

Mini Report
The Witchampton & Crichel Hash
Social Club (13.11.16)

A more sombre start today as we stood in silence for Remembrance Sunday with splendid bugle playing by Hornblower.

What a superb turnout. So many old fogeys appeared including Wiggy and Battersea. With no preliminary down downs the Hares made their excuses for a bewildering trail that followed, which was rather strange as 'The Grocer and Snorkel' (also the Dustman) are very experienced Hashers and had access to unlimited supplies of dust and Nectar points. We assume the main was very well laid, as they say in the Navy, which could not be said of the Mini.

Some of the front endless cackling mini Harriet's zoomed round the trail, later claiming they found dust but not giving a toss for those of us at the back.

Wibbly Wobbly, Squiffy, & Mrs Pavarotti turned back at the first sight of shiggy but perhaps were not so daft as they knew the dust would be scarce from that point on, and they were right.

Once again a large bunch old Gits which this week included iPod, Frostbite and dog, Big Trish, Milky Bar Kid and others, stumbled around the fields looking for non-existent dust with Pavarotti himself singing his heart out and scaring the pheasants, deer, foxes and other kinds of wild life away.

At his point this bunch split with the Godfather heading one group back from whence they came including Greek God and Atrick to look for the fairy dust but probably to get away from Pavarotti's' serenading. Pavarotti, Frostbite, Cream Crackered, Milky Bar Kid, Capt Oats eventually found a gate into a road. What a performance getting several Octogenarians with hip problems over a five barred gate. A bridle path littered with Nectar points was reconnoitred but they decided to stick to the road and rejoined the others who also had not found any dust either.

Back at the club we found everyone had returned bar two, and there was shandy and cups for all, unlike last week, and an excellent après with look alike Stokers and Snorkels, Wheeze's and others all entertaining us.

Excitement as next weeks trail is being laid by a posse of the old Gits provided the Hare does not lose his bag of dust.

Two Old Gits