

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Peter Argles (Arguilles)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

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: 1793
Date: 1 December 2014
Start: The Seven Stars Inn, Tamerton Foliot
On Down: The Seven Stars Inn, Tamerton Foliot
Hares: Scupper Sucker & Pist 'n' Broke

On a cold and starry Autumn night, we were treated to a tough but enjoyable hash in Lydford woods, courtesy of Dildo.

Our resident literary expert Gannet was being particularly loquacious, starting with her description of poor Dildo as "The pillock on the hillock", as he manfully (hobbitfully?) clambered onto a low bank to deliver his stirring brief. So fulsome was his description of the route that I thought I must have died and gone to heaven, but we were soon brought back down to earth as we headed off into the cold dark forest.

It wasn't long before I heard the words "my feet are wet, I want to go home" emanating from a poor soul somewhere in the gloom. We tracked up and down many hills, through mud and brambles and icy glades, serenaded all the while by our tour guide Gannet's commentary – "never trust Dogcatcher", "run by the trees so the ground will be less boggy" etc. etc.

There were many spills and falls, On The Khazi performing a graceful half salko with pike as he fell sideways into the mud. Plain Jane fell and hurt her leg, though Sister Sludge (the slave driver) drove her on. Nipple Deep also fell and hurt his hand. But butterfoot of the day must go to Dogcatcher, with many witnesses describing three spectacular tumbles. Dogcatcher himself clarified that these three falls were in fact all part of one mega-fall, an extended slide down a hillside that was exacerbated by his desperate attempts to protect his horn. His now regular lack of a headtorch in the pitch black may have had something to do with it, you would think he already spends enough time in hospitals.

We eventually arrived exhausted at the bucket, only to find one unnamed hasher (I can't read my notes, grrr) checking whether the liquor tasted different. It turns out he had been spied having a discrete wee in the vicinity just beforehand. This was an excellent hash, hilly but well judged (notwithstanding that it turned out the latter parts were in fact on someone's private land!), so well done Dildo. GM's score 8½.

We retired to the Castle for the usual ritual, which involves us ordering drinks and food in the left hand bar, followed by the increasingly exercised landlady trying to get us all to move to the other bar for our food.

Dildo by this point, flushed by the success of his hash, was excitedly telling anyone who would listen about his "optirectomy", which he said "was to stop him looking on the shit side of life"! The op was in fact more to do with the removal of a lump from his neck, and he had plenty of gruesome photos to prove it.

The GM then blew her horn, and uttered the immortal line "Dildo, I want you up here!", a phrase that became a theme for the night.

This was the last hash for Windy and Racey prior to their extended trip down under, it's a long was to avoid your 50th birthday Racey!

It seems chivalry is not dead. Sam Marino apparently helped a swooning Sister Sludge and Plain Jane across a river – "we jumped into his arms!" they gushed. Meanwhile Last Minute was glued to the open fire in the pub – presumably she got too close still wearing her Lycra shorts (yes shorts).

Gannet spotted Sturmeroid, Scrotey and Dodo comparing bushy eyebrows, and then moving on to ear tufts – is this really what I have to look forward to?

Meanwhile, in other news, five teams took part in the Skittles evening at the Copper Penny last Saturday. On The Khazi proved that strength is worth nothing if you have no technique, by posting the lowest score (31), egged on by his little son Corben, who was the star of the evening. Fergie (score 55) on the other hand got the high score (55), and boy did she milk it (she scored 55 by the way)! The winning team were Cabin Boy, Wobbly Knob, Fergie (55) and Posh Pinny, with Cabin Boy also winning the knockout competition and going home loaded with chocolate. Thanks go to the organisers for a great evening.