

RUN NO 69SUNDAY 16TH FEBRUARY 1992THE KING'S HEAD - SUTTON BONNINGTON

Five years of Quorn hashing seemed to have led up to this monumental milestone in the history of QH3. A sunny, Sunday morning: a large pack with welcome visitors HUSTLER, DOGGIE BAG and DR CRIPPEN from Milton Keynes H3 and an excitement I'd not seen for some time.

MANGO the hare modelled the special celebration T-shirt "WINE ME, DINE ME, 69 ME" emblazoned across her chest, whilst WHISPER, hash cash, eventually charged £6.50 for a lollipop and threw in a free T-shirt!!

OPTOMISTIC, SUTERBALL, ELLYMAY, TERMINOLOGY and a host of others set off "on on" into the countryside on a trail which promised much and delivered the goods!

Firstly, the usual Hash flash in the car park produced a stack of intertwined bodies in a most untraditional manner. This way of capturing the theme 69 was not for the faint hearted or those of excitable nature.

Back to the trail, MANGO, queen of the devious trails lived up to her old tricks and provided numerous, cunning trails, less than obvious loops and a series of checks designed to keep the pedestrian pack together. GAZUNDA and WHISPER were often seen heading off in the opposite directions in search of that elusive third dollop!

Muddy tracks presented considerable problems with an accumulation of tacky earth which quickly converted light weight trainers into 10lb diving boots! SHEDLESS was spotted moving slowly in the style of a dancing scare crow with huge blobs on the end of his lengthy limbs. The pack having endured fields, canals, elevated plank walk ways, railway embankments, tunnels to name but a few of the Sutton Bonnington scenery, finally the ultimate test - the river! Never to be disappointed when there is water beckoning, the pack jumped over it, jumped in it, sat in it, fell in it, splashed in it. GOOD MOANING and WHISPERING who decided to cross the river in a classic wimpish style (socks and shoes off G.M. on W's back) certainly got there just rewards. Well somebody

complained they had wet knickers!!!!

And so through hailing winds and freezing conditions the pack somehow got round the full 8 mile course in less than 2 hours. Remarkable! (as David Coleman would say)

APRES HASH and excellent!

DOWN DOWNS

Firstly SHEDLESS our newly elected RA read us a short poem.

MANGO - THE HARE

ELLYMAY - FOR SUCKING HIS LOLLY ALL THE WAY ROUND THE COURSE AND RETURNING WITH A MICROSCOPIC PIECE LEFT, JUST TO OUT DO BALDYCOCK.

THE VISITORS - DOGGIE BAG
HUSTLER
DR CRIPPEN

DAVE SMITH - FRB (AND FOR MISSING THE RIVER CROSSING)

GENTLEMAN JIMS SON - NAMED BLOW OUT

LEE - A VIRGIN (aaahh)

SPECIAL NEW AWARD - THE WC (WANKER CAP) OBVIOUSLY AWARDED TO THE BIGGEST WANKER

TERMINOLOGY - THE WANKER WHO COMPLAINED ABOUT THE PACE OF THE RUN.

Then special "69" games included a race to suck chocolate sauce off the end of a banana! Followed by the sucking of thick cream from within a taco shell!!

For those who were there, the 69 was a brilliant occasion to be relished for months to come. The spirit of the Hash shone through and it was a joy to be part of it.(I mean that most sincerely folks I really do!)

NEXT RUN 70
MONDAY MARCH 2 7PM
THE GEORGE - MARKFIELD

Contact ZUPADA for any general hash info - 0509 813417

See you all at the next hash bash!! BE THERE!!!!!!!!!!!!