

<p style="font: normal normal normal 12px/normal Arial; margin: 0px"> <h6>1405 The Green Run</h6>

This was reced with extreme care by yours truly so as to prepare a memorable run through new territory in line with an age old tradition, namely, getting your kids interested in hashing. The GM♦s kids were out for Easter, arrived on a Thursday evening and were press ganged into a recce the next morning. We picked gorgeous view over looking the city and with the potential to set quite a number of different runs. We are beginning to think about the Africa Hash which is now but one year away! And I swear the scenery on this run♦ is about the best I have ever seen for open hashing. Simply gorgeous. Only down beat note was Annie picking up ants in her pants on a visit to the great outside loo. After last week♦s naming it was tempting to have a naming but as it was her first hash I decided against it.

Based on the time honoured tradition of using the outward trail of the run for the walk, inserting a huge short cut for the walkers to join up with the in trail of the runners, we set the trail on the Saturday morning. The great advantages of this kind of arrangement is that a) walkers can run the in trail if they so wish and b) the hares can use the huge short cut to save themselves from being completely knackered by having to do the bloody run twice in one day. And of course when you♦re an old bugger like me you make sure that there are ferocious checks to allow you catch up with the pack at a fast walk.

By the third check the pack were sent down into a huge open valley while the hares watched the specks in the distance turn into runners as they sped towards the huge short cut used by the walkers and hares. Well apart from No one Son who is fit and young and was detailed to follow the pack into the valley as sweeper. Of course you can be too clever by half. Set an obvious trail and then with out warning turn 90 degrees to the left or right. Completely foxes the front runners whose momentum carries them forward into lost trail But once lost the poor dears haven♦t the brains to find the real trail ♦ a bit like sheep really - so if you do not have a front running hare the whole thing can disintegrate very rapidly. This time we were all saved by the lungs of your truly at the top of the hill belting out ON ON! Up. Johnny heard and all was saved.♦

Don♦t remember much about the circle. Too knackered to care!

TD♦

On!ON!</p>