

**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**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

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**

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1781****Date: 15<sup>th</sup> September 2014****Start: Long Ash Car Park****On Down: Drake Manor, Buckland Monachorum****Hares: Anal Vice and Pony**

Red dress run round the reservoir report:

It all began as it was set to continue...repeatedly racing round the reservoir in red rags to the appointed start, Norsworthy Bridge, whereupon Pony in her red Van trap shouted 'Dam!' so we all raced round the reservoir again, shouting 'Dam!' at any car that we happened to meet, as well as some passing cyclists and walkers. They all shouted 'Dam!' too but I think they meant 'damnation you should not be driving around in your polluting cars on a fine night but be out exercising'. Which we duly did except I didn't follow the hash, but circumnavigated the reservoir again with Fergie and her hounds. So gossip of the actual run is restricted to a) red dresses b) dogs and c) the fact that never ceases to amaze us 'It's dark!' we exclaim! with wonderment usually reserved for five year olds d) fourth hand gossip of the run

**What not to wear**

Big Drawers tells me that a wet red dress weighs more than wet drawers. Hobknob didn't seem to have the same trouble with his wet latex, sexy (not) seasonal (not) Santa suit. DoDo was wearing the now worryingly familiar red frock and yellow wig combo. Also eye catching were Thriller's Marilyn Monroe style scarlet skirt, Piste and Broke's fancy frock and Hawaiian Henry. More subtle was the Red breasted Lesser Spotted Argle Minor. Biff meanwhile had come dressed for another party altogether in a Teletubbie outfit; sporting a faux belly containing a little TV screen that was nicely illuminated NOW IT IS DARK at night. She can be seen hiding behind the Teletubby hill and bushes saying UH oh, just before every hash. There seemed to be a bit of a t-shirt logos thing going on too. Ralph with 'Water wipe out', Uncle our own little Paddington Bear, with 'I am so kissable' and Can't Remember with 'I am not dead yet'.

The charity chosen by the GM for the proceeds from the 'Red dress run' is Friends of Plymouth Portage, an invaluable local charity that provides support, like a PTA, to Portage who in turn provide weekly educational visits to pre-school children with special needs however severe, to give them a head start in life and maximise their potential in their early years. The charity also has a caravan for holidays for the families. I believe in excess of £70 was raised. Thanks to honourable hashers like Mincer Arguiles who was just about to settle a long running IOU saga with Von Trap the Red Baron, but donated instead to charity. Can't Remember was also throwing her money around, that or she has taken to putting 20 pence bits in her cappuccino instead of sugar.

### Dog News

Rodney returns! Yo Rodders. His owner is a dead ringer for the guy from the GBBO of Ice cream-in-the-bin fame. Hold back ladies. Rosie and Indie found a big muddy puddle but were otherwise immaculately behaved. And just when you thought you were seeing double Missy actually has a hash double, brought by Jen. Luckily you weren't hearing double or throwing double sticks.

### The Run

BinLiner's hash dust was apparently like his appearance at committee meetings, scarce but full of fun. It was rated by some as 'The best hash ever' with ice bucket challenges in waterfalls, leat leaping etc. Nipple Deep reported he was Nipple Deep in Bracken, not sure if that was a compliment or not. Others moaned it was long and dangerous because those in the pub consumed far too many calories waiting for their more active hash folk's return. It certainly did the great hash thing of causing chaos and mixing everyone up. Wobbly eventually caught up Uncle; apparently she went all the way in the dark. Bumsen Burner was in Gannet's tail wind and this had some association with Onion Bhajis? Cannon Fodder was also up in the front of the pack. What!

Thanks to Bin Liner, the long suffering Amy T and the right royal sounding Harry & George who set the run. Flying by the seat of their pants and making it up as they went along in fine hash tradition as Sparks the mastermind had a call to family, thanks for booking the pub Sam, regards to Josh too. Now that it is getting dark checking in is getting interesting. Sitting scribing in the car I was mistaken by Stopcock, Ernie and Scrotey for the much more youthful Amy T who was in fact checking in. I'd like to think it was my new face cream but actually it was so dark it was a bit confusing. I also mistook each of them for Wobbly as they approached the car. Those lot ( and Krakow) do look very alike, I find, when wearing those identical hash shirts on a dark night. May be we could have an identity parade instead of check in? Others are discovering that full beam headlights can make getting changed interesting but I can't remember who lit up who or maybe they just couldn't see either. The upshot of the tale is it is now autumn and surprise, surprise it gets dark at 8 p.m. But we are surprised. Next we'll say it's winter and it is cold. It's Devon and it's raining. It's Christmas and I've eaten too much.

Finally, naming of the night. Eve Jones, the policeman's daughter, who I always thought was called Ning as in Eve Ning All, had forgotten this and so had Can't Remember, so Eve was renamed Clever Dickie for getting stunning GCSE results. Not so clever to let the G.M know though! Well Done Clever Dickie and to all the other Smart Alec hashettes and hashers who have recently done so well and are off to new courses and schools.

Hash Camp: (this means camp in a tent not another directive to men to wear dresses unless they really want to of course) see Pony for info. Ernie tells me he has been tent testing regularly and can confirm it is sound proof so no excuses. Happy camping.....On On Psycho.