

Run 162: The Pink Panther Hash - Dearham, Dearham, Dearum, Dearum de rum de...or *Highway hits the Road!*

Hares: Rocky Rock and Plum Tart

A crisp, frosty autumnal day with the sun glinting off the frozen ground - what better way to spend a Sunday morning than on one of R & P's adventures in the urban fringe? A feeling obviously shared by a significant slice of the population as an impressive pack gathered by the Went. 16 runners? It was like the start of the Great North Run and not something CH3 had experienced for many a year! There were welcome returns for Two Jugs and Happy Sac plus Chemical Ali and some new recruits. Jan put us all to shame by cycling there before donning her two Buffs for the run.

A healthy (?) pack of walkers assembled as well, all set to explore the dez-rezzes of suburban Maryport. The first part of the trail was set around the nooks, crannies and ginnels of Newlands Park, where all possibility of looking like a macho running group was ruined by the layer of ice over the roads and pavements. Instead we teetered about like that scene out of Bambi, much to the bewilderment of the locals.

At last we hit some open countryside and the chance to stretch our legs. Happy Sac marked his return by stopping to take photos, which can be seen at the link below:
<http://www.flickr.com/photos/16333334@N05/sets/72157610623905746/>

They are remarkable for the fact that there is an awful lot of standing around and very little in the way of running going on!

Looking at the map, its virtually impossible to say where we went - there simply aren't that many footpaths in Dearham. There were woods, rivers, stream, fields and more woods - some bits we did twice and I suspect there were others that we covered even more times. There was quite a long stretch of road by a farm but I'm blowed if I can see which one it is on the OS.

It was a masterclass of the Hares' art, which left us (well me at least) utterly confused and disorientated. A job well done then!

Finally the running pack hit some familiar territory and jogged the long On In back to the cars. Rocky realised that we were well haed of the walkers, so as our new recruits warmed down by trying to push the cars back to Cockermouth (last picture) Cocktail and I jogged back to meet them to avoid freezing.

The walkers meantime, had lost Godiva who had taken the struggling Spreadlegs home after having competed a somewhat truncated route, having previously had the virtues

of Dearham extolled to her by passing residents. Reports suggest that the walkers pack worked and checked like a well oiled machine.

The real excitement though came at the pub. After transporting In the Buff and her bike to the Belle Vue, and realising the the man with no name was Clint, the party found whatever seats were available amongst the regular Sunday munchers. All of a sudden, Highway's negotiations for food and a seat resulted in his eviction from the establishment - a badge of honour that most Hashers would put on a T shirt albeit one that does nothing to fill the void the way that a roast and 2 veg would have done.

