and Foxy, dressed in their inflatable outfits, led us into the field next to the YMCA hut. There had been no Foxy's Beaver to find during the Trail so they'd hidden it somewhere in the field. While we roamed around, searching they played hoopla, Gnasher attempting to throw a frisbee ring over Foxy's unicorn horn. As Gnasher threw the ring, Foxy hip-thrusted forwards to try and get her horn through it. This spectacle made some of our gentlemen raise their eyebrows and some of the ladies to look away. Fortunately, any untoward remarks or embarrassment was averted when OldDog sniffed out the Beaver.



We subsequently enjoyed a bit of a sit down, drinks and chats. Not that it was cold but the open fire had been lit in case anyone wanted some extra warmth and/or wanted to toast the large marshmallows that Gnasher brought round later.

The food supplied was exceptional; lots of pasta salad, sausages and rolls to start, followed by a cornucopia of puddings, made by Hash Mash NoSole. They were delicious. She'd made: Lemon Curd Roulade, Mississippi Mud Pie, Peanut Butter Cheesecake, Gypsy Tart, Key Lime Pie, Cherry Cheesecake and a gluten-free Chocolate Torte. We were spoilt rotten.

SEPTEMBER

At Mysterious Brewing we were guests at the Hash wedding of Sleazy and PrettyinPink. They loved it and so did we. We also enjoyed the specially brewed Pretty Sleazy Celebration Ale and the Hash naming of Prickles (aka Lily).

NappyRash and I were to be the bridesmaids. Donut best 'man'. We needed a place to change so we could surprise, delight and appal the rest of the wedding guests and they didn't see us before the ceremony. Floater suggested we make use of the large container that was the brewery's cold store. NappyRash and I were initially very happy about this because we were surrounded by lots of kegs and cans full of beer. What a wonderful place to be. We slipped into our lady togs, wigged up and waited for chaplain C5 to appear and the wedding guests to be shepherded on to the concrete apron in front of the brewery to form a tunnel through which the bride and groom and we would walk. Organising this took quite a long time. The cold store was aptly named. It was flipping nippy, a large fan at the far end blowing arctic air about. NappyRash and I discussed what might happen if we



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got locked in. When the emergency services finally managed to open the door they'd find the carcasses of two frozen transvestites, surrounded by empty cans... smiles on their blue faces.

Just as we were beginning to worry about the brass monkey effect we heard the guests go up to form a tunnel and we gratefully stepped out into the warm air, going over to the bride and groom to have the photo taken.

Then our small group headed up the steps and into the tunnel of people holding running shoes and a couple of barbecue cooking implements. What I'd not realised was that, when I bent to go through the tunnel, my dress rode up at the back, exposing an area of my swimming trunks. Caboose told me later that he had been psychologically scarred by the experience. I told him he should think himself lucky that I hadn't been wearing my buffalo hide thong.

The wedding was a wonderful affair, expertly overseen by our chaplain, C5. As the ceremony ended and the bride and groom kissed we hurled rice, that Dumb had handed round earlier, at them.



Shitfer, sitting nearby, mentioned to the groom that it was traditional for him to, um, enjoy the company of one of the bridesmaids. I swiftly pointed out that NappyRash was surely chief bridesmaid and deserving of such an honour before skipping quickly round to the wedding guests who were waiting for the bride to throw her bouquet.

OCTOBER

We had a hilly, but fun tramp around Ipsden from the King William IV. Beautiful day and a great pub.

We started going uphill and found ourselves in the most steeply sloping cricket pitch we've seen. There was a clear flour blob on a tree and, since I was at the front of the group, I thought I'd see if the Trail went that way. It didn't. There was a 'F'alse almost immediately after. Snowy and Foghorn took great delight in calling me back. That's the thing with the walking group; you don't have to check out the Trail because you are generally being led. But sometimes it's fun to do. As Motox, BGB and I did. There was a wide and enticing footpath that led into woodland and Motox and BGB gave it a try. I thought I'd go along the narrow lane that paralleled it. Luckily, my route proved to be the right way. It was quite enjoyable FRBing unnecessarily. This was where BGB's competitive streak surfaced. We started going up a rising track and he was off like a... I was going to say rocket but I think I'll reduce the description to 'damp squib'. Snowy and I at the front of the Pack let him go. Yet another sensible decision since this track led up and up and up for what seemed like a mile. There were some lovely views on the way but, by the time we reached the Regroup/Hash View I was beginning to wonder if we'd need oxygen in the thin air.

But the scene at the top of the hill was amazing. The autumn green countryside stretched away for miles, bathed in bright sunlight, its grassy fields combed wildly by the blustery wind. We took it all in and, of course, we had to have a photograph. Here it is.



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NOVEMBER

Hashing innovation by Hares Gnasher and BlowJob at our supernatural Hallowe'en Hash.

FEEL FREE TO READ THE FIRST PARAGRAPH IN A COD TRANSYLVANIAN ACCENT. 🧛‍♂️

The journey had been long; the boat buffeted by the cold waters of the North Sea. If my resting place in the hold had not been securely lashed the coffin would surely have spilled the precious earth of my homeland and I would be no more. A few of the seamen provided me with sufficient sustenance until we made landfall at Whitby where my faithful servant Jonathan Harker arranged for my transfer to Wokefield. I know not why nor how this Prince of Darkness had been invited to join the Hash and open their proceedings. And in daylight! But as I looked at these humans I was gladdened. Amongst fellow creatures of the night was fresh human meat. Something to get my teeth into. Picking them off in this neck of the woods (so like my Transylvanian woods) would be easy. The group believed me to be Hashgate. They had no idea that Dracula was in their midst...



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At the Circle I asked if there was any new blood joining the group today. Yes there was. Claire had been dragged along by HairyVirgin. She was sporting well-drawn spiders on her cheeks (not **those** cheeks you naughty blokes!) which dangled on web strands from the corner of her eyes. Great to welcome her and we look forward to seeing her again.

Hares Gnasher and BlowJob began describing this most unusual Trail. It comprised two 2½ mile circuits of the same route through the forest and when a flour 'Z' was reached Hashers should be very careful not to lose their lives! The 'lives' mentioned were two light blue strips of cloth (possibly from old pairs of Gnasher's shredded undercrackers) that would hang from the waist of the runner's/walker's clothes. So, a blue ribbon event. A Trail with tails. I, of course, was unconcerned with losing my life since I have been immortal for a 1,000 years or so. How the lives could be lost was left to imagination. The group was soon to find out. The Hares also mentioned that, on finishing the two circuits, Hashers could search the car park for Foxy's Beaver. Bomber's *sotto voce* comment to Snowy was, "Don't you usually look for a beaver in a dogging car park?" My English is good for a Transylvanian but I did not understand this. However, I have heard that English people are very fond of furry creatures like beavers and dogs. I too am partial to them. A little salt and a hint of paprika certainly spice up the flavour.

DECEMBER

We repaired to The Swan in Compton to experience the ups and downs (we were on The Ridgeway) of one of Dumb and Dumber's excellent Hashes.



Dumber explained about the Trail during the Circle. "It's like me," he said, "short, simple and hard-going". Many heads nodded in agreement, including his wife, Dumb. 😊

CallGirl was kind enough to send some photos to the Gobsheet newsroom and we reproduce one here, having reimbursed her with an appropriate copyright fee, of course. Cheque's in the post. This photo shows Spot with a new friend. Now I shan't stoop to the level of those 'Spot was feeling a little horse' jokes. I think it's a very sweet picture. My only concern is about the other equines apparently racing from behind to warn their pal about human fraternization.

Having just checked for any more suitable term I was initially horrified that Word offered 'intercourse' as a



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synonym. I, and I'm sure you, are relieved to understand that this word relates to interaction and communication. If you're reading this, Spot, I'm sure you'll be relieved too. 😊

The Long Trail was quite 'hard-going', as Dumber had indicated earlier and those who ran it came back to the pub some time after our group had trotted in. It was a relief to enter the warm and welcoming pub, with its Christmas decorations.

Our Hares had kindly provided very tasty mince pies and these were handed round on silver trays. Posh came over to our group of WaveRider, NappyRash, Slapper, Joel and Caboose. Posh is not at all used to any servant rôle (obviously) and this is why she tipped one of the sticky Christmas confections into Caboose's lap. There was that moment of silence just before the hearty guffaws. Poor Posh was quite embarrassed, not sure whether to pluck the pie from its resting place or apologise while backing away. I'm pleased to report that Caboose took it in good humour. Not sure whether he later ate it or not...

So, another year of Hashing excellence, made possible by the members of BH³. Fun, laughter, sociability and well-organised activities is what we do. How lucky we are! Here's to more of the same in 2026.

On On Hashgate

