



NORTH DURBAN

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

FOUNDER	:	Garth Berg	Ph: 66148
GRAND MASTER	:	Ken Reardon	
ON DOC	:	Ben George	
ON SEC	:	Danny Rowbotham	Ph: 319221
HASH CASH	:	Mervyn McGregor	

RUN NO 8 : Alec Thomson

Up Burman Drive from Umgeni Road, more or less 1½ kilometres. Look for yellow Chev in clearing on right.

TIME : 5,15 for 5,30 pm

DATE : Tuesday 10,11,81

RUN NO 7 : Trevor McWade and John Parton

Everyone was somewhat alarmed when, five minutes before the 'off', Trevor was noticed, hot and sweaty, coming along Umhlanga Rocks Drive clutching a handful of neatly cut, squared paper - he attempted to allay fears that he was going to set the run while leading the pack by explaining that he'd just checked the course to ensure that paper "had not blown away". Everybody accepted this half-truth when it was noticed that Trevor's shoes were dry and still relatively clean - a sure indication that no shiggy lay in wait for us.

By the way, On Doc, Ben George, commended Trevor and John for their choice of paper - much softer, gentler and more hygienic he says. Talking of John, one wondered what his contribution to the run was as all he'd seemed to do was lean against the cars in the beginning and, during the run, mutter, "Shit, I don't remember this." Subsequent events vindicated him when he produced the sausage rolls and handed Hash Cash the profits from the sale of beer - only the second person to do so.

What about the run? you say. Well, it went down and down and down then up and up and up back to the main road. Up to this point Alec Thomson had, with uncanny instinct, chosen the correct course at every check, disdaining all the false trails so well planned (or so they thought) by Trevor and John. He then experienced (as those of us who play 'touch' on the beach with him will tell you) a rush of blood and went hot-footing it back to the cars. A pity you missed this half of the run, Alec, as it was arguably the better half. If not just for that long run on grass between gently waving, head-high cane with birds twittering gently on either side as the sun slowly sank down behind the rolling hills. A lovely stretch but well away from the bloody cars with every step. The sound of those birds mocking us was soon blotted out by grunts and muttered imprecations, particularly from Mark and Trevor Warman. No, they're not brothers, it's just that Mark's aged fast - or is it the other way around? (Rumour has it that Mark invited Trevor along so that he'd have somebody to talk to at the back).

The other newcomer, Ian Eslick, proved venturesome at this stage (he'll learn!) and promptly got lost but, as we were't far from Huletts H.Q., found his way home before long.

N.B. Point for all hares, should somebody get lost/not return home it's your duty to go out and search (only exception to this rule is Ken Reardon if he gets lost - this is a request from his wife).

To repay Steve and Phil for their Lion Lager disaster the previous week, John provided only Castle - only trouble is that Phil and Steve didn't pitch up. Talking of Lion Lager, I recently heard someone liken it to making love in a punt. When pressed for an explanation he said "Yes, that's just what it is - fucking near water."

ON, ON

Danny Rowbotham

RECEDING HARELINE

Run No. 9
Run No. 10

17 November 81
24 November 81

Nobby Clark
Brian Orton