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RUN NO. 120 - Wednesday 4th May 1994

The Cap and Stocking,
Kegworth.

Scribe: Gentleman Jim

Well, after several frantic reminders from the ever-diligent Barritone that I, the Flash Hasher, or is it the Hash Flasher, as a penance for bringing a camera without a film in it, was duly nominated as Scribe in addition to being a silly 'B'. (I use the first letter only, as I have noticed some very distasteful vocabulary falling into the Common Usage Category recently and feel it is time to raise the Quorn Hash from the gutter, and at least bring it to pavement level).

Talking of pavements, that is exactly where 18 - yes 18 - eager hashers found themselves, outside of the Stock and Capping Pub, awaiting the arrival of one good-for-nothing hare known as Shedless Chicken (who if he does not turn up next time, could be dipped in 376 herbs and spices and renamed Kentucky Fried). Rough Ring was annoyed too, as he had promised to give her a passage to arrange to show her how to lay a trail (Sorry, I think that should read "Rough Passage a ring" - but who knows? Who cares?)

Fortunately, our fine upstanding squash racqueteer had taken the time and trouble to meet the commitment made for him by the aforementioned Hapless Chicken, and had run around the area chucking flour in his wake.

Just as everyone gathered round for a reminder of what hashing's about (You know, the hot sweaty difficult bit before they let you have a drink), a local resident mistaking us for canvassers supporting the Monster Raving Loony Party (Or was it the Liberal Democrats?) decided to introduce herself. Obviously visually challenged, the poor dear as she drew closer suddenly realised her initial error and correctly and loudly identified us as "BARSTARDS". So pleased was she with her discovery that she dashed off around the area telling all her friends that Kegworth had been invaded by bastards.

Just in case we forgot she kindly kept returning to remind us we were ALL bastards. Some wonderful gentle discussions with her followed, which only seemed to excite her more, particularly when Gerrihatric - Welcome back, you bastard - tried to smooth-talk her and called her "Madame". Now apparently she had given up brothel keeping some time ago, and so got really annoyed. This is where we became fucking bastards. At this stage your scribe, usually a mild mannered and patient man who was reading a book on Zen and psychology at the time, told her to "Piss off", which did the trick for just long enough for the hash to get underway.

(Pto)



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Kegworth.

Railways, rivers, roads, canals, stately homes, deer parks, tunnels, bridges, hills and dales, places of agricultural excellence all slipped past without effort. An excellent and, may I say, intelligent trail: thoroughly enjoyed by all, and many thanks to the lone hare - Terminology - It would have been different if the other one had turned up! I ask you, what sort of man would let his daughter associate with the missing link?

(P.S. An occasional Wednesday night run might bring out a few more old faces, not to mention the odd village crone, I said not to mention the odd village crone... Oh, I give up)

On On!

Gentleman Jim

A little old lady walked into the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York, and shoved a plastic bag full of used notes onto the counter. "There's \$25,000 in here", she said, "Count it if you like". When the clerk looked in the bag and was satisfied that it was kosher, the lady told the cashier that as it was such a large amount of money she was depositing, she would like to see the manager. This seemed a perfectly reasonable request, so without further ado she was led up an expansive marble staircase to the manager's office on the fourth floor.

The manager shook her warmly by the hand, then said "Tell me, how did you come into such a large sum of money?"

"I bet", she said

"You bet on what?", the manager replied.

"I bet on people. In fact, I bet you \$25,000 that at 10 o' clock tomorrow morning, your balls will be square".

The bank manager thought she was slightly nuts, but he thought he had nothing to lose, so he said "All right then. Meet here at 10 O' Clock".

At 10 O' Clock sharp there was a knock on the door. It was the old lady. He felt his balls and they definitely weren't square, so he showed her in. She had a japanese man with her. "Who's that?", he asked. "Oh, he's my lawyer. He always accompanies me on important bets".

"My balls aren't square!" he exclaimed. "I feel \$25,000 richer already!"

The lady replied, "I believe you, but can you take your trousers down so I can make sure" The manager thought that was a perfectly reasonable request, so he took his trousers down, and quick as a flash the woman lunged forward and grabbed his nether regions. The bank manager looked up and saw the japanese lawyer banging his head against the wall.

"Why's he doing that?", she asked.

"Oh", she replied, "I just bet him \$100,000 that at 10 O' Clock this morning I would have the president of the Chase Manhattan Bank by the balls!"