

Berkshire Hash House Harriers Gobsheet

Hash Number:	2289 05Jun22
Hash Location:	YMCA Activity Centre, Padworth
Hares:	BGB, Zebedee, TinOpener, Motox, Spot

Celebrators

WhoTheF*ckIsAlice CouchPotato Donut Hashgate Aqua JJ NoSole Slapper YogaJulie Cuddles SexSlave WaveRider NappyRash Iceman Motox Gnasher CanalBob Grace Posh Bomber C5 Swallow SlowSucker Imogen CabinBuoy Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Crusty PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash Dumb Dumber Florence TT2 Dunny Rampant BlowJob Twanky Lilo with dog Minx Pyro with dog Whisper HappyFeet DoorMatt SlackBladder LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Masie SweetPea Agatha and dog Ted Lonely Foghorn and later: ChocChuck NoStyle Dumper OldDog

Forty Years of Hashing

Crikey! Our Hares have been Hashing for 40 years! Quite some achievement and one that we celebrated on Sunday rather than Monday. I asked our Hares if they would submit their memories of the first Hash they attended and below are their recollections, only slightly edited.

BGB	As far as I can remember, my first Hash was in May 1982. I think the venue was Sulham Church but the On On was at the Swan in Pangbourne. My most vivid recollection was after the run at the pub when Max introduced himself and said he was really pleased to see some new faces. He said there were some eats for free and please help ourselves (Motox and me). I managed to grab a small lettuce leaf from what was left!
Zebedee	BGB introduced me to the Hash because I wanted to train for the Reading ½ Marathon. First Hash was at Bracknell Sports Centre in 1982. The average age of the Hashers was then late 20s, early 30s (<i>Ed: slightly different from the present!</i> 😊). My brother (now TT2) and I were originally named Meter Maids 1 and 2 because we had distance meters attached to our belts.
Motox	BGB and I started on the same day. It was May 1982 but I cannot remember the date. I think we started in Pangbourne because I know we went on to The Swan in Pangbourne after the run. We went in and started chatting, trying to find out more about Hashing, I noticed some food on the table at the end of the room but we were too polite to rush in and help ourselves. After a while, I think it was Max who said help your selves to a sandwich. We went over and they had all gone. I learnt an important lesson that day.
TinOpener	My first Hash was on Monday 10 August 1981 from a pub in the Silchester Common area. It was promoted to the Inter Varsity Club members by Glynn Jones and Mike Fryer, who were both Hashers. I thought I was signing up to a 4 mile jog around Silchester Common. I did not realise it would lead to over 8,000 miles of running (equivalent of from London to New York and back) and the odd replacement body part! The only thing I remember about that run is that it was raining! Apart from keeping reasonably fit, that introduction to hashing has resulted in a huge number of friendships and experiences, which I am sure could not be bettered in any other activity!



I also contacted Madame Butterfly, who ran the very first Hash with husband Max, in 1978. I thought it would be interesting to include her memory of the origin of BH³ as we know and love it today. She replied:- The first Bracknell Hash (as it was originally called) was from Bracknell Sports Centre in March 1978. Max, me, Julia (Effin), Bob Sutherland and a chap called Paul were there. That was all!

Bill Holmes, an Australian working at 3M where Max worked at the time, set the trail through Harmanswater. Bill said give me 4 minutes and then follow the blobs of flour. We gave him barely 3, thinking we'd catch him but never did and in fact had to stop for breath after about 100 yards, we were so unfit!! We went to the pub by the old staff college roundabout for the On Inn and one person could buy a round in those days and still have change from a £!! No Hash names then.

Our 40th anniversary Hash had just a few more people than that original run. We'd circled up in the damp woods surrounding the YMCA hut to ~~ignore~~ listen to GM Rampant and our Hares. The latter rather sheepishly told us that they'd laid the Trail the day before and, due to the very heavy overnight rain, the flour markings might have, um, disappeared. Oh good, we thought as we On Outed past Agatha, who was being led by a bustling and furry little dog named Ted.

We'd been told by Hare BGB in his ~~interminable~~ instructional lecture that the first field we would enter contained three friendly horses. What he didn't mention was just how cute one of them was. The trio comprised a Mum and Dad and a lovely little foal. Just as I whipped out my photographic device little one decided to hoof it behind Mum, which is why you can only see his bottom.



Talking of bottoms, Aqua very kindly got hers stuck in some barbed wire. A number of us had queued up to hop over the stile into the second horse field (there were two) and she noticed an apparently quicker route to the right of it, through the wire. Should have known better. Her top and waistband got caught on the barbs, much to the delight of JJ and me. There was a fair bit of tugging and pulling and my suggestion that she slipped out of her top was met with the old fish eye (not surprisingly).

Eventually, she tore free with only her pride slightly bruised. SlowSucker said it reminded him of the time that your reporter got stuck in a fence during the last West Bay Hash Holiday. I hurried on...

The Pack spread out quite rapidly because of the fairly lengthy straight bits and Donut and I were pleased to have Hare TinOpener in front of us, laying flour after the FRBs had passed, and Hare BGB behind us.



Not much chance of going wrong then and everyone fetched up at the first Regroup pretty much together.

As you can see, we all look quite fresh at this early stop. You can also see that Twanky has adopted his photograph opportunity 'reverse pose'. There's always on isn't there?

As we On Outed downhill past a field full of calves and their mothers I remarked to C5 that the Trail had lots of young animals in it. "Yes." He replied. "And lots of old Hashers." How true, especially since some of them have been Hashing for 40 years. As I mentioned to him, at least we are lucky enough to be out in the country, among friends, enjoying the exercise. Long may it continue. Wouldn't it be great if/when BH³ enjoys a Platinum Anniversary like our Queen?

The next Regroup arrived suddenly and unexpectedly, like a friendly alpaca knocking at your front door one morning, offering to hand-knit for free a pair of fleece socks after its next haircut. Now I know that's a bit surreal but I thought, why not? It's a great imaginary visual and it makes sure you are reading the Gobsheet properly. In fact, you may have to read that bit twice since you a) can't believe it was written, and b) you're trying to figure out what legal high I was smoking/drinking/taking at the time.

Since we'd arrived at the Regroup after everyone else they were already busily checking it out. Hare Spot, standing next to me, spread out a handful of flour to indicate which way to go, 'accidentally', with that cheeky grin of his, covering my running shoe with McDougalls. Here's the evidence. I'd just like to point out that the 'scabby donkey' look to my leg is entirely due to a combination of mud, suntan and out-of-date emulsion used during the photographic processing. Any Hash lady is hereby invited to inspect my member to corroborate the truth...



We ran off with Spot and, at the next gate into a field, he let us know that he was only invited by the other Hares to be a Hare because, in his words, "I'm the only one who can run. All the others are past it." A little harsh, but fair, I feel. 😊

Then, blow me down with a feather, another Regroup appeared. This one in front of the imposing frontage of [Ufton Court](#). Click the link if you'd like to know more about this fascinating place.

We finally reached the Long and Medium Trails' split. We were by a country road along which a car was travelling towards us. "Petrol!" Boomed Foghorn. Rather pointless warning really, since he was the only one standing on the road. Our Packs duly split and careered off in whichever direction we had chosen. Donut, Imogen, CabinBuoy and I seemed to have formed an elite group and we bounded off, passing the walkers and trying not to be cannoned into by SlackBladder and LittleStiffy's roving and solid black labradors.

Our four very much enjoyed zipping along the narrow woodland trails and finding the right way from Checks that had almost been rained away. We eventually ran out of flour. The Trail was lost but not so Imogen. She lives near where we were and confidently asserted that, if we followed the wide path we were on all the way down to the road we should be ok. I warned her that she was speaking to the writer of the Gobsheet and we set off. Well done Imogen! We popped out on the road at the end of the one that led to the YMCA track entrance. A flour arrow pointed us into the undergrowth by that road and we found ourselves in tussocky scrubland by a lake, vaguely paralleling the road. Quite different country to what we had already run through. Mr Blobby suddenly appeared, all on his own, and trotted past us with a friendly greeting. He certainly 'won' on the day. Rampant and SlowSucker followed. The YMCA building loomed out of the bushes and we were back.

I walked by TT2 on the way to my car and asked him how he felt after his lengthy lay-off from Hashing. He told me that his new knee felt fine but that, due to his lack of fitness, his groin might need a massage the following day. I noted the slightly hopeful look in his eyes, wished him well and hastened away.

A fine Trail through great countryside to celebrate our Hares' 40 years of Hashing. Well done to them and thanks.



After the Trail

We occupied bench tables and our own garden chairs before opening beer, pouring coffee or cold drinks or sampling some of Motox' excellent alcoholic or non-alcoholic 'jungle juice' (hand-squeezed in the jungles of Borneo, I understand).

There was plenty of buffet food, salad, bread and butter and Crusty had cooked and supplied a splendid and very tasty coronation chicken – perfect for the Queen's Jubilee Celebration weekend.

It was a very convivial and relaxed BH³ that settled down for food, drink and a chat. Nice to be joined by OldDog, Dumper, ChocChuck and NoStyle.

As ever, the event was very well organised and our thanks go to all who helped.

On On Hashgate

Down Downs

Mr Blobby officiated as stand-in RA and awarded the following.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Motox, Zebedee, BGB, TinOpener, Crusty	Our Hares and Crusty, for the excellent coronation chicken.
Lilo, Florence, Crusty (again)	Organisers and food/drink providers. Well done to them.
Slapper, Ms Whiplash	Organising the Hash and a Half and the West Bay Hash Holiday both in the Spring/Summer of next year.
CouchPotato	Performing forestry clearance work so that he could park his car before the Trail.
Rampant	Rampant stretching after running. Tsk. Tsk.
WhoTheF*ckIsAlice	Actually ran a warm-up lap around a field before we started Hashing!
NappyRash, Twanky	The former letting branches whip back into Twanky's face. The latter for letting this happen. Posh also got a Down for assisting.
NappyRash	At the Ufton Court Regroup he ran off in the direction that Motox had just said was not the way to go. Duh.
Dumber	Something to do with a photograph at Ufton Court.
ChocChuck	Today's returnee. Since her knee skiing injury is still giving her a lot of gyp, Mr Blobby had to scuttle over to her with the Down instead of her limping over to him.
Pyro	Received a Down because her sister Valhalla was not there to pass over the 'David' apron that she had been awarded.

Future Hashes (Starting at 19:00 on Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2291	20Jun22	The Bull Barkham Road, Barkham, Wokingham RG41 4TL What3words: loom.campfires.cities	Twanky BlowJob
16	Tuesday 21Jun22 04:40 am	Longest Day Run Woodcote Village Hall car park Reading Road Woodcote RG8 0QY What3words: draining.shun.tastes	Spot LemonySnicket

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		Bring your own drink. Breakfast is included. Please email lemonydh3@gmail.com - she needs to know numbers for breakfast (Tick £2!)	
2292	27Jun22	The Royal Oak at Knowl Hill Round the Hill, Knowl Hill Common Knowl Hill, RG10 9YE What3words: adopters.shoppers.coasters	SkinnyDipper

The Hares Enjoy Their Well-Deserved 40th Anniversary Down Down



l to r: BGB, Zebedee, TinOpener, Spot, Motox (Twanky executes the photobomb).