

Hash 157 - Five Mile House, Duntisbourne Abbotts - 25th January 2004

No less than three hares today - Keith2, Brian, and Liz for the walkers. And to match that, we have two roving reporters: your usual scribe, and Graham for the walkers, who starts:

Road Works??? Is that all it was that held us up for so long? We thought it must, at least, have been a multiple pile-up with wreckage all the way from Blunsdon to Cricklade. And when we got to the lights there was no actual roadwork being done anyway. We found that the "Five Mile House" was five miles from everywhere, including Duntisbourne Wotsit. The bloke in the village must have been thoroughly pee'd off with everyone that morning asking him for directions. We got there very late, but it seemed everyone had similar problems.

There were no Bassetts on this walk either, only two white Scotty dogs which turned mud and white within the first two minutes. Rose's dog Casper was very lucky not to have been eaten before it had even left the car park. What sort of dog was it? "A BLOODY GREAT BIG EFFIN' DOG" was Bill's description.

It was a still, frosty morning in bright sunshine and a blue sky with soft cotton-wool clouds as we set off wrapped up in our warm gear, gloves and hats. It was a treat to be out in the sunshine, though the frost still lay heavy in the shadows, and we could have skated on some of the icy puddles along the way. The route was very pleasant and the walk was quite a long one with a distinct lack of public conveniences, though several stragglers attested to the fact that this had not proved a major problem. The novelty of this Hash was that it was an almost "flourless" one. The flour followed us instead of us following the flour. Different!

Halfway round, most of us were sure we were at the end because we thought we recognised the underpass beneath the A417. But you've seen one underpass you've seen them all, and this one was by the Highwayman Pub, not the Five Mile Pub, which was five miles away. We could see Kathy three fields behind the rest of us by dint of her HUGE bright yellow jacket, which I'm sure would have stayed still if she'd turned round quickly. One smell of food from the pub though, and she was soon to be found up at the front. How does she do that? Her legs must have been a blur if only we could have seen them. Alternatively she may have been concealing a motor-bike beneath that magnificent outerwear.

Kathy too, was the only person who didn't have to crawl on hands and knees through the pub doorways. Quaint! Quaint, with a built-in maze on two floors - a cave system with booze and food. And quite crowded in the shoe-box size bar too. The locals seemed to be playing a version of musical chairs as, each time one of them got up to buy a drink someone would sit in his place so he'd have to wait his chance for someone else to get up to buy a drink so he could sit down, and so on. Must be a local custom.

And now, for the runners: most of the unusual suspects turned out bright and late, to head away from 5MH and the dreaded A417, and down towards a very remote tributary of the River Kennet. The deputy Hare nobly ran with us, shepherding us back up a long hill to Woodmancote, where the Head Hare casually acknowledged his salute and sent us all on the pretty, muddy trail back down and up again. Nipping under the main road, the backmarkers (K&I) were only slightly discombobulated by the absence of flour and Hare2 (who has given up smoking - again - and had hared off), before we picked up the trail and our feet to hightail it back to the hostelry.

Thanks to all 3 Hares, and a slightly edited Graham, for their contributions to a great day.



