

KENNELLEY HASHISE HARRIERS



Hash 264 - The Kingsdown, Stratton - 6th Jan 2008

The Editor has received many requests from his elderly readers to issue a Large Print version, like wot they do down the Library. Apparently the clientele are all blind as bats without their NHS specs, and have to get their wife and/or servant to read it to them in the bath when they get home. So here we are - the Braille version follows soon...

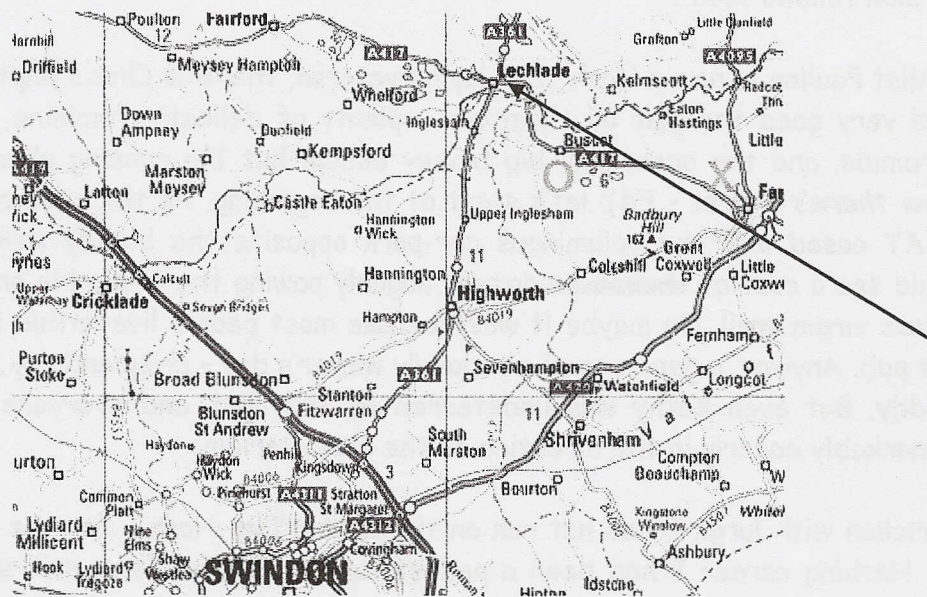
Whilst Pauline is now a Hash trail-laying veteran, this was Clive's baptism of flour. And very good the pair of them are - plenty of delicate, feminine, floury little pyramids, and the occasional big blokey dollop. But I'm running ahead of myself [now *there's* a first - Ed]; let's start at the beginning. As the cool, contemporary SEAT eased into the voluminous car-park opposite the bluddy Arkells pub, we could see a cast of ~~thousands~~ dozens eagerly pawing the ground in anticipation of Clive's virgin trail. Or maybe it was because most people live within 5 minutes of the pub. Anyway, a good crowd on a lovely winter's day - crisp and dry, if somewhat muddy. But even Kathy was undeterred by the mud, and everyone headed off remarkably eagerly in the direction of the crematorium.

Stricken with lurgi, I had not run on the Boxing Day Hash - for the first time in my Hashing career I had been a pedestrian, and today I was still suffering the after-effects (admittedly not helped by a lifetime's drink and debauchery, especially the night before). Thus it was I fell into last place with more than usual alacrity. As I plodded along the pavement, I was overcome with admiration for Mad Mike Fisher as he strode out nobly in the lead, his sculptured body, grace and athleticism an object lesson to us all. You'd never guess he is 103. But the other pensioners too were running well, determined not to be outdone by Max, a mere two generations younger than everyone else.

We soon turned left into a sort of bonsai forest - all the trees about 5ft tall - where, if my memory is not what it used to be, MMF led us round when his Hash was hijacked from the Carpenters Arms. But we - well, they, followed at a considerable distance by myself - swept further north, and then east to Stanton Fitzwarren. By this time I had lost sight even of Steve's day-glo yellow beanie, but the trail was well laid, so I could not blame my sloth upon getting lost.

However, I was not to complete the entire circuit on my tod. That great gentleman Brian the Bold was waiting for me at the gate of the Stanton Country Park, where the Health and Safety officers were also stood, terrified that I was going to sue there arses if I slipped on the prevailing ice. BtB and I gently wove our way through the very pleasant park, and through the Walkers as we got in sight of the On Inn sign. Apparently we missed a slight detour back to the crematorium, BtB kicked his heels and sprinted the final half-mile, and we all wound up happy and contented in the pub. This was such a pleasant place that I even warmed slightly towards the beer, which maybe is not quite so carp as it was twenty-five years ago when I first spat it out.

GOM made his usual fluent speech of thanks, and much Hash regalia changed hands - I forget who got landed with what. And I should like to thank Pauline and Clive for taking us through yet more attractive parts of Wiltshire that I guess most of us were unfamiliar with. Well done!



Unforthcoming Hash Runs

265 - 20th Jan - The Trotting Horse, Bushton - Jackie and Ray

266 - 3rd Feb - The New Inn, Lechlade - Mad Mike Fisher

267 - 17th Feb - The Coopers Arms, Pewsey - The Late Keith

268 - 2nd Mar (10th Anniversary!) - Radnor Arms, Coleshill - Brian the Bold

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bigger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or The Late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keithskip9@hotmail.com - website kvhash.mysite.orange.co.uk