



Hash 324 – Blue Boar at Aldbourne – 11 April 2010

This was a Hash that will be remembered for a very long time. The hares may wish that was not the case, but there it is. They must take comfort that the banter in the pub afterwards gave huge pleasure to everyone and they must take credit for that! But, I am running ahead of myself. The best way to describe this Hash is to start at the end when we got back to the pub.

Here are some quotes:

- Sunglasses won't work, Viv, we know who you are.
- When we got to Ramsbury we thought we were back in Aldbourne.
- I'm glad I wasn't a walker; that would have been hell.
- Some of the walkers are still struggling with the last four miles of their three mile walk.
- The fall-back plan was to get to the nearest pub and call a taxi.
- We followed the route. We didn't get lost. It was just the wrong route.
- It was good. [pause] I have been practicing that all the way back.
- And from an email later in the day from Jo and her family, first-time Hashers from Aldbourne: "Great fun! Thank you so much for inviting us. Catherine and Sam, Simon and I really enjoyed ourselves."

And in truth the last quote sums it up nicely. It was a great day's fun.

The least we can do now is ponder the polemic.

We started off well enough. It was a big group with several new faces from Aldbourne and Chiseldon. Just outside Aldbourne we had our first decision to make – continue as runners on the road for the "long" route or take a track to the left as walkers for the "short" route. But things are never as they seem.

The long route was up a fairly steep hill, over a hump and then another hill. There was no flour and as there was no deviating path that made some sense although out of character for John as a hare. In our enthusiasm we saw flour where there was none, more likely chalk ground by a car wheel, and we also decided that John had laid the route the evening before and the flour had been eaten away by animals. It is on such conjecture that diplomacy breaks down and great wars ensue!

After a couple of miles we decided we were on the wrong route and turned back. Half-way back we met the slower group who assured us they did not see signs for a deviation so we went back the way we had come and continued for another mile or so. Then we decided we were definitely on the wrong route and turned back the several miles.

When we came back to the long/short decision point, we tried each of the options and decided that the middle option was the short route and the further option was the return of the long route. I cannot tell you how many firm convictions on this Hash were so wrong! We made our way backwards on what we assumed was the return leg of the long route to see if we could deduce the long route and eventually found arrows pointing in the wrong direction, which worked of course, and circles that had been kicked out correctly but they showed the way forward whereas

we were looking for the way backwards. Are you still with me?

And so it went until we got back to Aldbourne and met the hares in the village. John said he couldn't possibly explain the whole thing yet another time, and Vivien was understandably upset by the loss of walkers and runners. "I was tempted to go home and cry. . . ."

So what did happen? Well, it is every hare's nightmare and so simple. The first short/long decision point was incorrectly marked and the runners went all over the place. The walkers, the poor walkers, ended up doing the long route to Ramsbury and got back very late. The feedback was that they really enjoyed the trail and the views and the budding bluebells . . . so maybe there is something here in future Hashes for the walkers.

Sitting outside the pub afterwards, when John and Vivien were not around, we did empathise with them, a reflective moment for ourselves as hares, no doubt. They, as we would have done, had scouted the route several weeks ago, pored over maps and scale, revisited the route again and then set the trail early that morning. There would have been conversations about the number of circles and the best display of different interests - wood, and hill, views and local fauna. There is significant time put into being a hare. And of course, we all remember our first time . . .

In case the reader thinks we may have gone soft, let the record note that when Vivien and John were in ear-shot we gave them serious banter as is only right and proper. They should also be grateful that Mike and Jeremy were not around to offer post-hash counselling!

While we were sitting outside on the village green two second-world jeeps with soldiers in US uniform from that period drove up. We told them the war was over and won which pleased them no end. We then suggested they help with a search party and they thought we were joking. It was that kind of day really!

Kevin was GOM as Jeremy was away and he gave a good summary and was both tolerant and lenient. He also asked Anne to pass on all our good wishes to Mike who is in hospital.

Des passed the hunting horn to John with the words: "It's not a case of presenting the horn as suggesting where to put it" Wonderful . . .

So, it was a beautiful day, everyone enjoyed themselves, we had a good run and walk and great banter in a lovely pub, the Blue Boar. Well done, Hares. It was a good recovery, and sure maybe you might even do it again!

By the way, for the record, Margaret did arrive back around two and half hours later . . .



Fourth Becoming Hash Runs

325	25 Apr	Horseshoe @ Mildenhall	Jeremy
326	9 May	Dumb Post @ Bremhill	Des
327	23 May		
328	6 Jun		Jackie and Ray
329	20 Jun	Ridgeway Relay	Jeremy

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
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