



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
360	The Sun Inn	Coate, Swindon	31 July 2011	Olly	Mike

'Meet at the Coate Water car park' says GOM and I thought "blimey there's a challenge - there's only about nine car parks at Coate, I'd better get there early". So I got there first and stood in the nearest car park to the pub and everyone joined me there. I say 'everyone' but there were only seven of us – two walkers, Val and Robin, and five runners, Vivien and John and Keith and Margaret and me. It would have been nice to have a few more there to enjoy Olly's hash because it was a brilliant first trail. It all started when Olly said that the long was 4.6 miles and I thought "Fantastic – a one-hour hash. This man is a natural" and my view was confirmed as the trail went on.

There was lots of variety and interest as we ran across the fields to the motorway, up and over that bridge with the helter skelter at each end and on through the wild bit around Chiseldon. The trail was clearly marked with the smallest signs you have ever seen – if you put a pound coin on top of a typical on-on you wouldn't see it. There was a reason for this. Olly had set off to lay the trail with only about 8 ounces of flour so despite bijou trail markings he ran out halfway round and had to run back to the start, cycle home to get more flour and then back to where he'd left off. And he was still back to meet us at ten to eleven. You've got to be young and fit for that sort of thing.

Where were we – oh yes, in the wild bit – no breeze, getting very warm in the hot sun, soaked in sweat – running down into that steep valley near Hodson and then scrambling up through dense undergrowth to the fields at the top. Lovely breeze there though and once on the flat Margaret and John were off like Olympic athletes. We'd kept together up to that point so we all galloped along to catch up with them which we just managed to do as we hit the Hodson road. It was downhill then over the motorway and on to the Broome Manor end of Coate Water - all of us running amazingly well. Then we came across the field in which Olly had warned were a few peaceful cows. John and Keith went into the field first and were immediately surrounded by a huge herd of galumphing great bullocks charging about. Maybe I am getting over cautious in my old age but I suggested that it might be safer going round this particular field and everyone agreed.

So on into Coate and a lovely gallop around the lake to the finish where we were welcomed in by Olly and GOM and Fiona. We all came in more or less together in a fraction over the hour and I was very impressed. To set any trail as good and enjoyable as that is something to be proud of and particularly so when it's your first. Thank you Olly and well done.

We heard that Dee and Jonathan had arrived late and were still out on the trail so Olly went out to look for them while we went on to the pub – only to find them sitting in the pub garden supping ale. So we joined in and Olly joined in a bit later having been round the trail yet again. All very pleasant sitting in a pub garden on a hot summer's day with friends. GOM was not there officially and so Vivien thanked Olly for his splendid trail and then launched an enquiry into why the bags and the bugle were once again not available for presentation. What a good Hash.