

KENNELLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS



Hash 151 - The Black Horse, Cherhill - 2nd November 2003

Back again to the Black Horse, whence we have run twice before. The first time, dear old Richard faced a real teaser on how to set a trail with six inches of snow on the ground! I was late(!) that time - genuine excuse though - it took me half an hour to unfreeze my brakes. No such problems today, and we arrived on the dot of 11.07. The car park was packed with the beautiful people of the KVHHH, and the not-so-beautiful North Wiltshers - Annie told me later that I ought to stop taking the mick out of them, and she's quite right. After all, as she pointed out - most of them can't read anyway.

No snow today, but sipping rain all night had prompted even Mad Mike Fisher to contemplate a long lie-in. However the charm which we exert upon the elements worked yet again, and the grey clouds parted to reveal blue skies and sunshine as Ray chundered on about pink flour. He gave us no clue as to where the trail started, and several energetic Hashers risked life and limb running up and down the A4, whilst the rest of us hung around having a furtive fag. Eventually even Ray's patience ran out and he pointed us at the public footpath sign against which we had been leaning, and northward-ho we hove. The dear old soul sportingly left his bus pass behind and ran round again with us.

I was in a jolly good mood, running well and fearlessly checking out false trails. The reason? When I'd left home, the Kiwis were thrashing the Taffs out of sight, and all boded well for our trip to Biarritz to see E v F in the semis. My joy was short-lived however; Ian - having given us all a 10-minute start - breezed past me, and after good-natured if profane banter about Hooties v Fiji - told me that Wales were 10 points ahead. Anyway, enough rugby for now. We had by this time re-crossed the A4 and were into what were literally pastures new for me. A cunning check-back did me with the he-who-is-first-shall-be-last stuff, and it was not until a bewildering cross-roads that Katrina and I encountered human life forms again [and some North-Wiltshers]. Jeremy led GOM, Dave and I down the correct trail, whilst everyone else cheated. Our fragrant GOM kindly helped me to avoid leaving what passes for my manhood on a barbed-wire gate, and it came as quite a surprise to me, lumbering along in very very last place, to hear Jeremy waft pass.

We then passed through Calstone Wellington - a village totally unknown to me despite having lived round here for over 20 years - one of the true joys of Hashing - where Ray kindly suggested a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile detour round the church. "Are you a man or what?" Well, our GOM was a man or what, and off we went. A brief meeting with the walkers - convinced they were lost and wrong for once d;o) - and into a long slow trek heading inexorably

towards the foot of Cherhill Hill and the monument. Trudging up the hill, I could see Hasher-ish bods climbing towards the summit. As Brucie might have said - "rearrange the following words into a well-known phrase or saying" - for sod soldiers of a that game - and following the fence round the bottom, I was duly rewarded for being a wuss by finding - flour! Thank you God, and I had the great pleasure of watching hardier souls doing the Grand Old Duke Of York routine whilst I loped refreshed along the correct path towards another emasculating fence. Sitting on my brains, I slid to the bottom of the ravine which led back again to the A4 and a gentle jog home to the Black Horse.

First things first, and a panic phone call to my lad to establish that England did *not* have to play the Kiwis in the quarter-final. Phew! Then walkers and runners were dragged from a wonderful roaring fire to witness the primitive tribal rituals of the North Wiltshers, where standing on a table, they chanted tunelessly whilst pouring beer on their heads - a disgraceful spectacle in which our gracious GOM quite rightly refused to participate.

Ray - many thanks for taking us once again to the many and beautiful parts which other Hashes do not reach!

Fifth Coming Hash Runs

152 - 16th Nov - The Tawny Owl, West Swindon - Brian

153 - 30th Nov - The Red Lion, Baydon - Jeremy

154 - 14th Dec - The Royal Oak, Wootton Rivers - Keith 1
[meet in Village Hall car park 100 yards past pub]

155 - 28th Dec - The White Horse, Woolstone - GOM & Dave

156 - 11th Jan - Prince of Wales, Wootton Bassett - Steve

157 - 25th Jan - 5 Mile House, Duntisbourne Abbots - Keith 2

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Bugger's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com/>.