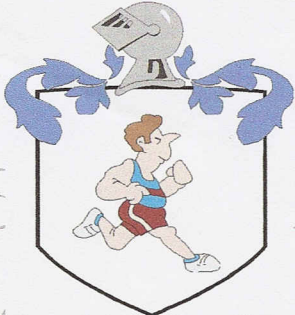


KENNALLEY
HASH USE
HARRIERS



Hash 280 - The Old Crown, Ogbourne St George - 3rd August 2008

I'm afraid we aren't having the privilege of another hash mag from Keith, since yet again he absented himself and so knows now't as to what happened (not that that has stopped him writing them in the past). In this case, he first went to Portugal, possibly to play cricket, then as soon as he was back, he whisked Kathrina off to Cornwall. I know he works a 9 day fortnight at present, with plans to reduce it to 8 and even less in the near future, but at this rate I'm unclear when he'll actually fit in any of his working days.

Recently we have been graced by the resurrection of the letter "e" and for this hash the letter "L" has come into its own, with the re-appearance of Linda, Laura and Lyn: Linda from travels in France, Laura, resting briefly in the UK after an 8 week camping tour of Europe (Iain apparently in Scotland visiting his maternal ancestor), and even longer time no see Lyn. In addition we had some new faces, mostly canine in nature, but including another St Georgian inhabitant (who it turns out was instrumental in selling Margaret's house to Laura).

Clive gave the hares' brief summary, assumed we all knew the signs, and then sent us off saying we'd all be back in around an hour - straight out of the village and onto the old Swindon-Marlborough railway line - now generally used for cycling, walking, horse-riding and even the odd hashing. On-on we went until eventually turning left and upwards, across the Ridgeway and onto the rolling Wiltshire countryside. By this time Ray had decided his gammy leg had got the best of him, and Laura was realising that fitness was eluding her, so it was a small re-group before moving on. With Kevin remarkably adept at choosing the correct trail at each check, we soon met up with our hares again. They warned us of boisterous bullocks ahead, and passing the long short divide we continued ever further on, passing a friendly free range goat and then reaching the field of cattle. Boisterous they certainly were, and following the arrows pointing directly into and along the side of the field, we searched in vain for the exit. GOM eventually found it after a near circumnavigation of the field, and with Kevin following and Mike bravely leading Madge and Jacqui across, we made it to safety.

Through woods, along tracks and faint footpaths, back across the Ridgeway then it was a long gentle scenic descent back down to the pub. Laura and Ray had already made it back with Max and his friend, having run the shorter course, and the walkers re-appearing sometime later.

As we sat outside under the canopy Pauline and Clive were roundly congratulated for a wonderful course. Odds are we'll be back there again very soon indeed.