

Truro Hash House Harriers

NEWSLETTER 20/01/2013

by Smart Arse

Run No: lots and lots...
Run score – so good we gave it 666 – Top Marks!
Pub score – good, so 100
18 hashers and 3 dogs ..although that felt like 100s

Eclipsing all that has ever gone before a fabulous hash set off in bright, if freezing, sunshine from the Trengilly Wartha Inn quite near Constantine. Wartha is very like the Cornish word for “together” and so was the Hash.

Hares Pointless and Captain Pugwash took us on about 5 miles through granite landscape – foliated granite no less. Our early route took us through the deep and gorgeous Boshana Woods with its sparkling and tumbling stream. Trout were seen – if you didn’t blink, Blue Tits and Robins and we were promised and Eagle Kestrel at the Hash Halt.

But when we got there nothing could have trumped the special treat of two soups – Spiced Tomato and Leek and Potato, with bread and chocolate. I just had to push Skids out of the way when the chocolate was produced.....and all this was served in the most beautiful quarry which, apparently had been dug to build two houses nearby. Our Hares had camped there some years back.

The rest of the run warmed us out in the sunshine again and the front runners even managed to miss marks and do an extra mile or so before being fetched back to run up through fields and over the hill. A harvest of mangles (put that back Droop!) was fun to negotiate and the On-In (which I thought said Onion) (to go with the mangles) was a varied route back to the lovely quaint houses of Constantine.

Back at the second best CAMRA pub in the country Down-Downs followed refreshing drinks and *it was really lovely to see Droop at the Hash again....Mmmmm?!*

Smart Arse – for presenting herself “damp” at a dinner with Hap. All the guys hoped it was for them but sadly it followed the weekly swim!!

Droop – for complaining – oh yes for having Reynaulds Disease, middle age and being told that was MS.

Haricot – for going through the skip outside the pub and not leaving enough room in the car for Has going home.

Horney “Bare Grills” Flasher – for eating his soup with a stick.

Knobby’s Nuts – for wearing incontinence pads, but not using them...I think that what he said. Good for you, boy..be prepared! Also for great jokes about looking for a burger on the right root, being asked if he wanted anything on it and saying that he’d put £5 on the Grand National....oh so topical....shop at Tesco do you?!?!???

Just at the end Knickerless entered the room with a huge knife up her back.....and a beautiful birthday candled birthday cake for Knobby. Hooray! and much singing.

Next Hash

Plume of Feathers, Scorrier, just off the A30.

By S A.

