



Berkshire Hash House Harriers

Running with the Pack

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

Our Just Giving page is <https://share.google/i83sCeavtlwhGzH20>

Hash Number and Date: 2484 01Mar26

Location: The Swan, Three Mile Cross

Hares: Iceman, SlowSucker

COBS, PENS AND ONE CYGNET (HOLLY 😊)



Ms Whiplash PennyPitstop Donut Hashgate Gannet Dumber Motox Spot SexSlave Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby MadMoose Holly and dog Snoopy Rob Emma and dog Sidney EverReady and dog Bella MessengerBoy and dog Willow WaveRider NappyRash BlowJob Posh Bomber Foxy Floater Gnasher CanalBobb Foghorn FalseTart Shifty Swallow DipStick Lilo and dog Flora

Linda ForestDump Florence Dunny Rampant NoSole Slapper Twanky Lonely Pyro Caboose

SWANNING ABOUT

Very pleasing to learn from Dumber that his wife, Dumb, is getting better, albeit slowly. Thanks to the excellent hospital care she received in Austria and the 3-hour round trips by Dumber to visit her and lift her spirits. We all wish you a swift recovery, Dumb, and look forward to seeing you again soon.

After the excitement of viewing up to six planets in the beautifully clear night sky on Saturday (click [here](#) or see the Daily Mail astronomy article on February 28th) we were to be treated to an even more thrilling event: the St.David's Day Hash, hosted by Iceman and SlowSucker. It's traditional to wear a daffodil or a leek to celebrate this most Welsh of days and to the left you can see FalseTart's hat decoration. I'm not sure whether she wanted to go bananas (fortunately she couldn't pin one of those to her headgear) with her celebrating or she just couldn't make up her mind. Dipstick, after pulling into the car park in his reeking fumemobile and attempting to poison us all (obviously uses a lot of choke...) slipped on a frothy yellow dress and feather boa. What either have to do with St. David's Day I'll leave you to work out.



While all this was going on I noticed Floater buttoning, lacing up and applying strapping to Foxy's jacket. She twitched left and right each time he pulled something tighter. Was she going to give us a Houdini show? Nope. Floater was just ensuring she was as weatherproof as she could possibly be. When he'd finished he stood back to admire his handiwork while she strutted about, stiff-armed and legged, like a reincarnated Egyptian mummy risen from its tomb.

We welcomed returnees MadMoose, his daughter Holly and their fine greyhound, Snoopy, during the Circle. The story I like about Snoopy originates from when Donut and I held a birthday Hash at the Butcher's Arms in Sonning Common. Everyone was out of their cars and chatting before the On Out, including MadMoose. Someone pointed out to him that he'd left Snoopy sitting on the back seat of his car and music was playing on the stereo. "Oh, he's ok." replied MadMoose, "He likes listening to Radio 2." 😊

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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Hare Iceman gave us the lowdown on the Trail, saying the runners' route was about 6 miles long, he'd innovated by laying a 'P'layground Check somewhere on the course and that we should all On Out left along the road from the pub. So my question is: why did Bomber and Lonely run off to the right? Aurally or geographically challenged? Or just plain daft? I'm leaning towards the latter explanation. 😊

When we all finally went off the same way we 'enjoyed' weaving about round new urban areas and sticky, shiggy-laced fields. Confusing and messy, but fun. I got chatting with Emma who told me that her lovely, lively, energetic collie weighed 3½ kilos when she got him just a couple of months ago and now he weighs 15 kilos! Crikey! Given how much energy Sidney expends you'd think he'd be wraith-thin.

After struggling up a hill (Hare Iceman had advised us that there were none!) I came upon WaveRider and Slapper, who were chatting. I arrived just as WaveRider announced our Quote of the Week: "I've had too many dong's." She proclaimed. To preserve her reputation I must mention that she and husband NappyRash have just returned from Vietnam. 😏

We squished on, meeting a bloke and his young lad where the path split. We started off on the longer of the two just as the bloke called out, "You can save four seconds if you go straight on." A number of people decided this was a Good Idea, including Lonely, who told me he was doing so because it was 'Intelligent Hashing'. We agreed that, although the term was an oxymoron, it would do for the time being.

We reached the Regroup and all cast about, vainly searching for Foxy's Beaver. NappyRash said that he hoped he didn't find our furry friend because he'd have to carry her all the way back to the pub. It was Bomber who traced our Beaver's location. Our Hares had cleverly arranged that the runners and walkers would arrive here at



almost the same time. Here we all are. We runners had to wait for the walkers to plod slowly across the tussocks and shiggy to where we were ready to take the photograph. Interesting to note that EverReady's dog, Bella has copied Twanky's back-to-the-camera pose. If I were you, Bella, I'd look for another rôle model. 😊

We were offered a choice from here: the walking Trail, a medium-length runners' Trail or the longer runners' Trail, which Iceman said was another 4 miles! We'd already run 4 miles! Time to bring back into play 'Intelligent Hashing'. Surprising how many intelligent people there are in BH³...



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As we ran on we began to realise that we were essentially running the reverse of the Trail Iceman had laid last time in this area. Shifty, WaveRider, Dumber and I trotted past the Lidl store, through the newly built houses and up and on to the wide, grassy area that is criss-crossed with gritty footpaths. We came across walkers Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, ForestDump and Motox, who was returning from a wander into a large field that contained no flour. His excuse was that he enjoyed being off-road. Right. Shifty and I trotted downhill on the pavement by the road. Near the bottom we noticed Dumber and Foghorn appearing from our right side, coming through a field gate. Perhaps this explained why we hadn't seen any flour during our downhill canter. They were as confused as we were. However, we were almost back to The Swan and despite me seeing the On Out arrow by the nearby roundabout and attempting to follow it (doh! I only had to look up to see where the pub was!) our small group trotted thirstily into the car park.

A fine Trail by our Hares and great that the runners and walkers met up occasionally. Our thanks for a job well done.

Before we end, I must mention the hugely successful Rock n' Roll Bingo night last Friday. Great fun and excellent food. Many thanks to Hash Ents Gnasher, Hash Mash NoSole and to Twanky, Lungs and Sonic. I'm pleased to report that the sum of £346.72 was raised for our charity, Daisy's Dream. Well done everyone who contributed.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

RA Gnasher presented the awards in the comfort of our private pub gazebo.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Bomber	Received a chocolate bar for finding Foxy's Beaver.
Dipstick	Littering – bits of his yellow feather boa festooned the countryside. He kindly provided a number of cakes for us since he had had a birthday recently.
Posh	Stripping during the Hash because she was feeling hot and giving her layers to other people to carry.
Mr Blobby BlowJob	Bouncing about on the trampoline in that playground.
MessengerBoy	Allowing his dog, 'The Dark Destroyer' to spill people's drink.
Floater	Happy birthday to him.
Iceman SlowSucker	Our St. David's Day Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2485	08Mar26	The Hind's Head Wasing Lane, Aldermaston, Reading RG7 4LX What3Words: /// lots.humble.gossiping StreetMap lots.humble.gossiping	Twanky MessengerBoy Dorothy
2486	15Mar26	Coffee and Cake Hash . ☕ 🍰 Stoke Row Recreation Ground , Newlands Lane, Stoke Row, RG9 5PS	Dunny Rampant

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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
		What3Words: /// apes.canoe.shades StreetMap apes.canoe.shades Please bring: Chair, small plate, booze, glass, coffee cup	



Bomber and Beaver. He initially thought it was a doggie poo bag.