

Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
347	The Blowing Stone	Kingston Lisle	27 Feb 2011	Kevin	John

On a chilly morning, Kevin welcomed us with an introduction to some local history, which ranged from the associations of the village with Lord Raglan of Charge of the Light Brigade infamy in the Crimean War of 1854, back to The Battle of Ashdown and King Alfred the Great in 871.

The cold was starting to take its toll, when the discussion extended to whether the ultimate responsibility for the charge to the wrong guns was attributed to John Gielgud, Trevor Howard or indeed Captain Nolan. Confusion between the reality of 1854 and the film version of 1968 could be creeping in here. On the late arrival of the GOM, (he got lost) Kevin was tempted to repeat the history lesson, but a democratic vote fortunately persuaded him to change his mind.

The route took us from Kingston Lisle over muddy fields towards Westcot Farm and Sparsholt. After a short stretch along the road we had a long hill climb up to the The Ridgeway. Relief on reaching The Ridgeway was reduced as the way ahead was still a stiff climb. Finally, it was then all downhill to Blowingstone Hill and then across further muddy fields to Fawler. After the Manor House a sharp right took us back across the fields in the direction of Kingston Lisle.

One of the hazards Kevin told us about was the mud, and yes, it was very muddy and at one road junction completely flooded with water. The other hazard was that the long route took us in close proximity to a large bird scarer, which would have been quite alarming had it gone off when we were passing.

The chilly air gradually turned to rain, which Kevin tried to convince us was a 'figment of our imagination' as it is never known to rain on a hash; but then at the time he was feeling nice and cosy sitting in his car reading the paper!

The Blowing Stone, which can be found at the foot of Blowingstone Hill is a perforated sarsen stone allegedly used by King Alfred to summon his army for the great Battle of Ashdown in 871 where (apparently a rare event) the Christian forces of Wessex slaughtered the invading Danes. Blowing through the hole in the stone produced a booming sound which could be heard for a distance of six miles. This was attempted by Malcolm but all he achieved was a watery blowback.

Back at the pub, as well as enjoying fine ale, hospitality was extended to complimentary dishes of chips and roast potatoes which were well appreciated. Is this a start of a trend?

GOM extended the customary thanks to Kevin for a well organised, delightful hash over countryside that few of us had ventured to before. Nothing has been heard of the Hunting Horn or the Green Running Shorts so unfortunately neither could be presented.

