

Hash 245 - The French Horn, Pewsey - 29Th April 2007

Funny thing. I was out for a run the Tuesday after the French Horn Hash - from my place up one side of the Kennet to Mildenhall, and back down the other side - and I came across the clearest signs of the North Wilts Hash. No, not discarded copies of *The Sun* and empty beer cans, but a check-back preceded by no less than 4 blobs of flour, and eventually a badly-spelled 'On Inn' sign. It seems like a long time since we have seen their knuckles trailing along the ground on one of our Hashes; I almost miss them.

Sunday 29th April turned out to be a fine July day - was it only in March that K2 had to alter his trail due to waterlogging? We crowded into the car-park of the French Horn, and despite parking 3 deep, 3 wide and 3 high we still managed to upset the surly landlord, but no matter. Our Hares, the debonair and mysterious Steve, and the fragrant Lady Margaret, gave us precise instructions [I've no idea how far it is - Steve] and we were off, east along the canal, with the wholly inexplicable sight of TLK out in front until lack of confidence and stamina saw him back in his rightful place. GOM had been held back by some arcane handicapping system - possibly the lack of dog to drag him round - but a pair of green-clad limbs sped past me as he sprinted up to join Mabel and K2 in the lead.

Drawn on by the very occasional blob of flour (you'd think that two people would lay twice as much, not half as much), we eventually turned north towards the Marlborough Downs. A quick turn to the west just before we had to think about hill-climbing, and we were nearly home. Just as we met the Walkers, some evil, twisted, malignant force sent the Runners 350 ft up to Giant's Grave – which might have been renamed Steve's Grave had the aforementioned evil etc been there at the time, because there at the top was a bluddy arrow pointing us back down the way we had come. Katrina was very vociferously unamused...

Back across the Pewsey road, past the pub in Oare whence we had Hashed just a few weeks before, and then south through some beautiful parkland towards Stowell - where I got hopelessly lost but was rescued by the Walkers, for which many thanks. But not as lost as MMF, the Brigadier and Katrina, who, chattering as usual instead of watching out for that scarce commodity - flour - managed to avoid the pretty run in and out of the trees alongside the canal, and contrived to finish even after me.

Grumpy landlord notwithstanding, our enjoyment of sitting out in the sunny garden for the après was spoilt only by MMF wittering on for the umpteenth time about some stroll he'd had through London on the previous Sunday. GOM then spoilt some innocent customers' Sunday dinner by announcing lots of stuff; various garments, chickens and musical instruments doled out, and most importantly, the Hares were deservedly and profusely thanked well done Steve & Margaret!

Please do not forget to book your place for the 250th Hash celebrations at the Check Inn, Wroughton, on the evening of 23rd June - the night before the Big Event. Please see Lady Margaret asap to pay your twenty quid - strictly limited to 40 places.

Please do not forget to order your 250^{th} Hash polo shirt - navy blue, gold embroidery, cost around £12-50. There will be no spare stock - made to order only - see TLK asap, as order has to be in soon. Only one Walker has ordered so far!

