

Grand Master
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

Joint Masters
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

Scribe Master
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

Hasherdabber
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

Hash Horn
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

On Sec
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

Hash Cash
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Hash Flash
Ann Marcer (K2)

Cross Dresser
Stirling Way (Spike)

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: 1686
Date: 19 November 2012
Start: Alder Farm, Lewdown
On Down: Harris Arms, Portgate (opening especially for us)
Hares: Grandpa and Plain Jane
Scribe: Von Trapp

Luscious reporting, on a night that didn't start well due to the fact that (a) it was too dark to see what I was writing, (b) I didn't have enough hands to juggle pen, notebook and torch, and (c) I'd forgotten my glasses, so couldn't see what I was writing anyway! I enlisted the help of Bat and between us we recited a mantra of what had happened so far as we walked to the pub, where, with the aid of a pair of Whinge's emergency glasses and some light I was able to write it all down.

We had gathered at Pew Tor to celebrate the night Scrotey's mum was spooked by a firework, and even more spooked when she saw what she had managed to produce! (Aah, bless his little cotton socks.) After a few damp squibs masquerading as sparklers were handed round, the Hash was sent, not straight up Pew Tor as normal, but the other direction, into the hedge, whereupon they turned round and headed – you guessed it – straight up Pew Tor. Half a dozen or so rockets were sent up into the glorious starry sky, giving everyone an excuse to stop and gasp in wonder at the majesty of it all, after which Bat and I left them all to it and headed for the pub. Scrote, meanwhile, texted Gannet to tell her which tor to head to next for sweeping up duties, but told her the wrong one, giving her legs and navigational skills some much-needed extra exercise.

At the pub, a pleasing amount of pre-Hash preparation was taking place as the staff scurried round making sure there were enough beer mats on all the tables, big enough signs displaying the menu, and the young lady behind the bar polishing the chandeliers she was wearing in her ears.

Welcome back to K2, looking tanned after her sojourn in Uganda. Badly jetlagged, she managed to direct the GM to the start of the run at Pork Hill instead of Pew Tor. Still, at least they made it to the start, unlike Lost, who timed his bike ride to perfection to arrive at 7.20pm, but thought the start was at the pub. Frothy Top also didn't make it to the start of the run, but managed to get to the pub in time to serve behind the bar.

Welcome back also to Mr and Mrs, Delilah and H, after their honeymoon in Sorrento. H was shocked to find that Delilah was a virgin – he'd never had pizza before!

Cannon Fodder was in his car outside the pub politely letting a lady out of her parking space so that he could use it, when it was rudely taken by Grandpa, who was sufficiently chastened to buy him a drink later. He didn't move out of the parking space, though.....

Dildo Baggins was walking round with a big smile on his face. He was very pleased to discover that his maths is not up to much. He is not 57 as he had thought, but only 55!

Biff has recovered well from picking up a stalker during half term week – she kept seeing the same postie in every shop she went in to.

After the assembled company had been suitably admiring of the GM's magnificent bangers, Hash Hush consisted of the usual raucous rendition of Happy Birthday, this time to Scrotey, whose birthday was this very day, and to Glani for the following day.

Commiserations and lots of love to – well, I don't think the progeny of Pony and Von Trapp have got Hash names, so let's call him Little Richard, who is suffering from a hole in the leg after an altercation with a car whilst he was on his bike. Pick on someone your own size next time.....

Forthcoming Events

Saturday 1 December – Quiz Night – Yelverton Church Hall – 7.00pm sharp. Maximum six people to a team. If your team has more than six, Can't Remember will personally haul off the spare one(s) and place them in a different team! Bring your own booze and food, or use the chip van conveniently situated nearby.

Saturday 5 January – 12th Night Ball. Tickets on sale soon. Keep an ear on The Archers – apparently they're stealing all our ideas!

ON ON