



REPORT ON RUN 423 ON 2nd OCTOBER 2022

Q: Is Lost Fart a hare you can trust? This man has previous!!

A: Faced with this conundrum, seven (only 7!) doughty hashers plus one hound turned up on a wet morning in Lurgashall to be greeted by the afore-mentioned cloaked all in black wearing his hitherto Border Guard jacket. Not a pretty site it has to be said, made worse by his admission that he had set the trail the previous day and before heavy overnight rain set in.

That apart, the hare then advised the pack about encountering fields of sheep (dog warning!) and running across people's back gardens which further heightened the general feeling of trepidation. Nonetheless, off we set, carefully guided across the churchyard next to the pub so as not to disturb the dead and into a field of rather statuesque-looking (but not dead) sheep. Next a larger field of slightly livelier sheep was safely negotiated with the dog straining on the end of Chastity Belt's leash.

So far, so good, though the rain had turned the trail marks of sawdust a dirty brown colour, hard to distinguish and often far apart. Also, at this point the hare played one of his characteristic pranks by persuading the pack into a nearby copse when all along we should have stayed on a well-worn track. Cue the first and not the last mumblings of disquiet...But on we trudged in a northerly direction into denser territory still slavishly following his lead but with the trail lit up by brighter dobs of flour and past some old and rusting armoured WWII vehicles (ref. Upper Barn Hangar for those with maps).

With the hare then returning to his true place at the rear, at some point further north the pack traversed Jobson's Lane and then on to and over Quell Lane bringing us closer to our home environs of Haslemere. Climbing at this point the sun came out and lo and behold out of the blue we were treated to the breathtaking view of the South Downs from Blackdown House. Turning south and downhill though Blackdown Park the pace at the front began to quicken, prompted by Chilly Willie's desire not to miss her dancing engagement that afternoon (Strictly! here she comes), and after travelling through Windfall Wood and Common the first quartet arrived back at Lurgashall Green with the second brigade some 10 minutes behind.

Refreshment then followed in the time-honoured way at The Noah's Ark PH where we were joined by our former GM, the Ayatollah and his better half. In the usual banter, all the hare's eccentricities were quickly forgiven (...well exaggerating a bit). So cheers Lost Fart for your 8.2 km peregrination and - not getting us lost.

Doug 'Marathow' Thow





