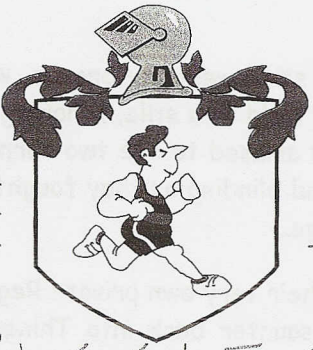


KENNELLEY HASH HARRIERS



Hash 256 - The George, Kempford, 16th September 2007

It's a long time since I have written one of these - in fact the 250th was the last I writ, back in June. In the meantime, there have been several sub-editors raising the bar, not the least of whom was Brian the Bold, whose edition had photos and even a pome (no map, tho). How can I match that? Should I simply retire? Should I let better men (have you noticed, it's never women) than me take up the baton? What's that? No! you all say. Oh, alright then, I'll carry on with the same old rubbish you all know and love...

Anyway, you may have noticed that I haven't turned up - no, I'm not late and still running. By the time you read this, I shall - or should - be on the top of Helvellyn, 3,000 feet up in the Lake District, around 27 miles into our 36-mile charity hike over 24x 2,400+ft mountains. And wishing I'd been Hashing round the Chutes!

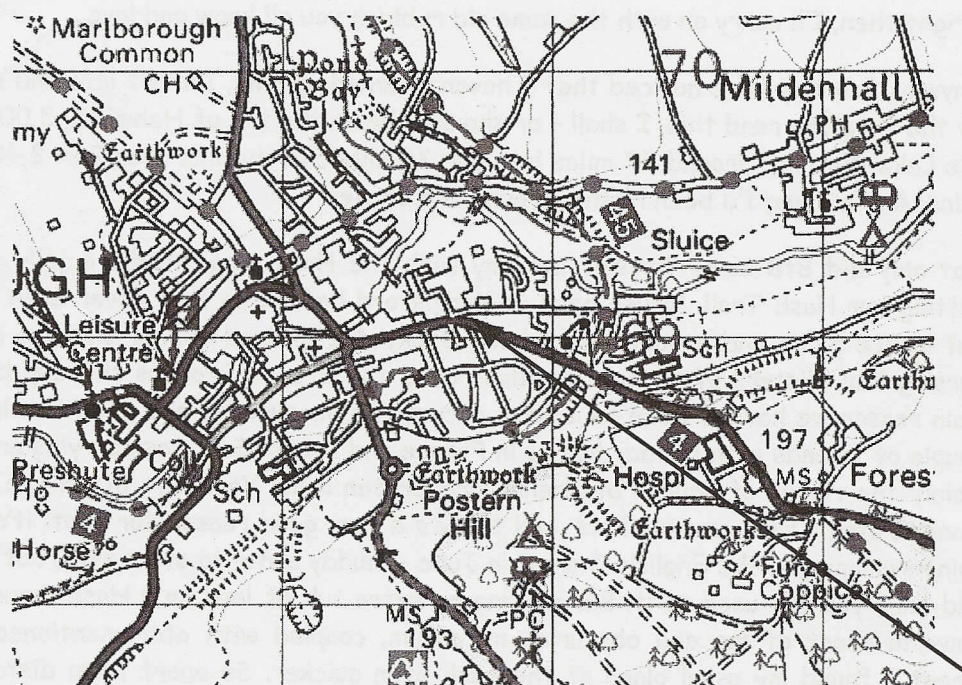
Not only did BtB cover himself in glory with the Hash Mag, he did a jolly good job of setting our Hash Trail. Never been to Kempford before, in fact never even heard of it, but a nice place and a good pub, where Becky & I arrived almost on time (No Katrina, nursing her blisters after our 15 miles round the Brecon Beacons the day before). The main reason we haven't been on a Hash recently is because we had been freeloading off a couple of friends with holiday homes in France and Crete. So I was carrying an extra 12lb, mainly the result of gallons of French and Cretan wine. You don't often see Greek - let alone Cretan - wine on wine lists, and there's a very good reason for that: it's rather like going swimming in the English Channel in June - bluddy awful to start with, but not quite so bad once you get used to it. But carting an extra tub of lard on a Hash, bouncing up and down in front of me and obscuring my vision, coupled with aforementioned Beaconing, meant I found my usual place at the back even quicker. So apart from distant views of Lady Margaret and MMF, I was all on my own, and had much more time to observe the beauties of the South Gloucestershire countryside without the distraction of puffing a conversation with a companion (Becky had soon tired of my snail's pace, and scooted off with the front Runners, whoever they were).

And beautiful it was indeed. Although there was a minor mystery, which I never solved. We spent much of the Hash running down what was quite clearly marked as 'The Thames Path' - but I was gubbered if I could see any water. Had we gone from flood to drought so quickly? I was just about to instruct my solicitor to mount an action under the Trades Descriptions Act, when at last we crossed the damn' thing at somewhere else I'd never heard of called Castle Eaton - pretty village, good-looking riverside pub, but possibly a bit paowsh for the likes of us riff-raff. It was about here - and getting on for an hour into the Hash - we came across the long/short divide, so plenty of time for MMF to get outside two or three pints before our Annie got back.

After 3 miles of tacking into a stiff westerly breeze, we headed north then east back towards Kempsting. I crossed a field to a stile, following the very clear trail of flour laid by our meticulous Hare, and was amused to see two former GOMs minning around at the other end of said field, effing and blinding as they fought their way out through a barbed wire fence. I suppose it's their age...

However, they soon after held their very own private Regroup, just for me, so I shan't be too rude about them. A short saunter back into Thingsford, a swift dousing with the gentlemen's fragrance, and into the pub garden for a bracing orange-juice and soda - a sop to the weight problem - before tucking into some decent bitter. We sat around, none too warm, in the last of the summer sun, waiting for the Walkers, who eventually turned up tired and possibly happy. GOM conducted the Sunday service praising BtB and wondering who the hell had the Horn and the rubber chickens...

Many thanks to Brian for an excellent Hash. Sorry about the poor quality of this Mag q:0(



Unforthcoming Hash Runs

257 - 30th Sept - The Cross Keys, Upper Chute - GOM

258 - 14th Oct - The Roebuck, Marlborough - Katrina

259 - 28th Oct - The Three Tuns, Great Bedwyn - The Late Keith

260 - 11th Nov - The Buggers Arms - Mad Mike Fisher

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or The Late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keithskip9@hotmail.com - website kvhash.mysite.orange.co.uk