

Joint Hash with Starlight HHH

Run No.: 211

Date: Sunday 6 July 1997

Venue: Hunting Lodge, Barrow-upon-Soar

Hares: Big Phut & Warmers

When the Hare starts you off by reading a page of notes you think [as much as it is possible for a Hasher to think so early on a Sunday morning] that this is going to be a complicated run. Several cars of late hashers meant Warmers had to give a repeat rendition, this time without the notes, before we set off towards the River Soar and the homeland of the Quorn HHH.

It was a surprise to be passed by a harriette who made me feel as if I'd forgot to put my legs on that morning. I was reassured by another hasher - apparently Gopalot is a bit of a runner. So was I till I took up hashing. Barritone was a bit sluggish considering he had warmed up by cycling to the hash though not I trust all the way from Nairobi.

My fondest memory of the run was that hill out of the village. I love hills second only to banana sandwiches so this run had the making of a great hash. At the top of the hill I met Mr. Happy and his two Alsations guarding his private road. That was a check I opted out of. In the quarry I got so well and truly stuffed up by an excellent check that even Too Tuf caught me up. This was indeed fortunate because left alone I could have proved how many different ways one can run a trail laid in a figure of eight.

The beer stop was carefully planned by the hares at the top of a hill with a fantastic view to which Wallington attached his knowledge of the local history. Of course nobody was the slightest bit interested in the splendid samples of Mountsorrel Granodiorite lining the monument. It was on top of this Mount I had the most inspired thought of the day concerning how the scribe could be selected. The hare should shake up one of the cans of beer and the hasher who selects the beer that explodes becomes the chosen one. No, said Too Tuf, the Quorn Hash already has a method of selecting a scribe, namely the first person who mentions the "s" word. So that's how I got this job.

In the last bit of the run we saw the sad sight of SRBs who had short-cut(?), failed to make the beer stop, and were still off trail taking the swampy route.

We were greeted at our destination by an obvious hashers, with beer in hand, apologising he was late for the run but looking very happy as a result. With a name like Santa Claus, and in the middle of summer, being late for the hash was only part of his problem.

Showman, our RA with an obvious talent for arranging suitable hashing weather but not liking Newcastle, led the ON-IN awarding the following down-downs:

1. Durex for confessing that a figure of eight trail would normally cause him problems.
2. Santa Claus for being late AND getting a beer before everyone else.
3. Commando-style Rock Hopper for vaulting a fence but not quite getting his leg-over.
4. Pleasure Gnome got a tomato juice following an exotic but unerotic East Coast tour to celebrate one year of marriage.
5. An out-break of pregnancy amongst hashers led to a boat-race between a conceiver and conceived.
6. The hares, kitted out with official looking hare hats, for setting a good run.
7. Oraface and Lightening Rod for becoming backseat drivers.
8. Pleasure Gnome for feeling like "George Brown" got a down-down and confetti which reached the parts other beers couldn't.

Warmers raffled a mug the winning number being somewhere between 1 and 100 but it wasn't a six.

Thanks for a great run Warmers and Big Phut.

DUREX

○ "What happened to the King's Meat?"
 "Dear Editor, Thank you for allowing me space in your well-read newspaper. I wish to thank His Majesty for the ten cattle he gave us on Saturday, 22/2/97. May I put it forward to

Mphica and company that there is still some meat yet to be accounted for, to the teachers at large, which by mistake could have been omitted from the pots as they were cooking for us. The following pieces of meat were significantly missing: Ten heads of cattle. Ten livers. Twenty kidneys. Forty hooves. Ten spleens. Ten skins. Genitals depending whether the cows were male or female.

"I think this attitude of people filling their bellies which are already big enough should come to a halt. For God's sake!!! Could not these people give us just one meal from the King? S. Mazibuko, High School Teacher."

○ "When I tried to give Sheila her usual command to round the sheep up, a completely different noise came out of my mouth," shepherd John Boyle told reporters at his farm in Draperstown. "She just sat there and stared at me while the sheep ran off in all directions — she couldn't understand what I wanted her to do."

Boyle was explaining how his professional work had been undermined by a visit to a dentist in Tyrone. "He removed my front teeth, then told me that my false set was still on order from the manufacturers. So I came back to the farm and tried to round up my flock, and found I couldn't. My usual command to my dog is a kind of hissing noise, but I had no teeth left to hiss with, and no matter how hard I tried all I could do was shout 'nang nang go... nang go'. It just wasn't the right sound at all. Sheila was confused and just lay down and whined, and the sheep had a field day.

"It was a week before my gleaming new dentures arrived, and another week before I'd broken them in properly, and learned to hiss and whistle again. But now I've finally restored some order to the farm, and Sheila seems just as happy with my new teeth as she was with the old ones." (Belfast Telegraph, 28/4/97)