



## Kennet Valley Hash House Harriers

### Mag No 063 - Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> July 2000- The Odd Fellow at Manton

On yet another Bright Sunday morning, a small Wiltshire village finds its population has doubled. The pub car park is full after the first wave of Hashers, soon every space is taken, late arrivals like Judith parking almost outside the village.

Our hare Greg wearing leggings, dismounted from mud caked bike to inform the waiting masses of a short, flat, nettle free and dry trail that he has just finished laying. Those of us still suffering from trench foot after his last trail, nod and take this information in our stride, unlike the run that was to come. So with Greg's briefing over some 16 runners and possibly more walking set off.

Lovely flat three-quarter mile stretch, passing bemused tennis players with calls of "On-On" but all too soon this came to an end. A sharp right hand turn up the side of a hill, this was the start of what seemed an endless climb. The new hash sign "look" had front runner checking for false trails, "look" was for a stop and check the view, with a pause that only a high speed camera could detect we stopped, checked the view and set off again. Flat and fast across the high ridge with ex-ridgeway runners going for speed, so fast that Steve and Ray over shot the trail by one and a half miles, missing the right turn taking us down off the ridge.

Crossing the valley floor we climbed once more and entered the woods. Ian and his North Wilts mate (having started late) took up front runners with our Jermery followed by Steve and ray (having back tracked), all five should be tested for drugs or should I have joined the walkers? Speed, light footwork and body swerving had got us past the nettles; the mud in the woods slowed us mortals down to walking pace. Finally out of the woods and the long run home began, on and on it went. Manton and the Pub became a very welcoming sight with smiles all round with everyone finished.

The walkers having the shorter trail finished first and were sitting in the pub garden enjoying Sunday lunch. Our GOM navy mike tried to speak to everyone above the noise of a near by lawn mower.....I SAID ABOVE THE NOISE OF A LAWN MOWER.....

Wonderful trail and venue many thanks to Greg. No horn this week it's still with our GOM.

065	13 <sup>th</sup> August	Black Horse at Cherhill	Richard
066	27 <sup>th</sup> August	The Three Tuns at Great Bedwyn	GOM
067	10 <sup>th</sup> September	The Royal Oak at Bishopstone	Jeremy
068	24 <sup>th</sup> September	The Plough at Wanborough	Napoleon
069	7 <sup>th</sup> October	To be arranged	Richard