

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
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

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)

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Next Run No: 1724 PIRATE RUN! Dress – all things piratey. Don't forget parrots, wooden legs, Jack Sparrow style beards (young people only for this one please), eye patches, ships.

Date: 12th August 2013

Start: Calstock – not sure where exactly, probably the car park.

On Down: Tamar Inn, Calstock

Hares: Luffly and Dodo

GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETM

We are entering the season of themed runs, it seems. This week it was a wedding hash in honour of Grouper and Bilberry, who by the time you read this will be travelling to Ireland in Aimless's Landrover for their honeymoon! Many congratulations from us all. The On Down this week was a practice for the actual nuptial celebrations and gave the happy couple the chance to perfect the beer dispensing facilities and al fresco chip cooking, together with other open air entertainments in the form of a trampoline and slack rope challenge.

But I seem to be starting with the end, so back to the beginning of the evening for a report on the hash itself.

Arriving at the wedding field, we were pleased to see many assembled, some hastily tugging vintage wedding dresses over their shorts (Streaky), others adjusting their veils, fetchingly draped over stubbly chins and nose hair (Ernie). A sartorial vision in tails with buttonhole revealed itself to be Arguilles, very differently attired from last week (see Luscious' report). Sturmeroid had to abandon his veil, as his ear tufts are too big for it to fit over. Surprisingly, Queenie had no outfit and no explanation as to why he was not joining in with the cross dressing. Maybe tulle and lace are not his preferred fabrics. In no time at all Bilberry sent us off down to the river and it was a strange picture we made, trotting along, trying to keep the bridal headgear from blowing away. The trail was the sort of hash

set by a young, fit man for old, not so fit people. Expectations of how much terrain can be covered comfortably in an hour were very high. I was determined to keep my tiara and net confection in place all the way round; mostly successfully apart from a tricky section in the woods where low growing branches kept grabbing it. I did, however, gain much pleasure from accelerating up the final beast of a hill past some whippersnappers who had shot their bolt earlier on, my veil and tiara gleaming in the dusk. There were some very worried looks from drivers we met coming the other way.

Back at the marquee an army of chefs was (*yes, army is singular- Ed.*) already stirring a vast cauldron of chunky chips while a gaggle of hungry hashers waited expectantly. The weather was kind, just right for an evening outside. Cannonfodder approached, looking more concerned than I have ever seen him. "They have put the chips into cold fat", he muttered, with a look of doom. As the first food was handed out it seemed that there was no need for such concern about quality. Another plus was that they were only £1. "Absolutely lovely, first class!" commented Krakow. "I don't do chips, but I do do cheap!" I overheard Windy say as he guzzled his plateful covered with cheese, and Racey's response, "That's why you married me!"

Well Laid was pleased to be off the hook this week, as the beer had been organised by the hares. Proudly, he told me that he had carried a bouquet round the whole run. He is planning to swashbuckle a cutlass next week, without stopping.

Scrote and I had a go on the slack rope after seeing On All Fours make it look easy. Apparently you have to use one leg and two arms to balance, not try to put two feet on the rope at once. That's all very well but when you have super bow legs such expert coaching doesn't really seem to make much difference.

All too soon it was time for the hash hush. Our leader was limping rather painfully from what seemed to be a foot injury. He also had a nosebleed, whereupon Underlay helpfully offered him a tampon. Slushy manfully got on with the business though, reaching into his handbag for a brassiere. "This has been donated by a lady", (howls of disbelief) he said, "who doesn't like it, and neither does her husband!" Before you could say Playtex he had ignited his fiery instrument and the undergarment was a mass of flame. There must be a term for one who likes to steal underwear and set fire to it. Answers on a postcard please. Whinge was appalled at this environmental vandalism, sweeping the smouldering remains into a bag, warning of the danger to passing ruminants. He did burn himself on the hot wire though! Next was lost property. A four - toed sloth had mislaid its sock? No, it was an example of the GM's mordant wit; an oblique reference to his recent amputation. And of course Sir Slosh is known for his wicked practical jokery so there was a surprise for someone who ate the cheesy chips that night. They may have noticed an extra big chip that was more *al dente* than usual.... Just be grateful it wasn't his willy they whipped off.

Haberdashery corner

Techy material hash T Shirts will be available soon and the haberdashery dept. is taking orders. £15.

If you want one, put your name down on the list which On All Fours is looking after for Well Laid.

ON ON!

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