

Hash 215 - The Bridge Inn, Horton, Devizes - 19th March 2006

A gorgeous day for a Hash - if somewhat brass monkey-ish. Those of you who are Bleak House fans would have agreed with Mr Jarndyce that the wind was definitely in the east. Our hairless Hare pacified the testy landlady by getting most of us rafted up (to use a sailing expression), and then briefed the Walkers and Runners (agreeably augmented by several members of the Marlborough Running Club, mostly of the female persuasion) by owning up that the Long course was 8 miles and the 'Short' course was only 5 miles. I later checked this on a map with my stevometer, and found it to be accurate. Funny how it always seems longer with Steve...

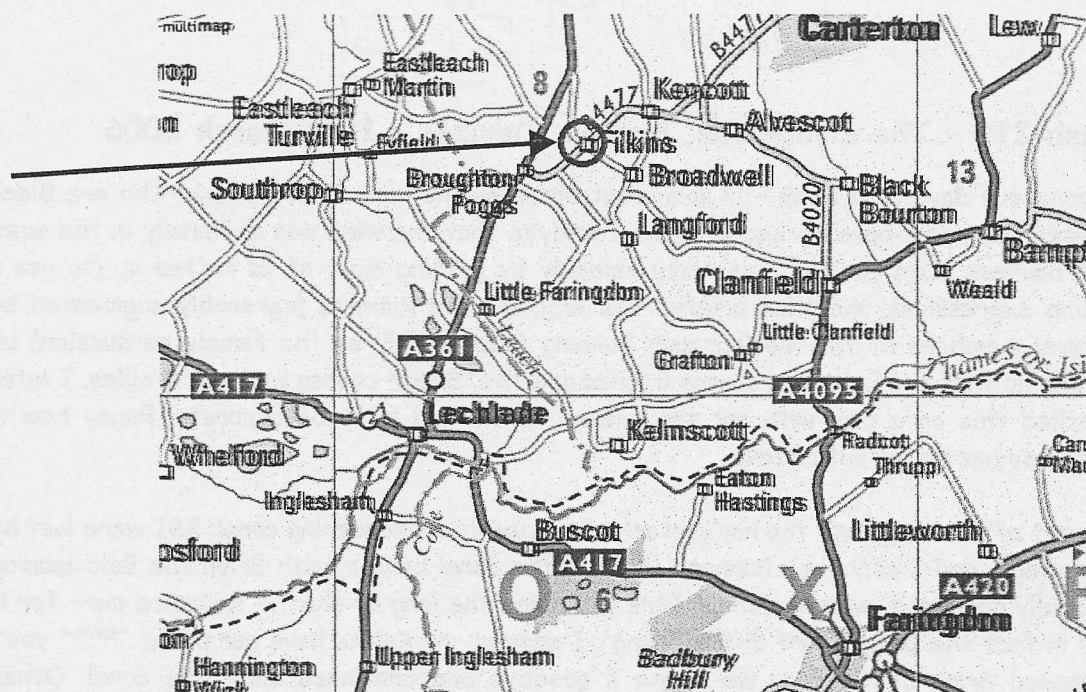
We set off, tacking into the nor'easterly alongside the meandering canal. K&I were last by this stage, and I could see Runners crossing the canal bridge, with Brian the Bold leaning languidly against it, waiting for us. "Are you doing the long or short?" he asked me - for it was in fact the Long/Short divide. "Long", I gasped: we Keiths have our pride. "F*** you", grimaced Brian in reply, as we waved K goodbye and continued along the canal. Other Runners must have gone this way, for the occasional circle had been kicked out - but we never saw hide nor Hare of them. Young Brian considerably waited for me to catch up every now and then, as befits the deference due to a much older man (by 11 days). As we crossed the swing-bridge at Allington, and traipsed off up the hill into the teeth of a searching gale, a couple of mountain-bikers swept past us. We studiously ignored them, as the time had come to talk of many things. We spoke of shoes; I enlightened Brian on many aspects of ships, whilst he turned out to be an unexpected authority on sealing-wax. Cabbages and kings were also discussed - as was the boiling point of sea-water - but we agreed to differ on the vexed topic of whether pigs have wings (they don't).

By the time we reached the hause (a high pass between two hills), we had overtaken the bikers, who had had to push their silly machines all the way up. We then turned left along the one remaining stretch of Wansdyke which Brian had omitted from our epic journey a few weeks before. Running west, we had the wind behind us - and what a super gallop we had! I felt like a small boy again - not in the Michael Jackson sense, you understand - but rather the delicious exuberance of gambolling along the green springy turf, just for the sheer fun of it - the sun shining merrily, the blue skies above, a crystal-clear view across several counties on either side, the air clean and fresh - as Pop Larkin would say: Perfick! Why would you want to do anything else on a day like this?

We caught up with and astonished the Walkers as we free-wheeled back down the hill - they had naturally assumed that all the Runners were safely ensconced in the pub. A quick desecration of some crops on the way back to canal, and indeed we soon were On Inn.

A welcome beer and fag in the bar, whilst I still can, joyously reunited with the other Long Runners - who were on their 3rd pint by the time we turned up - and the Short Runners who had achieved their ambition of five miles (and possibly one hour...?) - and the Walkers, who arrived soon afterwards. Everyone was happy, as our noble GOM pointed out in his speech - apart, possibly from Steve, who wound up with the Horn and the Knickers....

Many thanks Steve, for a super Hash!



Second Coming Hash Runs

216 - 2nd Apr - The Prince of Wales, Shrivenham - Andrew & Baldrick

217 - 16th April - The Five Alls, Filkins, Lechlade - Mad Mike Fisher

218 - 30th April - The Cross Keys, Upper Chute - GOM

219 - 14 May - The Buggers Arms, Katrina

If you want to have a bash at a Hash, or find out where The Bigger's Arms is please ring GOM Jeremy on 01672 521064; email jer@xyz.port995.com or the late Keith Mitchell on 01672 511530 email keith@griffins.co.uk - website kvhash.mysite.wanadoo-members.co.uk