

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1744

Date: 9th December 2012

Start: Pew Tor

On Down: Halfway House

Hares: Vampire Slayer and Hot Rocks

GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM

Advent greetings from your scribemaster; there are only 22 days left until Christmas! Then the hash posh do will be upon us followed swiftly by that new broom which sweeps away the old committee and the GM (ho! ho!) and replaces them with some even worse people.

A Strange Inversion

Last week's run was one of those memorable hashes for a number of different reasons. We assembled at the Lifton Hall Hotel, where, according to Glani, we have not been since the early 1980s. Much too posh for us? Hares Fergie and Gnashers obviously didn't think so and neither did the lovely landlord, who didn't say 'into the tap room cupboard with you, you contemptible specimens of humanity!' (like those despots at Horsebridge and Meavy) but welcomed us warmly and even provided a NT style chat on the history of the place - more of that later. Grandpa declared that although he lives only a couple of miles away he had never been there in his life. One wag commented that this was because it takes a day's travel to get beyond the boundary of his estate.

River crossings! Lots of them! The Ambrosia Factory environs! Woods! Lanes! Fields! On hearing about what was in store we eagerly set off, the crisp dry weather a bonus for the end of November. We were thinking 'Bin Liner is cool and tough, still persisting with shorts and T shirt'. However, this image was later shattered when he confessed that the rest of his kit was acting as a small biomass generator in his kitchen - he forgot to wash it! Our band of long runners was rather depleted for some reason but we all kept together as the trail took us on a loop away from the shorts. An interesting section alongside the river, a concrete ledge not much more than a foot wide, slowed down some keenies; Krakow mused that he wanted to try cycling along it and then discussed adjusting the handlebars

by 90°. We then wound our way through farmland peppered with a few woody sections, nothing too strenuous. After about half an hour we came to a junction of tracks with these options: bull in field; (alarming looking notice with imaginative picture nailed to gatepost) check back; lane going obviously in wrong direction with no dust; back where we came from. Needless to say the super intrepid hard men (and me!) decided to re trace their steps as beer and chips were calling. Back at the bucket there was only Tampax checking in and no sign at all of the hares- not surprising, because it was only a quarter past eight.....It was just like we had been on the short; even without Grandpa we had managed to cut back and avoid the river crossings! Some time later the 'shorts' arrived with stirring tales of how they forded the raging torrents, blasted the hills and bravely ran through the pain barrier at the end. Sneering at us as a bunch of feeble jessies they slung down pints of shandy with aplomb and swaggered into the bar. But where were the hares?

Once inside we were much taken by the architecture and it was all I could do to stop Scrotey and Do Do going off on a guided tour. Food and drink arrived quickly and was soon ganneted (new verb?) down so I could sneak around listening to people's conversations. Slap had been on the run but then nipped off for a spot of bellringing down the church – we had heard peals worthy of Notre Dame sounding up and down the valley as we ran. He must have pulled his rope pretty quickly as he was already downing a pint when I arrived in the pub. Barney was in animated conversation: 'I am an atheist!' he shouted, loud enough for me to wonder at the topic. Hot Rocks had run for the first time in two months, choosing the short thinking he would have an easier night. No luck there, but he was rather chuffed because he had run in front, well ahead of Grandpa, to the latter's chagrin. Poor old Grandpa suffered the same fate last Monday, when Scrote charged round leading the shorts, exhorting them all to greater efforts and refusing permission to those who wanted to skive off. Maybe his hash name should be changed to Overseer?

By this time Sir Slush was wanting to do his hash hush as he had much of note to tell us, not least that the Moulin Rouge tickets for 15th February were available to buy!! Lovingly and artistically crafted by Biff, these are like little works of art – even the sails go round! Buy yours early and be entered in the draw to win, yes, a free ticket! Anyway Slush couldn't get started because someone finally noticed that the hares still hadn't come back. Had they been afflicted with the same curse that brought the mist down on Arguilles at Holming Beam? Eventually they did turn up, guided by Trick and Treat. Lost? Not at all, they had been diligently waiting down at the river for the longs to arrive..... Next time don't bother. Let them drown. Dropshorts!

Now our leader could get going. After a lengthy blast on his instrument which scared a few of the elderly locals out of their wits, he proceeded to set the seal on an enjoyable but strange evening by muddling up runs and birthdays so Gnashers, who has reached a Great Age, didn't know whether she was a year older or a year dafter (for waiting for those who would never arrive.) He then advertised the Posh Frocks Run (eh?) welcomed new runner Abbie and presided over the naming of Olly Finn who now is to be called Pearl Necklace. This is because Olly's a singer – Pearl- get it? Then this relatively benign suggestion was corrupted in the usual way. Honestly the talents of those responsible make the sledging by the Aussie test team look like a vicar's tea party. I had to ask Well Laid to explain, having led a more sheltered life.

Many thanks to the hares for a great effort. It almost came off but remember the stupidity of those you are dealing with and never assume they will arrive anywhere. Those of you who stayed in watching I'm the bake off, get my cash out of the attic missed a great night.

GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GAN

TV for sale, CRT. 28inch screen one careful owner. May suit person who wants second TV eq for teenager's bedroom. See Hot Rocks or Vampire Slayer if interested.

