

Hash	Pub	Village	Date	Hare/s	Scribe
350	Calley Arms	Hodson	10 April 2011	Des	Colin

Some Sundays can be a bit of rush... starting from Hodson, this hash was perfectly placed on the doorstep. 10:30am in my Sunday morning attire of minimal shorts & running vest (usually steaming in sweat) and I'm jogging out the door of Holy Cross Church after exercising the very English tradition of sounding the bells over Chiseldon, heading out across the fields along the beautiful Hodson valley, on a fresh sunny morning towards the Calley Arms; the beginnings of a perfect day and the start of today's hash.

Des has continuously upped the game when it comes to haring a hash, last minute planning and laying the trail on the hoof is definitely not his style. Military planning and preparation before execution is the order and today's hash typified this approach (for example, this was the first hash to be formally risk assessed!).

A good crowd of around 26-30 hashers gathered around the start and we soon learned that Des had planned something special as the mainly non public route had been negotiated with Halcrow PLC to take in the grounds of Burdrop Park, once the manorial seat of the Calley Family whose descendants still own the hamlet of Hodson and much of the surrounding farmland.

A fast start off down the main road to Wroughton and before long the trail entered the grounds of Halcrow round the perimeter copses where the bluebells were starting to show their colours and on towards the offices and impressive Georgian-style Manor House and formal gardens. The trail weaved in and around the complex to a courtyard. In the centre is a beautiful old Granary House sat on saddle stones and I had to pause and peer through the windows. Onwards through walled gardens and formal lawns without a nettle or weed in sight and back on the return road to Hodson.

Hashing is a social event and not a race, but something compels me to run as fast as I can. Having hit the halfway point with a 100% kick out rate, it was worth pushing on to see if I could maintain this ... glancing over my shoulder as I crossed into the first field I could see Tim and Ollie closing in. By the time I reached Chiseldon, the false trails were against me and accompanied by Tim and Pickle we blundered

on in the scorching sun, past arrows pointing in opposite direction, following our noses rather than the correct path across Hodson valley and unbeknowingly we shortcut it to the pub (not a bad mistake to make).

A warm welcome at the Calley Arms and a fine pint of 6X topped off the end to a great hash, as the foam slid down the sides of our empty glasses, Olly and the other front runners arrived, amazed at our speed unaware of our shortcuts to the beer.

Well done Des for raising the bar yet again.

