

# KENNELLEY HASH HARRIERS



## Hash 162 - The Seven Tuns, Chedworth, 4<sup>th</sup> April 2004

What a day! Driving out to a distant tributary of the Kennet somewhere near Cheltenham, and getting lost in the narrow, impenetrable sidestreets of Chedworth, we found several signs pointing to 'The Race'. Very thorough of GOM and Dave, we thought, nothing too much trouble. There were several keen and helpful race marshals at a field entrance, who gave us courteous and hopelessly inaccurate directions to the pub. Having eventually stumbled across it, many minutes late, we discovered that we were in fact in the middle of an old crocks motorbike rally. Amongst the old crocks we found GOM & Dave, who pointed us off in a direction, and ten minutes and several virginal flour circles later, I caught up with the main body of the walkers.

It was here that much to my surprise, I discovered that the race signs were not in fact in honour of the KVHHH, but marking a course for several hundred hale and hearty runners taking part in the 'Chedworth Ten' - not, as you may suppose, a group of hunger-striking terrorists, but a race inconveniently taking place on the same day and course as our Hash.

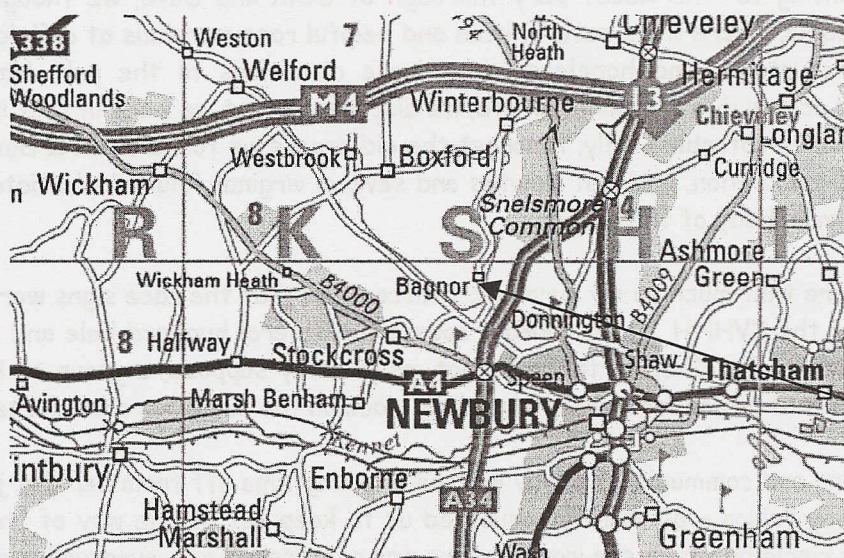
A charming and communicative lady marshal - taking time off from her day job as a warder at Holloway Prison - pleasantly requested us to keep out of the way of the runners, and since the circle by which she was standing was not marked out, eventually condescended to point out that the Hashers had gone the same way as the main race course. This was a steep, stony and slippery descent towards the Kennet. At this point I felt rather like a Ford Mondeo that had inadvertently strayed onto the Monza circuit, as beefy blokes and birds came thundering past me at mach 3. Despite keeping to the outside lane, I managed to get in the way of many of them, and it was with some relief that I found my first scuffed-out circle and left the racetrack off to the right, and still further downhill.

My relief was short-lived, however, as I soon came to another circle which marked the rejoining of the race - in the opposite direction! Here I was swerving to and fro to avoid the oncoming traffic, but I was not alone as I had caught up with the Hash runners. It soon transpired that many of the racers were in fact Hashers, jolly souls who gave us helpful advice on where we could find flour marks along our way. We at last parted from them once and for all, and soon came across Dave standing by his car. More or less together, we struck off along the river, only to be bamboozled by a circle with no discernable trail leading from it. I stopped to get my breath back whilst the fitter Saga masters scurried around, and it was then that I noticed a little gate leading into some woods....



I thus found myself undeservedly in the lead, and a few correct choices at subsequent circles enabled me to keep it down a long gentle slope which led to - the bloody Fosse Bridge Inn - about 35 miles from where we had started. A signpost said 3.5 miles, actually - but you get my point. It was however easy going alongside another riverbank, until we climbed back into the outskirts of Chedworth - a particularly far-flung village, as it happens. A long way last here, panting heavily and limping on me bloody Achilles; a whiskery old bird on a 1925 Hotchkiss Tiger asked me if I wanted a lift, whilst a laughing young couple pushing a pram overtook me on a steep stretch uphill, and told me it was not far to the pub. Back down across the fields to the riverside again, and met with the walkers on the last few hundred yards of the trail.

Alas the Seven Tuns was full to bursting, and several of our number had pushed off for a quiet lunch elsewhere by the time our fragrant GOM thanked herself & Dave for laying such a beautiful trail - which indeed it was. I muttered shamefacedly about leaving the Horn behind, and the tired but happy Hashers made their way home.



## Fifth Coming Hash Runs

163 - 18<sup>th</sup> April - The Blackbird, Bagnor nr Newbury - Jeremy

164 - 2<sup>nd</sup> May - The Radnor Arms, Coleshill - Brian & Keith

165 - 16<sup>th</sup> May - The Bugger's Arms - Ian

166 - 30<sup>th</sup> May - The Oddfellows Arms, Manton - Keith1

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](mailto:keith@pallettfs.co.uk) - website <http://kvhach.mvsite.freemove.com>