

**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**

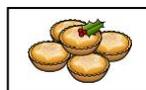
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1796****Date: December 22<sup>nd</sup> 2014****Start: Burrator Quarry Car Park: Mince Pie Run!****On Down: Burrator Inn****Hares: Pony and Von Trapp****Follow that Star, Star, Star, Star, Star, Star, Star**

It was cold. Scupper Sucker and Pist'n'Broke welcomed us to Tamerton Foliot, and like good shepherds even had their sheep dog with them. Unfortunately Pist'n'Broke had difficulty taking names 'cos he didn't have his glasses and like the kind person I am I left him to it and went in the pub where it should have been warmer. However the electric fire was purely ornamental and gave off only a faint light and absolutely no heat at all. The roaring log fire in the other room was being entirely hogged by 4 locals who had no intention of budging so I had to settle for bottomless coffee to warm me up. I was soon joined by Posh Pinny and Luffly, also complaining of the cold and the lack of access to the fire. Very soon though our combined hot air started to thaw us out, and we drank our coffee and nibbled our biscuits. We all agreed that having enjoyed the first we were very excited in anticipation of the second coming.

Meanwhile outside, Glani was seen practising some sort of Karate or Martial Arts routine before the start, possibly in an attempt to stop his blood freezing. So all those foolish hashers set off at a brisk pace around the streets of Lower Southway where Lost claimed he ran like a god, accompanied by his 2 seraphim, Turd and Von Trapp. Turd saw a shooting star so they decided to follow it back to the Inn. An unlikely trio of wise men I've yet to meet. All four virgins returned from last week, they all looked so young they could have been the class of Nativity 3 and I swear I heard one of the girls say "Dude, where's my donkey?" Sticking with this running up to Christmas theme, Gannet came over all religious when she fell on the trickiest section of the hash, on a pavement under a street light, Jesus Christ she whispered as the blood spurted from her damaged knee. Ernie spent a happy hour reminiscing as he ran over familiar ground from his milkman days, dreaming of the knockers, ON THE DOORS, when he tried to collect his money. One particular incident stuck in his mind, he saw a chap go in the front door of a house

just as another bloke shot down the drainpipe at the back. Fortunately Ernie says his back is much better now. Gnashers should be congratulated for spotting that Spike was wearing his Port and Starboard running lights on the wrong hands! Honestly Spike I hope you are suitably embarrassed. Sturmeroid avoided seeing stars as he managed to finish the hash without bashing his head into any branches, remember that? Arguilles and Sturmeroid were likened to evil twins, not by me I hasten to add I'm just the reporter. It was suggested that they are like Jekyll and Hyde but the double whammy is: one of them might turn nice!! Biff followed her own special star all the way back to the Inn, Hurricane guided her through the endless streets of Tamerton/Southway thus ensuring that Biff lived to eat her huge plate of sausage, egg and chips! Penny Farting enjoyed himself by slapping one of the Hashettes on the bum, he thought it was Big Drawers but it wasn't!! LOL! So who exactly did he slap? And did she/he enjoy it as much as he did? Poor little Hot Sox did so many squats the other day she suffered dreadfully and the next morning had to ring her Mummy for sympathy. Ah bless! On All fours put in an appearance and was teased because he's going bald! Too much testosterone or too much self-gratification according to Turd, (that's not what he actually said but I don't wish to offend, well no more than I already have) I always thought it sent you blind!

In the Seven Stars it finally warmed up and I managed to survive when I took my big snuggly cardigan off to attempt a Hash Hush. Penny Farting was awarded his 100 runs boot and as I didn't bother to fill it with beer and give him a down down, he's threatening to bring it back next week! Talking of which nobody knows where Cheddar intends to start her run, there's a high probability it will be in Princetown but that's all the information we had! Sorry! Glani was particularly irritating and rude throughout my announcements and if I'd had the duck head he would have been wearing it!

#### Future Events

Trivia Quiz, January 24<sup>th</sup> 2015, Clearbrook Village Hall. Tickets on sale at £3 each, as soon as I've made them! BYO booze and food if you like or we'll serve hot pasties for just £2 each, vegetarian options will be available. Come and have a bit of fun as an antidote to the post-Christmas and New Year blues. There will be prizes!

Posh Frocks, *Hashers Go to Hollywood*, fancy dress. February 28<sup>th</sup> 2015 at the Moorland Garden Hotel. Tickets £20: 3 course dinner, welcome drink of fizz, and dance the night away to the fabulous sound of Orang-utan Wheelbarrow. Can't wait!

And finally:

## Christmas JOKE

