**The Hash Trash 2023 – Yateley**

Cast your mind back to the conclusion of formalities at the Crete Hash 2022. All that remained was the selection of the following year’s venue. When it came to volunteers, a silence descended on the group. Was it ‘how can we follow what was probably one of the best hashes ever?’ Or just ‘well someone is bound to volunteer, no need for me to bother’ – again!

Thankfully two stalwarts stepped forward to save the day and possibly save the reunions from ceasing to exist. Bless you **Cooperman and Mother Superior**.

So it was back to Yateley, surprisingly during a spell of great weather, unlike memories of torrential rains during one of **Cooperman**’s previous hashes in Portsmouth. Yeah OK a bit rich from someone from Manchester!

Probably the greatest invention of modern times is the SAT-NAV. We had cause to doubt this following a 6 hours journey, including half of the M25 on a bank holiday Friday.

On arrival at the hotel, surprise surprise, the same venue as the last time we were in Yateley. I am still haunted by the Hash Dinner of Beef Wellington offered in the name of Marco Pierre White. More importantly who can forget the hotel running out of beer and having to resort to raiding the local supermarkets for their stocks of canned beer? The hotel seemed to have had a little upgrade, and Marco Shite has been banished, so things were looking up.

We duly paid the Hash Shilling to Hash Cash **Ca\*\*y** and her young assistants in return for this year’s T-Shirt and some beer tokens.

Good turnout, albeit reduced by some late cancellations, which left **Cooperman** wondering if his budget would suffice, having laid out for T-shirts and Beers for the run etc.

**Precious and Cabbage Patch** had brought along two tiny rat-like shitting machines which they paraded around in a device resembling a miniature Pope Mobile. Dogs apparently.

As usual catching up was centred on the bar, well equipped with a good choice of beers, including a tasty IPA.

**Confusionist** was fist bumping everyone. Nothing to do with covid, just hardening her fists for her new career in cage fighting**. Antidote and Bromide** happy to fist bump to show off their new gold rings.

Dinner in the swanky new Italian restaurant was excellent – things still looking up. **Precious,** disappointed to find there were no Chipolatas or Hot Dogs on the menu, but the chef refused their offer to supply their own.

Returning to the bar, I hung around into the night to check on the alcohol levels of **K-Nein and Jaywalker.** Doesn’t the sun rise early in this part of the world?

Up bright as a button, to enjoy a top class breakfast. Then we all sat around twiddling our thumbs for about 3 hours waiting for the run to start. Nice to see all the photos on display from the Baghdad days, when we were all a lot younger.

We gathered for the run in the car park, for a few team photos. **Mother Superior** then gave us the instructions for the run, before calling on on. The run was to be about seven clicks, with the walkers around three and a half clicks. There had been some trepidation about the run since **Cooperman** had told us that **Mini Cooper** has morphed into an Iron Man runner and he was to be responsible for setting the run. Thankfully this did not materialise since **Mini Cooper** had not participated in Iron Man jaunts for over five years.

The dreadlock hat was worn by **Mini Cooper**, bringing good memories of Eric Schofield the original wearer of the dreadlocks.

We set off and after 50 metres; the run then caused the only traffic jam to be seen in Yateley in the last 5 years.

We continued into a wooded area then on to a familiar lake, before heading to a cemetery which could be handy if the run proves to be too much for some aging hashers. The recent weather had made the ground dry underfoot save for one short muddy path. This caused a lot of new shoes to be covered in mud much to the dismay of J\*J\*. Not so for **Way\*\*,** who with one stride of his long legs easily cleared the mud patch.

The run was well marked, with a suspicion of duplication of the previous run from last time in Yateley.

The water stop was provided by the Cooper Catering Corps, with welcome beers.

I overheard **Perky** whispering ‘you bastard’ in **Gl\*\***’s ear. On querying it later **Gl\*\*** says it happens all the time – Apparently he had introduced **Pinky and Perky** in Baghdad.

The runners disappeared over the bridge whilst the walkers headed sedately back to the hotel. Love on the Hash with **T\*\*and Hard Nut** holding hands. The Hash had made a good impression on the residents of Yateley last time, and two streets were named after two hashers on the trail. There was Jesse Close and Jenny’s Walk.

Back to the Hotel Garden to finish the drinks left over from the beer stop. **Cabbage Patch** moving faster than she ever has on the run when told there were some ciders left.

Preparations were made for the Down Downs beneath an ancient Sacrificial Altar. Then **Woffler** called us to order with some lost property, **Savage Ann** being reunited with her glasses, with other items for **Mother Superior and Chopper.**

Absent Friends – We remembered those departed in the last year or so. Jim Dougal, Flasher, George Dobson, Wolfgang and Hobbit, sadly joined recently by Adrian Brown. Rest in peace.

Thoughts back to Crete **– Tinkerbell Confusionist and Mrs Robinson** thanked for their efforts.

Also **Witch Doctor and Bionic** thanked for their efforts to deliver a Hash in York, we know a lot of work was carried out despite covid disrupting preparations.

**Ma\*\*\*e Jon\*\*** called in to tell if she had been obliged with a good workout in Greece.

Despite his e-mails from **John Thomas** being returned undelivered, **Chopper** was eventually traced and summoned to Yateley.

The SNP was refuted to have ferreted away almost £600K from their funds. The poison dwarf Nicola Sturgeon and her partner held responsible and subsequently arrested post hash. **Gorgeous Gussy** called up as the only SNP member here.

Back to Crete,

**Cooperman** in for complaining there was no sand in front of the apartments, then complaining about the noise when the tractors dumped and levelled sand overnight.

**Pinky and Perky** for missing the bus and delaying everyone. They had to go to the Taverna by taxi.

The **Cooperman** clan were on their way to the airport when the taxi driver received a message that Cooperman had left his passport behind, **Car\*\*, Ca\*\*a, Ev\* and Gar\*** held responsible for not looking after Cooperman.

The hash never forgets **T\*\* and Funnel Lips** called in for Lesbian behaviour at the Beer Festival in Frasdorf.

Pinky addressed the gathering with news of Hashers not here this year. **Gobsmacked** sends his best wishes but he has not attended because his wife **Mar\*\*\*** was deported from the UK after applying and failing to obtain a visa to remain in country. This may be resolved in time, but it may be simpler to pop back on a dingy from Calais securing a visa and a generous allowance that would keep Gobsmacked in the manner to which he has become accustomed to.

**Oompah**, indisposed in hospital, brought his own good wishes courtesy of a Whatsapp call instigated by **K-Nein**. A nice touch and an opportunity to send over love and respect to one of the most important hashers the BH3 has had.

In addition **K-Nein** brings good wishes to the hash from **Hash Totty** who is busy preparing for her wedding this year. Someone has got a bargain there!

The Germans were sulking that the UK has escaped the EU, leaving them stuck in it with the French. **K –Nein, Horney Sandy and Rog\*\*** in to represent the Germans.

The BH3 had numerous awards that were passed on each week. There were; The Hash Shit – a toilet seat, The Welly Boot, A PVC suit, and the only one in use these days, The Unwashed Shirt. This was passed from **Mother Superior** to **Cooperman** for false accounting of this year’s fund citing a ‘forgotten £250 deposit’

**J\*J\* and Way\*\* Dan\*\*\*\*** welcome back after a long absence. **Way\*\*** although happily married, couldn’t get out of the habit of turning up with someone from Block 34.

A few years ago in Cardiff chez **Precious**, **Bromide and Antidote** were married in a small ceremony. Oddball was the priest, **Gorgeous Gussy** the Bridesmaid, Funnel Lips the maid of honour, **Cabbage Patch** the Flower Girl, and the bride was given away by **Precious**. **Gypsy Prince** would have been the best man if he hadn’t collapsed in a drunken stupor. In a loving moment they recently thought they would renew their vows, and they discovered that the Union from Cardiff was not in fact legal. Having seen the size of **Antidote**’s pension pot, **Bromide** had to move quickly to tie the knot.

The newlyweds were called in to receive our congratulations, along with the perpetrators of the sham ceremony.

The bane of many Harriets is to put up with the snoring of their partners. **Matt\*\*\*. Jaywalker and Oddball** in to represent all the males in the gathering.

New shoes. **Way\*\*, J\*J\*, Horney, Ma\*\*Coll\*\*\***given the opportunity to baptise their shoes. **Ma\*\* Coll\*\*\***now residing in Spain, could he provide a great venue for a future hash?

The Down Down beers had to be replenished by **Car\*\*,** to the predictable comment ‘Nice Jugs’ by **Precious.**

Overheard conversation between **711 and Sleazy** – You know I love you, now shut up.

**Da\* So\*\*** was wearing Pink Lusso on the run – close to breaking rule No 1. Da\*\* has left the lesser White Rose county, and moved to Suffolk, where he has a Vineyard adjacent to his Chateau. How long before the Down Downs will be made using a cheeky red?

Virgins on the run, welcome to **Sop\*\*\***and two young hashers.

Beer Spillage by **Matt\*\*\*,** and for driving out of the car park despite a huge No Exit sign, **Oddball** called in.

**Tinkerbell** arrived at the Hotel without any socks, necessitating a dash to Primark.

**711** was entrusted with the First Aid kit, although not with the expectation that she would bash **Sleazy** about the head with it.

**Confusionist and Hard Nut** splashed out on superior rooms not expecting to be located above the function room or to be given the smallest room in the hotel. Even if you spend more on your room you still get toilet paper no bigger than a postage stamp.

**Hard Nut** addressed the gathering. – **Woffler and Sausage** on route to Yateley had to make a return journey home to collect Sausage’s hand bag.

The problem with having three siblings who look so alike (OK poetic license with the one with the white hair and a massive Father Christmas beard) is that they get confused with each other. **Jo\*\*** has gone through his hash life being called by his brother’s name. A naming was forthcoming, and **Jaywalker** named his brother **NOT MATTHEW**.

Two other namings – **Cooperman**’s young granddaughters were named **Stella and Moaner**.

The Ladies of the hash have always complained that the GM role has always been male dominated. **Confusionist and Organ-iser** had both given a chance to usurp **Woffler** in the past, but failed their auditions**. Hard Nut and Woffler** both conscious of the need to find a sensible heir to the throne before Alzheimer’s sets in, approached two of the younger section of the gathering to hold the floor. Step forward **Rog\*\* and Gameforit**.

Rog\*\* had observed **Sausage and Savage Ann** being unable to stand up due to the excesses of alcohol on the Friday night. In addition **Woffler** dropped a full glass of wine.

**Gameforit** advised that **Cabbage Patch** had tasked **Precious** to carry her nuts on the run.

On to the Hares. **Woffler** remembered how close we came to the end of the hash. That may have happened but for **Cooperman and Mother Superior** coming to the rescue. Our thanks to them, for **Mini Cooper** for his help on the run, and For **Car\*\*** for her tireless administration over the weekend.

Also if the route seemed familiar, it was just a coincidence.

On On to the food - Where music was provided by the Cooper Clan jukebox.

Another pleasant night by the bar, although for me it was an early departure to bed.

Sunday, after breakfast we gathered to discuss our options for the future hashes. **Precious** managed to bang his head on a low hanging light fitting, not once but four times.

There were two volunteers, **Pinky** offering Lancaster, and **Bionic and Witch Doctor** offering York once again. In addition **Hard Nut** suggested an extra Hash to be held in Thailand.

It was decided that next year would be in Lancaster with the following year in York. Both venues received substantial support. Also the idea of Thailand was well supported, and **Hard Nut** is looking for organising something in Bangkok after Lancaster.

The day was deemed a free day, with opportunities to visit various tourist attractions in the area. I don’t think many did in fact visit the attractions. We thought about Windsor, but **Antidote** suggested it would be mayhem due to it being a bank holiday.

**Sausage** was getting in touch with missing persons, as **Woffler** had gone for a paper and had not been seen since. We convinced her that a trip to the Cricketers would be a better idea, and lo and behold there was **Woffler** after being kidnapped on route back from the newsagent.

A good session in the sunshine was had by most of the hash, before returning to change for the hash buffet. The jukebox was once again delivered to the function room to keep the lively ones busy on the dance floor. The liveliest one was a pleasant young child with a smile for everybody. There’s Hope for everybody.

**Dumpy** was quite legless, which was nothing to do with his impending Knee Replacement**. Scoop Face** just managed to half carry him to his seat.

A flash from the past turned up in the shape of **Jo\*\* Hai\*\*\*.** He hadn’t been seen on the Hash for a number of years.

**Organ-Iser** was another welcome late arrival, after holding the farm together whilst **J\*\***recovered from a hernia operation. She was due a good night out after having spent the last few weeks up to her shoulders in cows arses, bringing their calves in to the world. She brought news of **J\*\***’s progress and her son **Br\*\*\***’s exploits in Australia. He has an important job as quality control at a dummy factory.

Sadly the hotel let **Cooperman and Mother Superior** with regards to the food again. Interesting that the chef managed to make a Thai Red Curry without using an ounce of spice. I didn’t ask for the recipe!

**Jo\*\* Hai\*\*\*** claimed seniority to address the group, as in times gone by. A Down Down for Two original members of the BH3, **Bionic and Da\*\* So\*\*.** Then we understood where he has been for the last 20 years, - living in an Old Jokes Home.

Following the ‘meal’ the dance floor quickly filled up, as did the bar in the main hotel. Whilst having a few scoops with **Precious**, the barman came to him with some concerns for someone in some difficulties outside the hotel. **Precious,** known for his First Aid expertise, popped out to check before announcing ‘he’s not one of ours’ and continued with his drinking.

A short while later someone turned on Emergency Ward Ten, and the medical experts of the Hash rushed to the aid of this person covered in claret. Sadly the person in need of their support and subsequent hospitalisation was in fact ‘one of ours’, namely **Jo\*\* Hai\*\*\*.**  He was whisked off in an ambulance accompanied by **Pinky** for moral support.

**Jo\*\*** was placed in a hospital ward where he was made comfortable and he soon cheered up. He explained to the nurse about the event he had been to that night. He then proceeded to bore her with tales of the HHH in particular in Baghdad.

From across the ward a voice piped up. ’Couldn’t help but overhear your conversation with the nurse – actually I used to run on the Baghdad hash. So after 20 years away, Jo\*\* had two reunions in the same night. His fellow patient was Tim Mulcahy an Irishman who had run on the BH3 whilst working with Jurgen Decker on Haifa Street. Small world!

**Hard Nut** recalled a night in 1988 when he and **Jo\*\*** had arranged to get together for a beer in London. We he arrived at his flat he was covered in blood and snot having been in a similar incident to that at Yateley. So it would appear **Jo\*\*** is a serial pavement nutter.

After the night’s excitement, following breakfast, the Hash Dispersed, all looking forward to hearing from **Pinky** of his plans for Lancaster.

Great to see everybody!

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