



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
327	The Inn with the Well	Ogbourne St. George	23 May 2010	Colin and John N	Maurice

This Hash had everything – it was hot, it was hard and it was high. Oh, and we had a really angry farmer and unrelated to that, Mike lost his shirt . . .

Colin was the hare and set the runner's trail, ably supported by John N who set the walker's trail. It wasn't their fault that they researched the area on cold days and we ran it when it was 26c. And it wasn't their fault that farmers sowed fast-growing crops that made the official paths disappear in a week. And it certainly wasn't their fault that "Mr. Angry and Frustrated" happened to live near the village. But add it all up and it was certainly eventful.

We had the briefing from Colin and as it was his first Hash as hare he was clearly anxious that it all went well. He told us he had lost his mobile on the run that morning so our first task was to phone it along a specified path. Needless to add we did but it didn't ring or Colin lost it elsewhere. This may not seem important but it was as you will read!

The runners headed off and the walkers went at their own pace, including Mike in that tattered old black t-shirt that he insists on wearing. Goodness, how embarrassing is it? We whisper behind his back and empathise with Anne but for a man who never wears jeans, one has to ask if he ever looks in a mirror. But here's the good news. When he passed by the Hotel in the village an African man from Mozambique stopped him and offered him a brand new Hash Harriers shirt that he wore on the St. Patrick's Day hash in Maputo and Mike offered him his t-shirt. Alleluia!! This of course is wrong on so many counts but later Mike said he had another raggy t-shirt at home. All we can do is pray for another African Missionary passing through Wiltshire in the near future.

The run itself was wonderful. The villages of Ogbourne St. George, Ogbourne Maizey and Ogbourne St. Andrew were idyllic. We headed into the country over a few stiles and across a field to another stile where a circle indicated three possible options. We closed down two quickly but the third was a mystery as it was unmarked across an obvious bridleway. In the middle of the field was a farmer who ranted at us from afar and then came across wanting to know who was in charge. GOM explained what we were doing. "Where is your map?" he shouted. "And why are you running? These are footpaths and not runpaths!" and "The path is one yard wide and you should stay on it and not wander." This, as you can imagine, is merely a summary of the rant. There was no point in arguing but it did bring back memories of Coleshill and the angry landowner whose face looked like his dog's arse (remember him?) However, this "baubles-in-his-mouth" farmer did not have a dog but he was followed closely by his herd of sheep. Say no more. He sent us across the field to a stile that was covered in nettles and brambles and that was clearly not the path. A phone call then to Colin but he had lost his phone, so to John then and he was sure that the bridlepath was correct. At this stage Mr. Angry drove over in his toy car and GOM had another word. The farmer, after much vision and no sound said "anything is negotiable" and agreed we

could follow the trail of his vehicle but “no running” and we got on to the original path. We reckon he rubbed out the flour dots before we got there.

Then later on in the run we crossed a recently planted field. Colin had told us the official path was overgrown by early sowing and to follow the pylons. We tried to double-guess him and got it wrong and then followed the pylons. Crazy runners! The trek took us up towards the Ridgeway and it was hot and exposed up there. Colin offered a detour that would take a mile off the run but nobody succumbed so no complaints were allowed at the end. Lots of sweat and swearing as we followed the trail, then back down and a lovely man brought out glasses of water for the stragglers and bottles for Colin to take on to those in front. This man’s smile and welcome and hospitality more than offset the early encounter.

Back at the pub we had cold drinks outside in beautiful sunshine. Kevin was not on the Hash and should have worn the green shorts so he was allocated them again! Izzy and Eleanor were seen by GOM taking a short-cut, a short-cut no less, and were awarded the bugle. We expect a duet from them at the next Hash! We had several new Hashers this time: Liz, Izzy and Jorge’s son, the youngest runner of all time!

So a big thanks to Colin and John. They set up a great and challenging trail with lots of talking points. I got this email from Colin which is well worth recording – it says everything about the man!

Maurice, very relieved my 1st hash is out of the way - now minus a phone but a much wiser man for it ! - why did no one warn me I needed to buy flour in bulk quantities and set out at daybreak?

I completed my good deeds for the day today - Firstly an email to the WCC footpath officer, complaining about the condition of the stiles over Farmer Angry's land and also the overgrown and fenced in bridleway that runs across his land. Secondly I dropped off a thank you note and 2 pints of finest ale, on behalf of the KVH, to the kind chap who watered us at our time of need in Ogbourne St Andrew on Sunday. Best Colin.

ON ONs

328	6 June	5 Bells @ Wickham	Jackie & Ray
329	20 Jun	Ridgeway Relay	Jeremy
330	4 Jul	Cross Keys@Upper Chute	Jeremy
331	18 Jul	Marlborough (pub unknown)	Anne & Kevin

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Maurice on 07887 608109

Email jmspillane@appligenics.com or visit our website <http://www.kvhash.co.uk/>