

Run 169 and 170: Duddondale Hash Weekend 26th-28th June

Hares: Clint cum Jockstrap, Happy Sac, Rocky Rock and Plum Tart

“This is a Hash. A What? A Hash!!!” Well, by the end of the weekend, the good Grockles of Duddon should have been left in no doubt. Our ‘Hash Weekend 2009’ commenced on Friday at the initially quiet Turner Hall Farm, and we wasted no time in shifting from the planned corner of the campsite (that we thought we’d arranged) until the ‘Farmeress’ informed us in the nicest possible way that we’d been gazumped by a climbing club numbering fifty or so!

Nevermind, ever organised Sloppy had produced CH3 signs, and Happy Sack and I strategically parked our cars so that we could commandeer as much camping space as possible.

We’d heard that the ‘Lune Valley Chapter’ have a run on the Friday, but frankly, that sounded much too athletic for us, so we headed for the Newfield Inn. The beer was perfectly good, but their speed of service wouldn’t have got them past the first round of Wimbledon! I began to wonder if the kitchen staff were on free Dickie Doodles?

We arose on Saturday morning to cries of ‘Bogeys’ from the campsite’s resident ASBO Brigade! come to think of it, we tried to get to sleep to cries of Bogeys too! I digress. As 11am approached, the sky was looking a little murky, but undeterred Half Dome did a sterling job of organising a brief photoshoot of the group who on this occasion were sporting silly hats in celebration of ‘In the Buff’s’ wedding to her other half, Mark - now dubbed ‘Can Can’ due to his Strongbow inspired cowbells. Superman made a guest appearance too - bet you never knew that he lives in Harrogate and drives an old Passat, but hey ‘Superman’s a Hasher’ so who cares!

The Hash got off to the ideal start, the Hares had just cried ON ON, at which point, two lady fell runners came through the gate asking, “is that your chalk that we’ve been following all the way ‘round?” Yes, it was, and off went the pack. Dormouse set a cracking pace - I’ve still not decided whether he’s a really fast runner, or whether he was just desperate to distance himself from Superman, Rab C Nesbit, and the Mad Hatter who were pursuing him up the fellside. In two shakes of a tiara, we’d trotted up to Seathwaite Tarn, Huggy couldn’t resist the ‘No Swimming’ sign, and frightened yet another shoal of little fishies. Meanwhile, the runners made their way across the top of the dam where we re-grouped at the far side for a drinks stop! but the twist was, we had to wait for the drinks to arrive. Can Can decided to take the opportunity to demonstrate his athletic prowess (is that a down, down?) by running back down the road for the booze, but Happy Sack was having none of it, he was happier with it residing in his own sack thank you very much.

[HAPPY SAC- *"You would have had to prize it out of my cold, dead hands... and that is before I'd carried it up the hill."*]

The booze did indeed arrive though, and three bottles of fizz later we stumbled back down the fell, eventually arriving at the most exquisite plunge pool for a welcome dip. I tried to set a new trend in swimwear by sporting a Tamoshanter and shades which worked out rather well (I wonder if Jackie Stewart ever tried that?), however leaving my electronic car alarm thingy in my pocket was rather less inspired, but it was nothing that a Swiss Army knife and some drying couldn't sort.

The pack squelched back 'cross the fells (and down some potholes), and arrived back a Chez Turner Hall (via the Pub) where we set-up the mother of all Barbecue's. The torrential rain hissing on the hot coals provided that authentic Cumbrian experience - thanks to Top-Off and Pavlova for doing a fine job in some rather damp and smoky circumstances. As the rain eventually ran out of rain, Superman decided to share with us a wonderfully silly game of 'Woozels and Heffalumps' - yet another insight into what Superman must get up to when he's whiling away those lonely evenings back in Harrogate.

Sunday turned out to be a bit of a scorcher right from the off. Rocky Rock and Plum Tart were our Hares for the day, and what a fine route they set, especially given that there was left-over flour over half of Duddonsdale. As the heat climbed, so did the incline, and without map and compass, the group didn't have a ding dong where they were heading. The highlight of the hash was yet another very welcome dip in the icy cold river which was shortly followed by an unexpected visit to the Newfield Inn, aka 'Dickie Doodle Towers' where we enjoyed al fresco refuelling and inspected assorted bites and rashes.

And so ended another slightly surreal Hashing experience. Thanks to all who came along and joined in with the spirit of things - hopefully your assorted sunburn, bites and rashes will have died down before our next outing.

ON ON, Clint (Jock Strap).

The Thoughts of Rockington Rock Esq.

What a honeymoon! Talk about hot! The happy couple stopped up as late as 8.53 pm one night. The Turner Hall holidaymakers gave a round of applause when the wedding parade clanked past in formation looking for flour. Later in the day the groom showed his true colours by sprinting off to retrieve the booze from the Hare so that he could toast his new bride. He obviously needs some lessons in mugging 6 foot 5 hulks as he returned bottleless. A few more hashes with us should fix that problem.

There has never been such a well organised barbeque in CH3 history. Half Dome guided the army of 'willing' helpers to erect the gazebo in quick style, showing the benefits of top level management training. The traditional barbeques were put to shame by the modern paper fired smoke machine. Sloppy Hummus got the cooking crew in gear and when the heavens broke Thong protected his sausages with a well positioned broolly.

