

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

QUORN H3

DATELINE: SUNDAY 19TH AUGUST 1990
HASH NO. 42

HARES: MANGO (MICHELLE FLEWERS)/
CRAFTY (DR KEITH CROFT) HOUNDS: 15

ON ON: THE STAR, EAST LEEK, KEGWORTH
BEER: BASS

Our two dynamic hares chose to lay the trail Saturday evening, a decision made whilst sampling the Star's finest Adnams (guest beer). It seemed like a good idea at the time! Needless to say, our fickle English climate chose to piss with rain that night!

In the back of beyond, the village of East Leek took a bit of finding, even after sticking to the tail of a Ford Escort bedecked with Hash stickers. Yes, the Quorn hasher was lost too! The QH3 run an extensive photo album and always insist on a photo outside the pub, so if you're a bit of a poseur this could be the hash for you!

The trail was marked in flour, which was a soggy goopy mess but at least it had stuck and was just about visible. It led the small but faithful pack along a quiet country lane initially across rather flat and featureless terrain. The road running did let up, however, and the cross-country beckoned which is where the story really starts. Things were moving along quite nicely - a couple of false trails keeping the FRBs busy whilst a crafty (no pun intended) BKCK regroped the hash masterfully.

The run was getting interesting and with a deciduous wood looming up, yours truly went sussing from the next CK point. Somewhere amongst the pines is where I ran into trouble, no - it wasn't a falsie or deep shiggy, but a stern looking gentleman sporting green wellies and a Barbour jacket. Calling On On didn't seem to cool the situation and casting a look over my shoulder I had no back up



(the loneliness of the front running hasher!)

The usual dialogue followed 'where was I going?', 'what was I doing?', 'did I know I was on private property?' My excuse of hashing didn't cut any ice (I eyed his 12 bore nervously). Thank goodness the Quorn cavalry arrived. Mango came bounding up the trail 'Stop, stop!' Don't shoot, it was all my fault, I laid the run'. The Forestry Commission man visibly melted as her mascarad eyelids were fluttered. We were let off with a yellow card and a caution, but we had to do a detour around the estate and miss out on what looked like the best part of the run. So what followed was a mystery run even for the hare, and even better news was that it had started raining! After quarter of an hour or so, we stumbled on to the trail again (or what was left of it). It's amazing how hash instincts can lure you down a trail - spotting the village with the pub had nothing to do with it!

The pack was now fairly exposed to the elements, the rain and wind cutting into you with not even the chance of a hedge for cover. We headed slowly toward East Leek (least I hoped it was), ploughed fields and slippery ditches didn't prove too much of a problem nor did the experience of soaking wet corn whipping across your naked thighs - in fact, I ran back across the field twice!

The On Inn (Home) was right out of the text book - a field away from the lane and Star pub and we were still looking for clues. Over the last stile and 50 yards, back in the car park.

On After: Cordial Hash chat, excellent pint and company. Should definitely be On On for more than once a month.

Human Sponge



Run 42 'The Star' East Leake
'Mango's Manic Meander'
Sunday 19th August 1990

Hares: Mango and Crafty

For reasons which became apparent, this was a Hash to remember. A special guest from Cheltenham and Cotswold H3 (Robo, GM no less!); several Virgins and a posse of your old favourites gathered for what should have been a Hash in the great tradition!

To begin with one of the Hares disappeared (surely 'Immac' should be the new name!) leaving the other to brief the pack eager to set foot into uncharted territories around Sutton Bonnington.

The first half passed almost without incident - several checks, false trails and some devious trail-laying led the throng eventually deep into wooded territory. Then it happened. Robo was first there face-to-face with a jeep and a rather perplexed man dressed all in green (but no Jolly Green Giant here - this man was hopping mad!). Eventually, one by one, the FRB's surrounded him and explained at great length we were only innocent runners and not the destructive individuals who ripped up plants, turned signs around and generally ran amok in the precious woodlands of the county!

Unfortunately, the trail was temporarily abandoned at about the same time as the heavens opened! Ah well, some Hashes go that way! Feeling a bit cheated and disgruntled, the pack went off with a brisk 'On-in' for a beer or two. A nice pub with the grumpiest landlord! C'est la vie!

Apres Hash

Down Downs

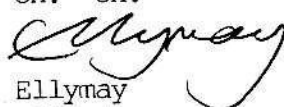
Robo Visiting GM C2H3!
Mango Hare!
Tony Visitor
Nick 'Nicki nacki Noo' - Visitor
Optimistic For being there, on the day - just for the hell of it!

Receding Hareline

Run 44	Optimistic and Supercheck	21 October
Run 45	Hard? On	18 November
Run 46	Zupada and Ellymay (Outgoing GM & JM!)	16 December

Hares still required please for early 1991! Now's your chance!

On! On!


Ellymay
Edit-Hare

P.S. Sorry it's late - due to hols!

* P.P.S. Look out for the QH3 at the Robin Hood Marathon Sunday 23rd September - should be about 8 - 10 of us! *