



RUN 110.

Sunday 5th. December.

Blue Bell, Sandiacre.

HARES.

GropeHer and Josh.

SCRIBE.

Dicktafoney.

We were greeted with blue skies, a light breeze and unseasonably warm temperatures. Despite these obvious setbacks, a motley crew of Hashers set off along the trail, cunningly located along the only road up Mount Everest. Barritone led the way impressively, and snowed his "Jeanious" by trampling all over the "On It", or "Ni No" as it read, and following the trail in reverse. Fortunately, the Hash was saved by GropeHer who managed to coax his alleged car up to the South Col and send the FRB's back to base camp where the elusive trail was located.

Cyranose, meanwhile, engaged in some uncharacteristically successful front running, working on the theory that since Josh was involved in the course it would go nowhere near water or mud. A pleasant mile circuit along the canal led back to a bored Showman, mercilessly hemmed in by three false trails signs, and short-cutters Ruth and Gail complaining of being kept waiting and getting cold. Kind words of sympathy soon warmed their ears.

K2 was next on the agenda, with a stop at the top to admire the panoramic view of the traffic on the M1 some 70ft. below! Naturally, the way was down the sheer cliff face, which involved careful negotiation with your feet or, in Showman's case, posterior! The golf course was then negotiated without any fore-play, to a welcoming beer stop. Rummaging around in Josh's boot produced the usual ladies underwear and 2 litres (plus 12½% extra) of SPAR bitter. If you ever wondered what SPAR stood for on shop-fronts, then we finally had the answer: SPANIEL'S PISS ALE RECYCLERS. Down down, On On, UP, UP!

The tour of the Himalayas continued with a sweep through Stanton-by-Dale, where the local Sherpas greeted us with their friendly cries of "Hoorthesijuts", down to the exotic steel works and then back up the East Ridge. The trail was lost but soon regained after an examination of every large pile of horseshiggy, but not before Dicktafoney pointed out that the "Lot Four" sign was an anagram of "To Flour". Where were the Hares? Were they that devious? No!

The next two miles were fairly uneventful, followed by the gentle descent of No Man's Land as Hashers desperately tried to get back before the pub closed, the whole outing being summed up by Gentleman Jim claiming that the last time he ran that far he got a Mars Bar and a framed lace panel!

On afters at GropeHer's bijoux residence where an excellent stew and sumptuous stir fry matched the ambiance of the occasion. And there was no SPAR bitter. An excellent day and a great Hash.

Today's definitions from Chambers Dictionary:

HASH - A stupid fellow (Scottish)
- A mixture of old matter
- A mess!

(Ed. Nuf sed!!)

DOWN DOWNS:

HARES: with added chœography by Doc.

Dicktafoney: for running to the Hash!!!!

Cyranose; FRB and for being renamed Sue Reynolds by Mrs. Dicktafoney who didn't quite catch her Hash handle!

Namings.

Rachel; ROUGH PASSAGE - For carrying Tim across the waterjump at Zouch, and after discarding Plimsol Line, Pantie Line, Roll-on, Roll-off (Shame).

Tim: PISSCOPHRENIA - for his performance in drinking all of Showman's duty free lager and turning from quiet man to psychopath.

Fall-in-the-Hole: renmaed HORIFACE as previous Hash handle was deemed unsuitable for a Quorn Hasher!

WANKER'S CAP.

- Barritone: 1) for leading young boys astray;
 2) crossing the On In flour;
 3) running in jeans.

A pity he hasn't got three heads!!

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The old reprobate SUTERBALL has at last been banished from the boundaries of Leicestershire after his recent case came to court and wishes to inform all you other Hashing Plebs that you are most welcome at his new ~~prison~~ residence in Brighton if you have a rush of blood and want to Hash on the beach! Details scribed below.

*Change of Address please note:
 My address from 1st January 1994 will be:*

**J. P. SUTER
 Flat 5
 9 Palmeira Square
 Hove
 East Sussex BN3 2JB**

My new telephone number will be Brighton:

0273 - 203868