

# KENNELLEY HASH HARRIERS



## Hash 130 - The White Hart, Castle Coombe, 26<sup>th</sup> January 2003

I have an apology to make. Looking back over the past few Hash mags, they seem to be mostly about me. Well I'm sorry about that, and I won't make the same mistake this time. This mag is going to be *entirely* about me...

It went something like this:

"How long does it take to get there?"

"About forty minutes" later....

"Well shouldn't we be going? It's half past ten"

"Ah" later.....

"I don't think you can get through the centre of Chippenham - it's pedestrianised" later.....

"OK so we can't go this way. How do we get through?"

"It's a bit tricky - the A420 is not very well signposted...." Much later....

"Now that we're here, where can we park?"

"Well not in the village centre..." Later, in the village centre.....

"Can't I just leave it on the double yellow lines? Lots of other people have"

"If you like - it's your car, your parking ticket..."

Once we'd parked halfway back up the hill - and found some even tardier walkers - I was off. 11.25 to be precise. By myself, on my lonesome, unaccompanied, tout seul, on my tod (who *was* Tod Sloane, anyway?) - although Katrina was jogging pretty well in her effort to catch up the main body of walkers. The moment I saw the large arrow pointing in a roughly southerly direction, I had a pretty good idea where we were going. One of my favourite walks, round Castle Coombe, Done it several times. Yep, down to the golf course, where I stopped to admire a chap getting set to blast his way out of the woods. Silly sod sliced horribly, hit a tree about 10 yards to his right and was almost decapitated as the ball flew back fully 30 yards behind him. Great game, golf.....

Then down along the valley bottom, absolutely beautiful - and even more so when the leaves are on the trees. A bit of a slog up the hill, then - walkers, bless 'em - although I have to be all butch and manly and run up the rest of the hill past them. For once, Tom does not say sneeringly 'you're last' - probably too astonished that anyone can be as last as I am. Briefly onto the road, then past the bit where walkers and runners part company.



As I expect, I am on the nature trail, and hardly need the very efficient and effective flour markings to guide my way. Down the side of the hill, back over the river, and eventually out onto the A420. I happen to know that hidden just the other side of the main road is a lovely old pub - but calculate that I might just get back to CC before last orders, and plod back up the steep side road northwards. Yes, across the meadows, over the river yet again, and into the woods. Last time I was here, the woods were crawling with hundreds of huge, hairy, horny highland cattle. Would they be there again? No - the wildest thing I saw was - Jenny, womanfully bringing up the rear with about half a mile to go.

On the home straight, back over the river for the twelvetieth time, and there is K outside the pub, drinkie in hand, dangling the car keys.

So there. Dunno what it was like for everyone else - miserable buggers, they might have waited. Anyway, I enjoyed it thoroughly - gorgeous place, surprisingly dry underfoot, good weather, smashing pub. GOMargaret bellowed out her speech of thanks, and almost two people heard what she said. The horn was presented to young Tom - I don't think he realised he would have to *run* with it next time! Lovely trail, thanks Jeremy.

So much for the fun - we now turn to the KVHHH 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary dinner, which will take place on the evening of Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> March 2003, at 7.30 for 8.00 at the Plough in Shalbourne. Only £12-00 per head, and Mike is buying all the wine. Rumours of a DIY cabaret have proved, sadly, to be all too true, and so we are each expected to make complete asses of ourselves by singing, dancing and playing the spoons. Anyone with a video camera will be lynched. If you have not coughed up your fiver deposit, then do so or be harangued by Mike. The rig will be formal evening wear, so pop down to the Sue Ryder shop and like Bill Clinton, splash out on a dress.....

## Second Coming Hash Runs

- 131 - 9<sup>th</sup> February - The Wiltshire Yeoman, Chirton - Keith1
- 132 - 23<sup>rd</sup> February - The Old George, South Cerney - Steve
- 133 - 9<sup>th</sup> March - The Wagon & Horses, Beckhampton - Ray
- 134 - 23<sup>th</sup> March - The Bugger's Arms - Dave & GOM
- 135 - 6<sup>nd</sup> April - The Bugger's Arms - Paul
- 136 - 20<sup>st</sup> April - The Bugger's Arms - Steve?
- 137 - 4<sup>nd</sup> May - The Bugger's Arms - Keith2
- 138 - 18<sup>th</sup> May - Sally Pussey's, (Hooray! A name) Wootton B - Ian
- 139 - 1<sup>st</sup> June - God knows
- 140 - 15<sup>th</sup> June - The Bugger's Arms, Lacock - Jeremy
- 141 - 22<sup>nd</sup> June - London to Brighton Old Crocks Ridgeway Run

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where the Bugger's Arms is please ring GOMargaret on 01793 703744, or email her secretary on paulbtracy@hotmail.com