



REPORT ON RUN 419 ON 5th JUNE 2022

This was a joint Platinum Jubilee Hash with 'Pistoffen'. Marathow introduced his run by saying that, as the respective hashes had different signage for false trails (Pistoffen had two fingers), he had decided to dispense with this: so no false trails and no back checks. A challenge indeed! In this Elizabethan age Marathow finished with a Shakespearean quote. My own favourite wordsmith is Charles Dickens. I don't know if you were aware that originally his stories were published episodically, for instance with regard to 'A Tale of Two Cities', it was the Bicester Times and it was the Worcester Times.

We were sixteen in total, divided half each. The Ayatollah brought two black labradors: unfortunately one must have ended up in a hot wash cycle and accordingly shrank in size.

We proceeded through the back lanes of Rowledge, so quiet that I distinctly heard someone cutting their toenails as I passed, into some kind of national park. I was told we had entered Alice Holt! The various trees were well-manicured, suggesting that this was once part of an estate. Although it was undoubtedly soft under foot, given the rain we had had, it was reasonable enough. I found myself at the rear of the pack, having not run for some time and having to deal with breakfast coffee sloshing around in my stomach. After plunging into the woods, we found ourselves out in the open on tarmac, on one side private houses, one of which had put on an amazing display of giant national flags, including the royal standard.

Evenly numbered groups had split in two until the laggards found a right turn, craftily not indicated by the hare. Following this line of tarmac the pack had then to deal with an uphill climb. More trees, eventually giving out to a wonderful panorama dominated by an oast house. We then ran straight over several intersections along a narrow path flanked to the left by a huge wooden fence. At the end of this we had a view of a fabulous manor house on an incline which turned out to be Frensham Heights *. The grounds of this school became the penultimate part of our journey before we hit tarmac again, turning off to the right over a series of styles through fields until we were in Rowledge again.

In terms of variety of scene and dependability of markings this was one of the best hashes I have ever experienced. Well done Marathow! We repaired to a marvellous old-fashioned pub where we enjoyed refreshment at under £5 a pint!

* Frensham Heights is a mock Tudor building built in 1902

David 'Lost Fart' Banks

