**The Hash Trash – Yateley 2017**

So it was welcome to The Casa hotel in Yateley Hampshire courtesy of **Cooperman and Mother Superior.** Numbers in excess of 65, this unique group continues to defy logic**.**

Venue chosen close to Sandhurst to ensure rapid deployment of troops should the Hash become a terrorist target.

We arrived in the car park to watch all the regular hashers unloading their Umbrellas, Wellingtons, Oil Skins and Sou’westers in preparation for a typical **Cooperman** monsoon Hash. Strangely enough, the sun was shining on the righteous for a change.

Despite the Hotel having a Marco Pierre White restaurant, **Cabbage Patch** favouring Korean cuisine these days, had brought along her own food. **Precious** having resigned from his employment in order to take full responsibility for the poop scooping.

The bar was rapidly populated and **Cooperman** eager to get our money, brought the registration forward. The usual bar huggers refusing to move into the function room until the scheduled time. Eventually a move into the main room for those in need of solids, the bar area exclusive to the usual suspects preferring liquids.

**Goldilocks** leaving **Ga\*\*** to supervise **Car\*\*** whilst she escaped for a Piña Colada fest.

The returning **Sleazy and 911** stayed at the bar whilst instructing their punkawallah **Gobsmacked** to go and carry in the luggage**. La\*\*a** coming soon to a cruise ship near you. Hope she doesn’t end up as a Loose Woman like Jane McDonald.

**Gobbals** had come in disguise, and kept himself busy sitting the harriets on his knee and asking what they would like for Christmas.

Everyone was issued with their T-shirts. **Cooperman** when asked why he had chosen that particular colour. He said “there were other colour shirts but with Purple Shirts you don’t pay any commission”. Nice to see the hash motif modified to include the Red Rose of Lancashire and England, not that lesser white rose of Yorkshire.

A bright sunny morning greeted the lethargic runners emerging following the excesses of the previous night. If the sun wasn’t bright enough we also had to contend with the Hares in High-Viz jackets. Whatever happened to Eric Schofield’s **Bob Marley** dreadlock hats to identify the Hares?

**Bromide and Antidote** eventually turned up, refusing to pay an extra twenty quid for an early check-in. I understand **Bromide** recently had a Hernia, and he drove the fastest milk cart in the west.

Another invalid**, Da\*\* So\*\*** back after a Hip replacement followed by a spell in intensive care following playing with the traffic in the USA. If he is looking for a Hash name, look elsewhere we already have a **J Walker**.

Eventually the Hares called On-On and soon we were jockeying for position at the rear of the pack. The trail led us into the Yateley Common Country Park with startling scenery and a sedate fishing lake. Sadly we are not in fishing season until the 18th June, so instead of relaxing by the water with rod in hand, we had to continue with this running lark.

**Goldilocks** looking after the old and infirm by pointing out the short cuts. It soon became obvious that the run was being set by Hares with IT backgrounds, as traditional check markings were replaced by printed signs. Hands up anyone who owned a printer in Baghdad?

Hashers checking it out at one of the checks managed to enrage some of the local yokels. So we had to ask them to forgive our trespasses against them.

Being Derby day, no surprise to see horses being ridden through the common, much to the delight of the little ones. Large piles of steaming droppings making **Precious** relieved that **Cabbage Patch** is into little rodents and not horses. He would need a pooper scooper the size of a wheelbarrow. On the other hand, he’d have some lovely roses in his garden.

Beer stops are becoming very professional these days – a choice of 4 beers, various softies and water, all contained in temperature controlled conditions. Although the IT types neglected to print a wine list/drinks menu. **Wolf\*\*\*\***wassupervising the recycling as usual.

First aider **Hobbit** coming to the aid of **Supermousse,** having fallen and succumbed to nettle rash.

**Hobbit** shows us his scars and tells us about his time in hospital. Not surprising to hear that they had him shipped out of there the day after the operation. Obviously outstayed his welcome. **Hobbit** and **Funnel Lips** compared their contrasting bandy and knock-kneed leg shapes.

**Bromide** had the girls fighting to have the honour of rubbing the sun cream all over him.

On-On again having been given the option of a 20 minute walk or a 4 klick run, we made our choices and moved on. I refused option 3 – a lift back with **Oompah.**

We made it back to the On-After which turned out to be the starting point which sadly hadn’t been made apparent before the run. Accordingly **Funnel Lips** had carried a bag with spare T-shirts etc. along the trail.

Waffler called the Hash to attention, telling us all to get a drink on front of us. Absent friends **Hash Witch and Soup Dragon and Liz Boras\*\*\*** unable to come due to illness. **Confusionist** and **Tinkerbell** unable to enter the country due to tax reasons.

The Website, **Wafflers** favourite subject is always a good way to start the proceedings. **Insideher. Smoking Joe and Jen\*\*** given notice to memorise the address before next year.

**Smoking Joe** was asked if he had read last year’s Hash Trash, which would have been a miracle because **Oddball** had failed in his duties. Post Hash, said document now resides on the website.

**Arm Candy** had not turned up this year to make a bid to host next year’s Hash. **Honey Nuts** up, as father, to take the blame.

Young **Cam\*\*\*n** incurred **Ev\*’s** displeasure by pouring water down her back.

Administration error resulted in there being two **Mother Superiors** on the Baghdad Hash. One who has to put up with being mauled by **Horney**, and this year’s hare who still doesn’t know how he got that name. Issue to be addressed next year.

**Waffler** acknowledged the help he and **Sausage** received from **Meccano Man, Arsonist, Hobbit and Mrs Robinson, and Witch Doctor** amongst others during his hospitalisation in Benahavis last year. **Hard Nut** questioning the need for a brain scan for someone without a brain. **Gorgeous Gussie** offered massage services at mate’s rates. During the massage obvious stirrings in the groin area were noticed. She asked him if he needed hand relief and he nodded. She left the room and twenty minutes later returned and said “have you finished?”

**Waffler** got back to the hotel from the hospital to find someone had left the hash horn behind for him. Down-Down in the bank for **Pinky.**

**Meccano Man** the first to be breathalysed on the hash. Why was he driving when he should have been running?

Blushing Bride for unusual reasons – **Fio\*\*** in for her knickers falling down to her ankles at the altar. “How did you know that?” The hash master knows everything.

Congratulations in order - Parenthood approaching for **Oli\*\*\* and Krist\*\*\*.** Two beers for the father. Both still active, judging by the carpet burns on **Krist\*\*\***’s elbow.

The Brexit referendum went with the Hash poll carried out in Benahavis last year. The Scots and Northern Irish not happy with the result. **Da\*\*So\*\*, 911, Gle\*\* and Jen\*\*, Gorgeous Gussie, Flasher** to represent the disgruntled territories.

Pakistanis guilty of grooming in Rochdale. Victims **Sleazy, Lau\*\* and Ste\*\*\*** in for counselling.

Germany’s open door policy has resulted in the Aryan race being outbred by the Muslims. Just as the Coopers are out breeding the hash. Representation from **Cooperman, Car\*\*, Isa\*\*\*\* and Ev\*.** At this stage it became apparent that **Cooperman** has been doing too much baby-sitting, these children no strangers to necking the odd lager.

First timers and welcome backs:

**Sleazy, 911, Lau\*\*, Ste\*\*\*, Gl\*\*& Jen\*\*, Fio\*\* & Ma\*\*, Da\*\*So\*\*, Mother Superior & Horney, Supermousse, Li\*\* and Ja\*\*, Goldilocks Ga\*\* and Ca\*\*a, Mini Cooper Reb\*\*\*\*, Cam\*\*\*\* and Isa\*\*\*\*\*, Nic\*\*\*, Ste\*\* and Ev\***

**Lau\*\* and Ti\*** on the run with IPads.

If you fancy a trip to Windsor whilst you are in the area, be sure to rely on your Satnav. Last thing you should do is install **Lady Godiva and Hobbit** to your back seat for navigational assistance.

All Hashers are equal, some are more equal than others. **Supermousse, Hardnut, Mini Cooper,** **Lau\*\*, and Mystic Meg** to represent the Executive room dwellers

New Shoes. **Reb\*\*\*\*** bragging she was going to wear her new shoes on the run the night before. Not Recommended. Joined by **Mother Superior, Ga\*\*, 911, Supermousse**.

Hash Master has been trying to get shut of the job, but his resignation was refused. Don’t suppose anyone wants the trash either?

Our sincere thanks to the Hares for a superb flat and dry run by way of a change. **Mother Superior, Cooperman and Goldilocks** thanked in the usual way.

The Hash will be going on a pre Brexit tour of Germany for the next two years, before we need a visa to get in there.

We have kind invitations from **Gobbals & Manipulator** for next year in **Münster** – not the Irish one – near to Dusseldorf. Dates etc. To be advised.

The following year will be in Rosenheim Bavaria courtesy of **K-Nein and Hash Tottie.** Likely to be at the end of August to take in the local beer festival, which is alright if you like that kind of thing.

On On-time this year!