



KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Mag No 064 - Sunday 30th July 2000 - The Banks Arms at Studland Bay

Today's run by the seaside will go down as one of the great runs of hashing history. The run itself was challenging and fascinating and with all the fun of a picnic and the delights of the beach in the warmest and sunniest day of the year as well - this was a hash to be remembered.

Your scribe set off early knowing that Studland was going to be a popular place that Sunday and arrived with 40 minutes to spare. Most of the hash did the same but there were a few - who shall be nameless (but new runner Paul Tracey was prominent among them) - left it a bit late, got stuck in the traffic and found themselves late and looking for a trail which even the experienced old hands had difficulty with. They lost it and had to run their own which was a pity as the real trail was so good.

The early birds gathered opposite the pub in hot sunshine ready for a briefing by Margaret and Dave. Margaret made us roar with laughter when she told us that she had laid tons of flour along the beach that morning and was surprised and irritated when the bloody tide came in and washed it away. A lively briefing and then we were off down towards the beach. The place was already beginning to fill with hundreds of holidaymakers with the same idea and we dodged in and out of surfboards and inflatable ducks for a bit. The beach was just like the Mediterranean with girls in bikinis and gin palaces anchored just off shore. We ran for miles along the beach and it was exhilarating stuff with the sun high in the sky and the sea a glittering blue. It was hard work though on the soft sand - and we kept falling over sandcastles and things as we were distracted by the nubile topless. The view changed as we ran further along the beach into the naturist bit. I would not recommend a visit though, as there was only one attractive body on that part of the beach - and that was mine (sorry about that - I always think the old jokes are the best).

We found a huge arrow that had not been washed away by the tide which led us off the beach and into the dunes. The sand was even softer here and really hard work to run on and the temperature out of the sea breeze was about 90. Not altogether surprising therefore that one or two of the runners slowed down a bit. On through a little wood with blessed shade and then out onto a road. It was here that the trouble started. Margaret had put an arrow pointing off the road into a scrubby hinterland, but some thoughtless person had parked his car over the arrow and so we went for miles down the road without seeing a single bit of flour. Doubling back to the last flour we spread out and searched in all directions for a trail. It took about 20 minutes but finally Steve found an on-on and there was a huge shout of joy as we got back on track. After about an hour we crossed a road and there were Dave and Margaret with a drinks station. We all needed that.

On again through the blazing heat to the part of the trail that had been laid by Dave (Margaret did the first half). The trail was clear and bold and we ran through countryside that was completely different from our native Wiltshire. There were some fascinating false trails and circles too - positioned in a way designed to fool even the most experienced hashers amongst us. This led to more running down false trails than you could shake a stick at, but it was huge fun and everybody was together. The trail led in a great loop around the countryside at the back of the bay and on through sand dunes again to the village and the pub. It took us a fraction under two hours to run but it was a marvellous trail full of interest and truly worthy of the occasion.

We were a bit fragmented after the run as the crowds were about ten deep by this time but the majority had a pint in the pub garden (and watched a display of tap dancing which was very nice), had a picnic and silly games in a field behind the pub and then went down to the beach for a swim and a loaf for the rest of the afternoon. GOM thanked the hares for a great run and they got an appreciative round of applause. Very well done.

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| 066 | 27 th August | The Three Tuns at Great Bedwyn | GOM |
| 067 | 10 th September | The Royal Oak at Bishopston | Jeremy |
| 068 | 24 th September | The Plough at Wanborough | Napoleon |
| 069 | 7 th October | To be arranged | Richard |

If you would like to lay a trail (or find out where the hash is) please give me - Grand Old Master (GOM) - a call on 01672 871374 (Home) or 01793 481220 (Office) or Email at mjf@mfisher.co.uk