

Truro Hash House Harriers, Hash No. 938

The Rising Sun, Truro

Newsletter, written by Persil, typed (unwillingly) by By Pass

There is a (public) house in Truro they call the Rising Sun (*I can't believe I got talked into typing this drivel*) and it's been the ruin of many a hasher (*it gets worse*) and on Sunday I was just one of the 40 who turned up.

It was another bright Sunday (*repetition*) and all was set fair for a great hash.

We welcomed a regular visitor, **Mary Poppins** from Sydney and **Hannah** from Hanover, who both had the traditional greeting of a down down.

So far so good. But that was soon to change for your scribe: when the newsletter writer's number was chosen, **By Pass** was very kindly let off but then she chose the next number to hers which not surprisingly was mine. Claimed she didn't hear the number but I'm not so sure (*what can I say, I was on drugs at the time*).

The on on was behind the pub through some sneaky alleys and eventually on to Daubuz Moor where the promise of a dry hash was put to the test. Not for the first time poser was caught suffering from a senior moment in forgetting about the long stretch of cold water and the inevitable mud. (*for those of us who were to go on the next week's Trafalgar hash this was, in retrospect, a really dry hash*). There were a few Tarzan antics when a swing was spotted to help us across the river. After emerging from the jungle we made our way to the familiar hashing territory (*even more familiar the next week*) around Kenwyn Church. Persil went the wrong way round the cemetery to a dead end (*I have to live with this*) and Heavy Breather was heard to remark that we were in the dead centre of Truro. On to the hash halt, where the sandwiches were eggsellent (*no comment*). We were overlooked by a group of angelic children in Sunday school and then a police van arrived but went straight past us (*I don't know why because this newsletter is criminal*).

A charlies run was offered but declined and so it was on back to the pub where we were given a warm welcome with a free buffet and down downs for only £1 a pint.

Marks for the run - 96 - Poser's age? (*this has nothing to do with me but could be construed as abuse of the GM*)

Marks for the pub - 369

Down Downs

Hares - Bhindi (christened Hash Goddess by Latex who was trying to curry favour for the forthcoming elections) and Poser

Hap - for forgetting to drink her down down the night before at the Italian evening

Nickerless and Persil for serious running in marathons (*and wearing ridiculously large medal - Persil*)

Heavy Breather - SCB

Hooker - publicity - dog grooming

Tantrum - suggesting that we have an African evening in a hot room, with nothing to eat, Einstein SB to arrive and lob in a few food parcels - all for £5

Snow White - splashing (*no change there then*)

Don't Blame Me - making Poser spill his beer

Richard the landlord - for making us so welcome

On On Persil (*and By Pass*)