

# NORTH DURBAN

## HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Founder	: Garth Berg	66148
Grand Master	: Ken Reardon	
On Doc	: Ben George	
On Sec	: Danny Rowbotham	
Hash Cash	: Mervyn McGregor	319221

RUN NO. 42 : KEN REARDON/GEOFF TAYLER

Northlands Sports Club

DATE: TUESDAY N.B. TUESDAY 22nd JUNE, 1982. TIME : 5.15 for 5.30 p.m.

VENUE: PARKING AREA OF UMHLANGA ROCKS HOTEL (HASH THRASH IN PUB AT UMHLANGA ROCKS HOTEL AFTERWARDS)

RUN NO. 41 : GARTH BERG

After an independent time check the pack finally set off, led by a confident Geoff Tayler. It was just as well, however, that they lost faith in their leader who, as it turned out, not only lost the trail but the pack, and then finally himself. The rest of us followed a fairly clear and well worn trail that led us quickly to the smirking Hare complete with track suit, truck and sore throat!

Sitting in the back of the truck, freezing to death, with Sterling Smith at the wheel, induced a number of the pack to declare quite openly that they wished they had stayed with Tayler, and when BATTERY Drive was sighted the mood was distinctly ugly. However, our Hare's painful throat had not twisted his mind completely and the mood lightened as we were taken to the start of the home run at the top of the hill. At this point Sterling Smith, not satisfied with the speed with which the pack unloaded itself, hit the quick release button and panic rose as the rest of the pack were tipped out. At this point it might be just as well to remind the pack of next week's abandoning truck practise under the experienced eye of Able Seaman Davy Jones - H.M.S. Sheffield survivor.

The run itself was normal of a winter Hash in that the Hare kept us on the road following a chalk trail, and it is alleged that the leaders actually saw chalk on one or two occasions.

Aspirant Comrades runner, Tony Dixon, finding the pack's pace a little slow, followed Tayler's precedent and dumped us in order that he could be in time to pick up a few pointers on how to run the race from a knowledgeable Kim Shippey.

The beers were at Northlands Pub where the pack was treated to curried crab and it was this and not so much the run-in that bust the gut and kept the cheeks clenched.

Thank Garth for a novel run.

ON ON

CHRIS WHITAKER