



KENNET VALLEY HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Hash No 378 – 1st April 2012. Pewsey Wharf Pewsey

Hare – Colin. Scribe – Mike

Just to whet your appetite – Colin's trail, on this lovely spring day, was one you are unlikely to forget it was so full of fun and interest – and it was set in that most beautiful part of England – the Vale of Pewsey. In my view this was/ is going to be a very strong contender for the Hash of the Year Award. So, are you sitting comfortably? – then I'll begin.

Bright sunshine, clear blue sky and the gentlest of breezes to cool us highly trained athletes as we gathered at Pewsey Wharf on the Kennet and Avon Canal where we mingled with narrow boat owners polishing their boats and children playing and runners and walkers gossiping in the Sunday morning sunshine. Colin gathered us round him and told us that as a special treat today the trail was unusually short as he had arranged for a friend of his at Honey Street, just three miles down the canal, to give us a ride back to Pewsey on his narrow boat. 'Won't that be lovely' we all said and, forgetting the date, rushed off down the canal towards Honey Street. Shock! Horror! after fifty yards there was this flour 'T'. Then of course it dawned on us that someone was havin' an April Fools day laugh. Colin, with a huge grin on his face said he'd invented the bit about the boat ride – tee hee – and that the trail was, in fact, 6 miles long, up a bloody great hill and in the opposite direction. To assuage our disappointment however he said that on the real trail we would find Easter eggs concealed in the undergrowth near a new hash sign that looked like an egg. In the circumstances we decided not to throw him into the canal just yet and set off instead along the towpath towards Great Bedwyn – muttering and scanning the hedgerows for eggs. After about half a mile or so we crossed the canal and began to climb steadily towards the aforesaid hill. Margaret and I were firmly at the back by this time but as we joined a regroup we saw Olly handing out the chocolate Easter eggs he'd just found (eyes like a hawk that Olly). Colin, who was running round with us, said the front runners had found all the eggs at that point but if we took a short cut along the bottom of the aforesaid hill whilst the others went up over the top we should find something to our advantage. So we trotted along a nice flat grassy track and watched the others scramble to the top of the hill and then run along the ridge silhouetted on the skyline. The view must have been wonderful up there and I was just a tiny bit jealous. Even after hunting for and finding an egg each we were still miles in front and so we thought "Goodoh, we're going to be back at the pub first". Unfortunately it didn't work out like that – we missed a turning, ran miles out of our way, everyone else went steaming past us and, I'll go to sea, we were last again. Not that it mattered as the trail was gorgeous – across fields and through woodland back to the canal near the French Horn pub and a final gallop over the bridge home.

A lovely run and a classic après. We sat in the sunshine with pints of Ramsbury bitter (not all of us – some had Guinness and others tea) next to the canal and GOM Maurice thanked Colin for a superb trail and we made plans for the Hash weekend in June – and more importantly for the Handover Hash which is only two weeks away.

Thank you Colin for a great day.

On Ons

380 15th April 2012 The Daneway Sapperton Liz