

NORTH DURBAN

HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

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

RUN NO 35 : DANNY ROWBOTHAM - 12 MAY 1982

This will already have been phoned to those possible participants - venue
Northlands Sports Club : 5.00 p.m.

RUN NO 35 : ALEX THOMSON (in absentia) :

Rugby again interfered with more important matters," Alex responded to the call of Dbn. Collegians (who?) and Mervyn McGregor stepped into his size 12 footprints - and did very well at short notice.

A medium size pack gathered at a clearing of their own choosing - the run itself started 400 metres up the hill. Keen starters Orton, Powell and Smith left promptly at 5.15 muttering something about fading light and sprained ankles. Then Maidman arrived (Bob by name). Thus encouraged, the majority (by one) remained behind to pick up stragglers arriving from the on/off rugby match. It had to be - late as we started, Ken Reardon was even later and only rejoined us as the first beer was sliding down.

We picked the terrible trio up at the start, still casting around for non-existent paper. Mervyn's prodding put them on the scent and into the bush we went. First-timer Piet Combrinck showed early aptitude, displaying due regard for stray creepers and eye-height branches, and led us up to and along the fence. Thru' the hole we went (Alex, just how do you spend your spare time?) and over the hill. Ankle-breaking trail down hill, a few brief stops and then to the bottom where 'yellow-peril' (is jaundice contagious by the way?) Geoff Taylor used up his last reserves of stamina in leading half the pack in completely the wrong direction.

The rest following paper stretched their legs and were soon swallowed up in a dead-end quarry. Much against our will and only due to Mervyn's insistence did us tail-enders follow them in. There they were, skylighted three-quarters of the way up a cliff of rubble, were Smith, Orton and Jackson. Only then did Mervyn whisper "The trails out there" and John Powell and Geoff took the comparatively safe route out. Around the bend and up a water-course (or was it a road?) which was obviously too good to refuse - wasn't it, Alex? This strung out the pack and it was a very long single-file that emerged finally at the top. A long (longer than intended) lope down Burman Drive took us back to the cars and salvation.

RECEDING HARE-LINE :

Volunteers urgently required.

ON-ON :

Danny Rowbotham