



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Hash Number and Date: 2469b 16Nov25

Location: The Swan, Sherborne St. John

Hares: Emma, Rob

COBS AND PENS



Iceman Donut Hashgate SkinnyDipper and Miffy MessengerBoy and dog Willow Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener Shifty FalseTart Spot Florence Itsyor Gnasher CanalBobb Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Motox Foghorn LittleStiffy and dogs Ava and Maisie SlackBladder ForestDump CouchPotato RandyMandy Foxy Floater Posh Bomber Cockup Fraibet WhoTheF*ckisAlice Twanky Lonely Kate Lungs JJ Aqua

SWANNING ABOUT THE COUNTRYSIDE

Virgin Hares Emma and Rob provided us with an absolute treat today. A perfect pub and an excellent running and walking Trail. They'd thought of everything, including the provision of hand-notated (in large capital letters for the hard of reading) maps considerably provided in transparent Bacofoil Safeloc 3 litre 70% recycled plastic bags.

You may have noticed that this Hash number is 2469b. 2469a was the Haunch of Venison's CAMHA event at Old Sarum. A number of intrepid (beer-swilling) BH³ Hashers attended the event, including C5, Legova, Dumb, Dumber, LemonySnicket, Wimpey, DipStick, NoSole and Slapper. I was informed that two of them went shopping in Salisbury instead of attempting to get totally legless. I'll leave it up to you to work out who they were. 😄



You may also have noticed the photo to your left. It illustrates two things: 1) that BH³ are still Hashing after 40 years, and 2) Florence is perfectly happy to display her, um, busy substances. It certainly proves that, even after 40 years, both she and the T-shirt are in fine fettle.

At the Circle we were very pleased to welcome returnees Fraibet and RandyMandy. Regarding the former, did you know that her name is made up of contractions of her parents' names – Frank and Betty? Nothing to do with 'Some Mother's...' but maybe that might be a Hash name for her? I asked RandyMandy if her man BlindPugh would be joining us but she said she'd left him at home in Eastbourne with a long list of things to do. I wouldn't want to be him if he hadn't ticked them all off by the time she got back...

We On Outed, the runners through the pub garden and we walkers (I'd had a very busy Saturday!) round the front of the pub. A squidgy lane led us toward a field where we met up with the runners, who turned off left. Now there was an obvious arrow pointing into the field so why we decided to walk straight on and into a farmyard I do not

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know. Certainly nothing to do with the Trail-laying quality and quite a lot to do with bad decision-making and flock mentality. We trudged damply back and turned into the field. Duh!

Despite our mistake we were thoroughly enjoying our sticky tramp through the wet, but beautiful countryside. Here's a picture of some of it. The tree leaves that haven't yet tumbled down were an eye-grabbing mixture of green, gold, auburn. In this lane some of the hedges had been newly and neatly laid and a small flock of large, black sheep gazed at us in an insouciant manner while ripping up mouthfuls of dew-soaked grass. Perfectly lovely.

We turned into a huge field filled with scrubby vegetation and bounded in the distance by bronze-coloured trees. To our right was a clear stream that chuckled its way between the banks. Donut and I were some way ahead and we wondered if LittleStiffy and SlackBladder would be able to keep their aquatically inclined labradors from diving into the water. We reached the Check at the entrance to Morgaston Wood and waited for the rest of the walkers to catch up. It was the runners who caught up first. Alice, Spot, Kate and Cockup sprinted past. Perhaps they knew that the Regroup and Beaver Stop lay just ahead.



Some information about the running group, before we get to the Regroup.

Our Hares had craftily laid a fishhook, with an associated eight blobs. The idea was that the FRBs who reached the fishhook would have to run back eight blobs and kick out the first one. The second person to arrive would do the same with the seventh. And so on. It turned out that Cockup had got so far ahead of everyone else that he did the fishhook twice. Altruistic of him to ensure that the second person to arrive would only have to run back to the sixth blob. 😊

And so we arrived at the Regroup. Nicely timed so that the runners and most of the walkers arrived together.





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Three ladies were a tad late getting there and so missed the main photo. However, here are RandyMandy, Gnasher and BlowJob, having panted up to where we stood. Incidentally, Foxy's Beaver was found by Lonely. If you look closely at the Regroup photo you will see our furry friend sitting on his shoulder.



From here, the runners' Trail led off uphill, through the forest and the walkers had the choice of a short cut or a lengthy loop through the superb woodland that took us almost to The Vyne, the National Trust property that owned the land we were going through. Though the woodland paths were pretty flat we had to keep our eyes open for Ava, LittleStiffy's fine, black labrador. Donut and Lilo almost went over a couple of times for the dog had a habit of trotting between people, then stopping, unmoving in front of anyone behind her. We had three choices: trip over her, shimmy round her or kick her up the a*se. I'm pleased to report that the shimmy was the preferred option.

Having caught up with Mrs Blobby, who sensibly took the short cut, we yomped once more into rolling green fields. Donut took the opportunity to perform a slow-motion fall while chatting with Lilo. Since I was ahead of them, chatting to Forest Dump, the only indication of Donut's earthward manoeuvre was a muted squeak, which caused us to turn round. The concerned Lilo was desperately stifling guffaws of laughter making sure Donut was ok. Luckily, she was.

Eventually, we exited a final country track and found ourselves by the 'On Inn' in Sherborne St. John and joined by Motox, Lungs and TinOpener, who had all arrived from a different direction! 🤪

The pub was not only warm and welcoming but had CouchPotato's granddaughter, Nicky, working there. Nice for him.

Our thanks to the Hares, particularly since it was the first Hash they have laid for BH³. It was an excellent Trail, perfectly laid, through some superb country. And the Hash chips in the pub later were very well received. Well done Rob and Emma. Now, you just need Hash names...

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

RA Gnasher presented the awards in the cool and damp (but pleasant) pub garden.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Lonely	 Presented with one of Foxy's chocolate bars for finding the Beaver.
Lungs	Presented the 'David' apron by Motox for wearing an off-the-shoulder-number (it was her jacket, Motox, you sad, wishful-thinking fellow) on the Trail.



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RandyMandy	Shagging Twanky during the Circle!
Donut	Hash-crashing so elegantly.
SlackBladder	This should have been Itsyor for playing on the zip wire in the children's playground. But he'd left and Slack was the nearest to the RA. 😊
Cockup	Doing that fishhook twice.
Rob, Emma	Our Hares.
Hashgate	Taking photos of Florence's chest during the Down Downs. 😊

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2470	23Nov25	Nettlebed Village Club 32 High St, Nettlebed RG9 5DD ///What3words: /// laughs.pixel.garages Street Map: laughs.pixel.garages	Spot
2471	30Nov25	The Greyhound 16 Common Rd, Eton Wick, Windsor SL4 6JE ///What3words: /// region.skip.heats Street Map: region.skip.heats	HappyFeet DoorMatt



Here's Foxy, who is attempting to kidnap Sidney, Emma and Rob's puppy. He's the cutest and softest furred little fellow. Mind you, he did wee on Foxy's sweatshirt. 😊

Finally, our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Pyro, who was attacked by a vicious dog recently. She's been advised to rest so won't be able to lay next week's Hash. Spot has kindly stepped in to be Hare.