



Hash 301 - The Radnor Arms, Colehill - 24 May 2009

This Hash was laid by Brian, and in fairness it wasn't his fault! But more about that later . . .

The trail itself was wonderful. We had a wave from Sir George Martin, no less, who once made coffee for Anne, which sent us on our way. Then off through the grounds of the National Trust on the most glorious of days. We trampled through buttercups and over stiles and Brian said we were now entering Oxfordshire which should have set off danger signals. On through pastures where we disturbed mad dashing hares and a wonderfully sleek buck deer. Conversation vied with bird song and everyone was in great spirits.

Until Clive, that is, took a sharp turn to the right ahead of the pack and was set upon by a very large man, stripped to his waist and very red from sunburn. He had a menacing dog lead in his hand and directed a large Doberman towards Clive. "You are on my land and you had better get off and quick!" Clive apologised which in the man's fury was taken as a "negative attitude" and it escalated in man-speak from there. Maurice came along next and apologised again and this was taken as a "positive attitude" but the farmer would not relent on right of way. Clive ignored him and went ahead while the rest of us turned back along the path and decided to find an alternative route. Big mistake!

The alternative route involved traversing two wide fields, over barbed wire fences, through masses of nettles and other invasive stingers. We stopped for breath and pondered on why Wordsworth wrote about "Daffodils" and not about "Nettles" but that was just an excuse to get our bearings. Well, we never did find our bearings.

The women sat down in the grass while the men, in the natural order of things, went off to find a way out of the fields without the women being torn to pieces by English hedge. There was no way out and we ended up on a circuitous track back towards the farmer's place when we saw the women running ahead. How did that happen?

Some of the walkers and Brian were already there and were disputing the farmer's right of way, without the farmer or the Doberman it should be said. We decided we would walk as a closely-knit group along his path and see what

would happen. Brian then noted that there was another public path, as confirmed later by Clive via the farmer's wife (this is complicated), that did not run through his property. In truth we got past the house and just ran.

Conversation struck up again – we could see the church spire of Coleshill from afar and spirits were high.

There were two memorable events on the way back. Keith tripped over a small rock and splattered himself on the path and we laughed – a very cruel way to release tension. And John came out with the statement: "Every false trail I took today was the correct one." He is now an honorary Irishman – even I couldn't better that one.

Back to the pub, a lovely place, after 91 minutes where we said really nasty things about the blob of a farmer and his four Dobermen and the two guns he carried and his poor wife and the fact that he dribbled . . .

We need a new hash sign for angry farmers. "Oik" comes to mind but let's open it up - any contributions? There's a bag of flour for the winner.

Fourth Becoming Hash Runs

303	21 Jun	Ridgeway Relay		GOM
304	5 Jul	Patriot Arms	@ Chiseldon	Jackie and Ray
305	19 Jul	White Heart	@ Oare	Jeremy

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; Email Website