



This year BH³ is pleased to be supporting Daisy's Dream

Hash Number and Date: 2498 8 June 2026

Location: The Old Boot, Stanford Dingley

Hares: Plod and Special Branch

CRASH DUMMIES

Awol, Bomber, C5, Canal Bobb, CockUp, Cuddles, Deep Lunge, Doggystyle, Dunny, False Tart, Floater, Florence Foghorn, Foxy, Fraibet, Gannet, Iceman, Itsyour, JJ, LegOver, Little Stiffy, Lonely, Messenger Boy, Miss Whiplash, Motox, No Sole, Number 2, Old Dog, Pimp, Posh Tart, Pyro, Rampant, SexSlave, Shifty, Slackbladder, Slapper, Sonic, Spot, Tree Trollop, Twanky, Utopia, Well Laid, Wimpey, Zebedee, Emily, Mr Bobby, Gnasher (a few folk left early and skipped tick so apologies if your name isn't here)

YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A SHOEHORN TO GET THAT IN THERE!

Where have we heard that one before? Despite the car park being of a reasonable size it seemed like the whole hash had turned out and there was no room at the inn. Sadly I was one of the ones stuck in the M25 spectacular traffic jam waiting to get in whilst 'the farmers' got out and didn't manage to get the chaos on camera. 3 point turns, nerve tingling reversing, it was all there. I didn't hear anyone actually say 'you could get a double decker through there mate' but we all know what you men think when watching people negotiate tight spots. Anyway, I gave up in the end (waiting that is) and parked down by the other pub, which proved entertaining as Slack had a major tantrum sounding off at the dogs and the Mrs. Must be that time of his month.....

Anyway, t'was a lovely summers evening, the rain clouds had departed and it was wall to wall sunshine with the hint of a cooling breeze. The large puddle in the middle of the car park however did remind us that tonight's trail was probably going to feature lots of mud, if not even a water obstacle. And in view of who the hares are, a long, and wet session was probably on the cards. Joy!

So yes, it's me again, filling in for our illustrious leader who is yet again swanning off to warmer climes (why when we have soaring temperatures here?) And the Treasurer, she's pedalling her way down the Danube, and laying the trail next week, mmmmm have we all booked our flights for that??

Last weekend was a very successful Nash Bash, thoroughly enjoyed by all it seems with not too many fallers and punctures but lots of carousing. Foggy announced he had some leftover flapjacks and started to hand them out, but only a few managed to bag one as Motox elbowed his way to the box.

C5 gathered us round and the hares, as we guessed they would, informed us that the trail was long and we were going to get wet.

We all set off at a good pace, plenty of flour so need for a map. As usual the runners were off like honed athletes only to be kept in check by some cunning falses. Pimp and CockUp ended up at the back of the pack having done what seemed a very long false. Perhaps a bit more calling might be in order. They looked very tired.

False Tart was modelling her new and impressive Hash Jacket with which she is most impressed. Contrasting zips and everything, how chic!



We then came across all the sheep that live in England, there were fields of them all with gambolling little lambs bleating away. So I just had to take a picture. Trust Shifty to talk about mint sauce and Sunday roasts!



We then came across a field of rather beautiful 'wee beasties' with some gorgeous calves and a rather handsome bull. Again, I had to take a picture. Its what I love about hashing, being out in the countryside and taking it all in.

However, such loveliness doesn't last forever. We were then into the woods with dappled shade and wet sticky muddy bits. Some very unthoughtful person had left a huge tree trunk and stumps across the shiggliest bit and yours truly did the 'leg-over' and splits whilst trying to save my phone (which recorded all the abuse and helpful suggestions about medical attention and creams that were then thrown my way about ralgeX and groin strain) Gannet and Messenger Boy shall remain the nameless hecklers!



We, the walkers did do the unmentionable though, we crossed the bar/bridge rather than wade through the raging torrent that was the babbling brook. I mean, False Tart didn't want to get her jacket wet did she?

The trail was well marked and so admiring the scenery and taking in the bird song we carried on philosophising on life's great wonders only to hear some 'loud' whispering of 'on back'. Yes we were talking so much we missed the flour on left, but at least they didn't wait till we had reached the top of the hill. Small mercies.

It was a long trail and everyone was back in dribs and drabs and it took some time for everyone to get organised. Half of us bravely sat outside in the cooling breeze (brass monkeys to coin a phrase) whilst the wimps snuggled indoors. By the time tick had been done most of the 'normal customers' had departed so thankfully we had the down downs indoors.

Bomber found this week's Beaver and got the goodies but the Beaver got tossed in disgust as both next week's hares weren't there. It's a long cycle from the Danube.

Spot awarded Motox his 1800 hash shirt to the accompaniment of Bomber singing the 'stripping' tune. Not a pretty sight but at least he kept his vest on! I didn't take a picture.

Bomber got his 700 award shirt to the rather naughty accompaniment of some camel and Sphinx song too rude to mention and sung by C5 and several hashers who shouldn't know such things, I mean No Sole??? Where did a lovely lady like you learn that song?

C5 was going to give the apron to JJ who had apparently walked through the water without getting his feet wet but since he had already left the room it was given to Posh who had bemoaned the fact she wasn't at the front of the pack because she was looking after C5.

(I know I should have put the above awards in the official box below, but there wasn't enough space for my explanations!)

As always, it was a lovely evening with friends, good humour and lots of laughter.

Website – <http://www.berkshirehash.co.uk>
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On On Old Dog

DOWN DOWNS

Beneficiary	Awarded For
DoggyStyle	Returnee, small glass of water to avoid stopping on M4 to Wales
Emily	Writing a dissertation on hashing (Phd awaits)
Old Dog	Getting my legover and splitting at the same time, challenging.
Fraibet	Getting tangled by her roots to the tree requiring major assistance
Slackbladder	Losing control
Foggy	Technical difficulties getting his phone to work
Flo	Stalking Lonely
Lonely	Being stalked
Plod and Special Branch	Being tonight's hares

Future Hashes – starting at 7pm unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2499	15 June	The Butt Inn, Station Road, Aldermaston RG7 4LA	Wet Wipe Skinny Dipper
2500	20 – 21 June	Weekend celebration at Tadley Rugby Club Opens 4pm, Hash at 4.30pm	Lots of them