



Hash 153 - The Red Lion, Baydon - 30th November 2003

If proof were needed that the Good Lord is a Hasher, we certainly got it this Sunday. The previous weekend having been wall-to-wall heavy rain, and the same menu on the day before, we were treated to glorious blue skies when we turned up on the dot of 11.07 on Sunday morning. And by the time we were on our way home from the Red Lion, the wind-screen wipers were again working overtime.

A goodly crowd of runners and walkers assembled in the car park to hear the indefatigable Jeremy - and his even indefatigabler nephew - outline the plan of campaign. No doubt unnerved by Dave's acerbic comments about the low incidence of milled wheat seed on the previous Hash, J had been positively profligate with the stuff, and we set off along a well-marked trail through the village and out into the open and rather bleak mid-winter countryside. Jeremy & nephew were careful to add even more of the stuff for the benefit of any late arrivals.

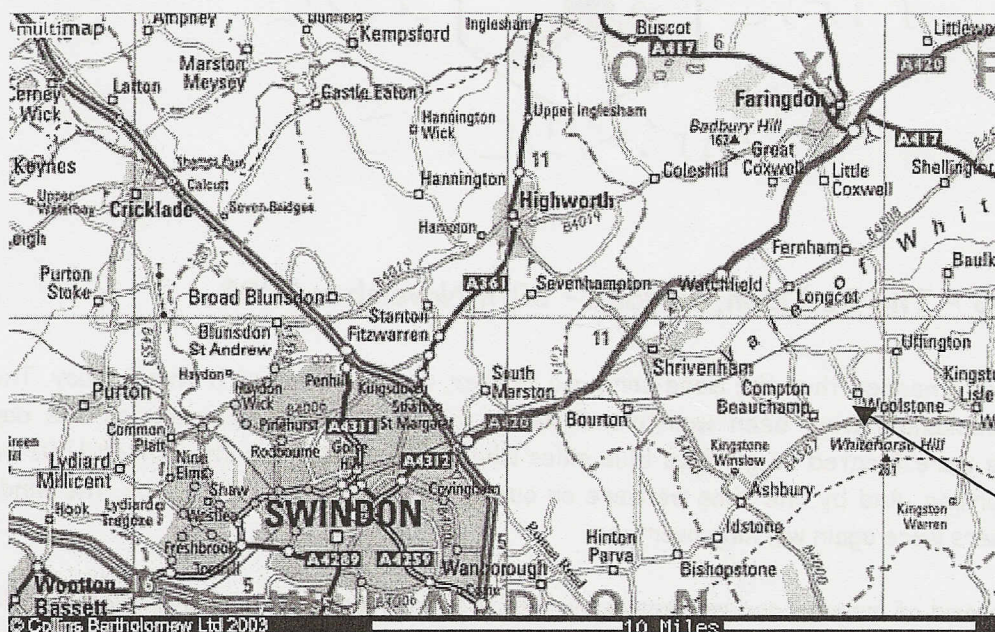
What goes down must go up, and after a long and gentle lope down betwixt and between the folds of the - I was going to say 'downs', but that would be three times in the same sentence - hills, the front-runners received scant reward for their efforts, courtesy of a lengthy check-back to where your scribe stood eyeing a steep climb to the left without enthusiasm. Young and old alike streamed past me, thighs pumping, as we struggled to the top of the hill - but the view was superb. Across a field and into a delightful copse, and we were heading south - and the 'd' word yet again.

Once more unto the beech dear friends, and then - north - and 'd' a stony path where I knew the earlier check-back had led. Half a mile to the left, at the top of yet another climb, I could see Ian looking at me and sniggering, but nothing daunted I followed - eventually - up the path the walkers had earlier trod. Having marvelled at how dry underfoot the trail had been, I was soon slithering through the mud of the final descent before a quick loop round the village and through the walkers brought us all back to the pub.

Providence - or Jeremy - ensured that we had the saloon bar to ourselves, and we had to beg GOM not shout as she made her usual courteous speech of thanks to the Hare, and presented I quite forget who with the horn.

Jeremy & nephew - ta muchly, great fun and very beautiful!

Apparently these days no self-respecting Hash mag is without an interactive, user-friendly, on-line, real-time, DABX SCART map. Here's ours:



Fifth Coming Hash Runs

- 153 - 30th Nov - The Red Lion, Baydon - Jeremy
- 154 - 14th Dec - The Royal Oak, Wootton Rivers - Keith 1
[meet in Village Hall car park 100 yards past pub]
- 155 - 28th Dec - The White Horse, Woolstone - GOM & Dave
- 156 - 11th Jan - Prince of Wales, Wootton Bassett - Steve
- 157 - 25th Jan - 5 Mile House, Duntisbourne Abbots - Keith 2

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Bugger's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com/>.