



## KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

### No 087 - 17<sup>th</sup> June - Three Tuns @ Bedwyn

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good personal computer must be in want of writing Hash newsletters. However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the mind of the GOM, that he is considered as the rightful author of all Hash Mags about Great Bedwyn.

Still, enough Janeite waffling. What of the run?

For the first time in living memory, your scribe was the last to arrive and so missed GOM's lecture on the manifold uses to which flour could be put. A record number of runners - considering the absence of Ray, Richard, Steve, Napoleon et al - set off in the traditional easterly direction, whilst the walkers - whom one did not need all the fingers of one hand to count - struck due south and Dante-like, promptly got lost at the first circle.

Working a subtle variation on his normal route, our beloved leader sent us through the byways of Bedwyn, and directed us northwards to where, one happy day last year, a little fairy had sprinkled Easter eggs. We traipsed lightly through the woods, with me bringing up the rear as usual. Did you know that the younger son of GOM's inamorata Annie, has on several occasions looked at me critically and said in withering tones "you're always last". What can I say? It's a tough job, but someone's got to do it. (note - must try harder. Sounds like a school report).

After scratching around for a bit looking for flour - the hare having laid most of the stuff the day before - and your scribe having followed several false trails - we eventually headed westwards. GOM became quite concerned at the absence of walkers (see above) and scurried around the place looking for them in vain - although I suppose that three people in central Wiltshire do not exactly stick out like a sore thumb.

As if by magic we found ourselves running along the canal, and those of us who had run round Bedwyn several hundred times before were not surprised to find ourselves toiling up a steep gradient to the south. Realising my plight, Greg and Val had valiantly taken over the rear gunner's position. A swift burst downhill, round the cricket pitch and then over the two bridges back to the Three Tuns to sit outside in the garden.



Margaret presented your scribe with the Hash Horn for "not coming last", a sentiment which seemed to sum up my school career - if not my entire life - and will undoubtedly serve as my epitaph.

### Fifthcoming Hashes

088	1 <sup>st</sup> July	Hare & Hounds, Lambourn Woodlands	Ian
089	15 <sup>th</sup> July	Coopers Arms, Pewsey	Rear Gunner
090	22 <sup>nd</sup> July	Nude Hash, Banks Arms, Studland Bay	Margaret & Dave
091	29 <sup>th</sup> July	Royal George, Purton	Steve
092	12 <sup>th</sup> August	Barbie chez Jeremy, Ramsbury	Jeremy

The unobservant among you will have failed to notice that there are hashes on 3 successive weekends in the second half of July. This is because. GOM will brief us all at the next hash, but if you like playing silly games with no clothes on, Studland Bay on 22<sup>nd</sup> July is just the place for you. Jeremy has ensured that it will rain on 12<sup>th</sup> August by arranging a barbie at his place. Jeremy will provide all the food and drink, but please bring your own charcoal (I may have got this a bit wrong).

If you would like to lay a trail (as if), find out where the hash is, or come last, please call GOM on 01672 871374 (home) or 01793 481220 (£180 per hour), or utterly perplex him by e-mailing [mjf@mfisher.co.uk](mailto:mjf@mfisher.co.uk)