



### Hash 129 - The White Hart, Oare, 12<sup>th</sup> January 2003

The temperature was -3°C when I set off for Oare at 10.50 that Sunday, so what it must have been when Laura set out to lay the trail, Lord only knows. But while we were out on the Hash, I did pass several brass monkeys searching anxiously in the frost-encrusted undergrowth....

Of course one of the problems of following a Hash trail on a really frosty day, is that the flour sticks out like a sore thumb inside a glove in someone's pocket. Maybe it's just senile decay, but I was damned if I could find the flour on much of the journey - although the much younger and sharper-eyed (if somewhat deaf) Ray was constantly pointing out the dots and Ts which I crossed. But what am I doing? I have started at the middle without mentioning the beginning.

Bloody strange it was actually. I bowl up to the pub at the statutory five minutes past the official start time, to find several runners but no walkers. And stranger still, after I've caught up (it took my poor cold fingers 10 minutes to tie my laces), there I am back in the lead for the second week in a row. And I stay there, only briefly challenged by t'other Keith, most of the way from Huish church, up the hill and along the ridge (from where we can see most of the Hashes we have ever done), across the Pewsey Road and almost to the hill fort, before reality returns and I'm back in my rightful place. GOMargaret rather pointedly asks me what I'm taking.

But still no walkers. Curiouser, no Navy Mike. Has he forgotten to wind up his pace-maker? As we slither and slide down Martinsell hill - before climbing back up to Giant's Grave (gee thanks Laura) - Oare appears in the distance and the entire Hash has been accomplished without one glimpse of an ambulatory Hasher. A quick shower and shave, then into the bar to find - walkers! Everywhere! Had they donned the cloak of invisibility? Had I been in such a drug-induced stupor that I mistook them for rabbits as I ran past them? Had they not bothered to walk at all, but just stayed in the nice warm pub boozing whilst we hardier fools were plodding round the frozen wastes of Wiltshire? Had they been abducted by aliens and returned unharmed (apart from the probe...)? The truth of course, is much stranger than fiction. They had cheated! They had set off from halfway round the course, and been in front of us *all the time*, without kicking out any of the flour marks to give us a clue. And of course Mike was actually with the walkers, as was Ian - compromising his principles like a true Scot.



GOMargaret made her traditional raucous, rambling speech, thanking Laura for such a splendid trail and such beautiful winter weather. Dave made an unaccustomed contribution on behalf of the normally mute walkers, and presented the horn to Laura as a just reward for all her hard work on the day.

A little reminder for those who have not been browbeaten and fleeced by Mr Fisher. The KVHHH 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary dinner will take place on the evening of Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> March 2003, at 7.30 for 8.00 at the Plough in Shalbourne. The price is a measly £12-00 per head, excluding vino. There *really will* be a DIY cabaret, God help us all, so think of something appropriate to do as your contribution to the fun. For the entire duration of this thrice-accursed cabaret, I shall be performing as a strong man - by propping up the bar....



### Fifthcoming Hash Runs

130 - 26<sup>th</sup> January - The White Hart, Castle Coombe - Jeremy

131 - 9<sup>th</sup> February - The Wiltshire Yeoman, Chirton - Keith1

132 - 23<sup>rd</sup> February - The George, South Cerney - Steve

133 - 9<sup>th</sup> March - The Wagon & Horses, Beckhampton - Ray

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Buzzer's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or email her secretary on paulbtracy@hotmail.com