



## Henfield Hash House Harriers Run #117

**The time:** January 20<sup>th</sup> 2013, Sunday, 11.30 am.

**The place:** Cat & Canary Henfield

Burns Hash for what was the 4<sup>th</sup> Henfield Hashers celebration of Scottish culture. Once again the venue was the local Cat and Canary hostelry who are now well accustomed to the haute cuisine requirements of the local running fraternity. The walking and jogging routes were hared by the Hashers sole Caledonian resident (Slash Gordon) and his more refined Anglo Saxon better half (Mrs G). The conditions proved interesting - in his website sales pitch Sir Snot made the point that the Gordon hared hashes were famous for excellent weather - never rained once ! The latter point was true to form again, only trouble the event was hit by the "Beast from the East" blizzard!

The traditional sizeable numbers turned up - well clad, shivering and questioning their sanity. A significant number were "virgin hashers" having been nobbled during the previous day's trail laying !

Included in the throng were a record number of four legged friends - 4 in all. More yer fireside feet warming types than the notorious "Devil Dogs" of South Downs prehistoric times.

After a nip of Glenfiddich finest, off set the red nosed protagonists to the sound of Snotty's hunting horn. Fortunately none of the pooches present were Beagles so the local Basil Brush population remained undisturbed. The main challenge proved to be the somewhat invisible trail markings. The Gordon's innovative "sawdust sprayed with food dye" efforts sounded good in principal but a thick covering of snow had led to partial obliteration. Newcomer Hugh "Cardinal" and his obedient collie "Mad Max" led the way for the runners . As a long term Henfield Jogger and Brighton Hasher he knows the local terrain like the Google Mapper. The walkers had opted for a muddier route across the fields with seasoned newcomer hikers / dog walkers Phillippa and Christina to the fore, not to mention Dr Malc taking a break from his usual Sunday "Tour de France" practice. Likewise Brighton Hasher, Trevor back on the mend after a dose of premature arthritis.

The halfway catering stop at the bottom of Lawyers lane came as a welcome relief to the frozen hashers - with Mrs G's Renault Scenic boot full of Scottish fare. Two flasks of piping hot Whisky Mac toddy were soon guzzled as were copious amounts of McEwans and Deuchars cans , plus another malt or two. Snotty, Homer, Nightmare, Tossler and his loon Batman were not shy in coming forward for seconds and Bollocks was seen with a nip in one hand and a beer in the other!

The Capercaillie music from the Western Isles added a Gaelic air to the proceedings and had the frostbitten feet tapping. On the nibbles front we had a good mix of Scotch Eggs, Dundee Cake, Shortbread and Oatcakes topped off with Moneypenny's delivery of the previously unknown Haggis Flavoured Crisps!

The two wee lassie Hashers (Heather Gordon junior and her pal Laura) were the principal complainants about the Polar conditions. Laura was heard to whisper to Heather in Arctic Explorer terminology - " I am leaving , don't follow as I could be gone for a while" Then came Sir Snot's "On On" and foghorn for the second half and back into the winter wonderland. However by now the thoughts of the troopers were more aligned with the warmth and impending festivities of the Cat and Canary than with prolonged Winter Olympics. This inevitably led to major shortcutting on both routes. With the sawdust markings but a distant memory the Hashers switched to the powers of scent, with nostrils flared to the intoxicating odour of the Cat and Canary Haggis wafting down toward the Adur.

Back at base and into the pub, the colour gradually came back and the teeth chattering stopped. Exception was Batman who seemed oblivious to the Siberian conditions - even running in shorts! There were more than the usual number of "Down downs" for the team of newcomers, albeit at least one looked like a seasoned professional! Sir Snot copped one for "poncin" around in the muddy horsetrack like Rudolph Nureyv, in a vain attempt keep his togs Persil white. Then onto the Burns fare which opened with Bollocks taking over the Bagpipe role as he piped in the C&C landlady with her finest "Chieftan O the Puddin race" Slash in his kilt n sporran then did the honours by first praising the dish to the rafters then slaying the wee beastie with his Skean Dhu.

Everyone then tucked into their Haggis , Neeps and Tatties. Much to Slash G's horror, Bollocks sadly charmed the kitchen ladies to produce some gravy, totally in contravention with Scottish taste and wisdom

!

It was noticeable during the meal that some other local inhabitants had made their way into the establishment - either to the table / grub (such as mad Mick !) or in the case of the more refined ladies to the comfy sofa. Then came the surprise culture injection into the proceedings with Cristina Mclean providing a melodic rendition of "the Skye Boat Song" with the Hasher backing grew joining in the chorus! Christina hails from Spain but has left her "Una Paloma Blanca" roots behind her to focus on the more classically challenging Celtic folk numbers.

So- a good time was had by one and all. Here's to next year's event and as Harry Lauder reminds us in his 30's ballad - "We're no awa tae bide awa"

Cheers and On On

Slash Gordon

*The cast of Some Of Us Are From Henfield, Actually Hash House Harriers was, in no particular order, nor importance to anyone other than the hare:*

<b>Hares</b>	<b>Slash Gordon &amp; Mrs Slash Gordon</b>
<b>Runners</b>	<b>Sir Snot, Bollocks, Split Pin, Slash Gordon, Roadrunner, Moneypennnt, Batman, Tosser, Gillette,</b>
<b>Walkers</b>	<b>Homer, Nightmare, Trevor Hodgeson, Hugh Martin,Laura &amp; Heather Muirden SC,Max,Nana (hounds), Phillappa Wright,</b>
<b>Drinkers</b>	<b>The above + Mike Wright, Dr Malcolm McClean &amp; Christina McClean</b>
<b>Apologies</b>	<b>Cum ~Lately ~( he hasn't)</b>
<b>GrandMaster</b>	<b>Dave the Hash Hound, assisted by Snotty</b>
<b>Religious Adviser</b>	<b>Bollocks ( self-appointed)</b>
<b>Large Wildlife</b>	<b>Scottish People</b>
<b>Flour</b>	<b>Coloured but cleverly hidden with snow</b>

Twin Town	Who would have us
Hashshit	Pirate

**NEXT HENFIELD HASH --  
Watch the website for confirmation.**