

Truro 1,000th Weekend 26th-28th January 2007 The Ponsmere Hotel, Perranporth, Cornwall

The opening Hash weekend of the new year of 2007 in the UK must have been this event, all the way down in deepest Cornwall. For the Herts away team it was a case of "let the Train take the strain", of course his meant that there room to walk about & appreciate a beer or four at. Not to mention a Bottle of Port which was sunk as four of the group played the kids card game of Uno!

Hyena was more interested in testing out his new electric hearing trumpet, although when he mumbled he had a new "lectric 'ear 'ole" the others though he said Arse'ole! As he fiddled about installing his new deaf aid, the rest sat at the opposite table & made whistling noises while asking Hyena if it was his hearing aid? After this they began to do Norman Collier impersonations by talking & then just miming the words to make out the hearing aid was playing up!

By the time the Train pulled in to Truro, the rest of the "quiet carriage" were probably relieved to get away from the slightly noisy Hashers! Time to grab a cab to Perranporth. On the way across to the Hotel, the Cab passed by a caravan park, "Look, Gypsies!" declared Hyena as he saw the holiday homes up on the hillside!

The Herts gang arrived at the Ponsmere Hotel & were soon registered, booked in & billeted with their rooms numbers. But there was a case of going straight to the Bar before locating their accommodation over looking the sandy bay. When they did drop off their gear, there was no time to stare ponderously at the marvellous vista, there was beer to be had.

A game of Pool was suggested between four of the Herts lads, strangely the two who play this game on a regular basis decided that they should pair up, so My Lil' Sperm 'ead & Mark E Mark took on Hyena & Mr. X. They must have thought it would hardly be a challenge against Hyena & Mr. X, but after loosing two games on the trot to the underdogs, Mark E Mark & My Lil' Sperm 'ead just had to keep going until they had levelled it & finally gone 3-2 up, then they called it a day so not to loose their hard fought for title! There was no way that these two could ever live with the fact they were being beaten by Hyena & Mr. X!

Time came around to the Friday Trail, a short beach run that evolved in to a Pub Crawl of Perranporth. The Herts gang had to pay a visit to the Green Parrot, one of the stops on the crawl as two other Herts Hashers used to stay there. The Hash were given a map of the village with the Pubs marked on it in "No particular order" so the Hash could roam like free-range chickens. Some would strut about like chickens with heads bobbing by the end of the night!

So Herts broke off from the main Pack, a few others had the same idea to miss out the crowds going around to the tour. A Photo was taken of four H⁴ Hashers outside of the entrance, then in was on with the business in hand & locate the Bar. Easier said than done, as it has a labyrinth of rooms that make up this Hotel/Bar. At one point they were in an Italian pizza restaurant but there was no time for solids just yet!

A quick beer in the Green Parrot, well, with a wall of plywood to look at there was not much to keep them there any longer. The small Pack worked their way around to the next nearest Pub, next on the list for the Herts posse was the Tywarnhayle, a place they couldn't pronounce even when they were sober! Mr. X asked if they were in Wales with a Pub name like that!?

Time flew by & it was soon time to head back to the Hotel for the evening party, which meant missing out on the Watering Hole on the Beach, the Perranporth & the Seiner's Arms. There would be plenty of time later on for those!

Back in the Hotel & it was back on to the Skinners & the St Austell Brewery's ales, one on hand pump & the other straight out of the barrel resting upon the Bar! Able Seamen joined the Herts gang, she would soon find Mark E Mark's mischievous side when she ended up with some of the froth from the head of his Guinness sprayed over her face!

In order to keep the Hash going, some sustenance was needed & this came in the shape of a Cornish Pasty. These must have been heated up in a reactor as they didn't seem to cool down, it took most people an age to eat it without burning the roof of the mouth, these Pasties must have a radioactive half-life of two years!

For the evening's entertainment there was a Disco, who's DJ wore a shirt & tie all of which seemed a bit too formal for normal Hash standards. There was also that "Horror of Horrors" of Karaoke or Scaryoke as Mr. X called it. So, how come he ended up butchering the Beatles "Let it be!" with Spoons.

Thank your lucky stars that it wasn't cum together! Even at their worst they failed to clear the dance floor, which is amazing as Mr.X & Junior cleared a whole Karaoke Bar in Cyprus!

By the time most of the Pack had retired it was well in to the wee hours, for Mark E Mark he would have trouble in these wee hours trying to locate the toilet in the darkness of the room he was sharing with Hyena, the outcome of which would be mentioned in the Circle later that day.

A "Full English" breakfast at the Ponsmere was just what the Hash need to give them sustenance for the day's activities. While four of the five in the Herts away team sat on one table, Flip Top sat away from the others & was on his own at a different table, he was aloof not because the others had some kind of plague, Mark E Mark soon spied that Flip Top had a fried slice on his

breakfast plate. Threats to tell his other half that his “healthy diet” was taking a bit of a battering, soon flew across the dining area from Mark E Mark. Flip Top would not hear the end of this over the weekend. Mark E Mark was now itching to grass Flip Top up at the next Herts Run! (Softly, softly catchy Pan troglodytes!)

Now the Hash made their way up to the Bar for a couple of “snifters” before getting ready for the 1,000th Celebration Run, not the actual 1,000th Run as that took place at the Eden Project.

Herts now started to use their tokens behind the Bar, the previous days whip was put away until the tokens were gone. The free Beers on the ID tag were clipped out with a hole puncher, the sharp click of each one being punched out made even a seasoned Hasher cringe!

Time to pick up a Packed lunch, a rummage through the jamboree bag, with was a decent long sleeved T-shirt, a good Trash that included a page on how to speech Cornish to the locals (no doubt if you tried this it would be with a tourist from London who would think that you were all “East Ham”, one stop form Barking!)

It was around this time that Latex introduced the Herts Lads to wasabi beans, they are now hooked & take these away with them on away trips. These little devils are just innocent black, green & soya beans, then they are given a gentle rice-flour coating which contains the heat of wasabi, the strong Japanese Horse radish!

Mr.X began working on Kit Kat & Bones for booking EuroHash, they let him go through all the spiel before finally telling him that were already considering signing up! So he then put forward a good word about the Belgium Nash Hash, unfortunately by the time they went to register for that that event was fully booked with a waiting list of twenty to get in!

10 am came around & the Pack all circled up outside the front of the Hotel for a Picture shoot. Some may have thought that it was an early start but the Herts gang knew that once the Run was out of the way it would be serious drinking time once again!

Bhindi Barjee & Mr. X discussed the time they were at the same campsite in Madrid for the 1994 EuroHash, she was probably the only Truro Hash at the 1,000th weekend who was out in Madrid. She would never forget the Herts encounter, not since Truro moved some of the Herts tents while they were out on their last day there. Arriving back in the early hours they struggled to find the relocated tents, but they did & wanted revenge.

In the Morning, the Truro gang went off in to town, leaving the Herts lads at breakfast. Mark E Mark suddenly had an idea, as he looked out at a ripe smelling wheelie skip. So, He & Mr. X pushed the large orange container in to the big communal Truro tent, leaving the lid open as they did so.

The tent was zipped up & Herts packed up & headed off to Valencia. Truro returned that evening to find that the 115° temperature of the day had made all of the blue-bottles, flies & ants come out of the bin, the half eaten food reeked & as for the poor cat that wasn't noticed in the Bin, well, it staggered out when they unzipped the door!

Enough of the past & back to 2007. The Hares stood up to be counted for their various Trails, short, medium & long. The Truro Markings were explained, there was a collective shudder & an intake of breath when a "Morlaix arrow" or a dreaded "Fishhook" was mentioned! They highlighted the important bit of the different colour of the flour used for each of the Trails! The Hash began with all the Trails heading out the same way, once the Pack had been led a merry little dance around the Hotel car park! The Hash was taken around the side of the Ponsmere & down on to Perranporth beach. The tide was out as the Hash made their way down to the sand, in the fairly mild weather the beach was pretty busy with civilians out & about. They would look on in trepidation as the Pack crossed over the golden sand.

Of course such an easy start wasn't going to last long, not when the bay is surrounded by some steep cliffs & hills! Once over the dunes the Trail began to climb Reen sands on the single-file paths cut in between the tufts & mounds of gorses & grasses, the Hares must have fun watching the Pack split & run all over the undulating ground away from the sea. Eventually the medium Trail runners found their way up to a CHK on the edge of a Caravan Holiday Park. "More Gypsies?" was mentioned to Hyena when he made it to the regroup up on the plateau, the Long Trail runners were seen continuing along by the coast. The medium Trail Keenies started to search again & a False Trail was found first before the real one was found leading around & out of the park to head out over a footpath through the links fairway of the local Golf Course. The Dust left the links & ran along the B3285, as the Pack made their way along the tarmac they were passed by a mobile museum piece of an old Ford Crapi. The last time Mr.X saw one of these running was when Twonk had one! Were the local Amateur Dramatic Society making a poor mans version of "Back to the Future" without a DeLorean car?

The Trail came to a CHK by a footpath cutting diagonally over a field, but there was no Dust found there, so it was back to the road to pick up the Trail once more. At the bend in the road a CHK was found. A few carried on around the B3285 but this was a Falsie too. The Trail was found off of the bend & down on a narrower lane.

From the next CHK there was a short trot along the road before the Hash were led away over a crop field, the ozone of the brine was now replaced by the distinctive pungent smell of the remains of the brassicas in the field.

The Dust led on between the Cauliflowers, some had their heads remaining. As the Trail turned around the edge of the crop field there was a lot of short cutting between the rows of green stalks. Calls of "Short Cutters!" rang out at the sight of the SCBs headed back to meet the FRBs on the B3285, the Hares must have thought it funny to have the Hash cutting back over the next field to return on to the road the Keenies had searched earlier? Better still was the fact that the earlier false footpath emerged out on this road as well & the Pack had to run on by it!

A very short trot along the tarmac before the Hash were taken back over another crop field to emerge in to the village of Rose, false rumours of a Beer Stop encouraged many to run but all they found in the village was a re-group! The couple living by the local chapel didn't seem too pleased to have the Hash congregating outside of their property! Though these locals seemed to flout the "No parking sign" regulations.

Once the Pack was all together the search resumed, Dust was found & the Pack were led away down the lane to Lower Rose. After passing a derelict cottage with danger signs on the walls, that seemed to attract a lot of attention from the local Hashers, the Trail carried on along the bramble hedged lane until reaching a cross roads with a farm track. The Hash took the right-hand option, there was shiggy all the way along this route & two of the local Lads took the advantage of this to ambush the rest of the Pack.

There was no escape from the kicking of shiggy puddles from Blameless & his mate, though some of the girls did try a futile attempt to avoid a soaking.

Dishy Goolies also partook in the kicking & slinging of shiggy, was this just a feeble attempt to recapture his lost youth? Remember you're only as old as the woman you feel! Not that it did Gary Glitter any good!

The Trail led on to the National Monument of St Piran's Round, an early place of worship used by Druids, Celtic Christians & other denominations, as well as Miracle Plays being acted out there.

This was the spot for the Hash to do a bit of worshipping themselves, their's to Dionysus (The Greek God of Wine & Fertility) & though they didn't get to witness Satan appearing from the "Devil's Spoon" of the hollow in the centre of the enclosure, the Pack had to make do with the appearance of Spoons to bedevil them instead.

St Piran, born in Ireland, arrived at Perran beach about 450 AD & he built an oratory there. The remains of which have since been left buried under the dunes, the Hash had to make do with their "Worshipping" on the beach being held in the Watering Hole! St Piran is Cornwall's National Saint, his flag being the White Cross on a Black background. His Feast Day is on the 5th of March.

A photo shoot was called for & the Pack clambered up the 12 foot high earthen circular embankment, while all of this was going on one of the dog owners seemed oblivious to the fact her spaniel was rolling in some shit! The Pack drank up & the Trail resumed to lead back on the farm track, passing the hideously pink cottage to get out to on to the bloody B 3285 again! Now it was another couple of cunning turns before the Pack started on a right of way, this uncapped route would lead on to another right of way from Reen Cross. The Dust followed this up to Higher Reen farm, then across the lane to a footpath cut in to the side of Budnic hill, the Pace had now picked up with gravity taking its effect on the more rotund & the svelte alike.

So the Pack descended the path enclosed within the banks of brambles & hedgerows, ahead of them they could see the stunning view out to sea before dropping back down to the, yes you've guessed it, the B 3285, it had to be didn't it? The footpath crossed the main road back into Perranporth to follow it along the grassy bank as the Dust led in to town.

The Trail crossed back over when a pavement appeared by the opposite side of the road, the Dust now led straight in to Perranporth, taking a footpath between the Back Streets to come On Inn in front of the Hotel.

The early arrivals found they had time to go to the Bar, some of whom had the bare-faced cheek to actually run the short way up the street when they had turned the corner & realised they would get their pictures taken!

There was a lot of organising of the shot, Mr. X was brought forward as he was supping Skinners out of one of the Skinner's glasses. A Skinner's banner was held up by Walkabout, Dunnee, Dishy Goolies, Walkabout's grandson & Stig in front of them. The photographer took a series of shots before taking one from the balcony across from the main hotel, the result was pretty good article for those who got to see a copy of the West Briton paper.

With the photo shoot over it was time for another much needed Beer, as well as tucking in to the nosebag. My Lil' Sperm 'ead rummaged through his lunch bag & pulled out an apple, he moaned about the fact that these were probably covered in insecticide when someone mentioned that it would probably be good for him! Mr. X then piped up that he should wash it then! But My Lil' Sperm 'ead argued that the chemicals would be in the wax coating! Mr. X added that he always washed fruit, & he especially liked to have "clean plums" just in case he ever got knocked over!

While still on the subject of lunch, Hi-De-Hi insisted that some at their table should eat all of theirs up & get another lunch bag when the remainder were up for grabs, as he would need all of his strength for the coming night! As this Hi-De-Hi's comments were not directed at the Herts contingent, they carried on amusing themselves by rustling empty foil crisp packets behind Hyena deaf ear to make out his 'earring aid was picking up interference!

The Circle was called, the Hash were led out around by the beauty salon & the dance classes, to a patio on the side of the Hotel by the Sunset Bar. Latex was the Truro RA, he awarded called for the Hares of Persil, Edith, Dishy Goolies, DBM, PMT & Spotted Dick to step forward & receive their Down-Downs for a fine Trail. Most of the Truro Hash were now sporting their Black Hash Rugby Shirts, Mark E Mark was a little miffed as his "Exclusive Black Guernsey Hash Rugby Shirt" (as he calls it) was just lost in a sea of Black tops that are the standard for Truro!

Latex then went t on to call out past & present committee members, there were plenty of individual stories told about these reprobates before they were allowed to down their Hits. Heavy Breather & co made sure that the two boxed barrels were emptied for the supply of Down-Downs!

Mr. X was asked by Latex to be a Guest RA, he decided that after Latex had down such a good job with his entire plethora of hits, that he would have a lot of people out for a multiple hit. Time was now getting on & Hashers would get bored standing in the Circle for too long, even on a pleasant day such as this was.

The first out on Mr. X's list was Kit Kat for allowing him to go through his EuroHash "sales pitch", she was joined by Mark E Mark for used a curtain to urinate against when he couldn't find the toilet! The Harriette who's dog relished rolling in the dog shit at the Beer Stop was also called in; Bhindi Barjee was out for the moving of the Herts Tents all those years ago in Madrid; He also had a Down-Down for Latex as the RAs never get the appreciation for the good weather they normally conjure up!

Back to Latex, & he summoned forth Hyena for his sins, but he found the cold ale too much of a struggle to down straight after eating, in an truly embarrassing sight for Herts, he coughed & spluttered only three quarters in to the Pint! A violent spasm meant beer & chewed sarnies were rapidly ejected from his mouth & nostrils! It was not a pretty sight, especially for those who had to take to the circle for their Down-Downs!

The Circle final disbanded & the Hash made their way to change properly in order to look half presentable for the trip to Skinner's Brewery in Truro. Flip Top had asked the other Herts lads when he registered if they were going on the brewery trip? What kind of question was that! Spoons told Mr. X that Steve Skinner had moved to new premises since the last time he was down for the Truro eclipse weekend. After a jolly bus trip to Truro the hash arrived at the new, improved & larger Skinner's Brewery.

After a jolly bus journey to Truro Mr. X would find what a difference there was in the new Brewery, though who could forget the On Inn written out in hops on the approach to the old Brewery when the Pack had completed the Eclipse Run. When the Pack entered the Bar that is now on the side of the Brewery,

the Hash found that there were some civilians already ensconced within. Still, this would not interfere with the Ale that soon flowed readily once Bugger Off had taken up his position behind the Bar to serve the hoards. Bugger Off must have the best job a Hasher could have as he works for Skinners! Although a Hasher in a Brewery must be like giving a pyromaniac a box of matches?

The hospitality Bar was better than most real Pubs, the place was decked out in a traditional Pub style, complete with a Dart Board! What a great set up! After a while there was a call for numbers of Hashers who wanted to do the Brewery tour, considering that there was a double booking with the Civilians there & it would now be a bit of a squeeze for everyone to go around. Without a thought for themselves, the Herts guys all unselfishly gave up their places to stay drinking at the free Bar. In fact most of the Hash remained, me thinks that many have been around more than one Brewery before?

The Herts Lads had a good chat with Bomber from Yorkshire, while the few who wanted to peruse the workings of the Brewery were away. Mr. X got to talk about Cornish Rugby with Spoons, the connection being Rob Thirlby played for years at Saracens. After several Hours it came around to time to depart this wondrous establishment & head back for the evening Meal. Ah roast beef, it was a great dinner Mr. X enjoyed his with lashings of horse radish sauce, as if he hadn't had enough with the wasabi beans being covered in Japanese horse radish. Mark E Mark could not hold anything over Flip Top on eating this healthier meal, nor the wasabi beans

Just to keep the diners amused there was a band of wandering minstrels, the Seagulls, a male voice choir from Stithians who excellently performed Cornish Folk songs, quiet what they were singing about bamboozled the northerners for they nicht sprechen Cornish. The less subtle entertainment followed on when an inflatable doll made an appearance in the dining hall, this was Bromide & Furry's idea of a gift for (then single) Dishy Goolies for organising the weekend!

The evening's party of a "Beach" theme, so there were plenty of bright colourful shorts & shirts, lots of Hawaiian tops etc, you know the type of thing. The dancehall was decorated with a few silver foil palm trees suspended from the ceiling to make it look more Pacific Island like, though the layers of St Piran's crosses wound around the pillars & strung out along the walls gave it away that we weren't in the Pacific! (Boring fact time- the Hawaiian state flag has a Union Jack on it, just like the Australians do!)

In the dancehall, after a warm up musical interlude, the mismanagement of Bhindi Bhajee, Dishy Goolies, Spoons, Haphazard, Don't Blame me & Furry were all paraded in front of the crowd, they must have got the weekend right so far as there was no jeering or throwing of rotten fruit! Still it is always safer

to err on the side of caution & not show yourself as mismanagement until nearer the end of the event!

There was also a special demonstration for the Hash from none other than Mr Steve Skinner, yes the owner of the Brewery was there as a special guest & he was up for a challenge. Only Dishy Goolies was up for this, he was on his own as most realised that Downing a pint of beer while doing a press-up was something best done while a little compos mentis.

Both had a pint placed on the floor in front of them, both started to take up the raised start position above the glass. Spoons gave the order to Down-Down & before Dishy Goolies had even began to lower himself toward the Ale, Steve Skinner had dropped down, raised himself up with the glass held by his teeth, then arching his back the contents were downed! It was so swift & rapid, all in one action that some suspected that the glass was a fake, they got to inspect the glass & the performance was proved to be Kosher. Remember Kids don't try this at home, do it in some else's place as it could get messy!

The entertainment continued with a bizarre skit/farce/pantomime/mummers' play performed by Cornwall's finest L-Thespians, it was truly different as it involved Santa, elves, a surgeon, the Devil & a football supporter amongst the characters, it was beyond the inebriated as to what was going on & if there was a moral to this play, then it was "don't over indulge in alcoholic beverages", or was it "don't covet thy neighbour's ass!"?

The band, All Day Breakfast, were really good, though their genre of funky music was a little lost on a lot of the Hash, strangely enough their most popular to dance to song was "The king of the swingers" from Disney's the Jungle Book! Some just seemed to want to take it easy after a long day, Mark E Mark seemed to be sitting out the dancing. There he was lounging on one of the bench seats, then suddenly as if he had just received an electric shot, on hearing the Jungle Book song he bolted up & leapt to his feet & hit the dance floor.

It was time for the Cornish Hashers to be treated to his stylised dancing as he performed his Pan troglodytes (chimpanzee) routine, with his arms raised aloft in an ape-like fashion he was the life & soul of the party for an hour! Able Seamen was lucky(?) enough to be his dance partner to start with, oh dear! Somehow she ended up on the floor with Pan troglodytes on top of her! (Mark E Mark's dancing actually looked more like that of a gibbon but since *Nomascus leucogenys* doesn't readily roll off of the tongue, or spring to mind as easy, it's the troglodytes cave-dweller for him)

It was later in the evening that the Herts lads met up with Excalibur, who not drinking beer wanted to sell her tokens. Ever the gents, Herts bought these off of her & soon got through them so she could have the holy name tag back!

Mr. X said last time he saw Excalibur was on the Truro Eclipse weekend when she was unceremoniously dumped several times in the open stone conduits by the Cathedral! Pleasant memories then!

When the Band had finished, the Disco took over & the dance floor filled up again. The requests were all played. Nothing like a bit of ABBA to get most Hashers up. Able Seamen got the attention of Herts as they danced around her as *the* Dancing Queen!

The wee hours soon crept up on the Hash, most began to drift away. Herts had nothing but admiration for the Bar Staff as they kept the Bar running until really late, or early depending on your perspective? As Mr. X & My Lil' Sperm 'ead enjoyed their last Pint, they were offered up the chance to join the Cornish Folk Singing with Spoons, Latex & CD amongst those who stood up to sing these rural songs.

Well it was 03:00Hrs & the invitation to sing was enough to make the remaining Herts contingent retire after hearing a few of the renditions. The singing of classics such as Trelawny, Going up Camborne hill, Let the Lower Lights be Burning, Little Lize, Lamorna, Will your Anchor hold carried on for another hour until 04:00Hrs!

After another Hearty breakfast it was time to get on with the mornings recovery Run. The Circle formed out the front of the Hotel & the Hares were introduced. They had warnings of the Trail taking a steep & narrow, rocky path at some stages. There were a few faces in trepidation from those with no head for heights. It didn't take much to work out where the start of the Trail was going to be, the dominant cliffs on the other side of the sandy bay stood out!

The Trail did indeed run from the edge of the town on a steep climb up from the beach on a narrow road to the local YHA at Droskyn Point. Once the path had levelled out along the dark red cliffs there was a chance to avert your eyes from watching where you were treading on the rough scree & ridged path, there was a splendid vista looking out over the opposite & contrasting coast line. The line of Hashers could now look down on Shag Rock, since no bird life could be seen upon this edifice it could only be resumed it was named after a little known local custom, that if you swum out & climbed it you would get a free shag from a local lass?

Sore Arse wasn't keen to take her eyes off of the ground & realised the height she had gained by then, her uncomfortable feeling was compounded when Able Seamen took a tumble & Mark E mark was nowhere near her! Has this woman got a drink problem, or an inner ear infection? She was picked up & dusted off, no harm done.

As soon as the path came to a wider open area the girl with no head for heights moved away from the cliff's edge. There was more single file walking

as the main coastal path headed out toward the outcrop of Cligga Head, a few broke away before then as this head land in to the sea would only make the path take a slightly looping course. So the corner was cut on the myriad of little tracks made between the various stone remains of the copper mining shafts & out buildings.

Little did the SCBs know, especially the ones from Herts who had gone of to take a leak behind one of these abandoned stone buildings, the Trail would soon utilize these routes. The calls of "On!" led the way over this flat top of rock, soon the Pack were scattered all over the flat bit of headland. The two lads soon found the few shallow puddles stuck upon the rock, the Harriettes soon became wet victims!

The Pack made their way behind an area where some Trails riding was being practised, the Pack made their way on behind the hanger like building, then the sewage works & the small factory units to find a van pulled upon the side of the access road, ah the Beer Stop! By now there was only one way back, & that was down hill, so a trio of Herts Hasher decided that their descent would be not the official one as set by the Hares. No, these three were on a mission to try out the Watering Hole down on the beach.

Having lost the altitude, a Pint was in order & so they partook of some imbibing in this Bar, nestled in the edge of the dunes. The Pint went down quicker than it took to get served, but it was worth it to waste the time before the Down-Downs started, they returned in time for these.

Now Mr. X thought that he would not be needed as an RA this morning & he was right, however this did not make him exempt from being called in to the circle for a Down-Down after the Hares were rewarded for a damn fine Trail.

Mr. X was the inside the Hotel at the time, minding his own business, but was soon summoned to come out & receive his Down-Down for representing Herts Hash! He was not alone as Dagy was called forward for being the furthest travelled, all the way from Christchurch, New Zealand. A few of the other visiting representatives were Able Seamen, Kit Kat & Dunnee, seems like the usual suspects!

A few other sinners like Hi-De-Hi were called out before the Pack performed "Swing Low" then retired back to the Bar & their Sunday packed Lunch. Mr. X went around publishing EuroHash in July this year, highlighting the Friday the 13th Trail of gore & horror that starts off this event. Being slightly weigh-laid with this & other pressing questions, not to mention getting a photo of himself & Dagy to send off to a friend they have in common (I nearly wrote a common friend but she would never forgive me if she read that!) Mr.X forgot to drop something off at reception.

On the Train going home the Herts lads decided that they would ~~fleece~~ Flip Tøp play dominoes, as Mr. X put his hand in his pocket he found the keys to

his Hotel room! Just as he put them back the Hotel rung him up to tell him they didn't have the Keys, they were posted back safely, & Flip Top lost a load at the Dominoes, he was probably worrying about the news going home with him of the fried slices!

A great time was had by all & if the 25th Anniversary takes place at the same venue, expect to see Herts travelling down to the Duchy again, unless of course the act of Union is rescinded & the English are allowed in, or is that Scotland? Our Passports are at the ready & we have one more Pub to visit to complete the whole set! Kernow!

X