

South Hams Hash House Harriers Words for run number 514 on 20 June 2007 at Broadaford Farm, near Ivybridge

This trail had four hares. The two who laid it were Come Early and Marigold, and the two who hared it were Wet Spot and Nitromoose. The reason for this was that Come Early and Marigold were needed back at the ranch in the early evening to light the barbeques and start cooking all the beefburgers and sausages, using the beautiful gardens and pond area of Wet Spot's brother, which all the guys had set up with tents and marquees in the morning whilst their womenfolk had been out trail-laying. How organised was that? Not like the usual hash mismanagement.

The trail appeared to be two separate routes, one long and one short, so that Wet Spot could hare the short from the car whilst Nitromoose hared the long in his flip-flops, and mainly by leaning on a farm gate viewing the hashers' progress as they traversed uphill past newly-dug pipeline trenches.

Endo and Doggin were two of the eager front runners but then Doggin shot off on the short, can't he keep up with the old boys? Or was it that he had already been parted from Woof-woof too long? And where was Woofs tonight? Well, she was enjoying an early glass of wine with Mum, HT2, they were discussing 'women's things' with Marigold. This peaceful girly scene was disturbed all too soon by the early arrival of the SCBs, the first one back being Jailer of course, followed shortly by Troughie, dear old soul!

It was not long before the majority of runners had returned and were tucking into their charred and blackened barbequed food and enjoying £1 a pint glasses of real ale and wine, all served by the hard-working if somewhat bewildered Jack. He should have had Roxy there at the bar to help but she had gone a-hashing. Is there no stopping her these days? Only two weeks ago she swam round the headland with Ging-Gang on the Salcombe hash, now she leaves her duties as Hash bargirl to frolic in the fields and stinging nettles, and worse still, she's so speedy she leaves her poor ol'e mum, Pullitt way behind - now that's just no way to treat the Grand Mattress of SH4, is it.

As the twilight settled and the midges came out and the glow worms glowed and the bonfire crackled and hissed under the incessant rain drops, we turned our attention to Goolie for the RA's moment of glory. He stood there, upright and proud, with the notepad and promptly mis-interpreted his notes as usual so that the innocent were blamed and the guilty ran free again. In the midst of this jollity there strode an incensed hasher who brought about an embarrassed hush over the proceedings - Shorn, you're so manly when you're angry! Who could blame him, arriving late and trying to catch up when arrows were pointing the wrong way and yet again, checks were not kicked out. We urged him into the beer tent where he might quench his thirst and douse his wrath in a gentle, smooth flow of ale. With Shorn thus pacified, Goolie was able to resume his spiel, so he picked on Roxy, who had been named "Spy Girl" when she was 6 years old during a Friday Night Hash, and pronounced that she should have another hash name of Moaning Mini - well, talk about the pot calling the kettle black! Since you cannot change your hash name then Spy Girl it is, and shall be, evermore.

But the big event of the evening was the low key announcement by one of the two original founders of SH4 that tonight was his last "ever" South Hams Hash. Ollie will be sorely missed. He has been making hashing things happen from the very start of SH4 right up to and including the recent 500th Run and definitely not forgetting the series of Primrose Runs. We wish him all the very best in his new environment and trust that he will return as a "visitor" long before "ever" happens.

On! On!