



REPORT ON RUN 427 ON 5th FEBRUARY 2023

“Are we running round your back garden?” yours truly asked the Hare, on arrival outside her abode in Bordon, the chosen starting point for the February hash. “In a way, yes” came Chilly Willie’s intriguing reply. In fact, Chilly Willie was rallying to the cause by standing in for the designated hare, Headboy, who’d withdrawn at short notice due to injury. On a nippy but sunny morning, slowly the assembled pack built to 9, with feminine gender to the fore, and about to set off when a hobbling Headboy appeared with his better half ready to walk the course. £Game fellow!

After quick navigation of Bordon bye-roads we were into rough terrain, namely Woolmer Forest, a popular nearby stomping ground of the hare’s with a myriad of paths and used more often than not as a military playground. Prudently, Chilly Willie had ensured that on the day the guns were silent so as to avoid physical and collateral damage to all and sundry. With wild heathland all around the ground underfoot was dry and undulating but in the odd place turning to wet and shiggy keeping us literally on our toes. In such an area it is easy to lose one’s bearings and many a time we veered off on the wrong path to be called back again. Even Nut Bush’s hound took a wrong turning or two.

In one lonely spot we came upon an obelisk with an inscription that Queen Anne had passed there on her way from Southampton to London in 1710. From the bemused looks on some hashers’ faces it seems that this particular monarch rather goes under the radar, so for those interested here’s a very short potted history...” Queen Anne - last of the Stuart monarchs - reigned from 1702-1714 - daughter of James II - gave assent to Act of Union 1707 (which the Scots are now trying to undo!)”. On a personal level, she was rather unkindly portrayed as being fat, ugly and short-tempered as in the film “The Favourite” starring Olivia Colman.

Anyway, back to the trial, after chugging round much of the western half of the forest on well-worn tracks the pack then went off-piste eventually winding our way back to the outskirts of Bordon. In all, it was reckoned that we’d trekked around 6 miles and with the clock over the yardarm we repaired to The Woodcock PH for a wind-down, H4 style. A strange drinking house it has to be said with a huge interior but a sad lack of punters. We were even driven outside in case our hound made a mess of the polished floors but no matter we quenched our thirsts in good fashion.

So grateful thanks, Chilly Willie, for firstly stepping into the breach and letting us into your backyard with a diverting, well-marked trail and devoid of any armed presence.

Doug “Marathow” Thow