Hash 175 - The Horseshoe Mildenhall (or Minal!) - 19th September 2004

The late Keith Mitchell writes - A goodly crowd - including tyro Liz - assembled in the glorious drizzle awaiting Herr Hare Jeremy, who eventually bowled up in his Beamer to tell us that we had to run 7 miles - me with an afternoon's wicket-keeping in store!

After much grumbling from the Hashers [mostly from me], we set off on a quick shimmy round the village before hiking up what Jezza promised to be the first of 6 hills. Before long we were running along Cock-a-Troop Lane (local knowledge) then through the forest parallel to the A4. A check-back led us to the tail-end of my Hash from Axford last year - where some people (Mad Mike) got lost and had me shivering in the rain waiting for them while they had taken another route and were sitting in the snug Red Lion....

And to Axford we duly went, crossing the road and up another hill into (for me) unknown territory. Jenny stopped en route to guzzle blackberries, and so I wound up only second-to-last. Down again into Sound Bottom - or it might have been Bottom Sound, but Snake Hips was miles away by then - where I met our Hare mooching in the wrong direction looking for stragglers.

Back up another of the promised hills, where I chanced upon the Walkers, and down a lonely lane into Mildenhall - where the Hare loped past me as if I were standing still, which I probably was by then - and back to the pub. Katrina and Liz, blue with cold, were anxiously awaiting me - not from concern for my wellbeing or the pleasure of my company, but because I had the car keys - then in for a welcoming pint. Our fair lady GOM made a gracious speech, and the horn was awarded to Dave for being constantly out in front [the dope test revealed traces of Viagra], before the drizzle swept over us - an otherwise dry run! Many thanks Jeremy - a well-laid and beautiful Hash as always.

