



RUN 107      Rose and Crown, Cotgrave.  
                  Sunday 17th. October.  
HARE            Gerihatric.  
SCRIBE         Barritone.

As the mighty throng assembled in the car park, it seemed that it was going to be a somewhat unusual occasion. Firstly, the weather. It was the middle of October and it was positively HOT! Big Phut and Warmers, who had only stepped off the plane 9 hours earlier, had obviously brought the Californian weather with them - eat your heart out America! Secondly, after all the pre-run formalities, who should coming towards us in Josh's car but Moby Dick. Apparently, he was caught without a seatbelt and fined £20!! Thirdly, there were a lot of new faces, including one ex-Moscow Hasher. The run started very ingeniously, with several cunning little dogs legs round the Cotgrave estates. (Talking of dogs legs, the ones that foxed Cyranose were attached to a dog!!) Declining the offer of a mini, we went up a hill, round a field, through some woods, round another field (where Gentleman Jim and Barritone were among the few that followed the trail), across a bar (!?!) and back into Clipstone Woods, ahead of the long run-in. At this point, GropeHer's mind started to wander and he started to think beautiful thoughts about the new-found faith, that he was wandering down the romantic forest path with. He wandered.....down a false trail!!! Down Downs were dispensed with Gusto (Ed.whoever he is?) and were given to the Newcomers, the Hares and Moby Dick.

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HASH QUOTES.

A recent letter from Shedless to Doc had a P.S. on it which read:  
 "Hope you can read my writing - Doctor's and Teachers have a psychic link due to their inherent inability to convey on paper."  
 Doc: "What the fuck does that mean?" (Answers on a postcard to Doc, please, in words of one sillabull, after all, I'm only a thick P.E. Teacher!!!).