



**KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Mag No 315- Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> December 2009. The Black Horse at Cherhill. Scribe - Mike**

Now, as a general rule I prefer hashes not to go on for much over the hour – long hashes cut into your drinking time, make you late for Sunday lunch with mother-in-law, blah blah etc – but I wanted it to go on for longer today . What a fantastic part of England to run in. A great open, wild, empty, primeval landscape where you can feel the history. You could imagine roman legions marching west along the long chalk track that we ran along and that same roman road track became the main coaching route from London to Bath and Bristol in the 18<sup>th</sup> century. This was Wiltshire at its most fascinating and I wanted to run there for hours.

Everybody thought we were in for another wet and windy hash but miraculously the clouds disappeared about 0930 and we had the most perfect clear blue sky and bright sunshine for the whole run. In fact today was probably the ideal hashing weather (apart from the mud of course). Clive gave us one of his us no-nonsense briefs and we were off down the main road into a gale. Soon however we were off the road and climbing up a narrow muddy track until we reached the sunlit uplands where the view was breathtaking. The trail then turned left towards that remarkable obelisk at the highest point. I thought we might be in for a short run as it is only a short run back to the pub from there but luckily I was wrong and the trail led directly away from the obelisk and into a field of bullocks instead. Jacky, who is not fond of bullocks (I know how she feels) was finding it very difficult to decide whether it was safer to hang on to her dog or to give it to Ray. In the end Ray took the dog and ran fearlessly through the herd without incident. So we all fearlessly followed his example on to the next hazard which was a very steep and slippery bank. Clive appeared at the top of the aforesaid bank to offer encouragement and Jacky entertained us all with a display of backward skiing down the mud. Big round of applause and on we ran - up another hill to the summit where we picked up that historic roman road and turned east. We had kept together well up to that point but being roman the road was long and straight and the good runners soon moved ahead. Margaret and I trotted along at a steady pace talking of this and that and enjoying the view and eventually we turned left up another slope to the obelisk miles behind everyone else. As we hit the top we had to lean into a Force 8 gale which was refreshing. Clive was waiting for us there to make sure we were alright – which we appreciated - and as we were the last he ran on in with us down a stony slippery track where you had to be like a mountain goat to stay upright – and on home to the pub.

The après was relaxed and pleasant in excellent company as always – nice pub with good beer and attractive bar staff – and Malcolm presented the hash horn to Pauline and Clive as a sort of reward for organising such an enjoyable trail. It was a thought we all agreed with – thank you Pauline and Clive for a splendid hash – and, as you will be reading this on Boxing Day, a happy new year to us all

**ON ONs**

317	3 <sup>rd</sup> Jan 2010	The White Hart at Wroughton	Margaret and Val
318	17 <sup>th</sup> Jan	The Cross Keys at Great Bedwyn	Mike
319	31 <sup>st</sup> Jan	The Star at Sparsholt	Jacky & Ray
320	14 <sup>th</sup> Feb	The Buggers Arms	Maurice
321	28 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Goddard Arms at Clyffe Pypard	Des & Paul

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