



Hash 155 - The White Hart, Woolstone - 28th December 2003

On the cusp of our 7th calendar year of Hashing, I awoke to a cloudless blue sky, and was inspired to disembowel the TVR from its cosy nest in the garage, and even take the lid off. I should have known better than to tempt the Gods of the KVHHH, for no sooner had I strayed outside the boundaries of our ancestral home, than I was assailed by a snowstorm. Ho hum. But arriving at the White Hart (where Katrina and I first met - did I remember - erm...) the snow vanished, to be replaced by the aforementioned CBS. Hurrah!

Our fragrant and beauteous GOM had laid the trail, but we need not have worried about scantiness of flour, since Dave had nobly followed behind her, surreptitiously dropping two extra mounds of the stuff to her one.

A brief sashay east in the general direction of Wantage was followed by a long haul south and up to the Ridgeway. Almost at the summit, I was bemused by the following cryptic sign /\ \ @ | /\ with an arrow pointing back whence we had come. Since arrers never lie, I was about to turn back obediently, when the more sagacious Brian sussed out that we were in fact being invited to look back and admire the **view**, which was indeed admirable. Pausing only in our briefs, we ploughed on up the Ridgeway to the effing cold Uffington White Horse - him just in a vest and me just in me shorts (when I say 'just', I don't mean...).

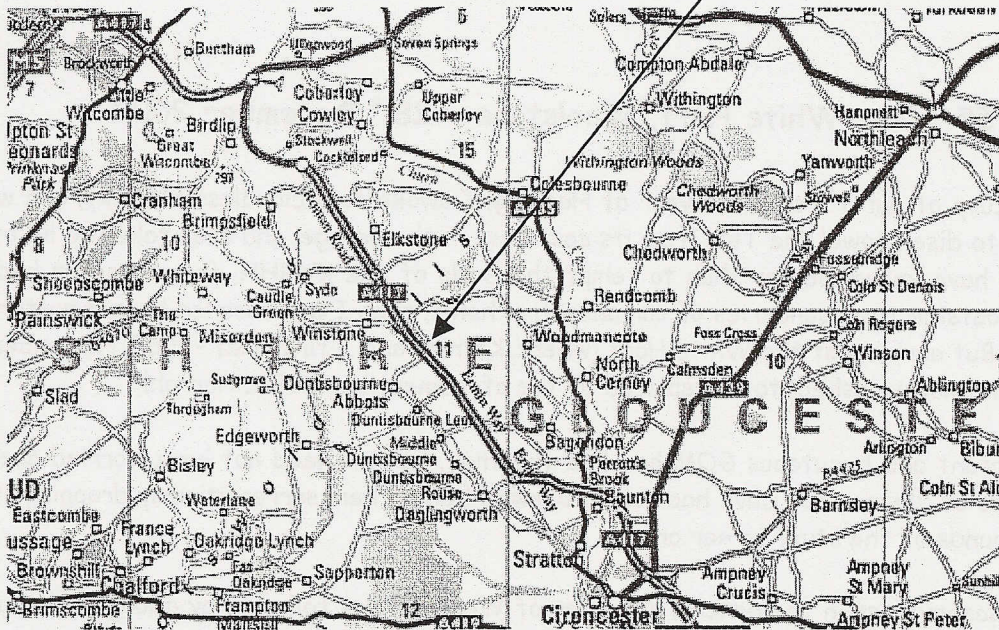
From there it was all plain sailing, albeit in a force 7 with two reefs in. Down over the horse's tail, a brief sojourn with the gallant walkers, a quick turn through a field and back to the pub. Brian's fingers had long since lost all feeling, and he was looking for his mum to tie his shoelaces, while my teeth were chattering so much I could hardly get a word in edgeways. Happily, I was able to make myself sufficiently understood to be able to order a pint, and soon warmed up by the fire.

If our fair lady GOM made a speech I'm afraid I missed it. The horn was not conspicuous by its presence, but the Hash Mag was a huge success, all thanks to Sandra for her work of literary elegance and wit!

Sunday 25th 5-Mile House

The Hare says: take A417 north of Cirencester. Turn left at sign for Winstone/Duntisbourne Abbots. Turn immediately right at sign for Woodmancote/Winstone. After about 200yds turn right again signed Cirencester A417 & Woodmancote which takes you under the A417. At the T-junction turn right. The Five Mile House is at the end of the lane - a no through road.

Other info. They have a varied menu including a Sunday roast at around £8.50. Advisable to book if requiring lunch on 01285 821432 (& please mention the Hash if booking).



Fifth Coming Hash Runs

- 156 - 11th Jan - Prince of Wales, Wootton Bassett - Steve
- 157 - 25th Jan - 5 Mile House, Duntisbourne Abbots - Keith 2
- 158 - 8th Feb - The Bugger's Arms - Katrina
- 159 - 22nd Feb - The Bugger's Arms - Ray
- 160 - 7th March - The Bugger's Arms - Jeremy

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 the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 - email keith@pallettfs.co.uk - website <http://kvhash.mysite.freemove.com/>.