

# BH<sup>3</sup> MILFORD-ON-SEA 2025



20-27 June

Hashgate's Diary

Sleepy Milford-on-Sea had no idea what was going to hit it when BH<sup>3</sup> arrived for its biennial holiday.

This is my diary of a week rich with good times and laughter.

As in previous diaries, recollections may vary and my observations may have been affected by alcohol and exhaustion ...

## INTRODUCTION

Anyone reading this diary who is not a BH<sup>3</sup> Hasher would wonder what a large group of Baby Boomers, or shall I describe us as personages of a mature disposition, were doing, descending *en masse* on Shorefield Holiday Park for a week of unbridled, caravan-based debauchery, Bacchanalian excess and sweaty physical challenges instead of curling up on their settees and watching Homes Under the Hammer while dipping a Hobnob in a nice cup of tea. Each of us has our reason(s) for participating. I thought you might like to know who we were and our reason for going. I refer you to the statement on the first page regarding my observations. 😊

If you'd like to see an album of our holiday photos in Flickr, click [here](#).

Here is a list of the Holiday Hashers.

Holiday Hasher	Their reason for Hash Holidaying
Legover C5	These globe-trotting itinerants needed a holiday to recover from their travels.
Mrs Blobby, Mr Blobby	She was looking forward to a trip. So was Mr Blobby, but not in the same way.
Florence, Zebedee	Committee members, you see - they just had to turn up. 😊
Slips, Snowy	They laid and had to lead the Hash walk.
Ms Whiplash	Someone had to manage us. Who better than a lady named Ms Whiplash?
PennyPitstop	Chief enforcer with Ms Whiplash. Don't mess with her!
Dumb, Dumber	They'd made so much red wine they needed the Hash to help drink it.
Motox	He was RA and chief spare food hooverer.
FalseTart, Shifty	They'll go to any event advertised as a good time.

<b>Slapper, NoSole</b>	Any event. Any time. They'll attend the opening of an envelope.
<b>Swallow, Slowsucker</b>	More Trail-layers. Swallow has to rein in his enthusiasm for 10-milers.
<b>Hashgate, Donut</b>	Somebody has to write this diary and someone has to put up with me while I do it.
<b>Nappyrash, Waverider</b>	See FalseTart and Shifty. Never still, I reckon they must snort something. Often.
<b>Lilo, Tinopener</b>	Lilo likes to provide amusing conversational snippets – remember “Do you want some cake up your end?” while he eye-rolls tacitly.
<b>Babe, UtterlyButterly</b>	These North Wilts Hashers like BH <sup>3</sup> ; we like them.
<b>LemonySnicket, Wimpey</b>	They're far too fit but still insist on coming along.
<b>Gannet</b>	Food is available – 'nuff said.
<b>ForestDump</b>	A virgin Hash holidayer. We may never see her again.
<b>Foghorn</b>	There's booze, there's food, there are good times. We all think so too.
<b>Pyro</b>	Same as Foghorn.
<b>Dunny, Rampant</b>	They like the running. They also like a drink; especially Rampant...
<b>Potty, Nutty</b>	Any excuse for a laugh and a drink.
<b>Agatha, Sweetpee</b>	Well we must have <b>some</b> fairly sensible people to keep an eye on us.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20<sup>TH</sup>

**D**onut and I were enjoying motoring along the pleasant, tree-lined A33 that leads into Winchester. Little traffic, fair weather and a plethora of 'Worthy' road signs that pointed to Kings Worthy, Headbourne Worthy, Abbots Worthy and Martyr Worthy. Worthy, we found out later, is an old English word meaning 'enclosure'. We were heading for The Plough at Itchen Abbas to meet with WaveRider and NappyRash. For those of you with an interest in the origin of place names, 'Itchen' comes from the manor of Icene and 'Abbas' is related to the fact that the ownership of the manor was bestowed to the nearby abbey by King William in the 11<sup>th</sup> century. Here endeth the history lessons.

As we turned off the main road we found ourselves behind a driver who appeared to be suffering from myopia, automobile anxiety and an aversion to a) using their mirrors, and b) proceeding any faster than 20 mph. We crawled along. Just at the point where the throbbing of the vein in my temple began to cause Donut some concern a sign for the pub and its car park appeared. The throbbing began to reduce... then rapidly up-tempoed as the car in front swung lazily into the entrance... and stopped. If only, I thought, I'd taken up the offer of the bazooka installation when those BMW chaps had offered it. Eventually, the dilatory driver reluctantly edged the car forward and it crept into a parking space the size of Cardiff. The driver's door opened slowly and a concerned face peered out to check that the 20 yards between him and the next car gave him enough space to exit. I could stand no more. We parked swiftly, shot into the pub, greeted WaveRider and NappyRash and got the beer and lunch ordered. Bliss.

The spaghetti strings of traffic winding around Southampton were not quite so heavenly but we eventually reached Shorefield Country Park. Since the weather was hotter than a witch's bum during a heretic burning session we registered swiftly at reception and headed for the cooler bar. Which is what



everyone else had done. We enjoyed a leisurely pint and learned from Gannet that he had left all his shirts at home. Have to wonder why.

At 4 o'clock, the hour when our caravans would magically and mysteriously become available to us, drinks were rapidly quaffed and there was a group rush to go to them, unload all the booze and junk we had brought with us, strip and slide into running gear, towel off some of the perspiration (twice) and return to the outside bar area ready to enjoy Swallow and Slowsucker's Hash, the first of the week.

Those of you with significantly more brain cells than an amoeba may have noticed that there is a dearth of photos in the text up to this point. Fear not; there won't be any Hash photographs amongst the diary entry for the rest of this day either. This is due to the fact that a) the photos I took have



disappeared from my phone, and b) no-one else I've asked have any to share. Sorry about that. So here's a picture of the promenade at Milford-on-Sea. If you look very closely you might just be able to see Mr Blobby, C5, Pyro and me running (all right, walking) by the beach huts at the far end of the photo...

We gathered in a damp, sweating group outside the bar. Many of us would rather have gathered **inside** the bar. Purely, you understand, to allay possible Trail dehydration. As we On Outed, Foghorn provided the first cabaret moment of the holiday by tripping over a kerb approximately two metres from where we started. A ripple of applause and some tittering broke out.

The first section of the Trail led out of the caravan park and through some root-infested woodland. WaveRider noticed that Mr Blobby and C5 were close by. Now Mr Blobby was wearing a fairly serious-looking bandage on his arm, having run into a tree branch the previous week. Being a caring soul and knowing the pair's propensity for falling a\*se over t\*t at the earliest opportunity, she offered the sage advice: "Do be careful you don't trip on these roots." Then immediately tripped over one herself. 😂

The Trail was quite fast, with Hare SlowSucker pointing out the way we should go quite often. Presumably, so that we wouldn't get back too late and hold up the fish and chip run. When we reached a point where there was a Long and Medium split, Mr Blobby, C5, Pyro and I decided to remain in holiday mode rather than enter racing style and split off on to the (allegedly) shorter route. It was certainly quite a pleasant way and we enjoyed woodland, sea views, hills and even the occasional flour blob, though we didn't actually find a followable Trail. Our fault, I'm sure. Perhaps we were either too relaxed or fixated on having to get up at 4 o'clock the following morning to enjoy the Longest Day Hash. Whatever the reason, we didn't come across the marked Trail until we'd wandered a long way West on the Milford-on-Sea promenade and Mr Blobby made an inspired guess, based on experience and luck. When we reached the perimeter of Shorefield we found we had what seemed like another mile through the caravans to get near to the bar, where we met SlowSucker, who told us that he was surprised that both runners and walkers were

returning from a variety of directions. We agreed, there and then, that it had been a highly successful Hash and thanked our Hare for his (and Swallow's efforts).

Having cleaned ourselves up we all headed for the grassy area by Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop's caravan, tummies rumbling and lips being



*Fish; a wolffish in fact. But no chips.*

smacked in anticipation of the fish and chips that would soon arrive. We set up our beach chairs in a rough rectangle and tucked into the beer, wine and softies that the committee had supplied while chattering like a troupe of coke-snorting monkeys. It wasn't long before

the Pennys returned with bags full of cardboard boxes containing (ah) fish and (ooh) chips. The chattering ceased as the piscine and potato scent wafted alluringly into our twitching nostrils. Eyeballs followed the bulging bags like those of a pack of wolves sizing up their chances with a tardy buffalo. The cry went up, "Come and get it!" Chairs tumbled. Snarling and elbowing, BH<sup>3</sup> raced towards the food, grabbed a box, snatched up and squirted some tomato sauce into it and ran back to a safe space to eat, fighting off any nearby Hashers with the non-greasy hand.

On my (sedate and leisurely) way to obtain my evening repast I was tripped up by ForestDump. She gave me a lovely smile as I recovered my balance so I let it go instead of tipping her chair over backwards. My other memory and one that I'd like to forget, is of WaveRider sensually and apparently coquettishly fingering a slim but lengthy saveloy. Ooh. I've gone quite shivery just writing about it. 🙄

Following our supper and a number of drinks the day's Down Downs were awarded by RA Motox, who was later seen collecting up spare fish and chips for his breakfast tomorrow.

Recipient	Reason for the Award
LemonySnicket	Delaying the Trail start by arriving late.
Dumb	Fooled by Slapper into believing a 'tetanus injection' was a cocktail. She was thinking of a 'Rusty Nail'.
Shifty	Accusing some walkers of 'short cutting' because they went one side of a post instead of the other.
Dumber	He was run into by a vicious deer while laying tomorrow's Longest Day Hash Trail. Earlier, he had been holding a large box and, when he was asked what was in it, the bouncer replied that it contained Dumb's knickers!
Agatha	He had agreed to assist with the Down Downs... but forgot. Doh!
WaveRider	Tripping over a root just after warning Mr Blobby and C5 about that particular peril.
FalseTart	Getting excited about seeing a 'massive willy' in the road during the Trail. Nope, I've no idea... and would rather not ask.
Foghorn	Tripping over that kerb.
Swallow, SlowSucker	The evening's Hares.

We later wandered bloatedly back to our caravans for chip digestion and a short but, hopefully, decent night's sleep. It was going to be an early morning start tomorrow... for some of us.

## SATURDAY, JUNE 21<sup>ST</sup>

It's (just) morning. It's 4:15. It's too flipping early. But it's going to be the Longest Day Hash. Donut and I creaked and groaned into a slumped sitting position on either side of our warm, comfy caravan bed. Running gear was laid out on the floor and we slowly eased our reluctant bodies into it. We jump-started our brains with an eyeball-opening cold wash and a



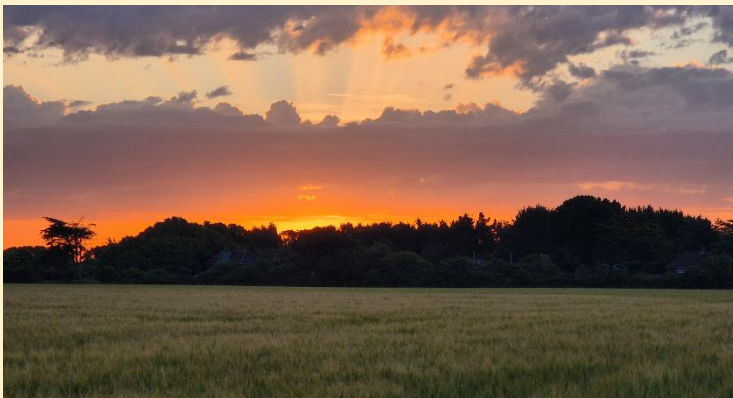
*Dunny, Mr Blobby, Snowy, Nutty, Potty, Dumber and Foghorn lead the early risers.*

drink and then we were walking through the silent caravan park on our way to the meeting place outside the bar. At least it was light, even if the sun hadn't risen yet. Since **we** had, I figured that the sun was a damn sight more sensible than we were.

The group of semi-awake Hashers chatted, mostly quietly, by the side of the road. I recorded who was there. There was: Donut, Hashgate, Florence, Zebedee, WaveRider, NappyRash, Dunny, Rampant, FalseTart, Shifty, Slips, Snowy, Pyro, Dumb, Dumber, Foghorn, C5, Mr Blobby, SlowSucker, Nutty, Potty, Lilo, TinOpener, Motox, LemonySnicket, Wimpey, SweetPee, Agatha and Slapper.

Lilo very kindly provided me with the Quote of the Day by advising me, in front of everyone, that, “Two inches could make all the difference.” before collapsing into red-faced giggles. She was actually talking about her height... allegedly. 😊

We On Outed via the park entrance and to the right, along the road until we reached a metal gate that had a gap next to it. It led to the field where we were going to watch the sun rise. Snowy started to ease his form through the narrow gap but decided that because he was wearing “a thick running top” he’d better use the gate instead. We walked carefully along the furrowed and mounded, grassy field towards the designated sun-watching spot, stopping only to help up TinOpener who somehow had



managed to trip over. It was a lovely place amidst the greenery, sloping down towards the sea behind us and with a line of dark trees in

front where the sun would come up. Here’s what it looked like, waiting for the sun.



A skylark rose from the grass nearby, serenading us with its ever-rising, early morning twittering. Some swifts arrowed through the sky above our heads. It was the natural world, ready to welcome the summer sun. Suddenly, it appeared, majestic and heart-stopping, above the trees. Beautiful. Life-affirming. We were so lucky to be able to see it.



It was difficult to drag ourselves away from the sight and continue on the Trail, most of which was through lush countryside. Our Hares Dunny, Rampant and Dumber had managed to circumvent the thick patches of nettles and brambles so our route, though partly overgrown, wasn't (entirely) full of stings and sharp thorns. Despite the early time of the morning we saw a couple of people fishing from the beach. It was a great view over the sea just before we plunged into the well-mown paths that



led through the golf course. I have to include just one last photo of the view before we went into the golf course. It doesn't get much better than this.

We got back to Shorefield and headed for breakfast caravans G5 and G6. Dumb and FalseTart had conjured up delicious bacon buns, water, tea and cleverly stacked plastic cups with some coffee granules in so they were ready for us just to pour in hot water and milk. Shifty and Donut provided waiter and waitress service, scampering in and out of one caravan to bring various breakfast components. It was a fine *al fresco* chomp, efficiently produced. But there were those among us who felt they should have only one bacon roll rather than pig out on a lot more...

I am referring to those Hashers who had decided to take part in the Lymington Woodside parkrun. Sensible eh? A number of us did it so we could add an 'L' to our alphabet collection of parkrun names. Others? Who



knows – I guess they were just as daft as us. It was an 'interesting' experience running or walking 5 Kilometres in 24° C after having completed the 5 mile, very early morning Hash. Here's our post-event photo. Not sure why we're smiling and Donut, when attempting to stand up, regretted very much having adopted the squatting position for the photo. I must remember to bring along WD40 for after parkruns. In the front row (from



left to right): Dumber, Donut, Wimpey, Swallow and WaveRider. In the second row (also from l to r) are: Shifty, FalseTart, Florence, Dumb, Slips, UtterlyButterly, LemonySnicket and Snowy. In the back row (I surely don't need to mention l to r any more) are: Potty, Hashgate, NappyRash, Nutty, SlowSucker, Babe and Zebedee. Fortunately, everyone got round ok, despite the current heat and exhaustion from the earlier Hash. Mind you, I nearly got walloped by Dumb. Having walked most of the course she was exhorted to sprint the last 50 metres by those of us who were applauding her and Slips as they approached the finish line. Well she wasn't wearing her sports bra and, since I am a gentleman who likes to assist ladies, I put my hands up, palms facing her and shouted the question, "Can I help with those?" The poor girl almost fell over the finish line, laughing. Glad she saw the funny side – she's got a mean left hook.

We repaired to the Wetherspoon pub, The Six Bells in Lymington, for the second and more substantial (for we parkrunners) breakfast of the day. In the open-air courtyard we pushed some tables together, ordered food and tucked into healthy eggs, bacon, sausages and beans, washed down with multiple coffees. All the while we kept a close eye on a black-headed gull that sat on the nearby gazebo roof and which was keeping an even closer eye on our breakfasts. Could this, we wondered, be a descendant of Bob, the West Bay seagull. If you don't know Bob's story, read the BH<sup>3</sup> West Bay 2019 Diary or the BH<sup>3</sup> West Bay 2021 Diary. While we enjoyed our food, Dumber told us, "I've only been beaten by one woman today." His wife Dumb's response was, "Having said that, you'll probably be beaten by several women later today." His eyes lit up at the prospect.

We did a quick shopping run to M&S then returned to our caravan for a well-earned forty winks. Well, some did. One of us had to write up his recorded notes from today and yesterday... 🤖

And for those who had no other plans, we invited them to a Bring and Booze *soirée* at ours. NappyRash, WaveRider, FalseTart, Shifty, SlowSucker and Swallow joined Donut and me for a carouse in which Pimms played a major part. We'd brought a large bottle with us and this seemed like the ideal opportunity to imbibe its contents. It certainly was. The group quaffed, gulped and slugged the stuff down. Mixing drinks, I felt like the



head bartender in The Leander Club during peak time at Henley Regatta. Here we are, sitting down because it would have been a struggle to stand up. Good stuff that Pimms.

Later, since we didn't want to waste the rest of the day, we repaired to the Shorefield club and bar. Initially, the clientele mainly comprised disaffected punters who hadn't won anything in the bingo session along with a few children. We located some tables at the back of the club, well away from the dance area where some boys and girls were bouncing around and sliding on their knees, high on sugary Cokes and sweets.

Fortunately for us miserable old fogies a singing trio was about to take the stage and parents were lassoing the prancing children, packing up buggies and heading for yet another night of sleeplessness. You could almost hear the sigh of relief from our potential roisterers. Around our tables sat Donut,

me, WaveRider, NappyRash, Shifty, FalseTart, LemonySnicket, Wimpey, UtterlyButterly, Babe, Motox, Foghorn, Pyro, Zebedee and Florence. On the big screen at the back of the stage a rolling video advertised the just-about-to-take-place **80s LADIES NIGHT** in bright neon and unsullied by even a single apostrophe. We looked at each other with concern. Was this to be a show consisting of 80-year old ladies? I imagined three sack barrows being wheeled on stage, each carrying a blue-rinsed, smiling octogenarian with the video behind them confirming that, “They’ve all got their own teeth!” Apologies for the ageist remarks but I figure that, since I’m not far off the aforementioned age, I can (just about) get away with it. Here are the real singers, one of whom was very good and two who were, meh, not quite so good. But they had a slick show and we enjoyed it, lubricated as many of us were with booze.

As you can see, it wasn’t quite as busy as The Beatles at Shea Stadium but C5, NoSole, Legova, Lilo and Agatha did their best to rip the roof off the



joint. They'd all been taking drugs: blood thinners, statins, water pills and coke. They'd tried snorting the last one but the bubbles made them sneeze.

As the lead singer drifted around the audience, Shifty and FalseTart really got into Whitney Houston's song 'I Wanna Dance With Somebody'. The singer scattered tables and chairs as she hurtled towards Shifty, microphone outstretched. OMG! A series of sounds gravelled out over the sound system. It was like Lee Marvin with a throat infection singing 'Wand'rin' Star'. The horrified singer realised what she had done, whirled round rapidly and took up the refrain a) in a higher octave and b) in tune. Relieved, we drank a long draught from our glasses in the vain hope that we might forget. Little chance. I'm still having therapy.

Following thunderous applause for the girls when they finished their set the DJ (one of the girls 🥳) cranked up the 'Old Favourites' album and we were regaled with 'The Birdie Song', 'Agadoo', 'Superman'. We almost bust a gasket laughing when Donut couldn't quite identify The Macarena, offering the suggestions that it was called either 'macaroon' or 'maracas'. And she'd had nothing alcoholic to drink! But we had. Foghorn belted out 'You're the One That I Want' with Pyro on backing vocals. I stretched out my fist to her with a pretend mike in it. She thought I was offering some kind of weird American fist bump. "I don't really understand those." she squeaked at me. Cue another bout of group laughter, which included her when I explained what I'd been doing. Last ones standing, well, sitting actually, when the bar closed (11 o'clock on a Saturday!!) were WaveRider, NappyRash, Foghorn, Pyro and me. The young chap tasked with the job of clearing the club seemed most amused that our bunch were still going. We drank up, bade him a friendly goodnight and sloped off to bed.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22<sup>ND</sup>

Two things struck us as we woke up this Sunday morning. It wasn't ridiculously early and we didn't have to run in two events before 10 o'clock. Lovely.

Today we were going to enjoy the walk that Snowy and Slips had put together and we didn't have to get to the New Forest car park until 10:30. The drive to it was leisurely – Donut and I went with FalseTart and Shifty. The car park was not so leisurely. Usually, there would be a few cars and a couple of horse boxes attached to 4-wheel drives. Today was manic when BH<sup>3</sup> arrived. Trying to find a parking spot in the crowded space, where some people were trying to drive out of the narrow entrance was like playing musical cars. FalseTart described it as 'Car Park Carnage'. We finally managed to park all our cars and not block the entrance. Quite a feat.

Here we are, just before we set off. Fortunately no-one is displaying any automobile-instigated damage. Just the usual psychiatric.





The walk through the forest was absolutely superb. We walked mostly on wide, compacted stone lanes, the thickly-leaved lower branches of the



*Snowy confidently pretends to the shorter trailers that he knows where they should go.*

mature trees fringing the edges. It was mostly quiet. Just the occasional birdsong and friendly chatter between us. Conversations ranged from the Americans bombing Iran to the current state of flint napping. For those who wanted/needed it our walk leaders had thoughtfully included a shorter route that cut out the longer loop. When we reached the split point Donut pointed out that we'd done 5k in distance, the same as a parkrun, so did that qualify for breakfast? No it didn't. 😊 We carried on and I mentioned to

Dumber that I'd noticed his wife, Dumb, seemed to be talking non-stop. "She does that." He said, "I've had forty years of it."

It was, as we tramped along the longer route, steamingly hot. Humidity must have been around 80% and Snowy admitted to Nutty and me that he was oozing, leaking and (I hesitate to burden you with the mental image) seeping. Nutty and I looked at each other, raised eyebrows and tacitly agreed to put some distance between us and our slippery friend.

We reached a tarmac forest road that, according to Snowy, would lead uphill (just what we needed in that heat!) to where we would rest and have some lunch. On the opposite side of the road, either side of a gate, were some logs that had been placed to stop cars from parking. Gannet,

evidently suffering from heat exhaustion and lack of food , identified one of them as a sheep. Oh dear. I gave him a good slapping – purely to stop him hallucinating you understand – and dragged him up the steep hill. Where we bumped into Ms Whiplash, Mrs Blobby and the rest of the shorter trail group. Nipping swiftly across the busy road that was there we entered a typical New Forest grass and sedge area, made our way over to the far side of it, by the tree line and tried not to frighten any ponies with the crackling of knees and hips as we sank arthritically to the turf.

It wasn't quite [Le Déjeuner sur l'herbe](#), certainly no naked women; more Le Déjeuner sur le Poop des Chevals. Ok, perhaps it wasn't that bad but we did have to kick a certain amount of sun-dried doings out of the way before taking our seats and getting outside our comestibles.



Here we are and only Slips and Snowy had been sensible enough to bring along folding camp stools... which removed their concern about accidentally sitting on any other type of stool.

It took a fair bit of grunting and creaking to raise our food-heavy carcasses when it was time to start off again. The walk back to the car park was, however, every bit as good as the walk from it. We all thanked Slips and Snowy for putting it together.

There was further car park carnage as we all tried to drive out at the same time. After you; no, after you. Shifty, driving our taxi, managed not to

scrape any paint off his new car and, thanks to the flash new satnav we enjoyed a scenic route back to Shorefield. 🤔

Having enjoyed watching Alcaraz triumph at Queen's Club Donut and I gathered up our collapsible chairs and headed over to Dumb and Dumber's caravan. They'd invited everyone over for an afternoon debauch. It wasn't the warmest of afternoons and, as we neared the caravan, we noticed rows of empty seats outside. The sides of the caravan bulged from the heaving mass of Hashers within. We greased ourselves up and slid in. A sight of super sociability met our eyes. Laughter and chatter. Bright eyes and smiles. People sitting; people



*Hashgate queries the health benefits of the Caravan Classic cocktail dispensed by Nurse Dumb.*

standing. Dumb skipped happily among the roisterers, dispensing a variety of booze, while Motox topped up glasses with amaretto and wine and Dumber refilled others from his barrel of homemade red wine. Dumb treated WaveRider, NappyRash and me to her Caravan Classic cocktail, a volcanic mixture of red wine, toffee vodka and sangria! Crikey! It was so tasty everyone else wanted one.

NappyRash reckoned that the reason why Dumber runs so fast on the parkruns is because he drinks a lot of the Caravan Classics. Logically then,



he should too because it will improve his performance. I believe, and correct me if I'm wrong, his wife WaveRider commented that nothing could improve his performance...

Rather surprisingly, we didn't get completely ratted and managed to totter back to our caravans later, ready for the evening ahead. A group of us had decided to have a meal at the Pebble Beach restaurant in Barton-on-Sea. WaveRider, NappyRash, Donut and I had been to this excellent place earlier in the year when we were scoping out the Not Hash Quiz. At the time we'd enjoyed a really good Madonna tribute act along with some delicious food so were happy to organise another gastronomic foray. Joining us were Dumb, Dumber, Swallow, SlowSucker, FalseTart and Shifty.

This was us before things got a little, um, messy. A few tumblers of beer and wine were quaffed. Resulting in a lot of grinning and silly conversations.



For example, NappyRash agreed that he'd snog a certain male Hasher in return for £4,000,000. Dumb said she'd do it for anything. As you can see, it was all getting (delightfully!) out of hand. And just after this revelation Dumb noticed that both she and husband Dumber had a shirt button undone at mid-chest height. "Ooh!" She squeaked to me, doing hers up. "We gave you a quick and nifty." Can't say I'd heard that particular term

before but it described the incident perfectly. It's so difficult to eat while laughing like a drain. Dumber added to the merriment when, probably due to alcohol imbibement, he was totally unable to remember which pudding he'd ordered. 🥘

Well we had to go to the Shorefield bar when we got back, didn't we? It was quiz night, Each team received a button device to select each answer from the list displayed. WaveRider was in answer recording mode. Unfortunate that we didn't realise initially that the faster you answered correctly the more points you scored. Duh! Thus we came a creditable third. And were very pleased with that when we saw what the winners received as their prize. They were presented with a little certificate and a plastic cocktail glass that lit up at the base. They looked as pleased as Howard Carter shining his torch for the first time into Tutankhamen's tomb. Well, not exactly. We repaired to the bar. Which closed promptly at 10 o'clock! A young chap came over to tell us he was going to have to close the doors. "Hurrah!" We cried. "It's a lock-in!" He looked quite unsure how to deal with a bunch of geriatric alchy hooligans so we took pity on him, downed our drinks with a smile and since there was no pub within walking distance we slunk off to our caravans. It had been a good day.

## MONDAY, JUNE 23<sup>RD</sup>

**T**his was to be the day the Hash caught crabs. No, not that sort. Sea-inhabiting decapod crustaceans. We took ourselves to Mudeford, parked in the huge car park and, since we were early – we were due to start at 11 o'clock – we went for a coffee in the nearby café. Others began to arrive and we gathered round on the quay to receive crabbing tuition and equipment from Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop. It was a bit cool and breezy so FalseTart was zipped into a puffer jacket, SweetPee had

on two coats and Dunny was dressed in a puffer jacket with gloves in the pocket, “Just in case.”

We split into a set of ‘teams’ and Ms Whiplash handed out transparent plastic buckets and a line with a small mesh bag and a weight attached to the end. PennyPistop rather confusingly handed out slices of bacon. As an exercise in the surreal it was highly successful. A member of each team rushed off to fill their bucket with seawater. Our team comprised Swallow,



*SweetPee, Agatha, Shifty, FalseTart, WaveRider and TinOpener in crab concentration. Well, maybe not TinOpener.*

SlowSucker, Donut and me. Swallow had filled our bucket and had artfully crafted a marine environment made up of pebbles and a bit of old seaweed to ensure our captive crustaceans wouldn’t suffer any mental stress. I know. A bit sad really.

The bacon went into the mesh bag (crabs love a bit of bacon) and the line was heaved over the sea wall, being unwound from its bar until the bag settled on the bottom. Wimpey was initially confused about the procedure and the rest of his team were thinking about chucking **him** in, rather than the bacon. But the rasher was lighter to pull up so he got away with it. The procedure was that you would carefully haul the line up after a couple of

minutes and one or more crabs would be attached to the mesh bag, desperately seeking bacon. You could then transfer the pork-obsessed creatures into your bucket. When Ms Whiplash called “Stop!” there would be a count-up and the team with most crabs would win.

It was crab chaos. You might pull up the bacon with three clinging to it, only for them to all execute perfect dives back into the sea. Rampant’s advice to



his wife and team crab wrangler, Dunny, was, “Just pull up the thingy and you’ll feel it.” Sage advice that surely didn’t warrant the old fish eye and lip curl that Dunny gave him.

Here’s a photo of our courageous crab handler, Swallow, displaying one of our catch while kneeling next to what appears to be a somewhat scabrous leg. Not sure who the owner is or whether he would like to lay claim publicly to the mangy member. If he does, I’ll let you know.

It was all going spectacularly well for our team. We were well in the lead with healthy specimens all crawling about over each other. It was like the inside of Dumb and Dumber’s caravan on Saturday afternoon. But without the Caravan Classic. Then WaveRider’s team caught three at once – they



had seven too! The Pennys allowed more than the allotted 35 minutes crabbing time to make sure all the teams caught at least one crab, called time, counted the live contents of each teams' bucket and consulted together privately to agree on the winning team. Which would be announced at awards night on Thursday, so you'll have to read on to find out. 😊🦀

We went over to the sandy (and pebbly) beach beyond the quay – having committed our crabby friends back into the ocean – and set up a rough-shaped horseshoe of beach chairs. Apart from Gannet, who sat in the middle, a perfect target for the tennis balls we lobbed at him.

This afternoon, which had warmed considerably, we were going to enjoy WaveRider's beach games. She used to hold circuit training sessions but most of us are far too old for those kinds of shenanigans. One burpee and there'd be an immediate call for the air ambulance. As we sat with our backs to the sea wall, waiting to be organised, an old lady, hanging on to her daughter's arm tottered past on the sand. "It's quite hard work, walking on this." She panted. "It's good for you. Keep going." Replied her daughter. I'm sure I saw a twinkle in her eye as she looked over at me.

WaveRider took control and ordered us to split into female and male teams of two. In response, NappyRash and I formed our non-binary pair. We weren't entirely



sure what this meant but here's a photo of us enjoying the team-founding moment. I'm the (much) younger-looking one on the right of the picture...

Now we knew that the chances of our dream team winning the beach games were a dog's and no. Mainly because one of us is married to the event organiser and she's very much anti-nepotism. Oh well, we'd do our best. The first game was the Tennis Ball Toss. Team members stood in lines, throwing and catching a ball, moving a step backwards at each successful catch, or stepping out if they dropped the ball. We were going great until Gannet chucked in a ball that, amazingly, hit ours in mid-air. Doh! We were out, due to spectator interference. Nope, can't remember who won.

As we prepared for the next game: Ball Into Bucket, a Spitfire or Hurricane (couldn't quite tell which) flew spectacularly across the sea in front of us. Did it waggle its wings at us? We like to think so. Certainly made the hairs stand up on the back of ones neck. Superb sight.

Each team stood 20 metres or so from a bucket, into which we tried to throw tennis balls. LemonySnicket's acidic comment to husband and team mate Wimpey, when he managed a single ball in the bucket, was, "You let me down there." Harsh. But it's a competitive world. Nope, don't remember who won that game either.

The next is a favourite. Sponge and Sea. A team member stands at the edge of the sea while the other, three or four steps up the beach, stands next to a small plastic container. They have a small scourer sponge. They can throw or take the sponge to the other team member, who dunks it in the sea and throws or hands it back. The first person squeezes out the water into the container. When WaveRider calls time the team with the most water is the winner.

Sounds simple eh? Not quite so. Firstly, NappyRash and I were baulked by Snowy, who caught our sponge and chucked it away down the beach. What a bounder! Then we found that the gusty sea breeze kept blowing the squeezed sponge away when it was thrown back to me. To resolve this



*Overseen by adjudicator WaveRider (top left) the teams scuttle back and forth, desperate to 'win'.*

spongy crisis NappyRash adopted a splits position so the sponge didn't have to be thrown very far. This worked very well; except he pulled a muscle and couldn't physically get out of bed the next morning. 🤪 And, surprise, surprise, we didn't win, despite the ocean that bulged over the top of our container. I believe LemonySnicket and Wimpey were awarded the win. Fix, I say.

The final game involved the teams building the tallest tower from pebbles found on the beach. Ours was heading to Shard status when C5, assisted by team mate Legova, chucked a stone at our tower and reduced it to rubble. Goodness knows who won this game, but I have a feeling it was Pyro and Foghorn. Feel free to sue me if I'm wrong.

Here's a study in concentration. Shifty and FalseTart combine their mental and physical abilities in a fine dual display. Intense focus plus dexterity.



Fantastic effort. Pity all that effort was only to build a tower of pebbles... 😊

After the games, we collapsed exhausted back into our chairs. Except Gannet, who found it amusing to stuff a couple of tennis balls down his polo shirt in a truly vain effort to (presumably) support gender fluidity. Lilo very kindly went over to him and offered to adjust the position of the aforementioned items, in order to ensure physiological verisimilitude. In a misplaced attempt to match Lilo's generosity of spirit Gannet offered to assist with any necessary adjustment of her own shirt-based appendages. He only just got away with his nose intact. I must say, this was the first time I've seen a gentleman with his balls on his chest.

We returned to our caravans for a crash and a cup of tea before getting ready for a pre-lube at The Two Pennys' caravan before wandering over to the Shorefield restaurant for dinner. Our Shorefield hosts were efficient and friendly, sitting us down and collecting/bringing drinks orders. WaveRider had created and printed a quiz based around Berkshire facts. Each table had a questions sheet and most seemed utterly lost, trying to supply the answers. I mean, just how many towns are twinned with Newbury? You don't know either? Nor did we, though our guesstimate of 5 was bang on the money. Couldn't have told you which towns though. I just looked them up so that you don't have to. They are: Braunfels,



Germany; Bagnols-sur-Ceze, France; Eeklo, Belgium; Feltre, Italy; and Carcaixent, Spain. These diaries are ever ready to educate, entertain and inform. 😊

We thoroughly enjoyed the food, the chat, the quiz and the sight of Ms Whiplash scurrying around the tables, making sure everyone had their food. Good on you Ms Whiplash – it was a beezer do.

After the meal the more louche of our contingent repaired to the club, having picked up drinks at the bar on the way, where we were treated to the three-girl group I mentioned earlier putting on a show comprising rock music. Rather sadly, several members of our party channelled memories from decades ago and got up to perform geriatric jive and arthritic writhing on the dance floor. Mosh pit, it wasn't. Luckily, this didn't put the girls off their singing. The rest of us tapped our feet, drank copiously and raised an eyebrow when Dunny arrived... carrying a cup o' soup. Each to their own I guess. We would surely be on the cocoa and a Garibaldi biscuit later.

But we weren't. Certainly not Gannet, Motox, WaveRider, NappyRash, Dumb, Dumber, Donut and me. We lurched over to WaveRider's caravan for an eyeballs-out session of Uno and drinks. Five of us staggered back to our caravans rather later than expected. Cocoa and a biscuit was off the menu. Sleep, blessed sleep, was on.

## TUESDAY, JUNE 24<sup>TH</sup>

**D**onut and I (quite rightly) received the Wimps of the Week award for our actions on this day. We woke up to heavy rain drumming on the caravan roof and looked at each other. The morning was inked in as Florence and Zebedee's Hash. But did we want to run about in the rain? Especially since we hadn't brought any wet weather clothes to

use afterwards. No, we decided guiltily, we didn't. Coffee and cake in Lymington was a much more magnetic prospect. That's where we went.

In the event, of course, the rain dried up and no-one got really wet on the Trail. Here's a photo of Florence explaining the route to those Hashers who weren't put off by a mere drop of rain.



While this was happening We wandered about Lymington (after very pleasant coffee and almond croissants) ostensibly looking for wet weather clothing but actually looking round an art gallery and having a nice chat with the owner, visiting every charity shop in town and kitting out Donut with a new top and trousers outfit for £12 (we're so parsimonious 😊) at the Red Cross shop. While she was trying it on something hairy brushed against my leg. Looking down I saw a pair of rather mournful doggy eyes staring up at me. On the other end of the dog's lead was an elderly lady. "He does not like ze shupping." She told me with a smile and a heavy East European accent. She moved a little closer, looked around her in a conspiratorial manner, lowered her voice and added, "He vill be heffing ze haircut tomorrow." I'm sure I saw the dog nod in agreement. Pleased as I was to be playing the priestly rôle in this confession I was a mite unsure as to how to respond. I tried the smile and raised eyebrows, probably looking much like Oliver Hardy. Luckily, this was the moment when Donut called out from behind the changing room curtain to get my opinion on her

sartorial choice. A swift, “Excuse me; duty calls.” to both lady and dog and I was off like the wind, desperately thinking of the appropriate words I should use to describe Donut’s new outfit. Fine? No, a bit lacking in enthusiasm. Fabulous? Too much. I settled for, “Looks very nice.” And got away with it.

We drove to The Walhampton Arms, the pub where the Hash was due to meet later. It’s a huge old pub with very friendly staff who showed us to the, currently empty, large area that they’d laid out for us all. We had the entire place to ourselves for 45 minutes and finished two cryptic crosswords before our fellow Hashers arrived and gave us an awful lot of (well merited) stick. Tea and coffee, sandwiches and cakes appeared... and disappeared as Hashers drank and ate. Zeb and Flo had arranged everything superbly.

We learnt that, during the Trail, Mr Blobby had fought with a lengthy anaconda(!), NappyRash was now an official ‘hipster’ following his pulled muscle injury obtained during the Sponge and Sea Challenge and Snowy had captured the below amazing photograph of three unicorns that he saw on the Trail.



I'm sure you will agree that this is a most unusual sight and probably won't be seen again...

There had been Down Down awards after the Hash with RA Motox presenting them. Here are the details.

Recipient	Reason for the Award
Gannet	Telling everyone that Swallow was "good value for money".
Yvonne	Named ForestDump for appearing from the bushes with a look of relief on her face.
Mr Blobby	Taking photos of his 'anaconda'.
SweetPee	Leaping across a ditch. It was the first time she's been seen being athletic.
Dumb	Telling everyone that having three legs would be very useful.
WaveRider	Struggling to understand the difference between a unicorn and a horse. Duh!
Shifty	Causing herd of horses to stampede.
Rampant	Becoming a gibbering wreck when the herd ran towards him.
Slapper	Bringing along a gadget that a) didn't work, and b) seemed to be a colonic irrigation tool.
Florence	The excellent Hare.





*Mr Blobby's anaconda!*



*C5 and Mr Blobby assist at ForestDump's naming.*

That evening we were due to dine *en masse* at The Smugglers Inn in Milford-on-Sea. At the Two Pennys prelube after calling for silence (not an easy situation to achieve with our garrulous group) WaveRider announced the winners of the Berkshire quiz. The team was Team Malbec which comprised: Dunny, Rampant, Swallow and SlowSucker. Very well done to them.

For some reason, Donut, Gannet, WaveRider, NappyRash and I decided to walk to the pub from Shorefield. It was only going to be a couple of miles and the weather was warm and dry. Though NappyRash was still suffering with his hip muscle. I decided to check the route, despite WaveRider having walked most of it in the afternoon(!), using Google Maps on my phone. I assume it was a typo by me and we all agreed that the destination of The Smigglers Inn was a lot funnier than its proper name. The walk was pleasant and, as we neared Milford, we saw some very large new and older houses. Some well-designed and some not so well-designed – according to Gannet; he’s an expert in building matters. We saw a magnificent solo bloom on a garden bush and, since it was one, I suggested its name might be The Lone Hydrangea. Luckily, the crickets and tumbleweed moment passed quite quickly.

We finally reached The Smigglers and found that everyone else had got there before us. Luckily, there was a table for four free and Gannet could sit at the end of another nearer the bar. He was quite happy about that.

Plates of food started to become available and the friendly waitresses began to appear at the door to the kitchen next to our table, calling out the names of Hashers for whom the food was meant. One of the waitresses nearly collapsed with laughter when she called out “Legova!” She (fortunately) laughed even more when I thanked her for the offer but asked if I might eat first. She found it even funnier when she came out of the

kitchen again calling out “Ms Whiplash” and “Swallow”. It was hilarious. They were all laughing their socks off and so were we. Especially when the boy waiter called out “Nipple Rash” instead of “NappyRash”. And Gannet was called out as Janet – we called him that for the rest of the holiday. 🎉 Janet also made us laugh when NappyRash and I met him in the gents while having a bio-break. He told us that he preferred to use a towel rather than an air dryer because, and I quote, “It dries my hands.” Errr.

We had an excellent evening and got an Uber back to Shorefield. Where NappyRash, WaveRider Donut and I relished a challenging few games of Uno Flip (and some gin...). If you haven’t tried Uno Flip, do. It’s fiendish.

### WEDNESDAY JUNE 25TH

**T**oday was the The Hash Not Quiz day. ‘Not Quiz’ because originally there wasn’t going to be one. But due to public demand and the fact that WaveRider, NappyRash, Donut and I were going to set one anyway... Well, here it was! 😊 We’d decided on the pleasant and interesting town of Lymington for the challenge and we participants were due to meet in the large Burfields car park behind the church of St. Thomas. Slapper and NoSole did try to park at the much smaller car park not too far away but Donut had stationed herself there to shepherd any lost sheep in the right direction.

Just as well then.

Here’s a photo of our quiz group.



I thought it was quite amusing that a) we were close to a charging point given the physical state of many of us (I'd rather not think about how we'd 'plug in'), and b) the toilets weren't far away – always useful to know. Now NappyRash was still suffering with his hip muscle injury so wife WaveRider was referring to him as 'Skippy'. Sympathy? I don't think so. Motox, for a reason I cannot remember, was telling the group he was actually a cat burglar. Somehow, I think not. WaveRider had noticed that the very first question in the quiz was going to fox everybody. It was 'What bird is flying above the police station?' This building is very visible at the far end of the car park and, when we had recce'd the quiz earlier in the year, there had been a kite(bird)-shaped kite fluttering in the breeze above it. Today, in the breezeless sunshine, nothing flapped idly over the cop shop. We had to tell everyone the answer. Perfect, we thought, question 1 was a total disaster; wonder how the rest of the questions will go? We set the group off towards the churchyard, giving them two hours to complete the quiz, and ambled off for a coffee and cake in Caffé Nero.



In this picture you can see a number of Hashers looking quite confused. Not surprised I guess. We'd gone a little cryptic with

question 5: 'What is the name of the policeman on the war memorial'. The brave fellow whose name was memorialised was not a policeman... but his name was P.C. Todd. Donut was so worried that people wouldn't get the answer that she went over (delaying our coffee and cake by at least 5 minutes!) and gave the most anxious-looking a less-than-subtle hint.



After the coffee we strolled round the course after the answer-seekers. It was a fine and warm day as we approached the RNLI station. We were very



surprised to see a kangaroo in the bedroom window of a house nearby. This meant we had seen two Skippys in one morning! Amazing! Here is a picture of the marsupial. As you can see, he was sporting a sombrero at rather a jaunty angle.

Wandering rather aimlessly around the RNLI station were C5, Slapper, Legova and NoSole. Why? They didn't know and nor did we. They applied some logic and attached themselves to us as we sauntered through the yacht parking area. We left them trying to find the answer to question 21, which

was: 'How old was Alan Joseph Faulkes Jones of Brooke Road.' On the back of a road name sign was a plate with a memorial to this gentleman, who had been 73 when he died. When we had found it, earlier in the year, there had not been any hollyhocks surrounding the sign. While the group was trying to find the answer to the question a car pulled up nearby and NoSole went over to ask if they had any knowledge of Alan Jones. Incredibly, one of the passengers was Mr Jones' widow and she told NoSole and the rest all about her husband, who had been a pillar of the community. Amazing!

We got to Wetherspoon's Six Bells and headed for the garden where everyone was due to be by 11 o'clock with their completed answer sheets. We talked about disqualifying Slapper's team since they arrived after the 11 o'clock church bell, but this was felt to be a tad harsh. 😊

We began marking the papers. Here is a copy of the quiz with the answers filled in. See if you can figure out why, for question 20, Babe and Utterly

LYMINGTON QUIZ - NOT QUIZ (or) THE NOT QUIZ QUIZ

TEAM NAME:

Burfields Car Park

1. What bird is flying above the Police Station

From Car park go down the past past the playground to the High St via St Thomas Church

2. What is the young vegetable in the bike shed

3. What (specifically) is on the church weather vane

4. What is the postcode of the parish office

Turn left into the High Street.

5. What is the name of the policeman on the war memorial

6. When was the memorial erected

7. What was the name of the Admiral - first Governor of New South Wales

8. What are the letters above Seasalt

9. What animals are associated with the Angel & Blue Pig

10. Who made the Hadleys clock

11. Who does the gold post box honour

Head towards the Quay

12. What insect will you find at number 13

13. Where did smugglers retreat to

14. What fish appears in the window

15. What colour is the puffin

16. What 2 things should you not do in the harbour

Continue along road to Bath Road Park

17. When was the fountain presented

18. What shape is the bandstand

19. Where can you be rejuvenated in Lymington

Walk towards Waterford Lane

20. What is on the weathervane

21. How old was Alan Joseph Faulkes Jones of Brooke Road

22. Who are we thankful for in Church Lane

23. What is the total number featured in the above answers when together

Continue up towards the High Street to the 6 Bells pub.(Whetherspoons) to hand in your quiz sheets (and enjoy a beer)

Burfields Car Park

1. KITE

2. SPUD

3. CLIPPER

4. SO41 9ND

Turn left into the High St

5. PC TODD

6. 1921

7. ARTHUR PHILIP

8. RLR

9. PIGS & HORSES

10. SMITH

11. BEN AINSLEE

Head towards the Quay

12. BEE

13. 1a QUAY STREET

14. ANGLER

15. BLACK

16. SWMMNG / DIVING

Continue to Bath Road Park

17. 1885

18. OCTAGON

19. SEA BATHS

Walk towards Waterford Lane

20. WHALE

21. 73

22. CARE WORKER

23. 41919211188573 = 60

Tie Breaker (to be read out in pub if there is a tie)

What is the difference in population of Lymington between the 2017 and 2021 Census.

Answer +412

3930

answered 'Fish' instead of 'Whale'. Why Florence and Motox' answer to question 22 was 'Yankmoor'. And why some of the teams answered 'People who close the gate' to this question when the road surface had 'Thank you care workers' painted in enormous white letters on it. 😂

Dumb and Dumber got a rousing cheer when they turned up.

They'd had to start the quiz late due to having to attend to some personal business. Well done them. Fortunately, everyone enjoyed their Not Quiz experience although the drinks in the pub afterwards probably went down even better. WaveRider gathered up all the marked papers and locked them in a steel attache case that was attached to her wrist by a metal cuff and chain. Probably was going to make showering fun but she was determined not to reveal the 'winners' until Awards Night on Thursday. Quite right too.

We went back to Shorefield and slipped over to the excellent outdoor pool. The water was clean

and warm, the lifeguards friendly, the loungers plentiful and comfy. A nice way to spend some of the afternoon. Here you can see Donut and Waverider in the pool. WaveRider's mobility scooter is in the background and the waterproof attache case is submerged between them.



A relaxing and cooling way to spend a hot afternoon. A bit of rest before the evening of indulgence, mental wastage and physical excess that we were expecting.

We were due to attend [Miners Cider](#) at Hordle, a couple of miles away from Shorefield. The place was originally named My'n'ers Cider, in case, like me, you wondered why it is so called. It has a great range of ciders and one real ale, from Sixpenny Brewery. WaveRider stumbled, almost literally, on this place while Donut, NappyRash and I watched rugby on TV at the Premier Inn just along the road while we were visiting the area to recce the Not Quiz Quiz. The three of us joined WaveRider there later and liked it very much... which is why we all went there during this Hash Holiday! 😊



Despite the distance, we'd decided to walk there. Janet (sorry, Gannet) joined us for what turned out to be a hot and humid tarmac-based walk. But we got there ok and, following medical advice, rehydrated immediately

with cider and beer. Many of our group had already arrived, having driven. Sensible people. Our host had laid out long, wooden, hessian-cloth-covered tables and not-hessian-cloth-covered chairs in both the storeroom and outside in the paddock next to the car park. A mobile pizza unit had arrived and was making and baking excellent, thin-crust pizzas for us. Hashers to'd and fro'd to the counter to try each different flavour as it arrived. Dumber thought he'd heard that there was a limit of 3 wedges per person so had



selflessly and mistakenly limited himself to that number. Whereas Donut seemed to have consumed about 17, though perhaps my counting ability had reduced a mite by that time. 🤔 Gannet was offered a gluten-free slice by SweetPee and politely tried it. He waited before she had gone before making a face like a sheep with a sudden gastric issue and sneaking what was left of it on the shelf... next to the bin. I pointed it out to him without too much of an eyeroll. Above are Potty and Nutty, having enjoyed their pizza and now enjoying the cider.

And from now on it all got magnificently out of control. A local band started playing in the small bar. BH<sup>3</sup> piled in, faces aglow with the thought of a lubricated singing session. It's what we love! The band had given out maracas, a small bongo drum and a tambourine to their eager audience. They played everything, from blues to rock n' roll to pop; from a rousing



*The excellent band.*



‘House of the Rising Sun’ to ‘Roll out the Barrel’. BH<sup>3</sup>, along with the locals, boozily sang our hearts out. I remember (almost) distinctly Slapper giving it everything with the maracas, Legova dancing unrestrictedly like a modern-day Salome. While I was watching and singing, Mr Blobby, who was slightly in front of me, turned round and looked down with some concern. I looked down too. Oops! I was holding my pint by the side of me and had dribbled some of it on his bare leg! I apologised immediately of course. Luckily, he found it very funny – it didn’t dampen his enthusiasm, just his leg. Sorry Mr B.

If you’d like to (re)experience some of the fun we were having, run the short video entitled ‘[Cider with Alice.mp4](#)’ either by clicking this link or in the Flickr album ‘BH3 Milford-on-Sea 2025’.

After a party-like hour or so the band had to finish. I think they were all either knackered from playing or deafened by our singing, some of which was in tune. We gave them a massive cheer and a huge round of applause before drinking up and filing out, thanking Cider Miner owner Jon for his hospitality. Since my organisational capability had been ever so slightly blunted by, oh must have been the pizza, Donut kindly arranged for Swallow to include me as a passenger in her car. Most kind and much appreciated. Staggering along dark roads for 2½ miles at that time of night would not have been a great idea.

Of course, the evening had not finished yet. Shifty and FalseTart invited the people they had met on their return to Shorefield to their caravan for a ‘nightcap’. So Potty, Nutty, SweetPee, Agatha, Foghorn, Donut, Swallow, SlowSucker, Pyro and I felt we couldn’t refuse, could we? We decimated Shifty’s bottle of port and sucked in all alcoholic beverages that were generously offered to us. There was a lot of loud chatting and laughing. Certain people, I shall name no names, were barely able to string two words

together to form a comprehensible sentence. Luckily, the rest of us who were also struggling in the alcoholic swamp of linguistic inability could just about understand them. Though not always able to respond intelligently. “Most of us”, I slurred in my final diary recording of the evening, “are pissed.”

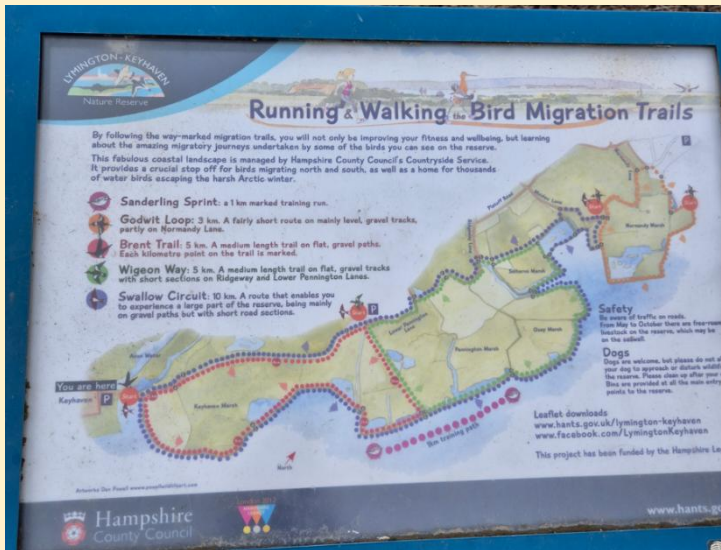
## THURSDAY JUNE 26TH

It's just as well that BH<sup>3</sup> has stamina. On our last day we were due to start with a Hash and finish with dinner and the week's awards. Hash Holidays are not for the faint of heart or those who do not bring along a sufficient quantity of stimulants in one form or another.

Those grandees of the Hash, Mr Blobby and C5 had been out on the hot Wednesday afternoon to lay the 10 or so kilometres of Trail. Hats off to them for putting in that effort after the physical and mental demands of the Not Quiz, a couple of drinks after it and the knowledge that the Miners Cider evening later would not be a quiet pizza and an early night. When I was running with C5 about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the distance along the Trail he'd admitted that he'd been 'dreading' having to go round the course for a second time, especially if the weather was again hot. I totally understood his point of view – I'm sure all of us would have felt the same way.

Luckily, the morning started cloudy, windy and with sprinkles of rain. We rocked up in Keyhaven car park with FalseTart and Shifty, opposite The Gun pub where we were due to have lunch, and proceeded to enjoy the sight of other Hashers trying to park. A huge car park with any number of spaces seemed to confuse them. Mind you, both we and Dumb and Dumber had initially driven past the well-hidden car park entrance. Wimpey and LemonySnicket drove slowly round the virtually empty space, finally stopping diagonally across two parking spaces. Wimpey opened the driver's door, licked his finger and held it up in the stiff breeze. Having

assessed the opportunities via his meteorological method he finally drove forward into a vacant space. We were pleased that Grommit and StinkingBishop joined us. NappyRash risked a severe tongue-lashing when he told me that he'd mistaken Donut for Motox as she walked back towards us from the loos. "It was because", he said, "of all that pizza she ate last night." I know, I had a sharp intake of breath and a sudden heart flutter too. Luckily, Donut wasn't close enough to hear or certain parts of NappyRash's anatomy might suddenly (and painfully) have found themselves behind his ears. Our quote of the morning came from Ms Whiplash, who exclaimed, "I've got teeth marks on my dashboard." Given her Hash name we were not entirely surprised.



We On Outed  
and, after  
we'd watched  
Shiftly trot  
away in  
obviously the  
wrong  
direction,  
then come  
back again,  
we saw the  
board in the  
picture to

your left. One of our number was quite pleased that we would be running/walking round the Swallow Circuit.

It was very windy as we started on the first long, pebble and flint path. Though, fortunately, it was on our backs. It was only when we turned right, towards the coast, we felt the full force of the gusts and had to run head-



down, pushing hard against the unseen force that was trying to blow us into the mere to the side of us. This was one of the views, looking towards the Isle of Wight, which was almost completely obscured by cloud. 'Fresh to gale force' is the way I believe the BBC shipping forecast would have described it. Very nice to be out in it though. Shifty, Mr Blobby and I spotted a black swan, egrets, pied avocets (according to avian expert Mr B) and horses with foals unconcernedly grazing by the freshwater ponds. Dotted along the raised path along which we ran/walked were small piles of horse poop and we discussed whether they made better towers than the pebble ones we had crafted during the beach games. We decided the horses would have won if they'd had a beach team.

After a long stretch we fetched up at the Regroup, where there was, according to our Hares, a short cut. This was the point where the 5 kilometre Brent Trail (see map above) split off from the Swallow Circuit. But no-one wanted to take it so we scurried on. At least, for a short while.

NappyRash tripped over either a ground-nesting swallow or a bit of rock and crashed forwards on to the flint and pebbles. His hands and forearms



*The Regroup.*

were quite badly scraped but I'm pleased to say that nothing was broken. There was a lot of concern in our group but, after a moment (and no audible swearing), he carried on. The weird thing was, a bloke wearing a white T-shirt with a red cross on the front suddenly appeared in front of us. No such thing as coincidence? I'm not so sure.

We carried on... and on. The path, though surrounded by big sky and the interesting nature reserve, never seemed

to end. We were glad when we reached the furthest part of the path near Normandy Marsh and headed in the reverse direction. The sun had chased off most of the clouds by this time and we were going by the edge of fields, mostly under trees. FalseTart and I chatted as we ambled under an avenue of trees that dappled the lane we were on with sunlight and shade. C5 caught us up. Surprise, surprise, his leg and elbow were bleeding from a Hash crash. Poor chap. Not only had he run this Trail twice but he'd picked up an injury too. Fortunately, there wasn't much further to go. A shortish loop, where we picked up Pyro and Shifty and on to the car park in a light sprinkle of rain. FalseTart patched up NappyRash – I hadn't brought my humane killer or we could've saved a couple of bandages – and we went across to The Gun for lunch and a pint. BH<sup>3</sup> 'aimed' towards and 'shot' into



the bar, then 'loaded' up with drinks. I'd give you some more 'bullet' points but I don't think you can stand any more weak puns...

Here are some of the group in the beautiful pub garden, C5 and NappyRash showing off their battle scars. The Gun was built in 1785 and it has a nautical



theme. Going through the low-beamed (as Foghorn found out – ouch!) old bar there are flags and naval items. The toilets are in an area named 'The Poop Deck' (oh dear) and the gents and ladies doors are marked as 'Buoys' and 'Gulls'. We learnt that Zebedee had arranged for the first of our drinks to be paid for out of committee funds – hurrah and thanks! Then the buffet was brought out and BH<sup>3</sup> descended upon it, screeching and flapping like a waddle of gannets diving on to a fish ball. Here is the food table 'after' photo.

Sandwiches and chips and salad were scarfed rapidly. Very well-prepared food, though Rampant said the truffle-drizzled chips tasted of 'earth'. No pleasing some people. 😊



*The buffet table - after BH3 had ransacked it.*

I noticed a couple with a dog on the table opposite to us. The furry fellow was wearing a harness that stated 'Nervous' on it. I wondered if some of our Hashers should wear something similar. 'Alcoholic', 'Stupid', 'May Fall Over' or 'Flatulent' come to mind.

We drove back with Shifty and FalseTart after they'd tried and failed to order a coffee from the bar. Well, the staff were very busy I guess. We returned to Shorefield and prepared ourselves for drink and Down Downs at the Two Pennys. We would then get on a coach to The House Martin pub in Barton-on-Sea where we would enjoy dinner, followed by the week's awards.

We wandered over to the Pennys' caravan later. There is always a theme for Awards Night and this time it was 'Green'. Environmentally conscious I'm sure but nowhere near as expressive and colourful as the previous holiday's Kings and Queens theme. You can see our efforts on the front

page of this diary. The most noticeable, I'm sure you will agree, is that of WaveRider, dressed as a crocodile. Babe came as an Austrian, sporting Lederhosen, a Tyrolean hat and a cod German accent. Gannet wore a green plastic bag on his head! NappyRash named him 'Shit head' because he was wearing a poo bag. Donut, in her designer, multi-colour jeans and green crossover top looked chic and soignée – I'm married to her and it's my diary, so I'll say what I like. 😊

It took ages for the Down Down beers and drinks to be handed out of the Pennys' caravan side window to Dunny, who brought them over to me to put on the table for RA Motox to present later. Given the range of drinks: beer, lager, cider, water



I'm not surprised it took a while. Motox had decided that each liquid award should contain a couple of the articles mentioned on

the carton to your left. I must say, they looked quite realistic. 🤪

Wimpey and LemonySnicket were announced as the winners of the Green theme outfits. Here's a picture of them in their cleverly designed kit. The hats must have taken some time to craft and I love the T-shirts. Dumb, Dumber,



Dunny and Rampant were presented with Downs for laying the Longest Day

Hash. Slips and Snowy were awarded for organising and leading the excellent Hash Walk. Ms Whiplash and PennyPitstop were given Downs for wandering around the caravans, half-naked, begging for drinks. 🎉 Slapper singing manically with the band at Miners Cider. Legova received a Down for attempting to light a real candle from an electric one. Duh! TinOpener got a Down for his dance floor twisting prowess. Wimpey received one for his efforts to park this morning at Keyhaven car park. Janet/Gannet was called up for, during this morning's Trail, telling Motox he'd seen a) a submarine, and b) a bird he called a 'Wobbling Tit'. 😄 NappyRash was awarded for Hash Crashing and received a replacement tankard since his grandson had irreparably damaged his original. C5 and PennyPitstop also had Hash Crashed. C5 and Mr Blobby were rightly awarded for their Herculean work in laying the morning's Trail.

Following the Down Downs, WaveRider announced the winners of the Beach Games. In first place were LemonySnicket and Wimpey. The crowd was a mite restless. These two had won quite enough today. WaveRider then announced the results of the Not Quiz. There had, she said, been quite a few 'interesting' answers. There certainly had – see above in the Wednesday section. The winners were 'The Dumbs'. Popular winners, especially since they'd had to start late. Well done them. 😊

Down Downs over, we quaffed the rest of our drinks, cleared up, headed over to, then boarded, the coach. A friendly driver greeted us and drove us the short distance to The House Martin pub. We'd been given a huge room to sit in. It had large wooden beams, lots of old photographs on the walls and was festooned with bird cages, large and small. Perfect for us. Despite the number of people, the staff managed to get the meals out to us fairly efficiently, albeit in an alphabetic order. UtterlyButterly was very relieved when hers finally turned up. 😊

Quite a lot of drinking took place. I can only assume that we were dehydrated after a lengthy day. So by the time award presenters Mr Blobby and C5 announced that the Awards of the Week were going to happen we were in quite an alcoholically receptive mood. Ms Whiplash presented the winning crabbing team of FalseTart, Shifty, SweetPee, Agatha, WaveRider and NappyRash with a box of biscuits. They'd won it by answering the tie-break question: 'How long do crabs live?'

Here are the week's awards:-

Recipient	Reason for the Award
<b>Foghorn</b>	Tripper of the week, for his first Hash kerb trip. He was given a flag that had written on it: 'I don't snore. I'm dreaming I'm a motorcyclist'.
<b>Snowy and Slips</b>	For sitting on posh seating during their walk lunch break. They were given a very posh towel.
<b>WaveRider</b>	Accepting a net full of crabs from a youngster during the crabbing expedition. Horrendous cheating! Also given the Entertainer of the Week award. A pair of earrings came her way.
<b>Janet/Gannet</b>	Disruptor of the Week for sitting in the middle of the group during beach games. He received a woolly sheep hat skilfully knitted by Mrs Blobby.
<b>Motox</b>	He walked about 10k looking for a bus stop when there was one about 300 metres away. He was awarded a walking mug (no, it didn't actually walk).
<b>Donut, Hashgate</b>	Rightly awarded Wimps of the Week for wimping out of Florence and Zebedee's initially rainy Trail. We got some beer mats. Mine had on it: 'There aren't many vitamins in beer... so we have to drink quite a lot of it.' Hear, hear! 😊
<b>Babe</b>	Perfumier of the Week because, at one point, he stank of crabs. He received a classy sheep glass.



<b>Agatha</b>	In the Cider Miner loo he couldn't quite figure out whether to pee in the toilet or the urinal-shaped sink.
<b>Dumb</b>	Innovator of the Week for inventing the Caravan Classic cocktail. Well-deserved in my opinion! She was given some earrings which she gave to FalseTart for providing the Longest Day Hash breakfast. Nice one!
<b>ForestDump</b>	Old Lady of the Week because she managed to lock herself in the toilet. 🚻 She received a sheepish notepad.
<b>Florence</b>	Hero of the Week for laying the Trail all on her own. Well done Flo! She got a fine pair of sheep socks.
<b>Ms Whiplash PennyPistop</b>	Organisers of the Week. Some well-deserved flowers and a wrapped gift came their way... along with a round of applause.

As GM, I thanked the entire Hash Holiday committee for their hard work in organising our week and the all the events that we had enjoyed. Everyone clapped and cheered – we had had a great week.

Below you can see the awards recipients enjoying their drinks – my thanks to Dumber for taking the photograph.



*Awardees from l to r. FalseTart, ForestDump, Foghorn, Gannet, Legova, Motox, Florence, Ms Whiplash, Snowy, Dumb, Hashgate, Donut, PennyPitstop, Agatha and Babe.*

Not sure how we all made it on to the coach later and I can't say I remember much of the journey back. We were certainly in a mellow mood and, of



course, ready for a party. Where else but Dumb and Dumber's caravan. We were well up for some more Caravan Classics and toffee vodka. Playing back my recording of the time, there are squeals of laughter, loud chatter, whoops and glasses clinking. Great to hear it again. NappyRash reckoned he was so far gone and injured (Beach Games hip and Hash Crash scrapings)

that he needed someone to help him drink. FalseTart kindly assisted the old fool and here's a picture to prove it. As you can see, your diarist is attempting to record the event, even though I'm struggling to see my phone by that point. And I recorded that Shifty, rather than his wife, FalseTart had helped with the drinking. Well it had been a long and liquid night.

Mr Blobby livened up the proceedings by accidentally leaning against the stove and turning on one of the gas taps. Just as well none of us smoke any more or it could have been an explosive end to the evening.

We found out that six litres of Dumb and Dumber's home-made drinks had been consumed during the week. I'm so glad we could help them out. 😊

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## A FINAL THOUGHT

**T**his has been another well-organised, successful Hash Holiday week filled with events for us to enjoy, fun and laughter. We are lucky to know and be a part of such a friendly group of people with a positive outlook and the mindset of having a good time.

Our thanks to the committee members who organised this 2025 extravaganza.

They are: **Ms Whiplash, PennyPitstop, C5, Mrs Blobby, Mr Blobby, Florence, Zebedee, Slips, Snowy.**

On On  
Hashgate

Here is our week's itinerary :-

Day		Daytime Activities	Evening Activities
Friday	June 20 <sup>th</sup>	Travel to Shorefield Park and register. A Welcome Hash laid by Hares SlowSucker and Swallow. Meet at site restaurant at 5:00 p.m.	Meet at the Two Pennys' caravan at 8:00 p.m. for a fish and chip supper with drinks.
Saturday	June 21 <sup>st</sup>	Longest Day hash - meet at site restaurant at 04:45 a.m. Hares are Rampant, Dumber and Dunny. Breakfast supplied by Dumb and False Tart. Lymington Woodside parkrun option.	DIY dinner.
Sunday	June 22 <sup>nd</sup>	Hash walk led by Snowy and Slips. Meet at 10:30 a.m. off Brockenhurst Road. (W3W: cheer.tuned.devoured). Take your own picnic and drinks.	DIY dinner.
Monday	June 23 <sup>rd</sup>	Crab Fishing Contest in Mudeford. Park in car park at BH23 4AB for an 11:00 a.m. start. Beach games later organised by WaveRider.	Drinks before dinner at the Pennys' caravan at 6:30 pm. Dinner on site in Shorefield park restaurant.
Tuesday	June 24 <sup>th</sup>	Hash - Hares are Flo and Zeb. Meet at 10:45 for an 11:00 a.m. start from the Bull Hill New Forest car park off B3054 out of Lymington. ON2 Walhampton Arms, Walhampton Hill, Lymington SO41 5RE Buffet lunch including tea and coffee.	Drinks before dinner at the Two Pennys' caravan at 6:30 p.m. Dinner at The Smugglers Inn, High Street (SO41 0QE) at 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday	June 25 <sup>th</sup>	Free day or optional Hash Not Quiz in Lymington. Meet at	Pizza and music evening at Miners

	10:45 a.m. in Barfields Car Park, Emsworth Road SO41 9BS.	Cider Bar from 7 p.m. onwards at Greenacre Nursery, Silver Street, Hordle SO41 0FN.
<b>Thursday June 26<sup>th</sup></b>	Hash - Hares are C5 & Mr Blobby. Meet at car park opposite The Gun Inn, Keyhaven SO41 0TP at 10:45 for an 11:00 a.m. start. Buffet food afterwards in The Gun Inn.	Dinner and awards at The House Martin, Barton-on-Sea BH25 6QF. Drinks before at The Two Pennys' caravan at 6:15 p.m. Coach pick up at 7:00 p.m. Wear something green and a green hat..
<b>Friday June 27<sup>th</sup></b>	Leave for home, happy and exhausted. 😊	

Printed and bound copies of this diary were produced by WaveRider.

My grateful thanks to her.