

Hash Newsletter - 17 October 2004

Venue: Queen's Arms, Breage.

Hares: Haz and Haricot.

Hashers: 41.

R#n 884

It all started off with sunshine and church bells, and some parking supervision by Droop.

We welcomed new hasher, Richard Stacey, and visiting runner, Liability, with early down-downs. We also welcomed Emily and Jess Bucklar, and Sophie Loren (really?). They looked very happy until Furry started shouting, and then they cowered against Excaliber. Poppy should have been there to put him in his place.

Richard didn't drink much but wore his pint well. Liability is an immigrant from East Grinstead (which is not such a bad place as it sounds) and has settled in Grampound (which... never mind).

Strangers, Gobber and Early Bird were welcomed back into the fold with a pint each.

Dock leaves were issued to shorts wearers by Pig Pen. Could this have been some sort of hint at things to come?

Well, off we went looking for flour, and soon had to get our eye in for sawdust as we moved out into the countryside, Breage not really having any suburbs. Shiite confessed to having run 7 or 8 miles before coming on the hash. Is this really in the spirit of hashing?

A long steep field of grass sorted the sheep from the goats (I was never sure which was considered better). Such was the sudden change in altitude that Droop remarked that he had had to pop his ears at the top. Had anyone brought oxygen?

And we went higher and higher until we stopped at a viewpoint above a quarry. This is where Haz invited us to identify some significant feature for a prize. We were spoilt for choice by distant landmarks like St Michael's Mount, Carn Brea and Four Lanes TV Mast, and something lumpy in a hay field in the middle distance which could have been almost anything. But it was really something about the quarry. Shiite suggested that the feature observed from the top of Tregonning Hill might be Tregonning Hill,

or perhaps Tregonning Valley. Mmmm.

Then it was on to the hash halt at the memorial cross right at the top of Tregonning Hill. It became clear why Haz was worried about a big black cloud in the sky at the start. Anyway the weather stayed fine, and we were generously provisioned with egg sandwiches and crab sandwiches and satsumas and sweeties and beer and cider and lemonade. And then there was the view!

A breakaway group conspired at the triangulation point nearby.

No one took the charlie run. We descended very slowly, in single file. Further down, in an open field, some of us had to wait an eternity for others to catch up and climb over a stile into the field where we awarded marks for style. Bypass broke part of the stile and was awarded only 5.5. The highest mark was 8.5, and the lowest, about 4 (Haphazard). And in this field, Shiite was observed doing some very professional athletic stretching - not really the sort of thing we want to see on a hash. Droop complained that he might catch a chill. Eventually, Paper Mate came at full racing amble, followed by a motley assortment including Hap.

After a farmyard and some more track we went into a field of 3 donkeys, several sheep and geese and a pot bellied pig. The donkeys protected the sheep from us, the geese thought about giving us a hard time but couldn't be bothered, and the pig was clearly contemplating something more interesting.

Not long after this Pig Pen and Spotted Dick got lost, led by Droop.

Then it was on in to the pub which displays an impressive array of plates. They probably don't do Greek nights there.

Score for the hash: -69

Score for the pub: +69

Après hash down-downs:

Haz (as seen on TV) for 'oaring'

Paper Mate (as seen in paper) for appearing

Richard Stacey for being shoeless after the hash

Droop for leading the lost

Shiite nominated by PMT who should have won the prize if someone hadn't driven off with it.

(Excaliber concealed a pair of bare feet in the pub, thereby escaping a down-down.

On, on!

Horny Flasher