



KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Hash 229 – The Jolly Tar – Hannington – 17th September 2006

Trail Blazer – Navy Mike

Scribe – Brian The Bold

Hannington is first recorded in the Domesday Book as 'Hanindone'. The name is formed from a Saxon personal name and the word 'Done' meaning a rounded hill.

The Jolly Tar opened in 1855. At the time there were three pubs in Hannington called The Dog, The Hannington Bridge Inn (which brewed its own beer) and The Jolly Tar. There was also a Post Office, a school, a smithy, a store and, a little later, a cycle shop. (*a cycle shop!!*)

A former farmhouse, The Jolly Tar was owned by the Freke family (who gave their name to the neighbouring pub, The Freke Arms). The jolly tar (or sailor) in question is Captain Willes Johnson who married the widow of Colonel Freke.

The aforementioned cycle shop (inexistence in the early 20th century) was actually in what is now the lounge area of the Jolly Tar. (*Gosh! Fascinating! Is he going to start writing about the hash anytime soon?*)

A railway station was opened in 1883 but as it was a mile away from the village had very little impact. (*Apparently not.*)

Arriving at exactly eleven o'clock we were able to park in the pub car park. Our own jolly tar, Navy Mike, was beaming and welcoming all. Upon gathering us around him for the ritual prologue of the elucidation of the mystical signs which would lead us to the Holy Grail of all hash clubs (an open pub) he wished us well and in his own jolly way sent us forth.



The trail began by running in front of the pub up Queen's Road in a south easterly

direction. I took the first false trail thereby putting myself behind all including the walkers. Barely a quarter mile later we turned northwards and downwards into open fields.

The sun was shining brightly and we were cantering along at a fair speed. After nearly a mile we passed Nell farm and then a sudden turn westwards. The lie was flat (we were at the bottom of the hill) and the going was easy. I think it was at this point we lost Iain, who following a false trail ignored our shouts of 'on-on'. We reached a road and turned again, this time southwards in an upwardly direction. Yes, we were heading back to Hannington up a steep hill. This gave Laura, Dave and myself a chance to chat as we walked. Once back at the top, barely 100 metres from the pub we were greeted by jolly Navy Jack Tar Mike. And directed westwards, away from the pub and downwards.

After a short distance we turned left and into fields and wooded land. Shaded one minute and open to the sun the next. We reached the long/short divide and with hardly a moments hesitation I headed northwest along the runners route into open country. Down a very steep hill . I knew MBA Mike and Rubber Chicken Andy (well Andy was carrying a rubber chicken) were ahead but both taking different false trails put me in front only to be stopped by a gentleman enquiring in an ungentlemanly way 'What are you doing on my land?' Rather stunned we said we were running, a rather unnecessary thing to say really. Onwards. Iain as if from nowhere joining us.

The going was again upwards. We lost Iain again. Really lovely views and interruptions of shaded woodland. The land flattened out and all of a sudden we are climbing the gate at the back of the Jolly Tar.

We buy our refreshments, in my case beer and olives and sit in the garden. Jolly Navy Mike is constantly thanked for the car parking and beautiful weather. As Laura said 'Fantastic Mike, shame about the trail'. As many of the walkers are eating a little distance from the runners I give two separate thanks to Mike who was given three cheers. No horn or shorts to award but Andy reunites the two rubber chickens.

FIFTH COMING HASH RUNS					
SEE MAPS FOR DETAILS					
230	Oct	1 st	Brian the Bold	The Swan	Southrop Nr Lechlade
231	Oct	15 th	The Late Keith	Charlton Cat	Charlton Nr Upavon
232	Oct	29 th	MBA Mike	Swan Inn	Craven Rd, Lower Green, Inkpen
234	Nov	12 th	Kathrina	?	
235	Nov	26 th			