



REPORT ON RUN 400 ON 6th SEPTEMBER 2020

Group 1

We congregated in a small carpark alongside The Cricketers Inn, Kingsley. The sun was shining and we listened intently to the 400th run lyric written and read by the talented Marathow. Ravinous Curls then presented Finley with his Hash name 'AWOL' which went completely over his head and later had to be explained.

We headed out across Kingsley Common, a 100-acre site with rare species of birds and plants (some protected I'm told). Our first challenge was a wet one and waist deep wading through a brook. With soggy attire we trudged on through the undergrowth forever trying to locate the next sawdust blob. The trail had many twists and turns resulting in finding ourselves entering a pheasants enclosure, much to Oreos' delight, where the squawks could be heard from miles around. Upon exiting we stumbled across a warning poster about adders, as if we didn't have enough to worry about.

The trail crossed its tracks numerous times often finding ourselves running parallel alongside the outward path which caused confusion, AWOL equally so. On the home leg we came across a beautiful lake where fisherman donned the banks with their tackle and rods. I enquired if the maggots were their lunch, the retort being 'would you like to try some' and a handful thrown at me much to the Blockers' delight.

A well planned and challenging run with beautiful scenery and a lot of laughter. Well done AWOL / ChillyWillie.

Treena 'Nutbush' McCauley

Group 2

So the 'Also Rans' set off sharp at 10.45, led at a cracking pace by Duracell. We had just turned off the main road when Forkin' Wisperer started to question the lack of sawdust.....

She soon got her comeuppance as we were directed through the icy waters of the Oxeny Stream to the 1st check.

Lovely long wooded stretch – ignoring the invitation to 'run up a gum tree' to the 2nd check. We found our way through the trees to the fence and proceeded round the pheasant pen, eyed suspiciously by the poults within.

The pack were running well and in close formation until we reached check 3 – at which point Duracell and Jelly shot off up the hill to the false trail mark, closely followed by Goofy and Forkin' at check 4 – all the while ChillyWillie/The Hare stayed at the bottom laughing sadistically. It was all well worth it to arrive together at check 5 to 'admire' the wild bees, and then check 6 atop the Common with stunning views.

And then, yes, downhill to the pond and the On-In past the impressive H400 in designer sawdust to the car park and pub. Excellent and very well marked run. Congrats and many thanks to the Hare(s)

Martin 'Goofy' Potter

Group 3

To restrict the spread of whatever meant that Run 400 was split into 3 groups of no more than 6 runners. The slowest group went off last at 11am precisely preceded by one of Marathow's charming ditties. It soon morphed into the fast and the slow, the latter including an injured Ravinous Curls and his father, and The Ayatollah. The front runners, Over the hill, Marathow, and Daystripper (ex West London H3) dazzled ahead and were never seen again until the ON ON. The trail had been cleverly set by the newly christened AWOL in a sort of serrated g shape with crossovers at the x point by the river if you can visualise that.

The checkpoints were many and the new trails started close by which were a real joy. At other times the visualisation of the sawdust was a challenge to be treasured but meaning that much back checking was necessary to get back on track. There was a teeny weeny hint of sunshine at times. The run in, predictably, circled Kingsley Pond with its fisherpersons, one or two of whom lost their lunch to the passing dogs. H400 in sawdust at the end was a delight.

Martin 'The Ayatollah' Odell





RUN 400
06/09/2020



'When H4 ran their 400th' by Doug 'Marathow' Thow

Half a mile, half a mile

Half a mile onward

In the year of Covid

Did they run the 400th

For this 6th day of September

Will be one for H4 to remember

Theirs not to make reply

Theirs not to reason why

Theirs but to do or die

On this day of September

Did they run the 400th

Hills to the right of them,

Hills to the left of them

“Over the Hill” in front of them

[Hash Group 1]

“Take courage”, cried Findlay

For 'tis our destiny this day

[Hash Group 2]

“Onward” cried Chillie Willie

We're a long way from Picca-dilly

[Hash Group 3]

Spurred on by McVeigh

Like old soldiers entering the fray

Did they run the 400th

On on rang out! On they sped
Casting out fear and dread
Until knackered and bugger-ed
The pack returned shattered and sunder-ed
When can their glory fade?
Honour the hash brigade
The noble 400th!

Acknowledgment: Loosely based on Lord Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade".