

Quorn Hash House Harriers

Sunday 16 March 1997

A YORKSHIRE HASHER'S PERSPECTIVE

200th Run & 10th
Anniversary

Venue: Kirby Muxloe Sports
Club, Kirby Muxloe,
Leicester

Pack: approx 40

The Decision I always thought Quorn was an ingredient for vegetarian lasagne or burgers. So fancy having a Hash called after a veggie dish! However, no veggies on this Hash (only maybe one or two) as can be vouched for by the meat curry we all enjoyed afterwards. I suppose the Quorn H3 are fed up with the veggie jokes so I'd better start writing about the run. Actually we all know there really is a place called Quorn don't we?

As I'm skint at present the idea of enjoying free accommodation within 45 minutes driving distance from the run was quite appealing. So it was with this in mind that Dark Horse and I set off south to enjoy some alternative Hashing and hospitality. Having rung up QH3 a couple of days previously to confirm that we were coming to the run I was informed the sports club would be easy to find as Hash signage would be evident. Great I thought, that'll be useful.

The Journey

Leaving my mum's house, we made excellent time, until we hit Kirby Muxloe. On the map KM looks just like a small blob of a village very close to the M1. In fact when we got there and started looking for Hash signs we were confronted with a large sprawling urban mass of houses and shops. "Oh, my gawd!" I thought, "We'll never find the place". Our first attempt took us back out of KM. Never mind, the locals are bound to know where the sports club is!

So we duly stopped and asked one athletic-looking male the way....sure enough, he'd never heard of it! The next young couple did however try to help us, the girl very confidently gave directions with landmarks an' all. But, God knows where she was referring to 'cos the road she sent us down bore no resemblance to anything she'd said, hence more frustration and clock watching as the hour was drawing nigh. The directions were a bit like Clark Kent..... somewhat vague, rather non-existent and you had to have super human powers to find the On-On.

Finally we stopped and asked a posh bird, who said "Yep, I know exactly where it is." So hey presto in 2 ticks of a clock we were there, and YES you've guessed it, that's also where we found the first Hash directions, stuck to a post.....50 yards from the sports club entrance! But thank goodness we'd arrived and surprisingly with 10 minutes to spare.

The signage left much to be desired - just like Henry Root wearing the Hash nightie

and his woolly hat (plus his trousers of course - blimey I can only just, only just mind you, cope with his bare hairless chest covered in all that nylon or silk whichever the case may be - please don't let him take his trousers off too!!).

The Registration

For a Hash milestone there was a surprising lack of support I thought. I counted about 40 Hashers in all. However it was quite a nice round number making it just another good ol' Sunday run with a manageable group. For Registration we each got one drink token and one meal token and the run.

The On-On : The First Half

We set off on time, just like the Yorkshire Hash used to - at 11:10am. Having purposefully donned me good ol' Walsh trainers expecting to be plunged instantly into the countryside I was rather surprised to discover that the first 20 minutes or so found us jogging in and out of the houses. But then we veered off to the left down a ginnell and headed for the open countryside.

The markings were reasonably well spread out but some of the checks were too easy, making this quite a fast run in parts.

Being so close to the M1, it was inevitable we would be crossing it sooner or later and yep it was sooner rather than later (a bit of YH3 deja vue here - note: same motorway!). Across many fields etc, and on towards some woods. Funny, I thought Leicestershire was dead (!) flat, but the QH3 did manage to find some gentle slopes.

On into the woods with a few of us real Hashers taking the real loop to the beer-stop, while the rest of the lazy b-----s shortcutted straight up the hill!

The Beer-Stop

A welcoming sight/site. There was beer and lemonade duly being doled out by 2 non-running ladies complete with children and pram. This turned out to be one of the longest beer-stops I've ever been on, at least 25 minutes! However it was rather nice to have time to reacquaint myself with some of the visitors, viz: Dynarod and Zupada (Surrey H3) and Mother Tucker (London H3) (by the way Boghopper, Mother Tucker sends you his regards), and chat to some new faces too.

The weather was dry and pleasant, a very spring-like sort of day really. So, beer swilling finished, we all headed off into the woods again, no checking here, the direction

The Second Half

having been indicated.

Running near the back at this point, I was beginning to think nothing unusual ever happened on a QH3 run, that was until we all stopped at a check a bit further on in the woods. Slap bang in the centre of the cross-tracks was a ginormous puddle! Yes you've guessed it, all the Hashers were unsuspectingly congregated around this delight on this pleasant Sunday lunch-time when unexpectedly one of the QH3 did a running jump and splatted right in the middle of the puddle. Needless to say many Hashers became victims of this misdemeanor. Luckily I was at the circumference of the extent of the mud flying and escaped lightly. (Flashes of East Grinstead came to mind!). However not so for a teenage QH3 Harriette who was well and truly splattered. She was so annoyed that for the rest of the run she carried with her a rather large dollop of mud with the intention of getting back at the perpetrator once we returned to base or sooner if she managed to catch up with him. I never did find out if she fulfilled this ambition.

Well the remainder of the run was uneventful. We crossed back over the M1. Then headed On-Inn across a field and

through a small river. Some of the "clever" Hashers didn't get their feet wet 'cos they detoured along the road. But not me, hardy Hasher as I am! So finally we arrived back after a 2 hour trail (and YH3 think their trails are long!).

The Circle

After changing and supping we were summoned to gather outside on the flagstones encircling a picnic bench.

Representatives from the following Hash's were awarded DD's : Cardiff, Currently Unnamed North Thames, Donnington, Germany (somewhere), London, Mickleover, Norfolk (Wimpy and Twonk - funny I never saw them on the trail but they swore they were - same ol' story eh?), Surrey, West London, Yorkshire.

Dark Horse (YH3) was the only one that drank the whole DD, it seemed to be the "in thing" to throw most of it at your neighbour, over your own head; on the ground or over Twonk (quelle surprisel). Either he was standing in a most unfortunate place, viz. behind those having DD's or he has a natural affinity for getting showered in beer. Have you ever seen Twonk look like a forlorn puppy? No neither have I. But he did at this point. The girls even raffled his soggy (YH3 600 Run) T-shirt, ensuring, of course, that he won it back again, still soggy and cold and damp.

DD's were also awarded to the QH3 Founders (10 year anniversary): Zupada (Surrey) and Mango (QH3), and to others too many to mention. Again most of these DD's ended up all over Twonk.

The most memorable DD went to the Cardiff Hasher (again) and a QH3 Harriette. He was made to stand at one end on the picnic table with only his underpants on. She was made to kneel at the other end facing him and at eye level to his "Dick". Both were given pints to Down. At a strategic point in this ceremony, he

dropped his drawers and she was meant to do a "gobbling" act. He was a little "droopy" so she threw her beer over his "Dick", but he missed her boobs. The locals were somewhat bemused!

The Entertainment

On back into the clubhouse for the entertainment. First came the well-earned meat curry - very tasty. Then came the music, as advertised? Musical renditions were given by Barritone, the QH3 Hasher, on his organ! He started singing his tunes and initially no-one really listened until people realised what he was actually singing about. The Hash songs were hilarious and the songs very tuneful(!). The session was brilliant entertainment and he received a well earned DD for his efforts.

Next came the Hash Raffle. Beats the YH3 one. Such as packet of cornflakes, jar of jam, T-shirt, etc.

The End

So finally thanks to QH3 for an enjoyable 200 Run celebration.

It's funny though, we managed to find our way back out of Kirby Muxloe lots quicker than we found our way in!! C'est la vie!

DOOLITTLE - Yorkshire Hash House Harriers

Doolittle