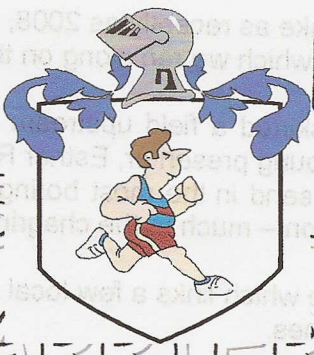


# KENNELLEY HASH HARRIERS



## Hash 321 - White Hart at Lynham - 28 February 2010

As we turned over in bed our hearts went out to Des and Paul who on this miserable morning were laying a doughy trail around a very wet Lynham. Even the airforce took to the hangers. However, some of us die-hards got out of bed in sympathy but there were those who belied the words that "*It never rains on a Hash*" and stayed in bed. Well, you missed a treat both on the Hash itself and in the pub afterwards!

And here is how it went . . . This was a blast from the past for Des as he was brought up in Lynham and his parents still live there. While waiting for *those-who-didn't-come* and *those-who-were-late* he told us about his grandfather's escapades during the war, and what to look out for on the run. Des and Paul did the usual routine with the flour but we did have an extra sign this time – for low flying aircraft!

The first lane we ran down was the pleasantly named Farthing Lane. Des's grandparents lived in a house near the top of the lane a few doors along the main road. Then a lovely run down to the fields at the bottom of the lane, known as Bailey's Hill. This is open access land and is protected for its flora. There were lots of spring flowers trying to burst out but this has been the coldest and wettest season for a decade – and at this rate there will be no daffodils for Mother's Day in a fortnight. . .

The stream at the bottom of Farthing lane, known as Lilleybrook, drains the Bradenstoke (cum Clack) and is mainly surface water drained from the camp. Aren't the names just amazing?

We crossed the first concrete bridge and turned right, then passed the crater where a bomb fell in the 2nd world war. Des's granddad put the fire out single-handed and ensured a life-time story. Further along we passed a spring at the bottom of the hill where Des's grandmother used to collect water as a young girl. She lived at Blind Mill just over the second bridge which crossed back over Lilleybrook and there was courted no doubt! The mill had two dwellings with an undershot raceway driving the water wheel and was owned by a family aptly named the Bakers.

Considering the early part of the morning it was remarkably dry underfoot until we entered the forest and ran along by the swollen Lilleybrook stream where it was truly precarious. It was good to see Jorge back with us again and the wonder was that he didn't slide away and drown in the river, that is until we found out he had special shoes! An expert, eh? And from that little observation Jeremy roped him in for the Ridgeway Relay in June . . . our GOM never misses a beat!

Later in the pub the landlady told us that in her young days there was a wooden bungalow at the lake and the village nurse 'Nurse Dexter' lived there, hence Dexter's



Lake. Des's father skated on the lake as recently as 2008, aged 76. The reservoir used to feed the Wilts and Berks Canal, which we ran along on the return part of the run.

On the final part of the run, we skirted a field upstream of Lilleybrook. Just over the road is the caravan site where a young presenter, Esther Ranson, debuted on Braden's Week. They ran a competition to send in the most boring postcard and a postcard of the caravan site won the competition – much to the chagrin of the owner.

Finally we got a little known rhyme which links a few local place names, some of which we may run through on future hashes.

White Cleeve, Pepper Cleeve, Cleeve and Clevancy,  
Lyneham, Lousy Clack, Cris Mavord and Da'tsey  
Sutton cut mutton and Brink'orth cut beef  
Lyneham for a liar and Clack for a thief.

But back to the runners. The usual group were out in front and set a strong pace, Kevin and Jorge, Jeremy and Colin, Maurice and John. They had soared ahead after a re-group in the forest. Yet, here's the magic of a Hash. When the elite group got back, sweating and harassed with the fierce pace who do we see at the pub only Vivien and Angie already changed and not glowing (women do not sweat or perspire) and bating the elite runners with taunts of "what kept you?" They refused, as only the entrenched righteous ever do, to acknowledge that they may have taken a short-cut or that the route was incorrectly sign-posted for women or that overt chatting might have distracted them, or many other suggestions that would have helped with compromise. And the outcome here is that the elite runners whispered among themselves that we should not prototype people but whether that entrenches a prejudice or is a lesson learned I leave to others to ponder.

And what a pub! We learned that the White Hart pub had watered several generations of Cole's. Des's grandfather was famously headlined as a 71,000 pint man in the Evening Advertiser in January 1977 when the Landlord threw an 81st birthday party for him. This number was calculated on the basis of about 3 pints a night from the age of 16 when he started drinking there until he was 81. Reputation is everything in Lynham!

The landlady told us stories and took our photo for their Facebook group. What a fantastic Hash and the first trail-setting for Des and Paul. Well done and thank you!!

### Fourth Becoming Hash Runs

322	14 Mar	Red Lion @ Castle Eaton	Kevin and Ann
323	28 Mar	Railway Tavern @ Hungerford	Jeremy
324	11 Apr	Blue Boar @ Aldbourne	John & Vivien
325	25 Apr	Horseshoe @ Mildenhall (BIG DAY!)	Margaret & Mike

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)

Website <http://www.kvhh.co.uk/>