

Aberdeen H3 Run No: 577
30th January, 1994.
"Jock Hash", Harviestoun Brewery, Dollar.

Hashes represented: Aberdeen, ASS, Cairneyhill, Edinburgh, Elgin, Hamilton, TNT, Trossachs.

AH3 present: Maggie, Chris, Neil, Shag Nasty, Olymptic, Little Shit, Julie, Victim, Drill Bit, ET, Foreskin, Hank, Hash Drunk, Gordon, Wee Willie, Sheila, Alan, Shit for Brains, and Hot & Delicious.

About 100 hashers assembled at the brewery for midday. Shit for brains gave the pre-run amble, immediately annoying a few hashers (Cairneyhill) and big dogs by refusing to let them (the dogs that is) on the run, worried about sheep shagging during the lambing season (should have told all the Jocks to stay at home!). Pack set off, minus Shit for brains, to shouts from the farmer about all the vehicles that were blocking his track, only to be ignored.

First bit of the run involved crossing a waist deep river - Shit for brains should have known better! Hashers may be stupid, but not that stupid. The only non-wimps were all Aberdeen hashers - Little Shit, Victim, Shag Nasty, Foreskin, Hank etc. The wimps lead by Drill Bit, managed to cut out a massive loop including the crossing, only to then start to do the trail backwards, lead by Hamilton. The very nice hare (the one left to take the flack that is) decided to point out the correct trail (only 'cause there was plenty more of it ahead), and some stability resumed. Only by now, there were a few casualties of the "let's follow Olymptic because he doesn't have a f*** of a clue where he's going" type. Hence, Olymptic, Adonis, Ross Hall, and co., spent the entire run up the wrong hill, missing beer, crabbies and all (does this remind anyone of last week's run?).

Run meandered on through lots and lots of trees, and shiggy, marsh, water, stream, river, drainage ditch, shiggy, marsh...eventually reaching more marsh and an old railway track. The hare arrived at the crabbies check under a bridge to find a lot of baffled hashers (Hamilton did not realise that "crabbies" began with a "C"). The pack regrouped thanks to the crabbies, and then went on its way. At this point some of the pack decided to ignore a check, and go straight back to the brewery. The rest followed a stream under the road, and then up through several back gardens, much to the disgust of one local wifey and her daughter: "you can't come through here, this is a private drainage ditch!". When she confronted the hare as to who had organised this event, the hare suddenly turned into a mute, shrugging shoulders and all responsibility, and ran on leaving threats of convictions behind. The daughter asked Extra Testical why 100's of people were running through their drainage ditch, to which he tactfully replied "for the hell of it!".

From drainage ditch, across a rugby pitch, and around the outside of a golf course (fortunately there were no golfers to annoy). Then came the Munroe, and many exhausted bodies were only too relieved when out of the mist arouse Castle Campbell, and the beer check at last (in the toilets). Having already gone round the trail 3 times, and feeling absolutely knackered, the hare was immediately informed on arriving that they were setting the in-trail. Off again, and running all the way through Dollar Glen (which for those who don't know is extremely bonny), and along the river back to the brewery, with the pack hard in pursuit, and just reaching home before the first caught up. The rest were still coming back after 2 1/2 hrs!!!

Down Downs:

RA 1 - Alan Miller (EH3) awarded these to

- a wee lad for doing something
- a Cairneyhill hasher for doing something else
- a Hamilton hasher for the ongcing sager in his love life (for those of you who missed a brilliant weekend in Oban, this fool was found in the telephone box at 2am (pished, ofcourse) declaring his undying love for his sweetheart, and then proposed.) Sequel: they have split up as they had a disagreement. She said "let's save up and buy a house darling"; and he said "let's go and spend our money getting pished"
- the Brewer, for, as usual, showing us all how to do a down down
- the hares, for setting such an excellent run

RA 2 - our very own Olympric, who awarded the Hashit awards to

- Alan Miller for wearing a cravat whilst he RA'ed
- Wee Willie for holding up the Aberdeen coach

And then it was on inn to as much beer as could be drank before 4.40pm when we finally got chucked out. The end to a perfect day - those of you who couldn't be arsed to get out of bed definitely missed out.

Caption Competition

All the best captions will be published in the Hash Horn

Caption:

