



Hash 201 - The High Corner Inn, Linwood - 4th September 2005

The Middle of Nowhere - been there twice in the past fortnight. More recently, it was at Mourné, a teeny sleepy steep little village in Crete, but in Hashing terms, it was to be found - albeit with great difficulty - down a fairly Cretan unmade road in the New Forest. Many a time have I driven past the signpost on the way to Bournemouth, but I have never actually passed through Mockbeggar before; how satisfying - a small ambition achieved.

You really needed a 4x4, but it was my decidedly dusty 2x1 which finally crept into the shade by the pub only 12 minutes late. There we found a lot of floury hieroglyphics, a little Margaret, and no Hashers at all - the miserable mockbeggars had departed without us. *C'est la vie*, as the Cretans would probably not say. M told us that the run was mostly through trees (she lied), as K&I shouldered water bottles, and set off further down the track and into The Great Unknown.

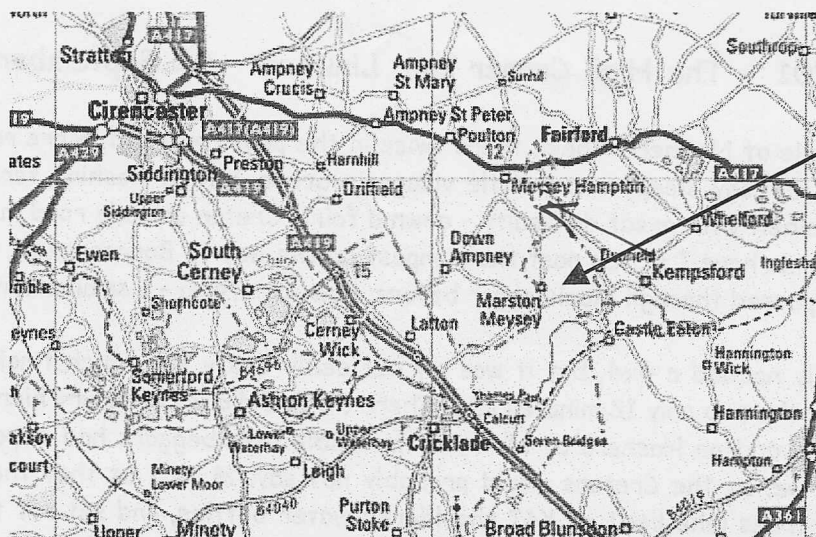
After a while we passed the six or so brown Walkers, who told us that the Runners were not far in front (they lied - we never saw hide nor Hare of them for the next 80 minutes). We weaved through some sandy scrubland, which for the life of me could well have been Crete - and then through some leafy glades, and back out into the blazing sunshine across a vast blasted heath, where umpteen horse riders made a blasted nuisance of themselves as we cantered through them. Fortunately we managed to shake them off, as we headed up into the sandy hills, K playing Tonto to my Kimosabee (that's Lone Ranger for those of you too young to remember). Dodging between the canyons, coyotes and rattlers, we moseyed on down, past un-kicked-out circles, to the bluff, where we found a curious Indian sign which meant 'water bottle left here' according to Margaret (she lied). A long, leafy track led alongside - and occasionally through - a small stream, where we eventually passed the Walkers again, just before we regained the pub.

There are many unexplained mysteries in my little life - how do you get white wine from green grapes, why do Englishmen wear socks with sandals, why does anyone read the Daily Mail - but high on the list must be why anyone would build a pub in TMON? Well, whatever their reason, we were glad they did, as it came in jolly handy after all that running through the forest. But no sooner had we washed and brushed up to sit down and enjoy a pint of something cold, than up pops Margaret to spoil our fun and drag us off to play silly games.

At the top of a field which served as an overflow car-park, we all sat in neat rows in the shade whilst M proceeded to scatter the entire contents of the local Oxfam shop over the grass. Ladies were then prevailed upon to participate in a dressing-up race, whilst we blokes spilt our beer laughing. However, our joy was short-lived, as we were then reluc-

tantly pressed into doing the same thing - however with the addition of tights. GOM was disqualified three times for jumping the gun and shameless cheating, whilst my bright idea of wearing the tights as a mask was brusquely rejected. A further game involving bats and balls resulted - like the caucus race in 'Alice in Wonderland' - with everyone being awarded a prize, of lovely warm chocolate!

Many thanks to Margaret & Dave for laying the trail, and to James for providing so many chocolate bars.



Third Coming Hash Runs

202 - 18th Sept - The Royal Oak, Bishopstone - GOM

203 - 2nd Oct - The Masons Arms, Meysey Hampton - Brian

204 - 16th Oct - The Rose & Crown, Ashbury - Keith2

205 - 30th Oct - The Shears, Cadley (Collinbourne Ducis - Laura

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website kvhash.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk