

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

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No:** 1786**Date:** 20/10/2014**Start + On Down:** Walkhampton Inn, Walkhampton**Hare:** Mayhem**Right Honourable Shiggyness**

What an excellent run! Our Life Pee'er, the Right Hon Agnes, would be highly impressed at the copious amounts of bouncy boggy shiggyness. In fact, if we didn't know better, it could be said that he'd had a hand in causing the autumnal weather change which led to such perfect conditions although clearly he didn't have any influence over the quality of the Brown Gin or the quaffing receptacles. A distinct lack of malt, cut crystal or multi-fingered measures (was Slush pouring?). And very high class escorting by Pimp and Hurricane who deftly steered the shorter shorts along all the shortest cuts as well as expertly haring the longs and the shorts following the main trails. But although Biff reported 4.5 miles and 118 calories burned it missed on our Illustrious Grand Mattress' moist test and she duly pronounced it too dry and a 9 1/2. According to the GPS (Global Puddle Sidestepper) I'd managed to do 9.7km but closer inspection revealed I'd apparently started in Calstock but who's to say when the jury's still out on how long 6" really is.

It's always an absolute delight puffing around a hash trail with Cheddar, you just never know what gem she's going to come out with next. This time it was alcohol-fuelled on copious quantities of Brown Gin which put her in an inventive frame of mind. Well that was after cursing her bleep-bleep useless bleeping £60 torch. It's an idea that might catch on - the invention that is. Instead of spending out on the all singing all dancing battery flattening light stick, Cheddar's fiendish plan is to invest in a load of £2.99 cheapie torches and affix them to all of her movable parts. Not only will you now be able to hear her long before she hoves into view, she'll also be visible from the International Space Station.



It was a hash that wasn't without it's fair share of spills. Apparently Ram Raider's was the most spectacular with witnesses - Wobbly and Nipple Deep - reporting a Marcel Marceau type swallow dive of a face plant into the mud. Went over like a pole! Straight down! Didn't bend in the middle!

Highlight of the year! A real Ram Raider smackaroonery! Just deserts methinks for pushing Delilah into a bog for allegedly whinging about his various sporting and extra curricular injuries. Racey's run was also without incident as early on she nearly fell over what she thought was Cannon Fodder's snake and then later heard rustling in the undergrowth which revealed itself to be Delilah at which point he, on realising it was Racey, let out a deep sigh of relief.

Elsewhere Cabin Boy was suffering sore elbows and Sludge wet knickers after they allegedly fell in the river whilst shortcutting, Well Laid and a number of other male hashers reported temporary blindness just before negotiating a style which turned out to be Racey's rear end temporarily blocking out the moon, and Uncle was reportedly taking no chances deploying moon-burn avoidance measures by wearing a hat.

Back at the Burrator Inn, at which point the heavens opened, the Brown Gin had clearly had an odd effect on a number of hashers. Dirty Oar sporting her latest haute Tescouture poncho had struggled which way to put it on and Arguilles seemed to be mistaking hash t-shirts as hash(eesh) t-shirts and pondering whether they were like ISIS-wear at which point Wobbly's professional opinion was that the Wierdo Beardo (Wobbly's description not mine) had found someone else's glasses instead of his own. Things were really not helped when Ram Raider suggested a hash house hash state at which point Arguilles went off muttering something about Ali Akhbar (is that a new hasher?). Talking of wearing attire, Chopper was reputedly out on a man date (mandate?) with Borat and sporting his slippers on account of it being colder and no longer flip flop weather. When asked what he wore indoors he replied 'nothing'. Barney Rubble, who's generally away with the croc fairies at the best of times, had clearly imbibed a bit too much too and was struggling to count how many legs 3 people + one dog possessed between them and was a pooper scooper needed for the third. He also confessed to having had his hands on someone else's curtains at which point I glazed over.

Thankfully Can't Remember got up at that point to do the Hash Hush which started off with gushing thanks to the hares for a spectacular run, etc, etc, etc and awarded the high marks. Favouritism! Fix! shouted the masses. After wrestling the dickhead off Glani, who'd got far too attached to it, she awarded it to Ram Raider for stretching his length in the mud (shouldn't it have been the timber dick?). Hobo was then called up and presented with his walking stick award as he's EXTREMELY OLD and which was carefully fitted with a rubber. Glani confessed to being quite jealous and hook or by crook he was going to get one himself. It was Posh Frock's turn next to collect an award or a snog or something (didn't hear what) but although he'd already gone home someone did helpfully suggest that he'd been there last week.

Next up was Charlotte, who ... drum roll ... was bestowed with her hash nickname of Footloose in view of her Strictly Come Dancing dancing skills. Hot on Footloose's heels came Pony and Big Drawers who'd both celebrated birthdays - one a Big one - and who shared the ceremonial birthday cake hat and to whom separate renditions of the Hash Special Birthday Serenade was sung. Talking of which, Von Trapp's a smoothie - he turned up at the end of Pony's birthday run at Walkhampton on Sunday with a bbq and cooked up bacon butties for her.

Crumbs this was a long one! Getting more wrist ache scribbling this lot down than George Michael on Hamstead Heath. Next to be ticked off Can't Remember's can't remember list was Morrison's vouchers - get yer Morrison's gardening vouchers out and plant them in Underlay's palm as she wants them for her school gardening project - followed by Lost's Whinging Walk and the Skittles evening (more on these below) before we finally got to this week's ailment which was 'O'. Or was it 'Oh'? Ow?? Yes, Oh, Ow, 'O' for Osteoarthritis after Scupper Sucker saved her from neuralgia last week. Very inconvenient ailment this week though as it's in Can't Remember's thumbs and that makes it difficult to hold one's G+T. Still not a total disaaaster daaahling as it's a good excuse for the intravenous option.

Hash hush over, the best (loosest sense of the word) gossip was Nipple Deep enthusing to Ernie about Gannet's hot warm cuddly arse and having to inflate it every half an hour or so, after he sat in her seat; and Borat not only dicing with death but ignoring the van mens' code of conduct, darted

into the parking space just as Slush was backing into it with his (larger) one. Borat is also well off my Christmas card list and clearly a reckless soul after comparing himself with Hugh Hefner on the basis that if he swapped places with Anna Luff (no nickname?) it would place him between her and Big Drawers and he'd then be sitting between two attractive women. At the time he was sitting between me and Anna. Unless of course he was making a veiled reference to slappers in which case he's skating on very thin ice three times over.

Apparently, times are hard at Scrotum towers since Gannet's retirement and Scrotey has been forced to take on a 2nd job as a part-time council road sweeper, however it was noted that this was without appropriate protection. Ensnared in a corner were Hot Rocks, Delilah, and Well Laid in deep discussion about the merits of growing nasal and/or ear hair and brushing it over the tops of their heads to cover up any slight thinning and displaying a certain amount of envy over Vampire Slayer's jaunty new Tin Tin hairstyle. Well Laid seemed to have missed the point completely and went off on a tangent about ear wax and sheep shearing and it wasn't clear if Hot Rocks was lamenting or boasting that his grew 4mm in September but 35mm in October.

Commiserations to Lost for not winning the GBBO and that's despite nearly turning Sue Perkins' head with his flippin' massive wrinkled baklava and as for Mary Berry she almost fainted when he got out his shittorte.

Notices

Lost's Whinging Walk

Names to Lost if you want to join him for his whinging walk on Sunday 19 October starting from Bovisand car park at 10.30am. Walk will be about 8 miles and involve lunch at Mount Batten at half way point.

Skittles Evening

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

Posh Frocks

Saturday 28th February 2015- Posh Frocks do.

Tickets £20 - Can be paid for in instalments to spread the cost - See Fergie for tickets.

Glani wants everyone to ferret about in their pockets for any 50ps bearing the scout logo on the obverse (that's the other side to you and me). Scout, Elysya, is off to the International Scout Jamboree being held in Japan next year and is looking to take such 50ps with her as they will be highly prized by scouts from other lands. That's assuming she doesn't receive so many it costs her more in excess baggage or intrusive body searches when trying to negotiate customs with them concealed about her personage.

On On!

'H'