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Hash Number and Date: 2502 29 June 2026

Location: The White Hart, Sherfield on Loddon, RG27 0BT

Hares: CockUp

TONIGHT'S INGREDIENTS

AWOL, C5, CanalBobb, Cuddles, Donut, Dunny, Flo, Foxy, Fraibet, Gannet, Gnasher, Hashgate, Iceman, Itsyor, Kate, Legover, Lonely, Motox, Mrs Blobbly, NoSole, Number 2, Old Dog, Pyro, Rampant, SexSlave, Skinny, Slapper, Slippery, Snowy, Spot, Twanky, Utopia, Zeb. (if I have missed anyone it's because C5 didn't tick you off)

READ THE LABEL, IT DOES WHAT IT SAYS

Well, that will teach you, always read the label and check out who is laying the trail, Cockup by name, Cockup by nature. Thankfully tonight it was below 30 degrees and the right ambience for a good hash. Except:-

- 1 Hare was seen emptying a satchel of crumpled, scribbled-on maps and ONE empty flour bag (McDougalls of course!)
- 2 He was encouraging runners to take photos of said maps and check their digital location locators.
- 3 Only the running trail had flour (of which he had run out), setting the walkers muttering.
- 4 He would be leading the walkers (herding cats) causing agitated glances between runners.
- 5 The trails would go in opposite directions. Oh, one of those really long runs then.
- 6 Flat and Beaverless, no chocolate then.
- 7 No falses, just X marks the spot (of despair).

Thankfully (small mercies) it still being mid-summer there was a good chance it would still be light enough to see our way back.





The runners loped off South (apparently) looking forward to a long trail, with at least some flour and a regroup and hopefully Rampant remembering where the shorts were as per the fag-packet map he had been hastily given. The Walkers headed North (obviously) secure in the knowledge that we would be fine with the hare by our side every step of the way. As always SexSlave the absolute gent ensuring we all ran the gauntlet of the A33 without issue. Here we were then, a calm summer evening, slowly winding river with sparkling clear water, ducks, herons and fish aplenty and lots of ...cow pats. Ah, oh dear. Sadly for those of a nervous disposition it wasn't an empty meadow but a pat covered

field.....it could only mean one thing. Hampshire's entire stock of young cattle were all here and incredibly interested in what everyone was doing and all came over to see the walkers, most of whom got past but Cuddles had to do her 'Rawhide' bit to make sure Mrs B and Utopia didn't faint.

Meanwhile, yours truly (yes Hashgate is off again, up't'North I believe this time, perhaps having a word in Andy B's ear....) was bringing up the rear with Zeb trying to decide which one was the prettiest (of the cows that is). Poor Zeb was a bit slow tonight, having spent 5 hours in A&E yesterday having fallen off his bike. Thankfully no broken collarbone or enormous gashes as it was not a case of arxx over txx as he sped recklessly down some hill but as he was actually trying to get on the bike. Oh dear. (they had just exited some hostelry!!)

Having safely negotiated the herd we noticed a bit of an issue up ahead. The hare had veered off to the right at pace, Motox was flapping his arms off to the far left and the walkers were milling about shrugging their shoulders. Something was amiss. Well it was a locked, barbed wire topped gate that was giving pause for thought. The hare had not factored this obstacle in (or indeed checked it out some might think...) and was desperately trying to check out an alternative route.

Mrs B was not amused, I mean we all know that walkers are excellent hashers who are now walking mainly due to: injury, needing poles, getting long in the tooth but mainly who just can't get knees, hips and backs to bend and contort like they used to. Having specifically asked the hare if there were stiles and assured there weren't you can understand her frustration. She is currently drafting a 'hare questionnaire' carefully worded to avoid his retort of 'you didn't ask about gates'!!

I do believe the runners had similar challenges as several of them had to limbo under a gate, well crawl really. I quote (Rampant) 'Even CanalBobb managed to get his massive frame under it.' (I'm just the messenger Bobb...)



for eons and know every blade of grass and tree root in Berkshire. Well it was Hampshire so we should forgive them for getting hopelessly lost and having to ring some poor lady’s doorbell to ask for directions to the pub. Not sure if she has recovered from the sight of Motox’s bloodshot eye as he winked the other one.

Maybe this is a new challenge for hares Bomber, how many hashers can we get lost in one night? (see Butt Inn Gobsheet)



coming home to Edinburgh.

On On Old Dog

So the walkers were divided, some supposedly on trail whilst we headed back the way we came to find a Mrs Blobby friendly way round. We were almost back to the start by the time the hare crashed through a hidden gate and tried to convince us we really wanted another long loop. Motox and Zeb, to keep their reputations, manfully followed the hare who promptly left them in another field while he went off to find the rest of the walkers (bearing in mind there was NO flour on said trail. Sigh, almost finished.

Everyone arrived back safely at the pub, except Motox and Zeb. Now remember, Motox and Zeb have hashed

Dear Readers, thank you for getting this far, if you are reading this, and remember, it wouldn’t be a proper hash if we didn’t have something to moan about back at the pub. We all love the countryside, fresh air and a good old moan over a pint!

Before I forget, C5 was heard to bemoan that it would have been a great training run if he was intending to enter for a 10k as there were only 2 checks. (well there was only one bag of flour!)

Iceman awarded the apron to AWOL. He mentioned the football to Iceman……It’s obviously not

DOWN DOWNS

Beneficiary	Awarded For
Skinny	Calling Pyro a Silly Old Cow
Cuddles	Herding cows



Number 2	Falling over a twig
Messenger Boy	Chasing Willow with his jug of gravy
Rampant and Spot	Caught racing on the hash
Cockup	A flour free trail

Future Hashes – starting at 7pm Monday evenings unless stated otherwise.

Hash #	Date	Location	Hares
2503	6 July	Nettlebed Village Club, High Street, Nettlebed, RG9 5DD	Pyro
2504 The Fun Run	13 July	Silchester Cricket Pavilion, Pamber Road, Silchester, RG7 2PH All bribes to Rampant Bring plate, cutlery, mug and booze. Nibbles and tea and coffee provided	Dunny and Rampant

PS This Old Dog deserves a treat, or rather Iceman does. Being of the era of manual typewriters and carbon paper and tippex this inserting of images is not my forte. However Iceman can now relax as the Old Dog has learnt a cunning new trick, aka, the snipping tool. And with my idiot's guide carefully penned by the scribe I have today managed to 'snip and wrap'. Yippee..... But I think I have created about 20 files in the process.... Rome wasn't built in a day as they say.

On On

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