

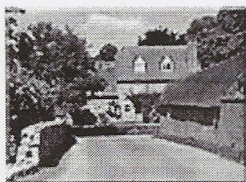
KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Hash 255 – Sunday 02 September 2007 –The Malt Shovel, Upper Lambourne.
Hare- Navy Mike Scribe Brian the Bold



The Malt Shovel in Upper Lambourne is a Grade II listed building dating back over 300 years, formerly the village Bakery hence the name Malt Shovel. Upper Lambourne is a picturesque village off the main road and I spent ten minutes driving slowly around its lanes looking for the pub.

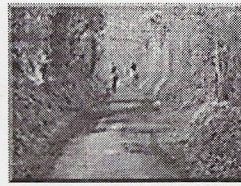
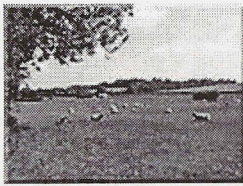
Once found it was pleasing to see a good gathering of runners and walkers. Navy Mike welcomed us all and gave his pre-hash address. This included a rather bizarre trail sign of a circle with an arrow and an S. I should have been suspicious. Mike pointed the way and off we set. We ran through the very same roads of the village I'd been driving around. Much prettier on foot. Rew and Ashley taking the lead and finding the trail and the false trails. Thanks guys.



We passed some riders on horseback, 'Good Mornings' were exchanged. Nice easy flat running and I was able to chat amiably to The Lady Margaret, Keith2 and Phil while at the same time the sun began to make an appearance. Then a sharp turn and we were heading out up a gentle slope onto the Downs. The countryside was wide and

open with lovely views. Running at, or close to, the back for a while I was enjoying the run immensely. A regroup (excellent) and off again. We cross a narrow road and see Navy Mike parked up waiting to make sure we don't get lost. He tells us The Late Keith and Katarina are about ten minutes behind us. Apparently they arrived late.

A fairly long straight, gently rising track is taking us further and further away from the pub. We come to a circle that has three choices. Rew and Ashley do the initial seeking for the double dots. Ashley returns. I point to the third way and remark that it can't be that way as it would take us even further away. Eventually I do make my way slowly up that track, ears pricked waiting for the on-on call behind me, but guess what, yes two beautiful dots of flour. I shout on-on and I'm off. I think I remained in the lead over a quarter of a mile until Rew passed me.



It soon after we came across the aforementioned circle with an arrow and an S. Mike had tried, no....succeeded, to trick us into thinking the runners should go a different way. Took us over five minutes to find we should follow the walkers arrow. Nice one Mike!

I had the pleasure running with Phil for a while. We chatted about many things (though nothing to do with cabbages and kings) including wear and tear on back, hips and knees, the merits of Glucosamine, Cod Liver Oil, exercise, heat treatment and cold showers. While chatting, we are running delightfully downwards. We hit a road and start overtaking the walkers. A good sign we are near the end. Through a park area into a small wood and out the other side. Phil runs on and I slow to a trot. The sun is very warm now though there is a cooling breeze. Round a corner and almost miss the pub.

Delighted to see Keith and Katarina arrive a little later. Some of us sit outside (see picture. We all seem to stay for at least an hour (a sign the hash has been enjoyed by all) Margaret does the honours and thanks Mike for a terrific trail. Ashley is awarded the shorts.

I include (without permission) John Betjeman poem 'Upper Lambourne' for all those there.

Next On-ON

257 The Cross Keys, Upper Chute GOM

Upper Lambourne

Up the ash tree climbs the ivy,
Up the ivy climbs the sun,
With a twenty-thousand pattering,
Has a valley breeze begun,
Feathery ash, neglected elder,
Shift the shade and make it run -

Shift the shade toward the nettles,
And the nettles set it free,
To streak the stained Carrara headstone,
Where, in nineteen-twenty-three,
He who trained a hundred winners,
Paid the Final Entrance Fee.

Leathery limbs of Upper Lambourne,
Leathery skin from sun and wind,
Leathery breeches, spreading stables,
Shining saddles left behind -
To the down the string of horses
Moving out of sight and mind.

Feathery ash in leathery Lambourne
Waves above the sarsen stone,
And Edwardian plantations
So coniferously moan
As to make the swelling downland,
Far surrounding, seem their own.

Sir John Betjeman