



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting [Berkshire Women's Aid](#).

Hash Number and Date: 2434 16Mar25

Location: Stoke Row Sports and Leisure Club

Hares: Dunny, Rampant

CAFFEINE ADDICTS



Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Cuddles SexSlave NappyRash Waverider and grandson Harry Posh Bomber Cerberus and dog Chilli BillyBullshit Trout MessengerBoy and dog Willow SkinnyDipper Swallow SlowSucker Gnasher CanalBobb Spot Twanky OldDog Motox Pyro and dog Bunjy Desperate Shitfor Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Cockup Lilo and dog Minx TinOpener Plod SpecialBranch Dumb Dumber WellLaid Pimp Lonely TC Florence Zebedee SlackBladder LittleStiffy with dogs Milo and Ava NoSole Slapper AWOL Iceman Lucy Ben HappyFeet DoorMatt Sonic Daphne Colin

THE COFFEE AND CAKES HASH

Since your reporter was suffering from the residual effects of the lurchi and breathing was a bit of a problem I had to walk this Hash. Consequently, this week's pamphlet contains no details of the runners beyond the first couple of hundred yards. Given also that most of my wheezing walk was solely in the pleasant company of OldDog (where the hell did everyone else go?!) there won't be too much coverage of the walkers group. Yet there may be a few snippets of fascinating information if you'd like to read on...

Despite the clouds occasionally allowing the sun to peep through, the temperature was as cold as a penguin's bum. I was amazed at seeing Trout (who had been dancing the Hokey Cokey with Pimp in their respective cars – in, out, in, out until they finally parked to their liking) wearing aught but a T-shirt and shorts. The thought of 'no sense, no feeling' drifted across my mind and, fortunately, failed to spark the speech centre of my brain. Think it was numb with the cold.



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

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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?



We embarked on a thoroughly enjoyable (apart from the breath-shortening uphill bits) yomp through fields and forests. This area is perfect for Hashing and our Hares had laid an excellent Trail. The walking route finally split off from the runners' and was marked with arrowed W's. A small group of us: Swallow, Donut, OldDog, MessengerBoy, Willow and I reached the Regroup, which was where we had been told we might find Foxy's Beaver. We did a bit of a search among the trees and crackling beech leaves but it was soon obvious that she'd been found earlier. We dog-legged slightly to get back on Trail and followed flour blobs until... we weren't following flour blobs.

Not quite sure how we managed to miss them, especially as Swallow had a map. We found ourselves way down at the bottom of Witheridge Hill on a country road. Luckily, there was a sign pointing towards Stoke Row. Unluckily, this direction led straight up a pretty steep hill road. Nothing for it but a determined stomp up the thing with occasional thank you waves at the drivers who met and passed us with plenty of room. At the top we found the flour marks that we should have followed and these led us up a short, but very steep, off-road hill that gave what was left of my lungs a thorough and almost final testing. Fortunately, just after this, we popped out of the wood and on to the edge of the cricket field. A final, gasping, trudge up the slope and we could smell the coffee.



The warmth of the cricket pavilion was enhanced by the scent of coffee and cakes. Many thanks to those who had made and brought along their offerings. Of course, trying to juggle a piece of cake on a paper napkin in one hand and a coffee or beer in the other resulted in quite a few crumbs on the floor. Dunny had an innovative scheme to clean these up while we chatted. She led MessengerBoy's dog Willow around the room, pointing out cake crumbs for her to Hoover up. 🐶

Great Trail through lovely countryside by our experienced Hares. And the coffee and cake was a great idea, very well-organised. Our thanks to Dunny and Rampant.

On On Hashgate

BERKSHIRE WOMENS AID

Slapper is running the Reading Half Marathon on March 23rd in aid of our supported charity. If you would like to sponsor him please click [here](#) (for facebook readers the Just Giving page is <https://www.justgiving.com/page/david-friend-14>).

DOWN DOWNS

Gnasher stood-in as RA today and presented the following in the warmth of the pavilion. Interesting that the drinks were mostly halves of Adnams Broadside, one of my favourite beers. Wonder if the recipients realised that its strength is 6.3%?

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Cockup	Received a small sweetie bar for finding Foxy's Beaver.

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Billy, Dunny	Happy birthday to them!
Pimp	Presented with his 100 Hashes tankard by Hon. Pres. Spot. Well done Pimp! (See picture below)
CouchPotato	Presented with his 200 Hashes jacket by Hon. Pres. Spot. This was the best comedy moment of the day. Watching CouchPotato attempting to put on his jacket was one of the funniest things. He just couldn't find that second armhole. There was a resounding cheer when he finally managed to achieve entry. 😊 (See picture below)
SpecialBranch	Telling Plod to "Get up the front you lazy cow!" despite her having run many False Trails earlier. What an absolute cad!
Slapper	He demonstrated his new Bramble Running Technique, which involves running through them knees together and throwing the feet out sideways.
Plod	She was awarded a very smart pair of gloves by Gnasher since she nearly always has cold hands and leaves her gloves at home. (See picture below)
CanalBobb	Hash Crashing.
DoorMatt	For being an absolute gent, giving up his seat for Mrs Blobby.
HappyFeet	She kindly gave up her seat to Mr Blobby. She also gave up her Down to him.
Iceman	Presented the 'David' apron by PennyPitstop for (I believe) saying he was going to barge through the walkers.
Gnasher	Mr Blobby awarded her a Down for allegedly kicking the sheep (see above).
Florence	Apparently trying to hang herself during the Trail!
Dunny, Rampant	The Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2435	23Mar25	The Red Lion Goring Road, Woodcote, RG8 0SD. What3Words: /// frosted.regarding.alien The pub is open from 9am for breakfast and serve a lovely Sunday Roast until 3pm. Please park at the Memorial Hall by the green What3Words: /// spans.burden.shun Reading Half Marathon Road Closures!	Dumb Dumber Gannet
2436	30Mar25	The Royal Oak 69 Westwood Glen, Tilehurst Reading RG31 5NW What3Words: /// marked.slick.path	Foxy Plod



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CouchPotato and Pimp celebrate their awards.



Plod shows off her fancy gloves. Shitfor's comment was, "You can come and clean my toilet when you've finished that Down. 😊"