

Churn Valley Hash House Harriers.

Run No. 1564.

The Vale, Cricklade.

Hares. Caviar and Groper.

What an awful morning! Cold, wet and miserable as around thirty of us sheltered from the elements in the hotel doorway.

How nice it was to have been invited to hash from The Vale by the new proprietors, one of whom has hashed with us a few times. She is a friend of Pickle, but we shouldn't hold that against her.

Hung Lo, who was supposed to have worn the bags, arrived minus his trainers and although he did consider running in his shoes, Groper and Caviar warned of deep mud and a lot of water. Discretion became the better part of valour and he headed back home, leaving Fireraiser to wear them.

Off we went after a very short briefing and after a bit of a melee around the pavements of Cricklade we ran through some very wet water meadows. We never seemed far from the Thames and the hares had marked loads of checks which kept the pack together.

It was really horrid weather but after ten minutes or so, I think most of us warmed up and we only felt the cold when we stopped to find the trail or hang around at a regroup. Trooper however, was really cold and was grumbling to himself that he should have worn more clothes.

I have absolutely no idea where we were but I suspect we were never actually far from the town. We were forced to yomp through loads of serious shiggy which I really enjoyed and personally I thought this was the best run I have ever done from Cricklade.

Back in around an hour and a half, it was still raining and it seemed strange to run past the Red Lion rather than into it! But we received a warm welcome at The Vale and there were five good real ales for our delectation. Trooper, however missed them. Still grumbling, he bugged off home for a hot bath!

Frank awarded the bags to Ashley, son of Barry, for apparently covering his fire engine in stickers about twenty years ago! I gave Dogger the sheep's head for his interpretation of the brand name VIGA on Anorak's anorak. Not a shortened version of VIAGRA but 'very intelligent, good arse' well he got the last bit right!

There were loads of other candidates, Ashley for smoking on a hash, Clod for complaining of no flour when stood feet away from a circle, Dylido for chicken checking, Lone Ranger for dressing in a black bin bag and Boedoff for comparing his dog's bedraggled coat with Anorak's bedraggled hair do.

Happy Birthday Elsie a.k.a. Arsehole (the dog) one year old!

Good après which concluded with Musthash finishing off Everill's lunch. Harry heard his voice or his eating noises and galloped into the restaurant dragging with him the bar stool to which his master had attached him!

A great morning – I was glad I braved the weather.

Polepussy

FORTHCOMING RUNS

1566	7 October	Keepers, Quenington, GL7 5BN	Anorak & Polepussy
1567	14 October	Hunters Hall, Kingscote., GL8 8XZ	Booedoff and Donkey
1568	21 October	Soup Kitchen GL7 2EZ	Fishfingers and Kippernick
1569	28 October	Stroud Brewery **	Musthash

Unit 11 Phoenix Works, Brimscombe, Stroud, GL5 2BU

** Musthash has persuaded the brewery to open up their lounge which is normally only open on Friday evenings, provided that at least thirty of us agree to be there and to eat pizza, freshly cooked on the premises. Please confirm to Musthash if you will be attending, drinking some fine, award winning beers and stuffing your faces!

DATE FOR YOUR DIARIES

ONLY 85 DAYS TO GO UNTIL CHRISTMAS!!

HASH CHRISTMAS LUNCH CONFIRMED 16 DECEMBER AT THE VAULTS CIRENCESTER GL7 1BN

NAMES TO GOM PLEASE IF YOU ARE COMING.

And..... to fill up a bit more of the page.

Little joke told by Jimmy Tarbuck at the Bacon Theatre, Cheltenham on Friday night.

'I saw luminous condoms advertised in my local chemist and thought I would try one for a laugh. I put one on and decided to have a look at it under the bed clothes. Wow, I thought I can read with this light so I grabbed my book. Sadly the light went out after three sentences!'

Well he is 72 years old.....