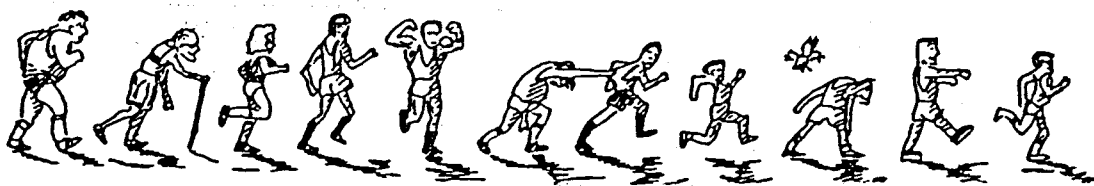


# TRURO HASH HOUSE

## HARRIERS

TH3



250th Celebratory Weekend, Land's End, 9 - 11th July, 1993.

The first run was an evening off at 8 p.m. from the aptly named First and Last Inn, Sennen - depending which direction one's standing. The weather forecast for the weekend had been pretty rough and I was pleased with myself in deciding to enjoy the splendid luxury ( in contrast to other overnight stayers ) of the site caravans. I never had the opportunity of viewing our one before the run - if I had, I may have given the run a miss...

All runners assembled in the car park with only the slightest chance of rain later.

It was super to see so many hashers from other areas who had made the effort for our Big One. In fact they made a very sizable percentage of the total hashers - one lady even arrived from Plymouth or beyond hobbling around with her walking stick... With around 70 runners, this was indeed going to be a pleasurable shortish first run. Droop was clearly sporting an oven fresh pair of trainers and was requested to do a down down. I emphasis the word requested because it appears to me that Truro H3 have never quite rid itself from the genteel atmosphere of being just too British cricket and all that. Droop did not do the proper down down procedure as per authorised 1958 Hash regulation rules: no. 29, regarding newly worn trainers. Conversely, I was manhandled and compelled to complete another down down from my fetching claret NBs - this being on the third occasion...

Limpet had arrived but had previously forgotten all sorts of hash requirements, so was given the odorous Hash Prat T shirt to wear ( over the top of another - oh dear and again ). Twiglett sported the TH3 Willy Warmer in a peculiar oriental style - which again I thought was beyond the Hash rules: no. 56 - the Willy Warmer shall always be worn in a fully extended mode. All prospective willy warming wearers please take note - any future hash rule breaching of codes will have to encounter a new Gonzo Trayonzo punishment.

The run itself was very good with a beer halt in an elevated position overlooking the sea. The main course was around the cliffs/coastal pathways at Sennen. No major injuries - only a few sprained ankles - our own marathon marvel Lusty included. She never appeared to lose any of her lustyness on the other runs though. I am completely bereft of details and happenings during the run. I did however reflect on the feeling that the run could have been better supported by Truro H3. Perhaps if my mini novel Newsletter from the Madrid Eurohash had been circulated and more promptings by others to present and past hashers, we may have gathered a greater number. But nevertheless, it was a good run, great scenery and much better than expected weather.

Back at the First and Last Inn we unwound with help of a few drinks within a very pleasant atmosphere from the pub licensee and staff. The food available was excellent although I had to do an absolutely amazing ( it was Yards ) balancing act standing with my pasty salad dish. Plenty of down downs - in fact I lost track of them - a real lot of good beer is wasted at times. Sometimes full effort by some hashers is not given and perhaps more exacting punishment is required by an acting Hash Overseer.

With a bar extension operating a fair amount of drink being consumed and merry faces, a good time was had by all. A pub supplied metal tray had given a new description to 'head banging' as it was passed around hashers' heads receiving many a knock-on effect.

The tray's overall shape and pristine condition seemed at high risk when eventually Digger seemed intent to bring the proceedings to a rapid closure and forcefully bent the lovingly inscribed tray in half. Being connected with the general metal trade, I was impressed by its malleability as the sorry looking thing was given new life and made another part circuit. Minutes later the publican's wife appeared in sombre mood and challenged a slightly built hasher with a beard who had been given away as the main culprit. This was not Digger but poor Geoff as he found himself tried and convicted - cruelty and unloving actions to the luvverly worded Mother's Tray. All was well of course as the staff joined in with the fun and joke.

We eventually dispersed for our various abodes. A few were given a warm invitation to crash into our luxury caravan and with around twenty endeavouring to enter we were surely reaching our safe weight limit - we had obviously passed our drink drive limit...

A fair amount of booze again available including my £58.00 bottle of Champers - this mixed with Bhindi's Southern Comfort appeared to put out the last remnant of Geoff's lucidity.

I had not seen him for a long while - possibly since our last celebratory weekend, at Tricky Dickies. I recall a meaningful conversation taking place with Geoff and Ellis Moses on that occasion. This time Geoff obviously simmered from within his big heart and finally gave way and rounded heavily on Twiglet who seemed less thankful to his mum and mothers generally.

I was waiting to make a rational contribution but restrained as Geoff continued on operation overkill. A short while beforehand Geoff remarked to me that he was less than optimistic of handling the glass of Southern Champers before him. Half an hour later, without much ado Geoff made a peaceful departure and slid gently out of the caravan. Being ultra observant, I can say with honesty at not seeing Geoff again that weekend. One by one others slipped and slid away from the Party Caravan - even my two co-hosts, Droop and Nobby retired very cleverly, leaving me to attempt in holding the peace between Okement GM Dunnee and TH3 revellers. He was intent on taking our beloved tray and after he tussled with Twiglet and lost out, picked up Bhindi's 100th inscribed tankard. Realising we could have recovered the tankard with ease from the now boozed hairy Dunnee but nevertheless not wishing for inter hash relations to be strained we decided he would give up his fine hostage piece on Saturday - it has now become today by three hours...

Any witnesses to Bhindi's solo song come forward to assist in shedding light to uncover the mystery which surrounds this truly exceptional effort. Words just flowed from her lips as Twiglet and me listened in awe at her delightful memory or astounding improvisation of words.

Dunnee was definitely present in body form at the time and possibly Black Horse.

Saturday - later - we arise to a good day and the clean up operation gets under way in the caravan. Then get used to the cooker controls and get stuck (aluminium frying pan) into a great brunch. After this we sat back satisfied with ourselves (i'm still fighting with the frying pan - armed with a variety of purchased scourers) as Poser arrived for coffee.

It's now the Big One and 2 p.m. is becoming near as a few under 100 assemble in the caravan park - not in our caravan but in the grounds. We realise this is going to be a long haul run set by Winger (sorry) and Muckspreader. There had been reports of stinking muck being transported by lorries for special effects. The weather was perfect and the run very testing and varied but shrewdly laid with refreshing drink hash halts which kept the pack together. A fair bit of muddy water missed by me as I cleverly followed Black Horse away from the sloshy mud larkers - spotted by O.S. and duly noted. Not as much muck to be experienced for some - but Kate did have her packet and then found herself in a worse state having an effluent semi shower on route in a livestock farming container.

An irate farmer with uncontrolled cows gets all steamed up and gives abuse to some sympathetic hashers acting as shepherds. The farmer had been notified and the subsequent events were a mystery...

Again not much to report as I was primarily concerned in holding myself together on this tortuous run. Any pain experienced by some was erased by the beautiful views looking down on Porthcurno beach. A glorious drinkee hash halt as we marvelled at the blue reflecting sea. We ran down for a hash dip and on up by the Minnack Theatre and round somewhere towards Killer Creek. We really had had enough by then and the opportunity was given to any hashers wishing to go back directly or to encounter the Creek adding an extra half hour. Over three hours had elapsed and many selected the quickest way back. I was in two minds, Blow Job striding for his tent while Droop and Nobby going for the Creek. I decided to follow but when I experienced the ponderous pace in the water I chose to retreat amid shouts of derision. Arriving back, I then had time to kill waiting for Droop and key. By all accounts I had made the right decision as the Creek passage was reported as uneventful and boring with plenty of nettles. All cleaned up and showered, we enjoy a pub meal and a few drinks then strolled down to the HASH BASH. We were passed by one of our prominent past GMs in his car. No clues needed - of course it was Poser.

The music band was Mid Life Crisis who I thought were too loud for what they played. More recent stuff even on tape or disc would have been better and more appropriate. Seats around the perimeter of the hall and two chairs lovingly placed in the middle of the floor. Some of the hashers or hasher who set the table had used such luvly touch with a saucepan of champagne, vase of flowers, table cloth created charmingly with kitchen roll and aptly named love places for none other than Sherlock and MasterB. Nobby seemed at full stretch with microphone in hand as he conducted the business. I lost track of all the down downs: Furry, for not taking a hash dip and me for having the sense to turn back. I was impressed with Inch High who seemed to love all the drink - she must take after Twiglet not Lusty (who became another casualty Friday/Saturday from the powerful Southern Champers with just a slight touch of cigar fumes. No games but a very good raffle and thanks to Bhini, although I never won anything.

Poser had to do a down down in less than 5 seconds for his uncaring behaviour and for wearing THE shirt and zip, repeat zip-up boots. To his merit he gave us a lift back to the campsite as he attempted to restore his standing. I always contended the Ford Sierra Sapphire had a greater capacity than the Vauxhall Cavalier as seven eased in gently with a high degree of comfort. All back and we changed the caravan venue to Bhindi's and her two sisters. This time a TH3 little do with plenty of toast and pate with Droop nearly getting to show us his digestive cheese layered speciality - but no Champers this time, We could have gone to my car boot and returned to have champagne with banana fritters but decided enough was enough. This time we retired back for our last night an hour earlier.

After coffee, orange and cheese sandwich (well it's different) I made my way to St. Just. Before the pre run ceremonies we take shelter from a heavy shower which rapidly passes for Nobby to bring things to order. What he finds to keep blurbing on amazes me. With all the 5 star bottles beneath Poser's car with tops off ready for downing, we start. There was a look of sheer relief on Nobby's face as he could see the disappearance of his much disliked continental beer in sight. The most noteworthy spectacle was Poser having to don the Hash that T shirt and given a part full carton of cream via Open Wide Groin Strain family - they really live it up you know. This was one down down Poser reluctantly felt uneasy and poured most of the contents over the already messy, armless sweat shirt. The last of the cream was shot over lucky hashers as we made off on the trail. Again a very long run - too long for the Sunday I thought. We took in outer parts of Cape Cornwall. A wine hash halt and we were to witness Open Wide giving sexy Groin Strain a real double handed boob caress. It was made doubly worse with the knowledge that they are partners. We arrived back around 1.30 and enjoy a few drinks in the Wellington pub. Air Leg and Digger had to fulfill their down downs in the awkward position of reclining upside down on a children's slide - well - one for the record books. Well done you two and all the other hares. Many thanks go to the hash mismanagement for a great weekend. A special thanks go to Whats 'is Face

P.S. Bhindi had her tankard returned with hash run scratch marks - we will get even...

See you all sometime nearer home,

ON ON...

GONZO.