



YE OLDE PACK HORSE, KINGS NEWTON.

6-10-96.

HARES - DOBBER & PENGUIN. (Your very own).

Well what a bunch of whingers some of these QH3 hashers turned out to be. Just because we put in an extra mile or so and threw in the odd double check backed up by a couple of extra long falsies (Dobbers car mileage increased for the weekend), they just couldn't hack it.

Mind you we were well knackered just at the thought of what was to come and to cap it all, it rained! However we know you'll be glad to hear that the flour held out, so no excuses for you fair weather types next time.

You would have been proud of the first part which dragged everyone round most of Kings Newton and back again prior to breaking out into the fields where we managed to lose poor old Big Phut not to be seen again until the finish despite Dobbers vain attempts to find him.

The pack from then on split completely amongst complaints ranging from too great a distance between dobs of flour, not enough flour through to no holding check.

What a bunch of wimps!!!! To cap it all we had to escort some of the old souls on a final short cut back to the boozer.

Mind you - can these people drink or what?

Down-downs from bed pans, frizbies anything will do. We can learn from these guys.

Joking apart it was nice to be invited and we appreciated their friendliness but can they do the same to us? —— watch this space.

On-on,

Penguin & Dobber.