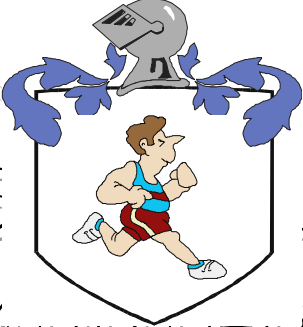


KENNALLEY HASSE HARRIERS



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
366	The Blue Boar	Aldbourne	23 Oct 2011	David	Brian and Elizabeth

Brian – As usual I had underestimated how long it would take to drive to the hash pub and arrived just after eleven relieved to see my fellow hashers still gathered and mingling outside. I have wondered what is the collective noun for a group of hashers? If we have a cast of actors, a crew of sailors, a panel of experts, a choir of singers, etc, etc, what about hashers? Since the next hash is mine (The Bell Hotel, Faringdon) I set you all the task of coming up with the most appropriate name (witty, rude, apt) for a group of hashers. I propose a “trail of hashers”. I’m sure you could all do better.



Elizabeth – Hi everybody. It's Elizabeth here and this is my first paragraph, guess how old I was when Uncle Mike started the hash? Wrong I wasn't even born but I have been hashing since I was about 6 months old....I remember it clearly, being passed about, people saying silly things like "awh! you're so cute" or "coooweee." Now I'm a seasoned hasher!

Brian – Okay, okay, the hash as I remember it. David was the hare and he gave what was undoubtedly the best pre-hash talk I'd heard all morning and if I'd paid any attention at all I'd have enjoyed it even more. Having been pointed in the right direction, off we set. Since I'd been suffering from a seasonal cold that week I decided to join the walkers. It was a good decision. The early part of the hash took us past the church and along a quiet lane of country houses,

Elizabeth – We started walking for a couple of seconds and there's mum jabbering on again about her silly foot (she broke her foot on holiday and this is her first walk since it's healed.) "what's going to happen if this happens" or "I'm concerned about uneven ground." I wasn't listening!

Brian – The village ended abruptly and we were in countryside. A turn to the right and we were climbing. The runners had long since disappeared into the distance and even most of the walkers were ahead of us. Us? Iole, Elizabeth and myself. The climb was a long one but we were not in a hurry. About half way up I turned to look at the view. It was magnificent. The rolling Wiltshire Downs. It would have taken my breath away my breath away had not my cold and the climb already done that.



Elizabeth – We went past a farm (we don't know what the farm was called) and we found some strange looking animals. They were called Vicunas, Myself and Brian thought it was an Alpaca. Mum thought it was a Llama but we all got it wrong so we lost but David won. He said it was a Vicuna. This picture also shows how cute they are and they look similar.

Brian – and then we were back at the pub. On such a sunny day we all sat outside. Navy Mike did the honours of thanking the Hare for a lovely trail. A scribe was requested and after a short silence and shuffling of feet Elizabeth volunteered the both of us. There was, apparently, some whining by those who cannot follow a trail. Those who have long experience of hashing know that no hash is complete without a little post hash whining. The usual things like 'I was out of my depth and cannot swim' or 'they weren't cows that chased us' or 'why didn't you tell us about the electrified fences' or 'a farmer shot at us' - just small insignificant things that make hashing joyous. For me it was a lovely walk with lovely views so thank you David and when you do another I might come along again.

Elizabeth- I thought it was a lovely hash, in fact it was the best hash I went on all day.

This is Elizabeth's first editorial – It's good isn't it? Signed: Elizabeth (Brian helped too!)