

**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**  
Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

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**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1682**

**Date: October 22<sup>nd</sup> 2012**

**Start: Wilsworthy Ranges but please check the website for confirmation**

**On Down: Fox and Hounds, Bridestowe**

**Hares: Slap and Wheelnuts**

**Scribe: Slush**

### **Can't Remember's version of "What Happened was....."**

We drove out of Plymouth in thick mist with Hurricane reassuring me that earlier on it was clear at Cadover Bridge. And indeed it was clear even at Roborough, if a little drizzly. Passing Shaugh Bridge our headlights shone on a herd of small dappled deer running through the woods and I thought how lovely. I was merely trying to distract myself from my affliction, a monstrous fat lip that came from nowhere that morning looking like a trout mouth or collagen implants gone horribly wrong. I was content to sit in the car at the start and hide my hideousness. This allowed me to overhear a tale Wun Hung Low was telling Hurricane about his own afflictions as he had knocked his front teeth out on the starting handle of his lawnmower. By this time the gathering of Hashers was well under way, all quivering with anticipation of Hurricane, Pimp and Scupper Sucker's Brown Gin Run, knowing full well it would be wet. The toasts were made, Agnes and other dear departed friends remembered and off they went straight into the river! Marvellous!

Just 40 minutes later and they were back, dozens of smiling faces seen trotting through the shiggy and K2 waxing lyrical about the streams of lights along the hillside. Congratulations were offered to the hares for a brilliant, old fashioned hash. Cheddar said that these hares should set every run it was so good! Pimp said, "in your dreams". Grandpa had to admit to being disoriented and not able to automatically guess where it was going, which is praise indeed. True to his alternative form Glani thought it "a bit roady and didn't go under any bridges" but Scrotey delighted in his estimate that he'd been 50%

on bog! According to Wobbly Knob, who made a point of grassing up his fellow hashers, Bush Tucker had a lot of fun with a prickly bush, but didn't tell me whose, and Deniece positively launched himself into a stream from on high to almost entirely disappear down a hole! Several others told me this story and it was suggested he should be renamed either Beechers Brook or Up to the Neck! Rob Pearce decided for reasons known only to him to not get changed after the wettest run ever even though he had dry clothes with him. If he hasn't been named yet I suggest "Sodden".

Gossip in the pub consisted mostly of Well Laid telling me all about Ernie and his new 3 speed chopper! Sturmey Archer and everything. Ernie likes to tie an old cassette player to the rack at the back and accompany his exercise with Duane Eddy! What is this all about?! Anyone?! I looked around only to see Cheddar showing her builders bum at a distant table, possibly practising to be the next Chamber Pot I suppose! Congratulations Cheddar. Dodo is retiring from his potty and should be thanked for all his effort over the past 12 months! I find sennacot helpful. Nashers cheerily informed me she is staying on the committee as she can't resist the numerous free suppers, all the time devouring my chips!

### **Hash Hush, hush shhh!**

Our gorgeous GM had been asked to refrain from blowing her horn and to keep things quiet as there was a semi final snooker match going on next door. So with a finger to her lips she very quietly told us to welcome several virgins and to name Kara Richardson. It was all too quiet for me, couldn't hear half of what Luffous said but gathered that Kara was named "Codswallop", don't know why. (I really need to wear my hearing aids in the pub!) We were supposed to sing Happy Birthday quietly to some Hashers, Well Laid was one, didn't catch the others but you know who you are, but being Hashers we just groaned it out as usual.

### **Forthcoming Events**

Quiz Night - December 1<sup>st</sup> at Yelverton Church Hall, (the one behind the chip van) 7pm  
Tickets on sale soon just £2, bring your own food and drink or visit said chip van in the break! Quiz masters: Hurricane, Can't Remember, Underlay and Well Laid so be prepared for lateral thinking!

The Big Do – Twelfth Night January 5<sup>th</sup> 2013, Lamerton Village Hall – could be Much Ado About Nothing but put it in your diary as a do not to be missed.

### **And Finally**

Hurricane and Can't Remember were attending a church service, when about halfway through she leans over and says, "I just did a silent fart, what do you think I should do?"

He replies "Put a new battery in your hearing aid."

### **ON ON!**