

Friday evening this time saw a gathering of the clan at what, prior to our arrival, had been a quiet little residential backstreet, its inhabitants blissfully unaware of the existence of the Hash, Well they had to learn sometime didn't they?

The hills you had to drive up to get there gave some impression of what it was going to be like, but that must have been the only start that can guarantee everyone sets off at five minute intervals.

Queue up alongside the stormdrain, trying to avoid being splattered with paint by a viscous local painting his fence and then into the first slope which really sorted out the men from the boys- they were the ones strategically positioning themselves by that outgrowing tree root to give the ladies a helping hand up (where I shall not say), something revealed by the various shrieks of despair and delight that rose above the wittless cries of ON ON from those still awaiting down on the road.

After that episode had got the blood circulating, it was time to start running - but no, it was not to be, the mud had reduced everyone to a helpless slither. Up from there to the radar station, along the chain link, carefully stepping over the mines and trip wires and keeping a wary eye out for that bastard pictured on those cheerful red signs in case he steps out from behind a tree and shoots you in the back.

Not content with nacking us getting up there, the hares then led us a merry dance all the way down through the morrass until we reached the cement factory and one of those famous back checks, which immediately sends you back up again from where you have just slid down. Once up though, the hardest part was over and from there it was all downhill and a lot easier on the old muscles. All except for Sally Barnes, who insisting she knew a short cut, led her group of unfortunates all the way round the cement factory before plodding up the same way the rest had passed half an hour before. Confusion again had at the bottom by the large drain until Barry the bike picked up the scent and sped off home. He's not a bad runner but tires easily, you know, and had to resort to the old trick of spraining an ankle when he couldn't take his own punishing pace.

The beer site fortunately didn't bring the cops down on us, the main hazard being Kamala who insisted on practising drag starts through the middle of the crowd, and the gent, who thoughtlessly left his car right where the beer wagon was going to go and came out to find it smothered in bodies.

A good On On site, the Balmoral, although the noise level in that narrow room was something else, a decibel meter placed even in the toilet across the way would have shown Boo as being well over the pain threshold.

Still, the beer was plentiful, the food was good. Stu Davies can recommend the beef curry and can't see why you all went for fish & chips. Bill Gartshore belatedly turned up halfway through the nosh, we thought it was to say Grace but it wasn't it was Joanna.

Dave Marshall was surrounded by his Hare-M looking young as ever but we feel he should do something about that bald patch it's quite dazzling when you are driving behind him at night. The participation in the singing wasn't quite full strength, but a request came from the direction of the Finnish Embassy- could we produce a songbook? she knows the songs are obscene but would love to get her tongue round some of those vowels. As for the young Maltese lady who objected to Boos refrain in the 'The mayor of Bayswater', we must ask ourselves, was she a true blonde or do the hairs (Hares,) on her Dicky Di Do .....

Thanks to the hares Linda & Joe for laying what could be called a varied and testing trail, certainly not dull and some successful on on even though they disappeared early shame on them.

And just to round off a hash trash;

'Ang abart, Alastair baby, after this epic marathonic monologue, ya don't think I'm gonna type art this 'ere long joke you've gimme.!