



# NORTH DURBAN

## HASH HOUSE HARRIER

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 13 : Ken Reardon

Meet at the beach carpark on the northern side of the tee-junction at Umhloti Beach.

DATE : 15 December 1981

TIME : 5.30 for 5.45 p.m. NB

RUN NO 12 : Jonathan Orton

It has always been suspected that Jo'burg types loved the crap (they wouldn't be in Jo'burg otherwise) and now it's been proved true. An interesting run to say the least - definitely set to Joburg rules. The chase began promptly at 5.30 - by car. A last minute change in venue had everyone battling just to find the start, which in fact turned out a lot easier than trying to find paper. A certain Welshman was heard to comment that there was less paper on this trail than oases in a desert - and the most lost-looking person was Jonathan himself. It was not true that the locals had collected all the paper for hygiene purposes - the problem was that the hare had started the pack off up the wrong cane break!! With great excitement paper was finally spotted at the top of the hill but joy was short-lived - paper could not be found after the fist check and we all learnt a new rule - check back three which means that the trail can continue from three pieces of paper before the check. Knowledge is a fine thing!

This set the tone for the rest of the run as every hash rule was used and abused. Even experienced hashers, Eric Smith and Brian Orton, got completely stuffed and the old adage of it always being safer to stay on high ground was soon destroyed. At times the pack could be seen stretched out at least a mile along the countryside. Eric was heard muttering what he would like to do to Jonathan if he had't had the excuse of having Brian as a father.

Ken Reardon and Ben George being men of the earth seemed to revel in these conditions. They managed to pick up the trail that led through dense bush, up the Phoenix sewerage-works outfall, under fences, over rotting chickens, through A.N.C. compounds and across narrow pipes. In the midst of avoiding blackwater fever, cholera, drowning and being impaled on a fence, some idiot who shall remain nameless, was seen pointing out to nature-lovers some rare species of flying creature who obviously enjoyed the sewerage farm more than we did.

To end it all, the run-in was accompanied by a downpour which at least removed the newly-acquired aroma from our bodies. All in all a hash which reduced great men to pitiful sights - as borne out by the vision of a few pathetic creatures huddling under an umbrella in the pouring rain refusing to budge until the final six-pack was dead.

Jonathan, there is an Air India flight leaving Durban shortly - be on it.

ON-ON :

John Becker