



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: 2485 08Mar26

Location: The Hind's Head, Aldermaston

Hares: Twanky, MessengerBoy, Spot

BUCKS AND DOES



WellLaid Pimp Donut Hashgate Slips Snowy Kate Dunny Rampant Plod SpecialBranch Ms Whiplash Little Stiffy and dogs Ava and Milo SlackBladder Gnasher CanalBobb WaveRider and grandson Harry NappyRash Motox Foghorn Swallow SlowSucker Dumber RandyMandy BlindPew Gannet Iceman Cockup DeepLunge Posh Bomber Lilo and dog Flora TinOpener Mrs Blobby Mr Blobby Florence Zebedee AWOL TreeT Sonic Lungs Trout Trish NoSole Slapper Lonely

A WET AND DRY HASH

It was Tetris on Wheels in the car park as more and more cars rolled in and double-parked to save some space for other, later arriving patrons of the pub. There was a lot of to'ing and fro'ing; Snowy had backed into a space at an angle of about 45 degrees to the wall behind him and he kindly adjusted this to approximately 80 degrees so that Donut (passenging in our car next to his) could exit fairly normally, rather than like a squeeze of toothpaste from a tube.



We were very pleased to welcome back, after some time away, BlindPew, RandyMandy and TreeT. We also hadn't seen Trish, Trout and DeepLunge for some time. That's just one of the good things about the Hash – you can dip in and out at any time, pick up whenever you like. It's always fun and there are always people to talk with. What an excellent institution we are! 😊

Now since I'd 'enjoyed' man flu for a week (ok, it was just a cold) I figured walking, rather than running, was the sensible option for the day. Consequently, reporting on the running group this week is a mite limited. But, as I've mentioned in the past, it's good to see the Hash from a walking perspective now and again. The Trail is just as much fun, but with less panting.

I'm sure you've been wondering why there is a photo of a sheep (performing a back-to-the-camera pose à la Twanky) on this page. If you look closely you'll just spot two tiny lambs next to their woolly, camera-shy mother. I thought this would capture the enlightening spirit of Spring. Couple of problems with it though. Mum and lambs look like they're balancing on a tightrope of barbed wire, there is no sun and the gloomy aspect is deepened by the damp, grey mist hanging about in the background like the rotting shroud of dying winter. What I should have photographed were the merry clumps of golden daffodils and the hedges, sparkling with bright green buds. Soon be bluebell time – I'll make sure I include pictures of them.

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The walkers and runners split early on, the latter group taking advantage of a large loop around fields while we stonked straight on. We could see the runners, spread out in a line. Mr Blobby was being dragged along at the end of Flora's (Lilo's eager dog) lead. He'd offered to give her a good run (Flora, not Lilo) but our impression was that it was she who was exercising him. 😊

While we walked, Donut interrogated TinOpener about his recent trip to Antarctica. It sounded like a very educational and entertaining voyage. Apparently, TinOpener had seen so many and been so fascinated with penguins that he bought himself a Macaroni Penguin suit, hoping to surprise and delight wife Lilo at an appropriate moment; perhaps just as she's selecting a kipper from the chafing dish during breakfast. I do hope I haven't spoiled his surprise. The Gobsheet will, of course, be pleased to report in depth on the encounter and whether any defensive activity by Lilo's dog Flora resulted in repairs to TinOpener's penguin suit in the backside area. Here, in case you were unaware of Macaroni Penguins, is a picture of one... or is it TinOpener in his suit?



Plod and SlowSucker sped past us, followed by RandyMandy ("Athlete coming through." She joked) and Gnasher. Then any number of runners as we slopped off towards damp fields. I squelched along with SlackBladder, who was attempting to control not just his and Little Stiffy's two black labradors but MessengerBoy's Willow (aka The Dark Destroyer), since MB was Haring and being responsible for a muscular, independently-minded dog and a group of geographically and intellectually-challenged Hashers was too much for one person. SlackBladder regaled me with the story of when he went to France with Friends of the Mole H³ for a celebration. The bar they were in had been due to close at 11 o'clock but, being Hashers, things got a bit rowdy and they didn't want to stop having a jolly time. However, they decided to call it a night when the local

gendarme tapped on the window with his pistol. I'd call that a sensible decision. 😊



We'd been walking along the canal and reached a footbridge that spanned it. Here, said MessengerBoy, is the split between the wet and dry Trails. Here we are, thinking about our decision. We separated into two groups: the wellington brigade and those who didn't want to risk Trench Foot. Led by

Twanky, Gannet, NoSole, Swallow, Sonic and Lilo set off on their aquatic expedition along the right bank of the canal, while the rest of us went up and over the bridge. I fell in with Trish who seemed very interested in the ivy

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that adorned or hung from the trees bordering the tow path. I asked her what she was doing. People who go Hashing have fascinating aspects to their personality. She told me she keeps stick insects. They love to eat ivy... but only very specific types. Now who would have guessed that a) Trish has stick insects and that b) they are fussy eaters? She plucked an appropriate, juicy handful of leaves to take to them.

The running group reappeared, then disappeared when our route bifurcated from theirs. Rampant had kindly checked out our path and ran back towards, then through us with a wry smile on his face. We smiled in return.

Regarding the runners; your reporter obtained a couple of stories about them. Firstly, at The Butt Inn pub a bunch of them ran off in entirely the wrong direction and Hare Spot had to run like the clappers to find them and tell them which way to go. Apparently, Posh and NappyRash never did quite catch up with the Pack, but enjoyed their trot despite this. Secondly, the Pack was running through a housing estate and was unsure where to go. Fear not, said, BlindPew, for I used to deliver letters around here and know it like the back of my hand. What he didn't know was exactly where the Trail went or where any flour blobs were. I think the others should have remembered why he was named BlindPew all that time ago! 😊

In our private room in the pub we enjoyed bowls of Hash chips with tomato sauce and mayonnaise, drinks and noisy conversation. Thank you to our Hares for great Trails and a fine pub I which to relax afterwards.

On On Hashgate

DOWN DOWNS

Sequestered comfortably in the pub's private Officers' Mess we enjoyed the following awards by joint RA Foxy.

Beneficiary	Awarded For
RandyMandy	Today's finder of Foxy's Beaver was awarded a chocolate Tw*t Bar.
MessengerBoy	The sneaky Hare twisted a footpath sign around in order to confuse the Pack.
AWOL	Having become lost he ran through someone's garden to try to find the Trail.
BlindPew	Insisting he knew part of the area so well because he used to deliver post in it, he managed to get everyone lost. Duh!
Motox	Foxy accused him of 'pulling somebody off in the car park.' It turned out he had helped Sonic to pull off her wellies after the Trail.
Canal Bobb	Severe animal abuse – not sure what exactly. Probably best not known.
TreeT, Zebedee, Snowy	Happy Birthday to them!
MessengerBoy, Twanky, Spot	Our Hares.

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

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2486	15Mar26	Stoke Row Recreation Ground , Newlands Lane, Stoke Row, RG9 5PS What3Words: /// apes.canoe.shades StreetMap apes.canoe.shades Please bring: Chair, small plate, booze, glass, coffee cup	Dunny Rampant



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Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2487	22Mar26	The Fleur De Lys 30 Main Rd, East Hagbourne, Didcot OX11 9LN What3Words: /// defrost.wedding.thrashed StreetMap defrost.wedding.thrashed Park in the Village Hall Car Park What3Words: /// prospered.woof.acute StreetMap prospered.woof.acute	PennyPitstop Ms Whiplash



RandyMandy triumphantly displays Foxy's Beaver.



Curious that the pub fireplace incorporates a BillyBullshit gargoyle...

If you'd like to learn all about Macaroni penguins go to <https://www.britannica.com/animal/macaroni-penguin>