

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
Peter Argles (Arguilles)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1838**  
**Date: 19 October 2015**  
**Start: Who'd Have Thought It, St Dominick**  
**On Down: Who'd Have Thought It, St Dominick**  
**Hares: Tampax and Gnashers**

### **Brown Gin Run 2015**

Writing hash mags is not one of my strengths – I do have some, but I will never reach the literary heights of some of the hash's stalwarts, Gannett, Ramraider and Streaky to name but a few. But at least you have got one this week – I have twice forgotten to write the hash mag.....after reading this one, you may wish I had forgotten again! But think of the dedication to the hash that it shows – scribing on my birthday!

Anyway, to the events of the evening.....

I have to confess that I wasn't looking forward to the hash this evening. Have I mentioned that it was my birthday? I had imagined Von Trapp might whisk me off for a romantic evening somewhere involving good food and drink. When I got home to 'leftovers' I knew this was a pipe dream! Not even a 'stupid steak' for me!

So it was that I found myself, along with 40 odd other devoted hashers, standing in the dark, wet car park under Leedon Tor, waiting to take a quick swig of brown gin, in honour of our founder, Angus. Fast forward an hour and twenty minutes – yes that is 100 minutes – and there were a lot of invigorated, very wet hashers with big smiles on their faces ☺ ☺

Going back to the hash, Angus would have been proud. What a splendid concoction of spongy marshes, smelly bogs, high-gonad rivers and wet knickers – more of those later – and, of course, lots and lots of shiggy.

There were many antics, much merriment and good humour – in fact, one hasher, who shall remain nameless, complained in the pub afterwards that the hash is becoming far too polite! This was confirmed by Biff and Gannett who were assisted by a very chivalrous (well brought up?) virgin; offspring of Bog Off and Tampax – what more can I say?

We were well endowed with virgins this evening – not sure that's the right phrase?!? Dubious had brought Jimmy, Debauché's dog, for his first hash – he started enthusiastically, but looked as though the novelty was wearing off when I saw him. Later, a virgin was heard complaining about the poor design of glasses; Wobbly pointed out that it wasn't a good idea to wear glasses when it's p\*?!\*ing down with rain. That told him!

Biff had an eventful evening; first of all she was having trouble getting her leg over – I'm sure Glanni would have given her a hand. Speaking of which, she also managed to stand on Slush's hand whilst attempting to cross one of the many fast flowing rivers. He was alright though – she stood on his little finger!?!?

Back at the car park, there appeared to be problems with knickers! Gannett couldn't get hers off and Sister Sludge could only find wet ones in the back of her car. I do sometimes question why we do this and trying to find and put on your dry clothing when it's wet, windy and dark is one of those moments!

The perennial question which does the rounds with great regularity was raised this evening. Raunchy and Hot Socks were overheard to be remarking that there was no need for a shower tonight – if they're not careful they will earn themselves a reputation and join the select group of 'dirty girls'!

It doesn't sound like Nippledeep was going to need a shower either – apparently he was so covered in shit he couldn't keep Logan off him.

We did eventually make it to the pub and much to everyone's relief, food was still being served. I do think The Burrator Inn is the most accommodating pub we go to - surely they deserve some recognition? Any ideas?

Sturmeroid had set up shop selling old hash T-Shirts for £1 – all in a good cause – the RNLI. Racey was modelling one she had bought earlier and, with her bra over her T shirt, was attracting a lot of attention. In fact, Scrotum was overheard commenting that ladies like to put chicken fillets in their bras?!? Where did that thought come from? It does make one wonder what goes on in the sleepy market town of Tavistock!

There was a very, very late hash hush where there were lots of awards. The hares got joint plank of the week – not sure why - was it because Pimp won the prize for falling over this evening? Hurricane was delighted as it means he is at the top of the leader board having won it 3 times. Cabin Boy and Uncle got fleeces (and snogs) for surviving 200 runs and Von Trapp received his 400 run tankard – he doesn't need to share mine anymore.

But 'le piece de la resistance' was witnessing Chopper (in a Christmas Pud jumper?) rap his hash mag to the tune of Ice Ice Baby, accompanied by Underlay. I'm not sure the virgins will return – and who can blame them!

Finally, who else saw someone they recognised on Antique's Roadshow last night?

#### Dates for your diary

Infamous has Quiz – 21 November at Clearbrook Village Hall - £3; tickets to follow  
GM Reunion – Dartmoor Inn, Lydford, 29 October; £20pp to Grandpa by 19 October

On on