

KENNELLLEY HASSE HARRIERS



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare	Scribe
377	Red Lion	Baydon	18 March 2012	Olly	Liz/Hilary

Dinner plus Hash at the Red Lion at Baydon. Hare – Olly. Scribe – Liz (with a tiny bit of help from Hilary)

Well, what can we say about our Hash Dinner at the Three Horseshoes, in Mildenhall?! What an evening in a room filled with happy chatter and laughter from our hash runners and walkers.

For those of us who attended, might I say ‘Don’t we all brush up well without walking boots, shorts etc?!’ Viv in her glitter top and a very stylish Kathy Thomas. Shirts, dickie-bow ties and very smart shirts and dinner jackets worn by the men, looking amazingly smart. We say – ‘Britain’s got talent!’

What talent we have amongst our Hash group members, starting with Mike’s ‘Gunner Joe’ Stanley Unwin monologue. When forgetting a line, Annie kindly reminded him – what a great team they are.

Maurice, our GOM, read one of his own poems about the trauma of living with a left-handed wife only to discover that half the room was left-handed! Then Brian’s song about the Irish labourer – what a comedian we have amongst us! Not forgetting the very stylish Kathy Thomas reciting a poem about someone about to receive their state Pension, written by Pam Ayres. The point of the poem was that we can’t possibly be anywhere near retirement age, can we?

Keith added an Irish song, ‘Wild Rover’ (which we all enjoyed singing along to) to remind us of St Patrick’s Day. I think he’s not far off from being a rock star.

Thanking John for his brilliant song with a tune to ‘Yesterday’ and lyrics adapted along the lines of: ‘Hashing Days / When all our troubles seem so far away / Now we’ve done 2,000 miles and more / Do I believe in hashing days?’, and the even more lyrical second verse. ‘Suddenly I’m only half the man I used to be / Footsore now instead of fancy free / Steep hills that really bugger me.....’

Plus we loved the chorus adapted from The Sound of Music to the tune of 'Raindrops on Roses' – 'When the knees creak / When the hill's steep / And the mud is thick / We simply remember our favourite hash / And then we don't feel so bad....'

We even didn't feel bad assembling the next morning for the morning-after-the-Hash-dinner-the-night-before-Hash! It really was a good turnout, all things considered, with lots of chattering about the evening's entertainment.

Lovely morning for a hash today, I thought. I knew I was heading in the right direction to meet for our Hash at the Red Lion; I recognised Des's legs cycling along the B4192 to Baydon!

Greeting every one after the night before, still chattering about our evening of good food and entertainment, we set off and Annie decided she wouldn't bother to take her walking poles. The runners certainly didn't need any help in the propulsion department, as they were off like a streak of lightning and we slowcoach walkers didn't see them again until we met up much later in the pub.

Off we went past a stable yard and a field with jumps, and a type of indoor / outdoor horse carousel but with real, as opposed to painted plastic, horses. Opposite them behind some gates we heard and saw the barking of some dogs, then it was off along a track and past a water tower on the right.

Malcolm took a picture of a derelict one storey building without really knowing what it was, but then research later proved that it formed part of the local airfield used during the Second World War. Further along we had good views passing the Membury Mast and in the distance you could see more of the old Membury airfield, now used for light aircraft.

At one point Annie, in a very fetching dazzling pink jacket, fell into a conversation with Hilary about her forthcoming clothes party.

Hilary apologised that she was all shopped out this month, and needed to rein in her clothes spending. Whereupon Annie came out with a simply classic line delivered in a truly deadpan, matter of fact way, confirming once again gender stereotypes, by simply saying:

'I know what you mean (about it being difficult to say no to a nice line of clothing) – I went to TK Maxx yesterday to buy a door mat.....and I came home with a dress.'

Further fine views ensued and then we dropped down along the edge of a hillside, a little unsure of the route but with a large herd of alpacas (much debate as to whether they were in fact llamas) to our right. Another track, again to the right then proved to be full of very large and deep puddles and Malcolm made swimming motions, perhaps wondering if the runners had tried this method of making their way through.

A little later we came across the indicator for the short / long route split. Much debate again, this time regarding the shape of the S, the shape of the L, and which the heck way was the short route?!

More alpacas and we were on the home straight, up a little lane past a house with an elaborate garden gate decorated with pebbles. These were made up to form the name of the house, 'Emerald Gate' and it was only a short distance from there to the pub and our eventual regrouping with the storm-troopers aka runners.

The shorts were duly passed on to Des from Brian, but the horn was retained by Kathy who is apparently still polishing it.

Thanks were given to Olly for a cracking Hash, and plans were discussed for our summer weekend in Ironbridge. On on!



Fourth Becoming Hash Runs

380	15 Apr	Buggers Arms	WALKERS
381	29 Apr	Buggers Arms	Keith
382	13 May	Buggers Arms	Jeremy
383	27 May	Buggers Arms	Mike