



REPORT ON RUN 421 ON 7th AUGUST 2022

We were twelve in all, including the Hares, disciples of the H4 principle. And one dog, a delightful Spaniel. This included Douche. Although most of the runners thought it was a hologram, especially as there was no show at the On On. A lot of the regulars were said to be on holiday. I am confident that no Hashers would be stupid enough to spend money on a foreign holiday during the UK's Mediterranean climate.

Our Hare, Chastity Belt explained the significance of 'X' and 'O'. She went on to say that if we came across 'OXO', it was almost certainly a discarded beef extract packet. The ongoing reference to Snakes and Ladders was beyond me.

We started off in a forest setting before we rose up and down and found ourselves surrounded by children and small dogs (usually in the Hash, you don't see anyone for miles). This was the oasis of Waggoners Wells. The lakes were full to the brim, suggesting a spring feed rather than a dependency on rain. It was very hot and hard and dusty under foot. In the shimmering heat I had a moment when I thought Omar Sharif was coming towards me on a camel but it was only Marathow in his brand new inter-hash singlet.

Six of us got a bit lost chattering too much: we were off piste and the Hounds were pissed off. Not only for that reason but the Canine Defence League (CDL) had erased some of the signage. When we climbed our way out, we saw a direction arrow which led directly to a false trail. Is this allowable under the rules? Surrey Hashers present said it was not their (underlined) normal modus vivendi. Luckily the Star Chamber is meeting next week and we shall soon find out.

We were fortunate that most of the run had been in the comfort of the trees. When we broke out, we were in a different landscape. We meandered down narrow sandy pathways, flanked by gorse into large open areas which provided ideal conditions for a difficult check. Chastity Belt was convinced that the CDL had moved her check but I couldn't get my head round this. We saw spiralling smoke on the horizon which caused anxiety among those housed in that direction. But the Hash moved on.

After an hour and a half the pace definitely lessened and anything resembling a slope was rewarded by a walk. We were nearly six miles in. This was a deluxe trail, laid by experienced Hashers. As a result the pack stayed together, the hallmark of success. We returned via Waggoners Wells, feeling well satisfied with the world and our outstanding performance!

David 'Lost Fart' Banks

On On at The Fox and Pelican, Grayshott.





