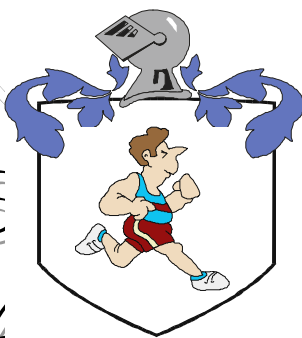


# KENN LLEY HAS SE HARRIERS



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
363	The Daneway	Sapperton	11 Sep 2011	Margaret & Liz	Maurice

This was emphatically Ladies Day – two classy hares, a well dressed bag lady and a graceful swan.

Kathy wore the bags and her colours were perfectly coordinated even to her toe nails. If any of us were capable of a wolf whistle this would have been the moment!

We hadn't been to The Daneway for several years and after today it is certainly worth a re-visit in the nearer future. Margaret and Liz were hares and set a wonderful hash. You know it is going to be good when the hares are smiling, congratulating themselves, preening themselves in fact, as a job well done. If the runners and walkers don't enjoy themselves, well, too bad. And how right they were.

We started out the back-door of the car park and followed meandering paths through the wood. It was firm underfoot despite the rain during the week, then a testing ascending trail through the trees. When we got to the top a wide field opened out into a wonderful vista of rolling pastures under a clear sky. Like running out of darkness into light – a sudden surprise, we stopped, milled by the stile and there were smiles all around.

We met Margaret and Liz at one point, a bit after we had difficulty following the trail. Mike muttered that Margaret had probably laid that part as she is parsimonious with her flour. Really, I asked? And he kept us going for some time with stories of Margaret and flour. . . with a memory like that he is not a man to cross. When we met Margaret and Liz they were enjoying a cup of tea, but not sharing. Poor show that!

The trail continued through the fields, up and down with little deviations into and out of woods. At one point the second group, including me, met the faster runners coming back after heading down a false trail – Margaret's bit again no doubt.

I was invited to lead into the woods for some clever exchange that clearly back-fired on me and off we went as a pack. It was one of those "chariots of fire" moments, a gentle decline and an increasing pace along a wandering firm path.

There is something about running fast through a wood when you can't see around the next bend and I had one of those heady moments where I felt I was running so fast I could not be caught until Keith puffed into my shoulder: "there must be a bloody circle soon so we can slow down!" There wasn't a circle for some time and the lead pack of Keith and me, Kevin and John just kept going at a cracking pace. We did have a few more circles that gave us our breath back and then out through a tight gap in the bushes and suddenly we were at the pub – what a wonderful surprise that was! Margaret and Liz came along in their little car and were beaming with pleasure – and they had every right to be. It was a wonderful hash.

And then Kathy came back into play . . . She passed the bags to Rita for “going down so elegantly like a dying swan chin first without losing her glasses.” I have had that in slow motion in my head all week - walkers clearly have all the fun.

But first she had to get the bags off and there was only one way to do that. We cleared the table and cheered her with hand-clapping as she tossed her tassels. Blokes are not good at two things at once but Kathy is adept at three - dancing, wriggling to remove the bags and talking endlessly.

She complained about the bags being “very difficult to remove with all these pockets inside to retain men’s bits” all to appropriate gyrations and then the finale that “they now have my DNA.” The landlord came out and was heading our way (obviously a health and safety concern) as the dance ended. It was a first class performance and Robin’s pictures captured it for the web site!

We had good crack in the garden with riposte and repartee and I have to admit the other doyens, Annie and Viv, were in cracking form in giving better than they got. We were there longer than usual. It was the fault of the two hares. It took Liz about an hour to eat her meal – obviously not good at managing chat with chow. And we had to wait while Margaret loaded the unused flour into her car. Those bags of flour should be good for another forty hashes . . .



#### ON ONs

365	9 Oct	The Ivy @ Heddington	Des
366	23 Oct	Buggers Arms	Viv & John
367	6 Nov	The Tunnel House Inn @ Coates, Cirencester	Keith

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 608019

Email [mspillane@appligenics.com](mailto:mspillane@appligenics.com) or visit our website <http://www.kvhash.co.uk/>