

Quorn
Hash House Harriers

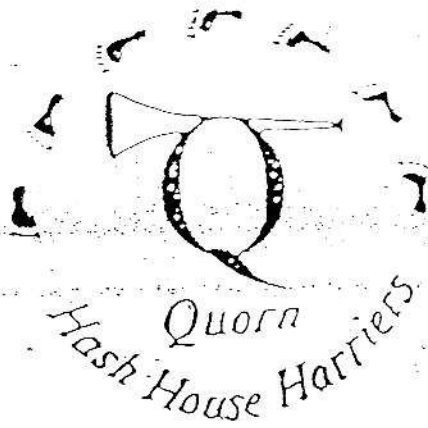
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Date-3rd December 1995
Hares-Dame Shame & Bleat
Venue-Admiral Rod
Scribe- Lighting Rod

Hashers arrived in the Pub car-park along with faithful believers from that other organisation which also likes to arrange events on Sunday mornings. Doc tried to recruit some new hashers from amongst them without success, but their congregation could have easily been swelled by Hashers keen to get out of the wet, cold weather but for the fact our R.A. was not available for advice, when it mattered! Apart from the hares, here in after referred to as DS & B, only one other Harriet managed to turn up - well done Tumshudder - nice to see you.

Doc did the honours as stand in R.A. and welcomed virgin Hasher Nigel to the 13 or so assembled, followed by DS & B describing the course as having some 5 checks, no falsies, no bars, simply 2 blobs and you were on. So as the church clock struck seventeen and a half minutes past eleven we were off and at a cracking pace trying to keep up with the likes of Barritone, Pullfrew and Paxo who after a mile suddenly swing off the main drag and around back streets into Woolaton Park, seemingly sniffing out the trail with ease. Once the pack got into the park the front hounds had by this time lost the scent altogether and were wallowing around looking for very damp blobs of flour, eventually having to be pointed in the right direction by DS & B. Was there a check at this point? Due to the trail having been laid some 3 weeks earlier (I was reliably informed) it has to be said some of the blobs were just a touch difficult to detect by your average Hasher - but not for Barritone our resident pro who developed a "scratch and sniff" technique, and when this proved inconclusive merely ate the soggy mess to make sure.

Either by design or accident the pack was as cohesive as the wet flour and kept on the move, in due course arriving under the shadow of Shateau Woolaton where a large B was noted on the ground. This apparently signified a Beer, Bider and Bince Bie Break for everybody except for Josh in his fancy **flourescent** orange safety vest and Pigeon Shit who were up for SCB nomination. After an excellent half time joke by Paxo concerning an Irishman with Diarrhoea Doc blew his pretty pink thing and it was on on again. Since there were few, if any noticeable checks the momentum built up into quite a run with ample opportunity for the back bankers of short cutting vast tracts of land in order to keep up with the heroes at the front like



Rockhopper, GI, Paxo, Backfire, Oriface, Pullfrew etc etc. Your scribe at one point noticed Oriface and Doc performing a strange ritual accompanied by a single word chant, but decided it must have been something in the mince pies to cause this, or else they were practising the old art of Chinese willy burns. On On we went without hesitation, deviation or repetition past herds of deer, antelope, giraffe, elephants, pygmies etc, until out of Woolaton Safari Park and back into civilisation with a decent sprint "ON IN" finish. Time now for beer which at 2 pounds per pint was regarded as a rip off except by Scotsman (from London) Backfire who felt it was "quite cheap"!

Down Downs were administered by Doc-

- 1) Virgin Hasher Nigel - looks just the type who might well turn up again?
- 2) G.I. for managing to complete the wet, muddy course without a trace of shiggy on his shoes.
- 3) Can't remember who or what for?????
- 4) The Hare DS (or was it B?) for organising such a high calibre Hash, an excellent technical course, meritable presentation and medium density shiggy (apart from Pullfrew, who is actually typing this out instead of homework and thinks that there was no where near enough Shiggy).

In order to gauge the success of each Hash it appears Doc and Oriface had been devising the "**Bastardometer**". This is to replace the simple question posed to the mob of what did we think to the Hash, the standed reply being "**CRAP**". This vastly more accurate technique will get Hashers up to speed and allow them to express their appreciation to the hares. It needs practice, but essentially on the count of 3 by the R.A. all hounds have to shout with verve and feeling "**BASTARD**" whilst bending their knees and drawing a right handed clenched fist in an arc from the rear to the front and simultaneously jumping in the air (got that). The greater the energy and noise the better the Hash apparently. For those not present on this run make sure you turn up to the next one?