

Run 117, 11.7.13, Down the Gurgler, Mount Pleasant Drive.

Hares: Peter Robinson, Andy Gould, Pauline Heng, Catherine Seet and Uncle Tom Cobbley.

Arrived at Mount Pleasant to find a vast multitude of hashers busily engaged in pre-hash preening. Obviously the success of the previous weeks run and the proximity to town encouraged a big turnout. A lot of impressive machinery was parked all round the place. Porches, jags and all sorts of cosmetic exotica seemed to outnumber the rusty Cortina brigade. (Apropos the long running debate on hash subs: why don't we levy subs based on the type of car the members drive? Seems fair, and a lot more sensible than some other suggestions we've had).

I was awarded the enviable job of scribe soon after the run started. Unfortunately I didn't have pen and paper on my person at the time to record where we went, who did what with which to whom etc and consequently can't tell you much about the run. I'm always suspicious of those scribes who describe in great detail the exact details and route of a run - mostly fiction from an inventive mind I suspect. Personally I never remember much about a run. One of the joys of running I find is that it encourages a vacant frame of mind and any few memories that remain at the end of the run I usually manage to wash away at the beer wagon without too much difficulty.

Anyway, I have a vague recollection that it was a good run. Right length, good checks, nice territory. We spent quite a while stumbling through a graveyard at the start - some deep philosophical message there from the hares perhaps. Crossed Adam Road and the pack were very well behaved and used the ourhead bridge. However, it was a false trail and the pack were less well behaved on the way back - a large crowd of them with subtle use of their mob-instincts did a big jay-walking and traffic stopping stunt to cross back, PJ said they were idiots and should be CASTRIGATED. (Did he work on a steep farm once?). Later we ran through the edge of a construction site which smelled worse than pig farms. Someone with a fog horn shouted some advice from on the building which gave at least one hasher an opportunity to practice his repartee.

Seemed ages before we reached the Polo Club. The smell of the wagon was in the nostrils but soon after that the paper led some of us off the road through a lot of trees, hills etc before the wagon came in view (and we met the SCB's).

Mike Croft was an excellent ship with an eagle eye for wrongdoers and a good organiser of a "girl with the shortest shorts" competition. In the related atmosphere that followed some of the comments heard included

- (a) "The grass was very green and the trees were very nice"
- (b) "Are you scribe? I've done scribe only once or maybe twice" (can we make Stu Davis scribe for the rest of the year)
- (c) "I'm giving taichi lessons - \$100 per hour for the guys, the girls are free" (Bookings to Bill Gartshore).

Then I noticed a group gathered round inspecting a large hairy creature with huge feet. Someone said it was a doncronin and it wears size 14 shoes. It can be seen most Fridays after the run. (Apropos the long funning debate on hash subs: why don't we levy subs based on the size of the members feet? Seems fair, and a lot more sensible than some other suggestions we've had).

Catering was just round the corner in Andy Gould's delightful pad. Steak and kidney pie with mashed spuds - lovely, though you can't please them all. Hope your rosewood was OK the nest day Andy.

All in all an excellent run, organised at short notice and great hospitality at Andy's. Thank you hares.