



Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
330	Cross Keys	Upper Chute	4 July 2010	Jeremy	Des

## Bangers and Hash



Well what a day we had, glorious sunshine and with a mild breeze to keep things cool when things got out of hand. Out of hand you might say, on a hash, surely not!!!!

The day started well, having been picked up by Paul and driving through the wonderful Wiltshire and probably parts of Berkshire countryside ,it dawned on us as we were approaching our destination, 'Upper Chute', that we had been climbing steadily for some time; surely enough this culminated in a Hash starting on the top of a hill. There could only be one way to go and that was down (and then up).

The hash started with our host hare 'Jeremy', explaining in amusing fashion that one had the choice of three route lengths; these were approximately 2.5m, 5.5m and 7 miles in length. After numerous questions from the hounds Jeremy sensed that further explanation was required and proceeded (in the best flour art you are ever likely to see), to draw three sausages in the car park. So there was a choice of one, two, or three sausages, dependent upon ones appetite. For those readers not present at the hash this should go some way towards explaining the title of this hash mag.

Incidentally my advice is that one should not ask interesting questions of the Hare whilst in earshot of our new GOM, such as, "what is the origin of the name Chute"? (my mistake), as you will be greeted with GOM saying in his best schoolmaster voice; "it sounds like we now have a candidate for this week's scribe"! In future I shall return to being the quiet little schoolboy at the back of the class keeping his head down. The results of my research later.

Anyway the hash proceeded with a balanced mix of keen and enthusiastic walkers and runners, the tracks took us on a steady downhill beat until we entered the ancient royal hunting forests; a good chunk of the first sausage was spent in the forest 'Coldridge wood', which provided soft landing underfoot and welcome shade. We then joined the second sausage which was a combination of tracks and in and around the boundary of the forest. The third sausage attached by a long sinew (a there and back section), provided the more enthusiast runners and walkers with not only an additional challenge but also an additional reward. Along this section is sited an old hunting lodge 'Ludgershall Castle' once frequented by Henry III in 12 umpty ump, who inherited the castle from his father King John. Henry III was apparently an enthusiastic builder and evidently fond of Ludgershall, he visited at least 21 times, and made many additions and improvements to the castle between 1234 and 1251. He might have even visited the local Post Office and Butchers shop where the butcher has been making award winning

sausages for many years .The hash continued around the outside of the castle moat in a large 'C' shape; it wasn't possible to do a full circle as the local landowners house has his garden extended into the middle of the castle with a fairly uninspiring close boarded fence (from the local B&Q), following the inside of part of the moat. Now if he had made the fence from sharpened stakes he could have claimed that his home was his castle like any good English person. Sorry for the digression.

The main feature of Henry's building works was a new great hall, built in 1244, the foundations of which still survive and are outside of the B&Q fence and can be crawled over. Well worth a visit.

The hash returned back up the sinewy bit to reconnect with the return section of the second sausage and then to connect to the return section of the first sausage. Now this was the toughest section of the hash; the downward steady gradient on the outward stages had been stored up for a long steep climb back to the pub lasting a good mile. Even the mighty Pete May failed to run the final 1/2 mile up the wretched hill; his excuse was a three week holiday eating beef in Argentina without exercise, a right corned beef hash shaggy dog excuse if ever there was one.

Anyway a return to the pub was welcome and it was pleasant being able to sit outside and enjoy the sun. When the scribe returned there were already a handful of the less greedy hashers there, including GOM and Jeremy who had only fancied two sausages. There was an inordinate wait (like 45mins) for the next hashers to return, this included Paul, Vivien, Bruno and Keith (2). During the wait we were convinced that a major navigation error had taken place. A search and rescue helicopter flew over, probably organised by Jeremy when he went to the bar. I later learned of the problem from an anonymous source, which was explained as an apparently strict application of the old hasher motto 'if the dots are on the righthand side you must be going the correct way', Of course this doesn't apply if you are following a circle (or the middle sausage), consequently 7 miles became 9 miles.

There are some notable achievements of this great hash - a number walkers, among them Lynn, James and Malcolm, did the full 7 miles. Keith battled the full 7 carrying either a cruciate ligament or hamstring injury, or was it just an untied shoelace? Kevin looked resplendent in the rather gay shorts he sported including little morris-men bells; is this a pagan hash tradition I ask? The naive schoolboy was nominated the hash horn for his failure to keep his mouth shut at a crucial moment.

Any way for those interested the meaning of Chute is not Saxon as we had suspected on the day, but derives from a Celtic or British word 'ceto' meaning 'wood' and is cognate with Welsh coed in which we had enjoyed a very pleasant hash indeed? Many thanks to our hare 'Jeremy'.

#### ON ONs

328     6 June             5 Bells @ Wickham             Jackie & Ray

329     20 Jun             Ridgeway Relay             Jeremy

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bugger's Arms is please ring GOM Maurice on 07887 608109

Email [jmspillane@appligenics.com](mailto:jmspillane@appligenics.com) or visit our website <http://www.kvhash.co.uk/>