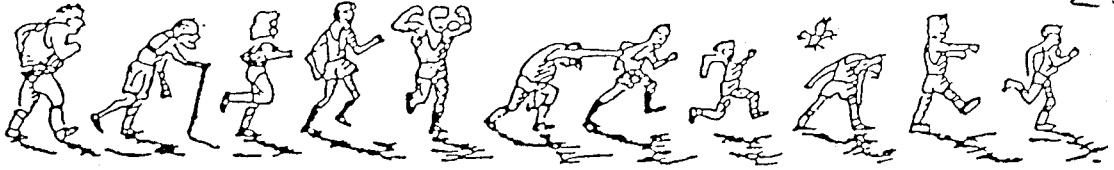


Truro Hash House Harriers.

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HASH MASTER:

Bob 'Nobby' Warner, 6 The Meadow, Bosvigo Lane, Truro 71876.

HASH MISTRESS & ON SEC:

Jenni 'Bhindi' Ryan, 14 St. George's Rd, Truro 260448

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Venue: The Countryman, Piece.

Date: Monday 3rd May

Hares: Droop and Papermate

* Special large print newsletter for those with reading difficulties (especially map scales) *

The bank holiday evening saw an impressive 35 runners turn up for what the hares calmly described as a 5 mile-ish run.

(My mother used to warn me about smooth-talking men, but then she also told me to wear a vest in cold weather, so it's obvious that I never listened to a word she said)!

We crashed off into the wilderness that is the backside of Camborne, and almost immediately the combined collective intellect of the hash was fooled by an extra pile of sawdust! (Well, Lusty, Big Willy and Wishful Thinking, anyway). After another dirty trick with an arrow, a scenic detour around some old mine workings and a brief beer stop we cantered on up to the T.V mast and off into the distance.

A couple of miles later it was beginning to dawn on the less feeble-minded amongst us (and the hares) that the hash was going to be slightly longer than planned. An opportunity was provided for the more delicate to slope off back to the pub, with a chauffeur service no less!

At the third Hash Halt a little extra refreshment was provided for an unsuspecting few. The victims of Droop's generosity were Poser for completing the most hashes, two poor virgin runners (an Australian chap whose name I think was Ken), and my husband Chris who now thinks I'm after his life insurance) for doing the least number of runs, and Twiglet (just for being there really and because there was a beer left over). After the down down on we went through a farmyard where we were instructed to keep quiet so as not to disturb the cows (I doubt they got any sleep with the noise of Chris and Twiglet belching for the next ten minutes). They were soon cooled off however, by a brisk trot through a freezing stream, which was O.K for them but for those of us whose bums are closer to the ground, it was dangerously

close to the 000H zone). Then, just when we thought we were on for a shiggy-free run, there it was, perfect for sticking to wet tracksters. Muckspreader, having tiptoed in a most unusually delicate way around most of the water, was reticent again when faced with the shiggy (must be sickening for something). However, he may have been distracted by several outrageous SCB's blatantly scampering across a short route for about the 5th time during the run (We know who You are).

After last week's experiences with electric fences, everyone was a lot more cautious this time which was dead boring (no jumps for anyone). Unfortunately Twiglet was his usual self when we encountered a herd of cows (cows? they didn't look like udders to us girls, who know about these things). He and Master B (deeply frustrated at the complete absence of any sheep on the run and having loads of energy from all that SCB-ing), were suddenly transported (in their own tiny minds) to the Old West where men were men and chased cows a lot. Unfortunately for them, these were a load of old bullocks, and retaliated to the assorted arm waving and yodelling by assisting Twiglet to the fastest leg over he's ever experienced (shame it was only a 5 bar gate, but with some of his chat-up lines it's not surprising). Leaving the rest of us to negotiate the milling cattle, the brave lads were off up the road at a brisk trot, which didn't do them any good as the remaining crowd caught them up at the next check when they charged off in the wrong direction. (They were following the smell of the pub, but unfortunately it turned out to be Chris's hair which got a good swilling at the down down).

By this time (about 7 miles into the run) darkness was beginning to fall, so a straight run back to the pub was in order.

Through the gloaming (poetic for bloody dark) there glistened the beers of all the smug short-route takers who'd been taking it easy for the last hour, together with Sherlock (half legless again) and Limpet who turned up late, chased us on his bike (apparently) then gave up and went for a beer instead (true hash spirit).

Hash Prat and Willy Warmer nominations were unanimous for the hares who obviously measured the route with a bit of slack knicker elastic. Well Done Chaps, it was loads of fun,

On On, Twin Peaks x x