

Hash number 965

Venue: Seiners Arms, Perranporth

Hares: Don't Blame Me and Dishy Goolies

Hashers: 47

Dogs: at least 2, including Kizzy and Spud

New Hashers:

A couple and baby from Alaska, relations of Pugwash, moving on to Belgium and then Switzerland. Biting wind must have seemed warm to them. She drank pint of squash while holding babe asleep in arms.

Lamorna, old school chum of Salami.

Namings:

Ashley named Deviation. (Afterwards, in confidence, she asked Liability what it meant, so Liability told her, in confidence, so I wouldn't dream of embarrassing her by mentioning it here.)

Hope (Paddlers daughter) named Diversion.

Mr Meaners:

Gobber for wearing really ponsy (and rather leaky) new shoes.

Liability for washing up for free at the Mexican evening before having to leave early to pick up Sister Soaker who was washing up for money.

Pugwash for chasing female minors, but he couldn't drink it so passed to Edith who passed to Liability...

Liability for locking his car up with all hashers car keys in it, and leaving a window wide open.

Snowwhite for having a problem with a puddle. Unusual. There weren't many anyway.

PMT should have had a down-down for being premature, shouting 69 before we got to that bit.

Score for the run: 69

Score for the pub: 69

RAs

There were no RAs so Persil and Tantrum did a creditable double act in their place. It was later revealed to me that one of the real RAs spent 7 hours in the saddle that day and became a little sore.

The Hash

When the pub car park became full, everyone else had to park in the main beach car park at £2 a car - nearly the price of a pint - shame. Edith came in a topless Land Rover.

We set off across the beach and dunes, following flour and then the red sawdust from probably not very sustainable felling. After what seemed quite a long way, we came upon the new regulation minimum hash halt of water and orange quarters. There were a few mutterings. Bypass, being deprived of her expected chocolate, would have to wait much longer for her pleasure. It was a ladies check from the hash halt, despite which we found the way on - to a cauliflower field which had been cut leaving rich pickings of newer flowerings and some old rotten ones. Droop, obviously in great need of sustenance by this time was seen to pick some to eat. You can't do a whole hash on a banana and a quarter orange!

Anyway, our Alaskan visitors were very taken with the quaint old English tradition of Cauliflower fighting. I think it was all quite a cultural experience for them.

Having left the cauliflowers some distance behind, we entered Piran Round where we enjoyed our accustomed lavish hash halt. Monkey nuts were a nice touch and something to take along the way afterwards.

Then we were back in Perranporth and back to the Seiners, where an old guy recognised Dishy Goolies and gave him his £20 winnings from a £1 bet put on the Grand National the day before. DG was still celebrating as we left. Anyone worrying about the 36 balloons from the Mexican night having been wasted need not have fretted since Dishy would have to fight his way past them to get in his house after his celebrations.

On, on!

Horny Flasher