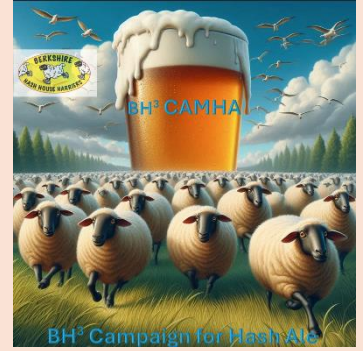


Berkshire Hash House Harriers CAMHA 2024



BH³ Hash 2410 at The Black Barn,
Rushall Manor Farm on September 29th.

Thank You Organisers and Volunteers

I'm sure it's no surprise to you to learn that a significant amount of work went into making this event the success it was. Let's applaud the Hares, who laid three excellent trails. For the runners and more adventurous walkers there was a longer trail of over 6 miles and a medium length trail of over 5 miles. Add to that another trail for walkers that was 2½ or 4 miles in length, depending on their preference.

The Hares were: Rampant, SlowSucker, Dunny, Mr Blobby, Donut, Swallow

Then, of course, there was all the pre-event organising by the mis-management committee and the jobs being done on the day. Too many to mention but the group all know what they did and how exceptionally well they worked as a team. The Hares also helped in the barn.

They were (in no particular order): Foxy, Floater, C5, SkinnyDipper, Wimpey, TinOpener, Dunny, Donut, Spot, WaveRider, NappyRash, Lilo, Rampant, Swallow, Mr Blobby, Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, Dumb, Dumber, LemonySnicket, Plod, Gnasher, Legova, FalseTart, Shifty, Florence, SlowSucker, LoudonTasteless, Gnasher, Iceman.

CAMHA – BH³ GM Hashgate's Report (which is possibly factual)

Everyone in BH³ had been crossing their fingers and offering up silent prayers that it would not rain. After the biblical torrents we had experienced the week before CAMHA we weren't placing any bets. But we were lucky. The day started cold but dry and the forecast was good. Donut and I felt a certain amount of relief as we parked by and unlocked the beautiful Black Barn and the kitchen. Here's a picture of the barn for you to enjoy.



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There it is, spoiled only by the photobombing of Hashgate, NappyRash, SlowSucker and WaveRider. Ah well; the view was spoiled much more by the massed ranks of Hashers that gathered in front of it later to be harangued by Hashgate. We welcomed Hashers from Marlow, Surrey, Winchester, R2D2 and Hursley. Great to welcome them all. Marlow spilled out of a rather natty little coach. They'd been marginally delayed by Lindsey, who, while the rest of the group waited, slid into Greggs to buy a coffee. Naughty girl. 😏

We had set up the tables and chairs in the barn, the dinner ladies were bringing in all the food, Floater and Foxy were busy setting up their [Mysterious Brewing](#) horsebox bar, Dunny was loading a table with the wine and soft drinks and the tea and coffee area was being created. The urn arrived and was plugged in, heavy water barrels were heaved over, tea bags and coffee jars appeared, a couple of full kettles were plugged in and switched on to provide immediate hot water... and that's when the power tripped out. Deep joy. Could we get it back on? No. Amazing – we had created a fulsome risk assessment, all the organisers had tried to prevent or figure out how to circumvent any issues ... except this one. 😞 We made a swift decision to take all the tea and coffee equipment over to the kitchen and tell everyone where it would be. Great! Problem solved. Except when we had taken everything there we found that the power had mysteriously come back on. We hurriedly returned everything to the barn and didn't switch on the kettles as well as the urn. Just in case.



Foxy and Floater prepare for the beer rush.

We called everyone out to the front of the barn to enjoy my welcome/lecture. Surprisingly for Hashers, everyone seemed quite interested and listened attentively. It was all going well until I mentioned that BH³'s RA, Foxy, would



C5 awards the jacket while Hashgate looks suitably impressed.

be awarding our Down Downs later and that other RAs should contact her about making their own awards. Up shot C5, on to the bench where I was lording it over the masses. No, he said, **he** would be RA for the day. No-one tells me anything. He added that, since I was an exceptionally important person who needed to stand out from the hoi polloi and because he had expected me to use a loud hailer to address the throng (I didn't need it) I should wear the multi-coloured jacket he was holding. Damn fine jacket it was too. Nice and warm on the cold morning. Here's a picture of me modelling it.

Each pair of Hares gathered their group of Hashers and explained the rules (there weren't any) and the trail markings to them. Then it was On Out and every man and woman for themselves. Someone was evidently looking down on us in a kindly manner, for the sun broke through the clouds and the air temperature warmed up. Lovely.

Believe it or not I couldn't take part in three trails at the same time so am unable to report on them all. I took the medium length one, laid by Dunny and Mr Blobby, using the rather weak excuse that, since I was so important, I ought to get back to the barn earlier rather than later. So sad. I understand that the longer and walking trails were good fun, if slightly damp in parts. However, given the inordinate rainfall we've experienced recently I think we all got off lightly.

The medium trail was an excellent mixture of green pastures, a little tarmac, some serious shiggy and a couple of knee-deep streams. Our group included both walkers and runners. Dunny Hared around behind the front of the Pack and Mr Blobby acted as sweeper. Despite the previous days' rain the trail markings were clear and no-one got lost, fell over or drifted down a stream like Millais' Ophelia. Speaking of streams, here are a couple of pictures of silly people fording them.



SpecialBranch wades into stream number 1.



Hashgate, surrounded by friendly dogs, enjoys stream number 2.



Slapper and WellLaid also enjoying stream number 2 - without splashing dogs.

A fine moment during the trail was when RA C5 asked SpecialBranch to let him know if anyone did anything stupid, so he could award them a Down later. This was precisely two minutes before C5 failed to understand how to open a gate. 😊 I note he didn't award himself a drink.

In our path appeared a blue frisbee and Willow (aka The Dark Destroyer) forced his companion MessengerBoy to keep throwing it for him to retrieve. All was going well until the frisbee floated over a barbed wire fence and into the field on the other side. Willow looked longingly at the frisbee, then pathetically at MessengerBoy, who couldn't resist the sad look in his labrador's eyes. He carefully stepped over the fence, which was about as high as his, erm, low-hanging fruits. Having retrieved the frisbee, his extra-careful return almost ended in disaster when a barb became caught near where no gentleman would want a barb to be. I'm relieved to report that he managed to extricate himself with no apparent physical damage. Phew!

A little while after LoudonTasteless, in response to my offer to join me in a stream, had replied for the second week in a row, "Bollocks!", we enjoyed a Regroup with sweeping views of the

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countryside around us. It was here that MadCow of Marlow Hash gave me an idea that I would like to pass on to BH³ Hares. Apparently, one of theirs had arranged a Beer Stop where a magnum of Taittinger awaited the lucky Pack. Sounds like a damn good idea to me. 🍷

I noticed later that PrettyInPink was covered in mud and biscuits and asked him if he'd HashCrashed. No, he said. He'd become stuck in the early-on deep shiggy path and couldn't move. He'd had to ease his feet out of his running shoes, then plunge his hands into the morass to retrieve them. He'd had to wipe his hands over much of himself to get the shiggy off. One way to clog up the washing machine later I suppose. 😬

The Hares had kindly laid a couple of short cuts and a few of us took one or the other (did I mention that I had to get back to the barn quickly due to my position of importance?). Mind you, this didn't stop us from hurtling up Falses so we probably ran almost as far as those who went on the longer trail. We eventually bumped into Hares SlowSucker and Swallow, who were checking to make sure no-one on the longer or walking trail had become lost and then Hare Donut appeared, just before the On Inn. We all trotted up the track to the barn and a welcome drink, having enjoyed the trails and the countryside in equal measure.

In The Black Barn

An eager queue had formed at the Mysterious Brewing horsebox bar. There was a good variety of ales and beer in cans to be had. A brisk trade ensued. Everyone was using their drinks tokens and Floater and Foxy had placed the used ones in a plastic beaker on their counter. There was quite a flurry of activity when a gust of wind blew the beaker over and the tokens skittered away. It must have been hugely amusing to see lots of Hashers chasing after them all. Luckily, we managed to pick them all up.

Carrying a pint of the session ale I went into the barn. There was another flurry of activity in there. People were queuing up to have the generous portions of their cold platter doled out to them by our smiling dinner ladies... and Shifty. I'm just pleased for everyone that he decided not to wear a pinny and a paper hat like Victoria Wood. Here's a photo of our smiling dinner, er, persons: Shifty, Dumb, Plod, Gnasher and FalseTart.



Super preparation, presentation, efficiency, cleanliness and friendliness were their watchwords. They did a fantastic job. No-one had to wait for too long to get their food. Everyone enjoyed it. I heard some very complimentary comments.

The barn was full of chomping, chatting and beer/wine/soft drinks/tea/coffee-chugging Hashers. Great to see everyone having a good time.

It was, I'm sure you fellow attendees will agree, a tad nippy in the barn. I was sitting next to Sleazy who was very kindly blocking a cool breeze that was slithering through a gap in the wooden boards above her. Bomber told me about a black-tie New Year's Eve party in the barn some years ago. Despite some industrial heaters at one end of the barn the other end was, quite literally, freezing. I'm rather glad we didn't suffer with that this time.

And then came the Down Downs, led by C5, followed by BettySwallocks for Marlow, Uncle Gerry from Surrey.

<u>Recipient</u>	<u>Reason</u>
Hashgate	For wearing a ridiculously garish jacket.
MadHatter	For wearing his natty solar topee and using his mobile on the Hash.
MessengerBoy	Almost catching his goolies on that barbed wire fence.
PrettyInPink	Losing both shoes in the shiggy.
NonStick	Lost a single shoe by getting stuck in the shiggy. Not so NonStick then.
MudLark	Making naughty comments about running up Cock Lane in front of ladies.
Slapper	Lost property. He left his snazzy water bottle last week during the run across the Isle of Wight.
Posh, Dumber, PennyPitstop	It was their birthday. Happy ones to them.
Rampant, SlowSucker, Dunny, Mr Blobby, Donut, Swallow	The CAMHA Hares. Well done to them!
Lindsey	Being late for the Marlow coach by going to buy that Greggs coffee.
Simon	Got himself lost at the first Check. Doh!
MadCow	He took someone else's place on the Marlow coach despite not having registered. Naughty!
Simple	Didn't understand the relevance of the term CAMHA, despite it being clearly defined in various places.
Mrs Gerry	Received the Down because Uncle Gerry couldn't remember the names of the two ladies who had been discussing dogs who had said, "... and he is the mother."
Portia	She had bent over while wearing her T-shirt on which was printed, 'I'm a Survivor'... before she almost face-planted in the shiggy.
Cheating	He was the originator of these beer-based Hash events. Well done him!
Foxy, Floater	Despite being totally knackered after Burghfest they dragged their carcasses to CAMHA to man (and woman) their beer truck. Huzzah!!
Petrol	Despite being an avid petrolhead he bought his wife an electric car.





Foxy and Floater 'assist' each other's Down Down while C5 looks on.



Lindsey, Simon and MadCow enjoy their Downs.

Future BH³ Hashes

(Starting at 11:00 on Sunday mornings unless stated otherwise.)

<u>Hash Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Hares</u>
2411	06Oct24	The New Inn Chalkhouse Green Road, Kidmore End RG4 9AU. What3words: expel.yummy.twists	PrettyInPink Sleazy
2412	13Oct24	The Thatched Cottage 122 Prospect Road, Farnborough GU14 8NU What3words: prowess.headboard.rise	Fiddler Itsyor