



Run Number 588

23rd October 2025

The Mississippi Lounge Bar, Spital

The Pack: Mad Hatter (Hare), Snoozanne (Hare), fcuk, 10secs, PA, Cleo, Overdrive, Now and Then



It seems the Mississippi had given a welcome to WCH3 when they had been chucked out of the Three Stags over the road; though not for the usual rowdy behaviour, but because

the Egg Run was expected (apparently the bikers disdained the Three Stags anyway, in a pleasant piece of poetic justice). It seemed like a friendly place and with Trappers Hat on the hand pump. Dead on 7pm there was a message from PA to say he was on a bus on Borough Road, which caused some consternation as this is miles away; but in fact he turned up no more than 10 minutes later.



So we trooped outside for the photo and instructions. Two was on and the markings were in chalk in the streets and in flour elsewhere. The Hare was quizzed about regroupings and he said there might be one but he couldn't really remember; we could make our own if we felt like it...he also warned us to watch our footing on wet boardwalks which was a clue to where we were heading, if one were needed in this area...

The trail was found disappearing down a sneaky cut-through at the back of the car-park, to emerge in the back streets heading towards Dibbins Hey.





It certainly looked as if the trail would disappear into the woods here....but in fact it was a couple of hundred metres further on before we were in Dibbinsdale...



...and as we disappeared into the woods the hare warned us that the markings would not necessarily be on the ground.



Once among the trees, it seemed that either the Hare had been toying with us or his memory was playing tricks – never was there a Hash with so many regroups, one every hundred metres or so it seemed. Though they were welcome in the dark woodland with plenty of potential false trails on either side...



...despite the trails being plentifully marked, though not necessarily on the ground as indeed the hare had warned. And talking of memory, 10 secs and Cleo had just agreed that he had missed several hashes before remembering that they had both been on the last hash which he himself had set.



Here is one of the threatened boardwalks which actually weren't as treacherous as feared. The trail snaked along the valley, mostly following the stream...



Over the bridge here there were several tempting possibilities...



...and though several of us knew there was a tunnel in these parts, the entrance was quite well concealed by the darkness and vegetation.



Through the tunnel, the markings suddenly seemed to become much more sporadic, creating a bit of disquiet in the front-runners...



...though they actually weren't moving very fast by this time and this injunction was hardly necessary.

Eventually we found ourselves at St Patrick's Well, a pool with a spring bubbling up. It was hard to read the notice but possibly legend has it that this was the first place he preached after landing from Ireland. Checking from this point, PA accidentally found the trail he had just arrived on and for a while there was a possibility of him being stuck in an endless loop. Meanwhile 10secs confidently announced that the trail couldn't possibly head onwards since it was a dead end, but on Mad Hatter hinting that he might like to check this assertion, the trail was indeed found in that direction. We emerged in fact quite near the mini-roundabout at the bottom of Spital Road. At that point the trail surely had to lead uphill towards the station, and indeed it did. Soon an arrow was found pointing into the station carpark. The food was unpacked from Snoozanne's car onto the table, while Mad Hatter drove Cleo up to the Mississippi to collect some extra food brought by Cleo and left behind the bar.

So there was plenty of excellent food including Snoozanne's home-baked bread and the home-made pizza slices supplied by Cleo. As we were eating, the heavens opened in dramatic fashion but luckily there were plenty of umbrellas in the cars which provided an almost unbroken canopy over the food.



Nevertheless we decided to continue with the down-downs in the bar. Back there Snoozanne produced the final food item, a cake baked with apples supplied by various friends. We secured the goodwill of the barmaid by giving slices to her and the one remaining other customer, though Snoozanne was convinced that young people these days don't eat cake and that it would be disposed of as soon as our backs were turned. Nevertheless the plate on the bar did seem to be reduced to a few crumbs by the time we were leaving...

The RA then called the circle. Comments were invited on the run. It was described as not having enough regroupings, being too sloppy, not having enough countryside, being too well-marked...The RA himself drew some flak for having failed to keep the rain completely at bay.

Down-downs were awarded to:

The Hare: (especially for forgetting his own regroup) His sartorial standards were also commended; he had been spotted changing into a smarter coat for the run itself.

PA: for double-checking in a loop

It must have been a well-behaved run, since despite collective racking of brains, no further misdemeanours could be recalled.

Finally the RA regaled us with a couple of sermons:

"What did one hat say to the other?" "You wait here; I'll go on ahead"

"What does a triceratops sit on?" "Its tricera-bottom"

The last sermon was recounted with all due deference to Snoozanne, who apparently has an irrational fear of dinosaurs. It was not clear how she had discovered this, or how it could be distinguished from the usual healthy rational fear of enormous carnivorous reptiles.

The conversation then turned upon the name Mississippi, both the song which apparently sung by a Dutch group called Pussycat in the mid-seventies; and the US state, where Mad Hatter had personal experience of the backroads through places like Natchez...apparently surprisingly green and woody, especially if you are used to thinking of it as a crisp.

We all soon went our separate ways, Mad Hatter giving lifts to 10secs (home), Cleo, Overdrive and Now and Then (to the station) and taking care exiting the carpark since apparently the previous car had left its bumper behind on an inconveniently placed shrub.