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RUN NO. 26
HARE: SUITABLE TRAIL: FLOUR
APRIL 16th 1989

WELL DONE SUITABLE WHAT A GREAT TRAIL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Mud Mud and more Mud seemed to be the theme for the day, we ran through streams, woods, fields and mud mud glorious mud.

Who was that in the distance going the wrong way, oh its only Whisper looking for a short cut, shame he didn't find one.
Bumbly Bee Bee was in great stress due to the lack of cigarettes, and decided Zupada was going to suffer, so with a rugby tackle I was dumped in the mud.

WOT NO BEER was the cry when having reached the site of the beer stop, no beer car was in sight, having hung around getting frozen and with despair showing in the eyes of these intrepid hashers we set off leaving Suitable to hunt the car.

Gazunda decided the trail went down a water filled tunnel and guess how many silly prats followed him, they shall remain nameless.
Next came the impressions of TARZAN, as hasher after hasher clung to a rope and glided with expression of sheer terror across the stream.

Could it be a mirage or is that Suitable running towards us with car following behind.

COULD THIS BE A FIRST I ASK MYSELF!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
Have any hashers ever had a beer stop were they drank ginger beer and shandy ??? I HEREBY PROMISE TO KEEP THIS A SECRET AND HOPE YOU WILL DO THE SAME.

DOWN DOWNS were gratefully excepted by a VIRGIN
NEW COMER
S.C.B.
F.R.B.
HASH NUT

HASH NAMES TO Tony (FLASHER)
Darrin (Poser)
Steve (Shafty)



I WISH TO GOD SHE'D
LEAVE A BIT MORE TIME
TO CATCH HER TRAIN!

HALF A CHICKEN SANDWICH
AND A SIP OF HOCK — WHAT
SORT OF A PICNIC IS THAT?

