

Hash Reports

220a – Off the Record Hash at Potts Ghyll Saturday 17th August Hares Huggy and Slasher

To paraphrase Marie Antoinette, Apres la Deluge, Le 'Ash.

It was a horrible day and it was credit to the Hares that they even set foot outside the door to attempt to lay a trail of retro sawdust across the liquid landscape that was maybe once Potts Ghyll and the back o' Skiddaw.

As for the Pack, why on earth did they turn up? Certainly not the thought that it might fair up. Maybe a sense of duty and obligation? Some, any release from going stir crazy indoors as the wind howled and the rain lashed? The faint hope that it would be fun when you got there? All or some of these applied to most, although for one notable absentee who had promised to come, none of the above applied. Had the Religious Advisor been there, he would have enforced several down downs, a possible change of name and a minimum three match ban.

If only the Religious Advisor had been there.... Oh, hang on.

After sheltering in cars for a while, there was a break in the rain and the decision was made to go for it and walkers and runners splashed down the lane towards Nether Row, pausing to wave to Highway who had been held up in traffic as the monsoon had hit Windermere. Trail finding was something of a lottery as sawdust was generally several hundred yards downstream of where it had been set but the Hares kept us right through fields and footpaths.

After a while the waterproofs went round waists rather than over shoulders and unbelievably, it was dry. And there was a patch of blue sky.

Underfoot got firmer as we ran into Caldbeck and the along the river to the Bobbin factory and into open countryside again. Not just blue sky but Sun, yer real, yer actual Sun. The mood was soon dampened with the inevitable Huggy river crossing. Whelpo Beck was in spate and we could just make out the opposite bank in the distance. Clinging on to G String as she threatened to be swept away, we plunged into the torrent, ignoring the bridge just a quarter of a mile away.

Now it was positively tropical as we hit the fells again, avoiding a frisky herd of cows en route. Somehow we ended up at Fellside and then contoured back to Potts Ghyll for a fine evening's food and chat.

Memorable for so many reasons – thanks so much to Huggy and Slasher for doing it.

Run 211
Low Lorton
1st September 2103 – Hares Mr Sheen and Sloppy

Lorton is the Hash gift location that keeps on giving.

A good sized group of runners and walkers (including the welcome return of the Religious Advisor, Cocktail and Pavlova plus new Hasher Catriona) assembled up the road from Chez Hares and an immaculate circle of flour on the roadside (watch out WeakEnder you have a rival for precision).

The on trail led us back towards the Wheatsheaf, raising Huggy's hopes that we were going straight to the pub. Sadly the trail took us across to the Church and we had to do the run. That path to the Church was very familiar but at the other end all options were open and some serious route finding was needed. That's the beauty of hashing – the familiar soon becomes unfamiliar, unknown and downright misleading. A little knowledge, like those damn cows at the end, can be dangerous.

We flirted with the road to Whinlatter, paused to find Huggy, who had probably been in the Wheatsheaf and then thought better of it, and it was back down into the village and just for a change, uphill again.

A long diagonal uphill to the Hopebeck road gave Wankertill the chance to show us a clean pair of heels and then we were on the open fell, with all its permutations. Red Flags at strategic locations were a bit of a worry for anyone who had driven past Warcop and read the signs but it turned out that these were for the Lowswatter Show fell race. To avoid embarrassment to regular competitors, none of the pack felt they should enter. At least for this year, anyway.

Flour led us off road again, along a glorious, flat grassy path. That brief period of joyous running ended in a cross as wobbly and indistinct as the original circle was machine engineered. Next to the cross was a gate, behind which was the angriest bunch of cattle this side of Wyoming. Clearly the Hare had thought it best to get the flock out of there, put down his marker and bugged in the general direction of off. At speed. Very Wise. We were all trying to remember what he had said to do in the event of a cross but it was clear that none of us was going to mess with the livestock.

Retracing our steps back to the road, we then sauntered towards Lorton via a few checks to keep us honest.

What was it that Eric Morecambe said? All the right paths but not necessarily in the right order. A brilliant return to Lorton for CH3.

On ON! - HalfDome