



Hash 250 - GOM's Gaff, Ramsbury 24th June 2007

As I sit here writing the Hash Mag for the Glorious 250th Hash - "which will be remembered for a very long time" in the words of the equally glorious Scots poet William McGonagall - the sipping rain which I see from my study window brings to mind another famously eloquent poem, the most ancient in the English language (although this is actually a parody by Ezra Pound):

Summer is icumen in,
Lhude sing Goddamm,
Raineth drop and staineth slop,
And how the wind doth ramm!
Sing: Goddamm.

According to the BBC Weather site, May was a wet month in England, with some areas setting new rainfall records. And June was the wettest month since May 54BC. Especially on Hashing Sundays. And GOM's Hash was no exception.

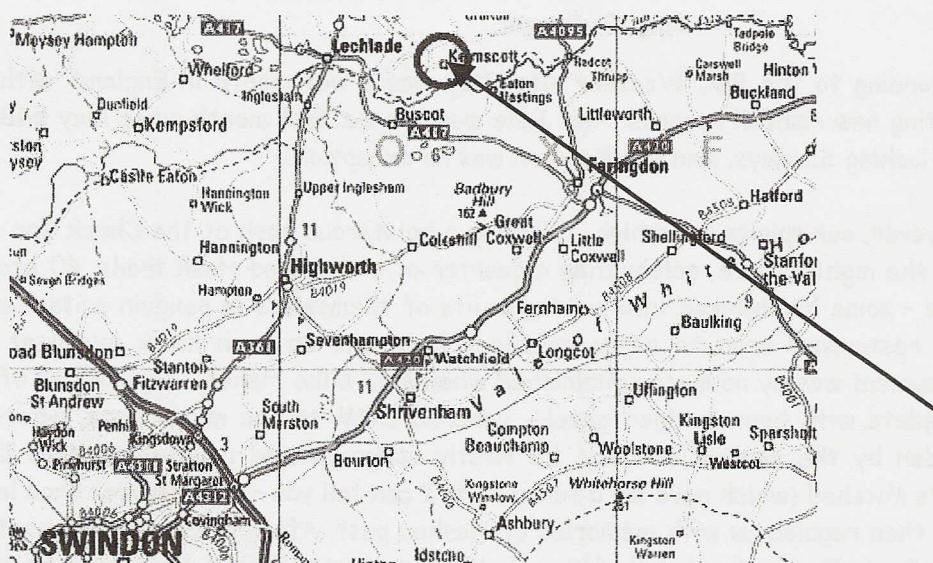
However, our spirits were high, following a boisterous bash at the **Check Inn at Wroughton** the night before, celebrating a quarter of a thousand Hash trails. 40 brave souls and true - some hoodwinked into making eejits of themselves in penguin suits - squashed into the restaurant area to enjoy excellent beer and an even more excellent dinner. The enjoyment was by no means diminished when Mad Mike Fisher - our Master of Sillymonies, complete with home-bodged gavel - ushered GOM to the microphone, where, mercifully hidden by the central chimney, he firstly congratulated newlyweds Mr/s Ingledew and Mr/s Mitchell (which gave me a funny turn, I can tell you - well, funnier than later, anyway) and then regaled us with memories of Hashes past. After presenting Rew with the Hopeless Cause Trophy for totally failing to Hash on Staten Island, he handed back the mike to Mike - our very own Leonard Sachs - who introduced us to a phenomenal peripatetic prestidigitator, a serendipitously sumptuous saxophonist, two grandiloquent glissando guitarists, a brace of magniloquent mimicking monologues, twin torrid tempestuous terpsichoreans, and a dodgy tenor. All possible praise and a bit more to Lady Margaret, for organising such a splendid evening.

The following morning, nursing only the mildest Sneck Lifter-induced headache, I helmed the amphibious Škoda down the soggy road to Ramsbury, where Squire Jeremy was bluffly walking the bumpkins over his country estate. A bit of duck-huntin' with his trusty spaniel, a spot of trait-fishin' and a bit of cubbin', then it was time for Lady Margaret to make her grand entrance just the 20 minutes late. The assembled populace beamed mistily for a photo, and then off we hied into the countryside.

For about the 200th time I was led into uncharted territory from a place I thought I knew well. North, this time, off vaguely towards Aldbourne. What with the rain and sweat misting up me specs, I didn't really have that much idea where we were going, but Duke Dave, bless him, kindly hung back to keep me company and guide me round. I remember a blessed long descent back down to the Axford road, before crossing over the lake adjoining Ramsbury Manor, and over the Kennet, where we saw a couple of black swans - illegal immigrants from Australia, their native home. In best MMF tradition we threaded our way through the Walkers as we recrossed our spiritual source for a sprint back to chez GOM.

In time-honoured fashion (and in brand-new polo shirts) Hashers dripped damply in the drizzle as Jeremy and Catherine huddled at the barbie beneath the patio umbrella. Our hosts took it in turn to prod despondently at the sausages and kebabs, which were gently perspiring in the faint glow of the gas on maximum heat setting of regulo $\frac{1}{4}$. Patience is a virtue, and I was feeling extremely virtuous after 3 or 4 pints, when I finally got some warm meat. All the scoff was top-notch, a fitting feast for our 250th, and our Hashing Hosts got up at 4.30 - yes, say it in a squeaky voice - 4.30! in order to start preparing for us. We did our best to consume the firkin Ramsbury bitter so generously provided, but MMF relented and left Jeremy half a pint to thank him for his troubles.

Jeremy & Catherine - truly splendid, and lots and lots of thanks for making this a Hashing weekend to remember. Here's to the 500th!



Unforthcoming Hash Runs

251 - 8th July - The Barleycorn, Collingbourne Kingston - Mr/s Brigadier

252 - 22nd July - The Plough, Kelmscot - Keith2

253 - 5th Aug - The Lamb, Great Rissington - Duke & Duchess Dave

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 keithskip9@hotmail.com - website kvhash.mysite.orange.co.uk