

QUORN HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Founded 1987

Grand Mistress Michele "Mango" Flowers

Run Number 22 THE ORIGINAL HARE AND QUORN "HOUNDS"

Hares by Crafty.

Again the great weather - the hard frost turning a truly shiggy trail into a rock solid ankle breaker. A number of new faces on show including ex-Pittsburg H3 regular Brian Matten. Words from the GM and the Hare, and off along the canal bank to the first check. Some meanderings around the village streets of Barrow, where we lost a number of the pack despite some good back marking by Rob. Out into the open country and on to the water jump, where only the Hare and Bumble-Bee-Bee took the plunge. Across the frosty meadows and past the million-dollar house (complete with helicopter!) and ON UP to a surprise Beer Stop at the home of the Quorn Hounds.....we actually drank hot toddies in the tack room, whilst a nag was being groomed. Well done GM for coming up with the most original and relevant Beer Stop to date, and well done the Quorn Hounds for hosting us.....thank you.

The lost part of the pack had still not turned up so it was ON ON back over the fields to Barrow. The second surprise of the run occurred when that long-lost Hasher Motormouth suddenly appeared amongst the throng blowing the Hash Horn.....we haven't seen him for many a month. Alas, he duly bade us farewell on the outskirts of town, and disappeared over the horizon.....its a great pity his family circumstances do not allow him to be with us more often. Well ON IN and back to the Navigation for drinkies and chats. Much singing and merry-making, and talk of the 25th anniversary..... and finally closing time. Hash Haberdasher has done a superb job with designs for the T-shirt, and has offered also to research the "BIB". Visitor Brian almost had us expelled from the place for his various obscene renditions of well known rigger songs...he's known as Mr Spill (probably something to do with a drinking problem).

DOWN DOWNS.....

Brian Matten.....for being a long distance voyager,  
welcome visitor, and general  
drunkard,  
Crafty.....as always...this time for Hare  
Raising,  
Bumble-Bee-Bee.....for becoming engaged to Psychedelic,  
Elly May.....for being a great Haberdasher,  
Suterball.....for getting the dates wrong,  
Jay.....for being a simple Virgin,  
Steve.....for being Hash Narrator.

### STOP PRESS.....QUORN VISITS THANET H3

Quorn H3 continued their custom of visiting UK Hashes, when they descended upon Thanet H3 in early November. The day was fine, but chillily, and the run-start outside the imposing San Clu hotel on the Ramsgate sea-front looked promising (the start was actually given as the Granville Theatre, but surprise, surprise...no one met there). At 11 o'clock there was a remarkable absence of Hashers.....did we have the wrong day...the wrong town...the wrong run sheet? At long last the odd figure or two emerged from the shadows to don running shoes and tracksuits....not a Hash tea-shirt in sight! We introduced ourselves as visitors from afar, to be greeted with comments such as ...you mean there are other Hashes in the UK. Eventually we were introduced to the embarrassingly small and motley crew by an equally embarrassed GM (they call their GM On Pres..like the military Hashes) who confessed that on seeing so small a pack he had almost got back into his car and returned home in disgust....he turned out to be quite a wag, although his quick exit after the run showed little Hash stamina I thought....all wind and no trousers...good on yer Mike(Fitzgerald)

Such were we impressed by these sons (and daughters) of fun that we decided to take over proceedings at the start and award the GM a quick DOWN-DOWN to liven up the show....lots of OOHS and AAHS....and what's a DOWN-DOWN?....and what's that song you are singing? Hell's teeth, where have they all been for the last ten years?

The run wasn't at all bad, albeit a little pacey in parts and bloody hilly around the town....about an hour in all, with a mega climb from the harbour to the cliff top for the ON IN. They don't go in for a lot of shouting though...we could call them the Mutt and Jeff H3 I suppose. Well there we were back at the start.... for the fun!..the fun indeed. At least there was beer enough for all, but few seemed to want to drink it!

A few Hash announcements, mainly from Quorn, and the proceedings were about to end.....oh no they weren't.....we took over again, awarding Down Downs to all and sundry from a large brass, smelly and ancient, flower vase, which was purloined from the GM's (Mango) mother. Out of pure sympathy, we donated it (not her mother) to them for future use.....they will probably put flowers in it!

All was not entirely lost, as we retired to the San Clu Hotel bar for more drinkies and a chat with the faithful few who remained. Well done Thanet and keep it going.....we'll be back amongst you again soon.