



Hash 292 - The Black Horse, Wanborough - 18 Jan 2009

As usual, it never ever rains on a hash, so the storm the night before had blown itself away, and the sun was shining for us; yes, really. So turning into the car park, there was no surprise at the large number already there, and I just managed to squeeze into one of the last spaces available. Later arrivals had to use the extension car park, and even then we were asked to move as many cars as possible up onto the grass. A few attempted it, and the rest, seeing the pig's arse we were making of it in the wet conditions, thought better and stayed on solid ground. So, sorry landlord, we did what we could.

We were lucky to have John and Vivien haring for us for their very first time as well as a few local newcomers: - Don, David and Maurice, as well as Razor who was, I believe running for the first time - so welcome to all of them.

Given this was John and Vivien's inaugural event, didn't they do well. There was no fluffing of lines, as seen elsewhere recently, and even sufficient flour was laid; a typical cause of concern with some nameless previous hares on their first attempts. We even had a new sign - a triangle with a question mark - which was to be an optional leg for the keenest of runners. Is this the start of a North Wanborough rules breakaway sect perhaps?

After the initial hiatus with the car parking we were off down into Hinton Parva, meandered around the village, then set off up towards Fox Hill alongside some beautiful National Trust land with spectacular views along the valley. On up, to the short-long split, and for the runners, even further up, onto the Ridgeway itself. The leaders soon came across our new sign and diverted up onto Charlbury Hill, for equally spectacular views of the Vale of the White Horse. Given, this supports a Triangulation Pillar, then the meaning of the flour sign became obvious. After a few minutes of trying to work out what village was where, wind chill started to take affect, so we lolloped back down into Hinton Parva,, spent some time mulling over which way to go next, then eventually found ourselves running along somewhat disorientated as to where we now were, but which in fact turned out to be just more of Hinton Parva. And soon it was On-Inn at around the hour - none of this long stuff that Navy Mike so frequently bemoans.

Some of the walkers were already back, and tucking into some very tasty looking Sunday lunches. The rest of us purloined a couple of tables (we were allowed them until 1pm). GOM thanked John and Vivien for a splendid trail (of an appropriate length), Kevin presented the green nicks to Maurice and we look forward to seeing him, the green nicks, Don, David, Razor and everyone else again soon.