

RUN NO. 173

VENUE: The Malt Shovel, Worthington

DATE: 2 June 1996

HARE: Lightning Rod & Oriface

SCRIBE(S): Big Phut and Warmers

OK, apologies up front for this write-up after the Cyprus Interhash (Our memories are severely damaged by the long week of dissipation and writing this the Sunday morning a month later just before the hash in Beeston). We swear will do better next time

First, it was a beautiful spring day. The run started toward Breedon on the Hill and wound through fields with beautiful views. Green everywhere. (Fond memories of running in England kept us going on the HOT dry trails of Cyprus. England is the best place to hash in the world.) The hounds were in about an hour after the start.

Down-downs were well presented by Doc Crippen in the absence of PAXO. John Whitmarsh was named Whiplash. (Had run all the way from Notts and had enlisted Gobalot to run back with him after the hash).

Gobalot was awarded one for not stopping at a holding check. Too Tuff for the long continuing saga of sperm genocide. Wallington (welcome back after too long an absence) for bemoaning the length of the run. Visitors, Twin Cam and Cycologist (brother of Rockhopper). Springcock, laying trail for a DIY run. presented a touching poem. And of course the hares for a well laid run. The usual false accusations of terrible run, but we all knew it had been a grand lay.

"We screamed 'No!' but it was too late," Sgt. James Manios told reporters at a press conference in Eureka, California. "We were explaining to her that you just can't do that in public, when she suddenly pulled her left boobie out of her halter top, asked me if I could still remember the taste of real mother's milk, and began squirting it in my face."

The unnamed woman had been detained by Eureka police after an incident in Angelo's Pizza Parlor, 215 W. Seventh St. The owner called his because the woman was jumping from table to table, annoying customers by making mooring

...and telling them she was an old ... will produce milk for ... and she was giving them a squirt to prove it. We knew straight away who it was, because it's the third time we've detained her this year. In February, she squirted milk at a man and his baby in the Adorni Memorial Recreation Center, while shouting 'bet you can't do this sonny'. Then in April she was found squirting over books in the child-care section of the county library. She now promises to ... because the ... she wanted to milk

