

**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**

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1790

Date: 17 November

Start: London Inn Horrabridge

On Down: London Inn Horrabridge

Hares: Lost &amp; Ram Raider

To begin, at the beginning.

It is autumn, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobbledstreets silent and the hunched hashers'-and-hares' wood limping invisible down the sloeback, slow, black, crowblack, alleyway to find the municipal town car pack masquerading as the start of a fantastic hash.

Not wanting to put Callington down too much, I sort the local knowledge of H, who lives far away. "it does have a health spar" to which I pointed most Cornish villages had a Spar that normally doubled as a post office to pick up welfare and benefits. I felt I must try harder to like this town, time to use Wikipedia; Callington not to be confused with Callington Australia..... No shit Sherlock!

The only option left had to be a walk, take in the views on this starless night.....

Estate agents selling houses, not in Callington, posters from 2012 advertising summer fairs and a group of feral yoofs hanging around the toilets, very touching. I still keep an open mind.

Even the sparklers did little to lift the gloom of Callington. The buildings looked more like nineteen fifties Scottish tenements, no that's unfair, maybe eighties mining towns after Maggie closed the mines, and before development grants came in. The satellite dishes added small little faces to each house trying to lift each house out of its own melancholy of broken fences and abandoned, part disassembled cars.

Ganashers and Tampax called all to order presenting each hasher with a sparkler, then a sensible person (sir slosh) with a box of matches lit each one, what could go wrong! Nice plastic bucket to place hot sparklers in but as its fire work night I'll let them off!

One run with long short divides, so off we trotted. Bringing up the rear I noticed Windy skulking along the streets not really caring where the rest had gone, he had a cunning plan! The hounds tore off down the double backs crossed the park, down the grassy bank and then up the lane only to find the nonchalant Windy waiting at the cross roads, pacing, looking fresh ready to go! It's a shame that he up loaded his 3klm run to strava, as did Ram Raider covering 9klm, lots of wrong turns Chris!

The run covered the ground to Kelly Bray with the longs stretching their legs making good speed back. Little info could be gleaned from this competitive bunch other than Windy returned back first as the rest could not keep up. (raceys words not mine) The shorts had a good run although most questioned why cannon fodder kept appearing well in front and without being out of breath, it's almost like he had a lift in a car! Perish the thought, Bob & Glanni will look into this new way of shortcutting.

It's good to see Biff & Glanni on good form, Glanni spending ages looking for his head torch, until Scrote pointed out it's on your head! While Biff did a 10k run then forgetting to turn off her Garmin before driving home, so covering 20 miles at an average 50mph (10000 calories Biff) good job Alice has now reached the age to have the power of attorney over this pair.

The pub, now the only one open, placed close to the church as in all good towns showed an ambiance of neglect in the side we had been asked to stay!

Unwilling to cook chips or sausages to order or any other food. Pre ordered food had been made available, I know we're not saints or virgins or lunatics; we know all the lust and lavatory jokes, and most of the dirty people; we can catch buses and count our change and cross the roads and talk real sentences but please pay for the food you ordered! Or could it be the landlord unable to count. Unable to leave without paying up for some dropshorts made for a grumpy cabin boy.

It was good to see plain Jane back, now with Grandpa on a lead no dogs got injured. A great success for Can't remember!

Gannet, well chuffed as she managed to upgrade her shoes for free. She was spotted with converse trainers with green laces. These came from big drawers as she always felt sorry for gannet as she may be taken for a local! (Cloven hooves)

At Hash hush happy birthday had to be sung to Glanni. The ailment for the week, Sciatica a pain and irritation, the word dates from 1451 as does Glani! (No link here!) Well laid remembered movember and shaved off his moustache, wrong way round fool! well he did live in Callington. Lot more said but we were talking about beer, running and much more important things.

On leaving the locals thought it had to be the Christmas decorations going up, Flashing lights et-al. But no! It's the council closing the roads, shutting down this town. Is it to keep us 'out' or them 'in' I'll let you decide.

Quote from a local

"We are not wholly bad or good, who live our lives under Kit Hill"

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Sat 22nd                      Skittles                      Copper Penny Inn, Chipshop at 7.30pm. Tickets £2. Meals available at the  
November                      Night                              pub from £6.95 - See Fergie for tickets.

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