



REPORT ON RUN 431 ON 4th JUNE 2023

“June is busting out all over...” and certainly a day to behold as the sun shone brightly down on Headboy about to commence his briefing outside the “The Swan”, Haslemere. Forecasting a 6 mile run full of ups and downs, he alerted the pack both to having used two different types of product (flour and wood shavings) to mark the trail and to providing a short cut towards the end for those anxious not to miss their Sunday lunch.

Numbering 10 plus one hound in total, including newcomer Scott and relative newcomer Paul, the pack skipped across the High Street into the free car park behind the shops and then on to verdant terrain heading eastwards. Old stagers know this ground only too well for its notorious shiggins but the recent dry and windy weather had turned it bone hard. What was more of a challenge was the trail as white flour soon given way to dun-coloured shavings difficult to spot in the glaring sun. Yours truly missed the first three checkpoints altogether (and he was not alone) but fortunately younger sets of eyes came to the rescue. After various meanderings, we crossed Holdfast Lane into further green environs taking the pack across as far as Imbhams Farm.

Then at a large pond, the trail turned north across an open field and into wooded copse until nearing the sewage works at Grayswood (always a breathtaking sight!), we turned west and re-crossed Holdfast Lane. On to and over the A286, a narrow winding path led up to the Waterloo/Portsmouth railway line where with a distinct absence of trains (strike day or just Sunday service?) we were able to cross over it at leisure. On we ventured to Keffolds Farm territory where the trail veered south. The pace was unstinting but alas, by now, the pack had splintered into two groups with front runners out of sight and sound. Not to matter the back markers aided by the hare picked their way back, skirting Bunch Lane and then emerging from denser foliage at the foot of Wispers Lane.

Almost home but not quite as Headboy had ingeniously found hitherto hidden back-paths resulting in a criss-cross route back to Haslemere and finally into Chestnut Avenue Car Park. At the pub, the refreshments went down well but alas there was no sign of Scott who we conjured may have run straight back to his house in Headley Down (he looked that fit!). The Ayatollah was there however to greet us baring his psychedelic spreadsheet and with the latest set of H4 (unaudited) accounts. Evidently the past twelve months had seen a dip in revenue but nothing he said to cause alarm - H4 is still solvent - hooray!

So it only remains to award top marks to Headboy for setting up the day nicely.

Doug “Marathow” Thow