



KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Mag No 071 - Sunday 5th November 2000 - The Railway Tavern Hungerford

You will no doubt be pleased to hear that your Grand Old Master is back !
And you will also no doubt be unsurprised to hear that after 9 weeks of hobbling around with a dysfunctional knee I am delighted to be back with you.

Enough of this maudlin sentimentality and on with the great adventure that was Keith M's run from the Railway Tavern.

For the record this is a time when half of England is underwater following torrential rain for the past few weeks and poor Keith - the man who would never dream of running on the hash if there was even a chance of rain - had to lay the trail in driving icy rain in the semi-darkness of a winters morning. I cannot remember him actually saying however that he had enjoyed the experience.

Numbers were down a bit with only 5 runners and about 10 walkers so we were pleased to welcome two new runners, Dave and Liz who last ran on the Dubai Hash (or was it the Kuala Lumpur Hash - foreign anyway). A quick no frills brief from Keith and then we were off up the hill towards Hungerford Common. We seem to have trouble with wide open spaces because as soon as we arrived at the edge of the Common by the Downgate pub we lost the trail completely. People were fanning out in all directions eyes scanning the ground like hawks for a hint of a trail. Not one trace of flour did we see on the entire common and it was only when somebody spotted the tiny figure of our hare waving his arms at us from about 3 miles away that we managed to get back on track. From then on we were on paths and lanes and so only got lost at the circles. It was incredibly wet and muddy and there were long stretches with no circle and we began to spread out with Jeremy miles in front checking out most of the false trails (he must have covered about 15 miles !) and the rest of us straggling behind. The scenery was superb and we ran in the most attractive and interesting countryside looping round into Kintbury and then back along the canal to the pub. The runners and the walkers arrived back more or less together and we fell into the pub just as the rain started again - wonderful timing.

The apres was as always warm and pleasant and everybody had sunday lunch in a yorkshire pudding as it was only £2 and we gossiped and had the odd beer and GOM thanked Keith for another excellent run- my fur coat it was nice to be back

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