

# KENNALLEY HASSE HARRIERS



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare	Scribe
375	The Duke	Hilmarton	19 Feb 2012	Des	Brian

I arrived unintentionally early (for me) at The Duke in Hilmarton. A relatively unknown part of the local countryside to myself so I was surprised how quickly it took to get there. A small gathering of hashers who were, for the most part, more sensibly dressed for the cold than me mingled in the small pub car park.

The hare was Des, who fortunately did not waste much time in gathering us around to give his pre-hash talk and pointed the way. Having barely left the village we turned right (west) into open, wet, countryside. Although cold, the sun was doing its best to break through the clouds and for a while we were running on a slight decline on short wet grass and it was extremely pleasant. We crossed Cowage Brook and continued north westwards though now on an incline. Jeremy had brought both of his dogs Poppy and Noodle. At one point I was aware of Noodle overtaking me with his lead trailing behind. With a little difficulty I caught him and ran with him leaving Jeremy with just Poppy. This was part beneficial as I was being pulled along and part unrewarding as I was often being pulled in directions I did not want to go. Hence the four of us (twelve legs between us) were towards the back. Not quite the back as I knew Mike and Margaret were behind us though I could not see them despite the magnificent view.

We passed close to an off-road diving area which I believe is called Stockwell Marsh. There seemed to be about twenty off-road Landrovers and suchlike having fun skidding around in the mud. Not my kind of fun of course.

We were at this point at the furthest end of the hash and turned eastwards with Catcombe Wood to the south and Lynham airfield to the north. I gave Noodle back to Jeremy. The runners ahead, Vince, Hannah, Paul and Keith were still in sight and the track was smooth and comfortable. I was enjoying the run. I caught Paul and then Keith, we chatted, then I ran on. I became deeply lost in private thoughts. I

then became deeply lost as in lost without flour or hashers ahead or behind. After twelve years one would think I'd cottoned on to the idea of following flour.

Anyway after much back tracking I found the correct trail. I was now behind a few of the walkers including Annie and Kathy who I overtook (greeting them as I did so) and resumed my detached musings. In this state of pensive pondering I managed to .....get lost once more. Re-track, overtake Annie and Kathy once more. Slipping back into my reflections and contemplations....I.....got lost once again. This required overtaking Annie and Kathy once more, but I said nothing this time. I did though catch up with Mike and Margaret. For those who actually persevered reading this far will remember at one point they were far behind. Des, we did have a little trouble finding flour in that last mile. Actually we didn't find any, but as advised we headed towards the church.

In The Duke the atmosphere was good, the beer was excellent and everyone agreed it was a thoroughly enjoyable hash. Sorry I cannot remember who got the horn, but I was awarded the shorts by John for getting lost.



<b>Fourth Becoming Hash Runs</b>			
377	4-Mar	Bull Hotel @ Fairford	Brian
378	18-Mar	The Red Lion @ Baydon	Maurice
379	1 Apr	Blue Lion @ Colingbourne Ducis	Colin