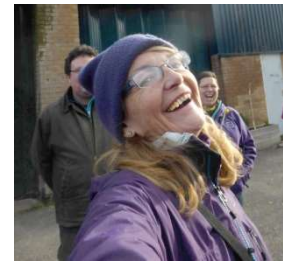


## The Official Run Write Up for Run 1991 Black Bar. Harston.

**Hares:** Jetstream & Unmentionable.

**Scribe:** Paparazzi.

What a turn out. Now who would have thought that Hashers would be attracted to free beer? How come we are getting free beer, I hear you ask? Well the hares, Jetstream and Unmentionable, are celebrating 40yrs of hashing and they are treating us. Thank you Hares. Now there were some 55 hashers, including the visitors, returnees and most of the Whittle's family tree, who turned up to the Black Bar Brewery in Harston on this sunny morning.



Having set the pack off, in what the fast runners thought was the correct direction, the walkers took the lead by going in the right direction and so the FRB's had a lot of catching up to do. This theme seemed to carry on throughout the trail, as I kept seeing the same faces, or should I say, fit backsides pass me on numerous occasions, which pleased me. At one stage I saw half the pack go down one side of a ploughed field, across the bottom and seemingly back up the other side. This made me wonder for a minute. However it was a turnback and the hare had a pleased look on his face. Sneaky!

With so many Hashers on the trail, we started to spread out in a long line. However, with the numerous turnbacks and checkpoints, (some held by **Checkpoint** herself), the walkers were never far behind and even lead on occasions. **Dave El Rave**, having just had a pacemaker fitted a week ago, was seen to break out into a trot. He was so pleased with himself that he came past me and remarked that he was "not even breathing". I disagreed with him!!! He had to stay alive.



Would you like to be a fast runner like **Big Gut**. Well, I can reveal his secret. Get yourself a dog which ignores you when called to heel. That way, you have to give chase to put them on the lead. Big Gut raced past me calling Ellie, who just looked back at him and raced on. However, when he eventually did catch up with her, she refused to go any further and would only move when bribed with free beer.



It was a lovely trail of approximately 5 miles over fields, through woods and even a dyke to jump if you didn't realise there was a bridge just a few meters away. At times I wondered if we were in a foreign country with some of the signs I saw, but we had touched on the boundaries of Haslingfield.

With all the turn backs and check backs, some runners must have done at least 7miles, except for one, **Wimp**. He was seen, along with his dog, checking out someone's very long back garden. Seeing his master's mistake, his dog made a quick retreat and then Wimp followed before the owner saw them



Lovely Trail. Lovely beer. Nice food. Many thanks to the hares. . It must have been good because nobody complained in the circle.

DOWN DOWNS were awarded to:

Hares: **Jetstream and Unmentionable.**

Visitors & returnees: **James, Ullage & Body by ALF**

**One for His Knob & It'll come off**, for trying to claim a whole jug of gin on the Harrietts WOT gin night.

**Horney**, for being good husband material and making flapjacks for the hash whilst his partner was on the Wot gin night out with the Harriettes.

All those who dressed with a Scottish connection, as it was St David's Day.

**Duncan Disorderly**, for forgetting how to run.

**Gorilla & Jetstream.**, for having difficulties putting up a folding table.

**Spicey Bear** for Cinnamon is Xmas.

**Big Blouse** for tea dunking

Charges:

**Slaphead** for cold calling

**Strapon** for asking directions

**WYDT** for not being able to tell the difference between male and female dogs

**Tutonic.** For being this month's edit hare.