



GM : 'Zupada' Sileby (050981) 3417
JM : 'Ellymay' Leic (0533) 362730
R.A : 'Crafty'
On Sec : 'Cathy'
Hash Cash : 'Wallington'

RUN 59 : Cox's Motors, Leicester

Monday 2 September 1991

Hare : 'Wallington'

Well, this was a Hash with a difference! No grass! A small, but keen, (6) pack gathered on the forecourt of Leicester's No.1 Ford Dealer (so Wallington said) to hang on every word of his pre-run brief against the roar of homeward bound city traffic. A bewildered 'Dicky-Di-Do' (new Hasher fresh from Derby Royal Infirmary) asked if QH3 normally toured the backstreets of Leicester with not so much as a single tree in view. We, of course, assured her this was very unusual. Perhaps all those who never turned up had an idea of what laid in store?

Anyway, off went the happy little band of Ellymay, Whisper, Shitface, Christine (nice botty!) and our gracious leader Zupada, hot on the trail so neatly marked in chalk. No flour, No false trails and barely ten feet between each arrow! The pack ran on and Wallington followed as best as he was able. This did not seem to be a problem (only having one good leg) as later on he appeared several times ahead of the pack by use of devious short cuts known only by him in his capacity as Hare-supremo!

First stop - Hash Flash outside Leicester Prison's imposing main entrance. An amusing portrait, we thought, as we pulled faces, pointed our derrières (Christine!) at the lens and generally played up to the camera. Then a loud crashing sound of huge bolts being moved scattered the pack towards Nelson Mandela Park and back on trail!

What initially started as quite an obvious trail developed into a cunning, if somewhat compact, trail which gave us a neat guided tour of Leicester's monuments and classical architecture. 'Is this a Bingo Hall?' Dicky-Di-Do asked as we passed De Montford Hall. 'No' I said. This is Leicester's premier Concert Building! Ah well.....

Plodding down the hundred or so back streets we seemed to cover, I considered the possibilities of doing the same in the depths of winter armed only with a Helly and a torch! A far more immediate thought struck me that Wallington should resign his Hash name in favour of 'Tarmac' - a far more appropriate alternative!

Eventually

~~Generally~~, having followed strict instructions to hold every 'check', we all arrived back at Cox's just in time to retrieve our cars before they became impounded and sold off the very next day!

And so to the pub. This was very convivial with rather attractive prints of Voluptuous Victorian Virgins cavorting with various animals in minimal amounts of clothing. In fact, they were naked! That explains, I suppose, why each picture was screwed to the wall in at least four places! Tearing ourselves away we ambled outside into the floodlit Beer Garden for a brief Down Downs session amongst the bats and die-hard outdoor drinkers.

By unanimous decision everyone had a Down Down, not least for turning up!

- Wallington - Hare (from now on to be called 'Tarmac')
- Zupada - for announcing her new role as Grandmother (of course she looks far too young!)
- Ellymay - Birthday boy!
- Whispers - F.R.B.
- Shitface - For the improper suggestion (see me after school!)
- Dicky-Di-Do - for being new and not complaining once. I presume her training as a Doctor prepared her for this in some way.
- Christine - not to be left out!



Ellymay
Edit-Hare