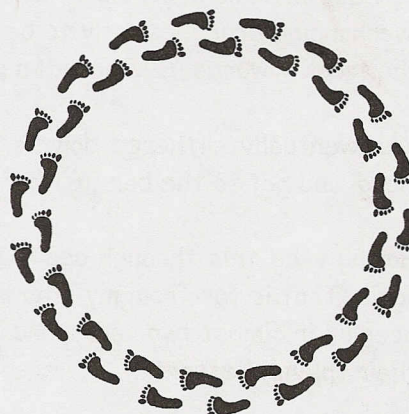


# KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



## Hash 073 - The Shears at Cadley

One of the joys of hashing - apart from getting caked in mud, soaked to the skin, frozen half to death etc - is the constant discovery of new areas of the bootiful Wiltshire countryside, and Ian's run from the Shears was no exception.

Starting unusually late, even by my standards - entirely due to the GOM's inability to navigate himself due south from Marlborough and take a simple, well-signposted turn to the left in Collingbourne - we set off across the rolling downs in glorious sunshine. It would have taken a Ph.D in logic to understand Ian's trail-marking instructions, so as most of us struggle with the headlines in 'The Sun' newspaper, it was as well that Ian himself - accompanied by a young man apparently answering to the name of 'Toy Boy' - was running with us.

Whilst the weather was kind to us, conditions underfoot were treacherous to say the least, and it was not long before we were fairly well covered in mud. Toy Boy did much to accelerate the process, by employing a trick he had clearly learned from Ian - coming alongside an unsuspecting hasher and jumping in a puddle. How we all laughed! I was pleased to be able to contribute to the general merriment by bringing along a couple of dogs I had borrowed specially for the occasion. I was particularly gratified to see Bisto take the GOM's legs from under him in a muddy forest track, while Bramley had Margaret in stitches - almost literally - by constantly barking her shins with a 4-foot branch he took a shine to. And by just barking.

After a few miles, we headed south up a long incline, until turning due west at the very top, we were treated to the panoramic vista of Hampshire spreading away to our left, and the distant Marlborough downs on the starboard beam. It was about here that the Kafkaesque cussedness of Ian's markings began to lose their appeal. Having run for the best part of three hours before we headed back for home, it was a little trying to stagger past seventeen trail markers before coming to a 'T' and having to retrace one's steps to look for the correct - and unmarked - path. We Kennet Valley folk are simple souls, and anything more than a double-dot leaves us scratching our heads and liable to burst into tears.

Shortly before nightfall, I seem to remember coming across the walkers, but I may have been hallucinating at the time. We then emerged from a delightful forest glen (we should do this run again in spring or summer) to follow a path 2'6" wide with 4' clearance below the overhanging branches, only to be confronted by a couple of duckheads in cars churning up the track towards us. I am not a prejudiced man, but.....

We eventually slithered down a hillside to run a few yards up the road we had started along, and got to the bar just before last orders.

Having read this through again, I seem to give the impression that Victor Meldrew rides again. That is far from my intention. I thought this was one of the loveliest hashes I have been on in almost two years, and I am sure we would all like to thank Ian (and Toy Boy) for their splendid efforts.

### Fifthcoming hashes:

074	17 December	The Crown @ Cerney Wick	Steve
075	31 December	The Spotted Cow @ Coate	Greg
076	14 January	The Carters Rest @ Wroughton	Jeremy

If you would like to lay a trail, find out where the hash is, or are just plain barking mad, ring the GOM on 01672 871374 (home), or 01793 481220 (office), or frighten the life out of him on [mjf@mfisher.co.uk](mailto:mjf@mfisher.co.uk)

Although it took me three attempts to pass Maths 'O'-level, even I can count up to two - and that is the pitiful number of hashes we have planned for the future. Volunteer NOW! Your cross-country needs you.