

## TRURO HASH HOUSE HARRIERS AGPU/AWARDS NIGHT HASH WEEKEND

VENUE : PONSMERE HOTEL, PERRANPORTH

DATE: March 2010

### **FRIDAY EVENING:**

Hashers from around the world, well may be a slight exaggeration, gathered for Registration for what turned out to be a brilliant weekend of social frolics.

On arrival we were issued with a brightly coloured bum bag with all that a Girl Guide might need to be prepared - one of the reasons I am able to cobble together this newsletter - little pads and pens!!

Through all the anticipated excitement we heard that the hash was about to start and guess who was setting it.... EARLY BIRD (shock, faint), her second hash in umpteen years together with Bomber.

Bless her, Early Bird really did do herself justice, we potted around the duck pond following a few blobs of sawdust in the dark and drifted in and out of pubs - excellent, not too demanding of her - just right for the first night of the weekend , and for us old codgers with dicky knees, hips and feet!! We ultimately finished at the Watering Home for a few bevvies before trekking back across the beach to resume partying and drinking in the Ponsmere. There was an excellent Kareoke at which Soggy Pretzel stole the show, shame she was let down by her Dad ,Twiglet .

Just prior to Karaoke and Disco really got started, unbeknown to many, Wacko Jacko had lived up to her namesake playing with little boys and spent 15 minutes skidding the whole length of the room in her party dress with Peanut.

### **SATURDAY' S MARATHON**

After a brief moment of remembrance for Muckspreader, previous Hash Master, who passed away 12 years ago, on such a similar glorious day , we set off on what was to be an epic Hash - around 9 hours long!!

Before this, however, there were two down downs for new shoes, Furry and Skids - you would think they would know better.

Off we trotted, well, almost every one except for two visiting Hashers from the Isle of Wight who came in their walking boots and set off expecting it to be a stroll.

The hash took us out of Perranporth along through Perrancombe. It was a gorgeous spring day and every one was looking forward to wetting their lips in the Miners Arms in Mithian, but Wacko Jacko got more than wet lips - she had a bucket of water thrown over her in retaliation from Limpet. Poor Limpet had a little bit of mud on his tracksters and in a paddy, retaliated. Whilst in the pub overheard Shiite ordering orange and lemonade in a Doombur Pub - this reiterated the phrase that Hashers are drinkers with a running problem, but in his case runners with a drinking problem!

Furthermore, it would appear that PMT can only stick it up three or four times a day - the Olbas oil of course, The whole weekend was one of virtual silence in comparison to normal as PMT was without voice. Poor thing, but good for everyone else!

As with all hashes, there happened to be a few stiles to climb over and most hashers would consider the poor dogs trying to get over these and as such Limpet jumped to the rescue of

the bjack and white dog, but once he had lifted her up he chose to chuck her about 5 ft. onto the bridge of her nose because she was too heavy. Poor dog was in shock. Shame on you limpet! Good job Haphazard wasn't watching.

Well after we were all duly refreshed, Wacko Jacko more than most and shivering with the cold, off we trotted once more up through lovely woods, valleys and fields. Now in one such field the Save the World Hashers amongst us eyespied two poor sheep with their legs all akimbo. Off dashed Haphazard, Hooker and Airleg to the rescue, bless them, but this was much to the disgruntlement of Shamoo who looked on with disappointment, he was ready to oblige the sheep thinking they were "gagging for it". A little further on, carefully running outside the live wire, we all of a sudden heard a loud whimper. Poor Spanish Sasha had received a shock, having sniffed the wire with her nose.

There was one very steep hill up which we all crawled, but the view at the top was spectacular, 360 degrees.

On on, we went, on a lovely spring day until we reached one of the three oases, the White House. Here we were fed and watered and many would have preferred to have stayed to watch the rugby, but alas, on we trekked to the Bolingey. Unfortunately a slight detour was taken by Vindaloo, Sore Arse and Wacko Jacko with Sasha, because they missed the first instruction of cutting back through the churchyard. Nevermind, they did arrive at the Bolingy Arms, before dusk.

For those not wishing to trek back from the White House these was a free bus which Dishy kindly handed tickets out to the lesser mortals.

Overhearing a conversation between Hap and Droop, he was explaining that he had been trying to get it up for years. Hap tried to keep a straight face, until it transpired he was talking about his blood pressure.

On return to the Ponsmere, we dressed ready for the commencement of AGPU/Awards night in our posh frocks. We had a lovely three course meal followed by the awards and disco and a good time was had by all.

## **SUNDAY HASH**

**(this isn't fair you know, three newsletters in one - I should be exempt for the rest of the year)**

Mothering Sunday - a little note of praise for all Mums, a welcome to visiting hashers and off we set, again another gloriously sunny day. We hadn't even got to the first corner when Madame Sin from the Plympton Hashers let out a huge sigh of weariness. I think the weekend was catching up on her.

Off we set across the beach and those of us thinking of alternative exercise to jogging tried our Nordic Walking and surprisingly found ourselves reeling in those in front of us. Was very demanding.

These days there doesn't seem to be a hash without cows or horses. Poor PMT, I think we ought to buy her a set of blinkers. Sore Arse escorted her across the open field of hell past three horses ½ a mile away, but even so PMT made a sprint of panic over the last 20 yards to the stile with a huge sigh of relief. I think we may need to refer her to a medium for counselling. Her anxiety could go back to a previous life when animals had been her only company maybe and now she is afraid of them.

Across the Perranporth Dunes where we split in two, "runners" going one way and those wishing to enjoy and soak up the beautiful weather, scenery and social ambiance, set off in a different direction, less demanding. However, there were several occasions when the "blobs" failed us, but eventually we found Haz perched on a hillock like a little elf, hiding all his goodies, it was the hash halt. The "runners" joined us all looking rather worn out and deserved the refreshments laid on.

At this stage we were all fed and watered and made our way on back almost to share the last few hours with each other at the Ponsmere before saying fairwell and a huge thank you to Dishy and Bomber for yet another brilliant hash weekend. Apparently already planning similar for next year!

I am afraid there were so many down downs for a whole host of misdemeanours, that I couldn't possibly mention them all without fear of someone being left out. Suffice it to say, lots of down downs, millions of points for the three runs and loads of points for the Ponsmere Hotel.

Thank you one and all for a very memorable weekend. From a personal point of view it was "just what the doctor ordered" and it worked!!!

On On

Sore Arse.

Phew - done for another year!!!