



## 182 - The Keepers Arms, Quenington - 26<sup>th</sup> December 2004

What a wonderful day! What a simply wonderful day! Glorious weather, beautiful Cotswold countryside, a splendid and varied trail, a good crowd, lots of new (and some very pretty) faces, some excellent fancy dress, a superb pub - with our very own private bar - top-notch beer, great scoff, a jolly, Christmassy Hash Mag - and to cap it all, no dregs from the North Wilts Hash! What more could you ask for? God was definitely in His/Her heaven, and all was exceedingly right with the world. (Thinking about it, only our part of the world, sadly).

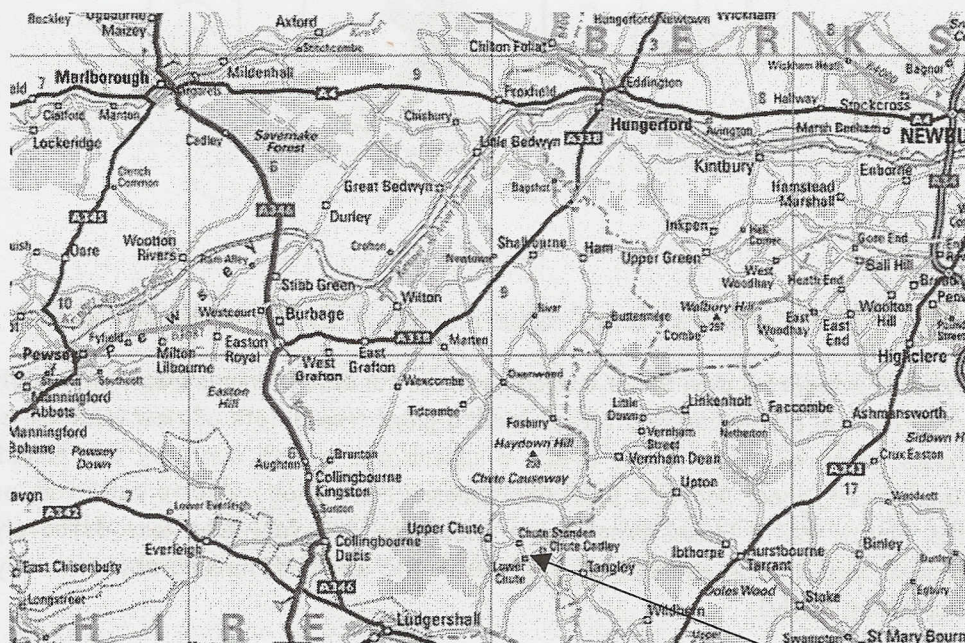
We even turned up on time - no mean achievement for **THREE** Mitchells plus Katrina and Faye to cross three counties - although Maurice, Andrea and Amelia must have gone through four! And what a sight the assembled gathering made - Julius Caesar, Catwoman, Dennis the Menace, a chicken, three morris dancers, a pink-spotted blue animal of indeterminate origin, and many more. But easily capping the lot for outlandish chutzpah was Maurice (I'm a lady!) in white crinoline and regency black curls, with matching gloves and handbag, coyly fluttering his eyelids behind a fan. I could hardly run (nothing new there - Ed) for laughing at the vision of this eldritch Cathy pursuing her Heathcliffe across the countryside, one hand delicately holding her skirts to keep them from the mud. Imagine the reactions of the many people out walking as they first caught sight of this apparition running towards them across the fields - closely pursued by toga-clad Romans, jingling mummers and a headless chicken! What it is to be British!

GOM and Dave laid a trail entirely suited to the day, not too long, hills and valleys, pretty streams - although I do have one major criticism - we ran into two villages, both of which I thought were 'home' - only to be sent relentlessly on our way up and down more hills - very lacking in Christmas spirit, it seemed to me....

Back at last to our very own snug, where a pint kept out the chill whilst we waited for the walkers. For the second Hash on the trot our fair lady GOM had no need to raise her voice, and she duly invited a 'guest' runner (one from the Isle of Wight, one from Chippenham, who had nosed us out on the internet - and very welcome they were too) to choose the winner of the fancy dress prize - Maurice, hands down - who picked up a wine-drinking game for his troubles; how appropriate - and how very sweet of Margaret. We owe many thanks to her and Dave for a super trail, the great idea of fancy dress, and the best Hash I have been on!



Jeremy's Hash will be from *Lower* Chute, and not as previously advertised. Allow yourselves 20 minutes from Marlborough. Best route is off the A338 Burbage-Hungerford road at the Windmill bar/restaurant, signposted Marten.



## Second Coming Hash Runs

183 - 9<sup>th</sup> Jan - The Carpenters Arms, near South Marston - Mike

184 - 23<sup>rd</sup> Jan - The Hatchet Inn, *Lower* Chute - Jeremy

185 - 6<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Outgate, Hungerford - Maurice & Andrea

186 - 20<sup>th</sup> Feb - The Bugger's Arms - Brian

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](mailto:keith@pallettfs.co.uk) - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com>