

# KENIN LLEY HASE ISE HASHERS



## Hash 283 - The Inn with the Old Crown Well or something - Ogbourne St George - 14<sup>th</sup> September 2008

Our Hares this week were the long-lost Iain and Laura, who briefly escaped their *alter egos* of Phileas Fogg and Passepartout to lay us a Trail from the pub which had hosted some of us only a few weeks before. Iain had in fact recycled a previously cycled trail from 1999 (when he accompanied the Runners round on a bike), which I guess most of us will be doing as we run out of original options.

I was actually on time for once, which occasioned far less comment than my bronzed torso and the fact that I was there at all, having missed most of the 'summer' (and as you read this I am sailing from Falmouth to the Scilly Isles). But I hadn't forgotten how to Hash, and after a brief briefing from I&L on the Mongolian system of Trail marking, I slipped smoothly into last place as though I had never been away.

Last Place. I have to say a few words about this, for the benefit of the more recent Hashers, who may be forgiven for thinking that I am always at the back just because I'm a crap Runner. Not so, not so. Every Hash has a Grand Old Master, some have a Religious Adviser, and a few - like KVH<sup>3</sup> - have a Tail-End Charlie. The holder of this most responsible position is carefully selected for his or her speed, agility, sense of direction, fieldcraft, inter-personal skills, and knowledge of first aid. Because it's up to the TEC to round up those who go off-trail, to succour the wounded, kick out the unmarked circles and help the Walkers. And it's a funny thing, because Mad Mike Fisher, our first GOM, spotted my potential for this difficult task almost from my first Hash, and quietly asked me if I would mind the sniggers and insults from the uninitiated, and do the job - and Lady Margaret and JR both begged me to continue when they became GOM. How could I refuse? So next time you see me running slowly, or even walking, you will know that I am in fact scouring the land for lost or injured Runners, or examining the ground for stuff you have dropped - car keys, wallets, winning lottery tickets etc. It's a tough job, but someone's got to do it...

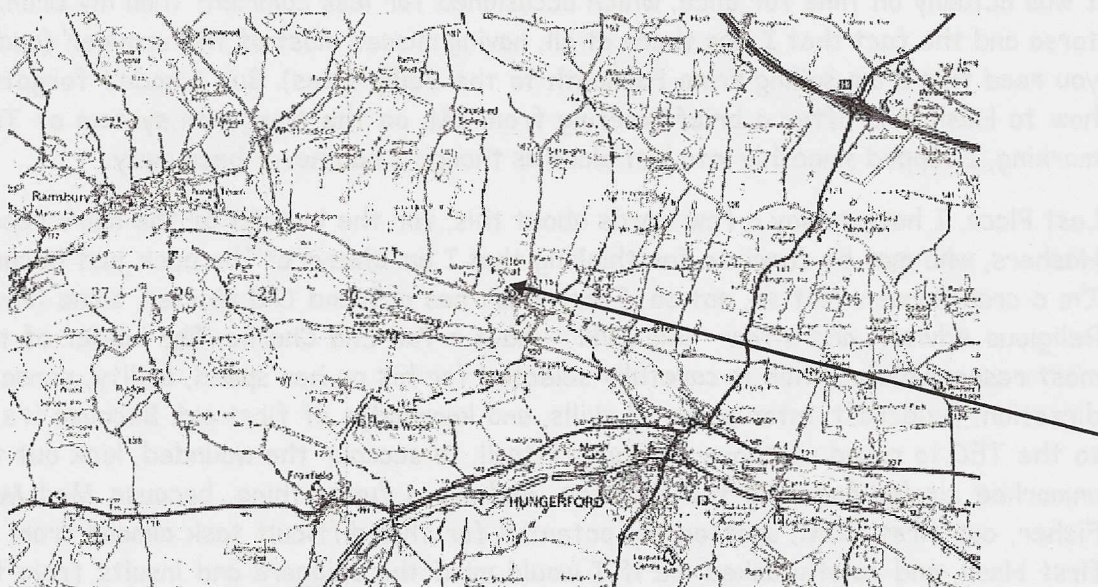
Iain's route took us out of and back into O-St-G three times at the start - and again, obviously, at the finish - which must be a record. The now-familiar Trail (to me, at any rate, having laid a near-identical one from here a few years ago) led us through the churchyard and on to a road marked with a curious sign - the one with the motor-bike parked on top of a car - which said "No entry except for access". Why on earth would you want to go into a road except to gain access? There isn't a notice on the other side saying "No exit except for egress". We then ran some meadows to Southend (no, not that one) before crossing the main road and up the only easy bit of Rew's Ridgeway



Relay. A steep plod up hill before bearing left then past an imposing newly-converted barn which was so remote it must have needed a 5x5 to drive to it. We then came across our gallant Hare, who seemed suspiciously busy with a bag of flour to guide us back down the hill into O-St-G. On the last quarter-mile, Margaret and Pauline rather unsportingly let me run past them, thus depriving me of my rightful position. I've no idea where the Walkers went, btw, but I suspect that Laura too may have done some last-minute flour arranging.

We all sat outside the pub in what passes for sunshine these days, and I soon began to wish I'd changed into something more substantial than shorts and Hash polo-shirt. However GOM gave a heart-warming and well-merited speech of thanks.

Advance warning - our Hash on 28<sup>th</sup> October is going to be polluted by the odious presence of the North Wilts Hash, known to us all as 'Those Scum'. There will however be *two* saving graces, viz the attendance of the gentlefolk from Churn Valley Hash, and the location - the Ramsbury Brewery. This is doubly good news, since by cutting out transport costs, publican's profit and excise duty, it means the beer will be 1p a pint; however GOM says there is a £10-00 charge to cover roast boar and wine. Please wear your 250<sup>th</sup> Hash polo shirts to raise the tone!



## Unforthcoming Hash Runs

284 - 28<sup>th</sup> Sept - The Golden Swan, Wilcot - Jackie&Ray

285 - 12<sup>th</sup> Oct - The Wheatsheaf, Chilton Foliat - GOM

286 - 26<sup>th</sup> Oct - Ramsbury Brewery - North Wilts Hogs

287 - 9<sup>th</sup> Nov - The Crown, Aldbourne - Brian the Bold

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bigger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email [jer@xyz.port995.com](mailto:jer@xyz.port995.com) or The Late Keith Mitchell on 01264 850841 email [keith@griffins.co.uk](mailto:keith@griffins.co.uk) - website <http://kvhash.bravehost.com>

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