



REPORT ON RUN 435 ON 1st OCTOBER 2023

A good turn out of 17 runners was to be had on a beautiful warm morning. I would venture the opinion that Douche could have run this without wearing his gloves if he had turned up. Marathow gave his usual pep talk. There was some consternation when he said that we would have to cross some water: but we hadn't brought our armbands! We also had a variety of dog life. I once had to field a number of complaints when someone said that my dog was always chasing a neighbour on his bike. I made short work of this by pointing out that 'Lassie' could not ride a bike. So there you have it.

After making our way through small red-bricked houses, we maintained our animal theme by coming across a field populated by two horses and their two foals. They were very friendly and came towards us. I've always loved horses since being exposed to the Lone Ranger on the TV as a kid. Did you know that 'Tonto' is the Spanish for stupid (his sidekick)? For all those under 50, try Wikipedia! We then opened out on to large, open fields and felt the full effect of the sun's rays. At the top of a modest climb we looked on at the rolling countryside in front of us (I couldn't see the view for the trees!) We then entered a wooded area of deciduous trees before finding ourselves under the canopy of a pine forest, feeling the soft pine needles under our feet. We were far from civilisation and did not see a living soul until two riders competed for the same narrow trail. We did pass a farm but no one was about. In general the footing was firm, and Marathow successfully kept the pack together with his ingenious checks, including an unscheduled one which saw us at a large sand pit. I don't know if it was the effects of my flu jab or the subliminal message from the sign, 'large plant crossing' but I thought I had seen an enormous cabbage on the road: it turned out to be (name withheld). We then encountered the water we had to traverse, a frothing gully which could be avoided by using the walkway. Towards the run there were two major checks which baffled the pack and featured Alpha Blocker trying to make sense of an open field ambush.

The next notable feature of the run was passing the Headley Park Hotel, now abandoned. It was once a hunting lodge for the nobility, was owned by a shipping magnate, became a boarding school before being turned into a pub: Marathow (Hash Name) remembers a Hash lunch there. We ran through the grounds and passed an extensive lake which we thankfully did not have to swim across! We could not have a Hash run without a photograph. As we were marshalling ourselves, there was a piercing scream from Chilly Willie as she found out that a nearby fence really was electrified. Bika was not convinced and he replied with a more manly exclaim. Towards the end of our run we came across a field of quite exquisite Jersey cows, all long eyelashes and Lancome mascara. I have always loved cows since watching 'Rawhide' on TV when I was a kid: the main actor was Eric Fleming who subsequently drowned in Peru on location: his sidekick was played by an actor some of you will know: Clint Eastwood.

This was a brilliant occasion, amplified by a great atmosphere in the pub garden afterwards, around a large table which just managed to accommodate all of us. Marathow is a master (at least that is what I thought someone said!)

David 'Lost Fart' Banks



