

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: 1791****Date: 24/11/14****Start: Lydford Forest****On Down: The Castle Inn, Lydford****Hares: Dildo Baggins**

So I'll start this with the old adage – **Be bold start cold.** But in the case of Monday's hash, **Better yet, start wet!**

Our slightly smaller turn out allowed me to see all the little idiosyncrasies of your gaits. It was an intimate hash, darlings; you should have been there.

On the off, we did not stick to road etiquette and wait for cars before crossing. It was more like 'oh, there's a car there, if I sprint, it'll only graze me'. Cue honking, disorder, and my internal-mother-hen squarking away. Glanny was honked at quite a bit for running around in the road. I think they were just admiring your legs, dear. Then it was up and over the duel carriage way into a housing development.

A very urban run in places, with a lot of scuttling around the local estate to find the elusive route. I noted that we must be terrorising the locals with our shouting. It was abruptly replied with 'It'd take a lot more to terrorise the ones round here'.... Oooh. There were many shouts of 'Where's the fridges?' through the fringes. As an architect, I can tell you that we recklessly ignored the architect's well-laid 'wayfinding' and 'journey' principles of the estate, instead running this way and that, re-covering our tracks a fair few times before catching the scent.

Similarly, a poor YOOT was hounded upon by our group as he was innocently smoking his underage lungs away. We poured past him on either side, and I'm not sure what he thought of us. However, he seemed to know the rabbit warren better than us, as he did a bit of a shortcut, meaning that we buzzed past him not once, but twice, on the small open footpaths. I do wonder who would win in a fight though; a group of lycra-clad men, or a startled, guilty-looking lad? My bets are on the young one, chaps!

At the final LOOS, we split, with my nose very definitely hunting for ON HOME (what can I say? I'm a lazy toe-rag who loves chips).

The shorts was a teeny group of three; Nipple Deep, Glanny and I, (clearly the dream team) with Minnie and a tall dark stranger not too far behind us. Valiantly we crossed over the middle of a roundabout, with only *one* stand-off between Glanny and a car at this point.

While I'm here, I'll recount some of the findings from my summertime hashes in Brighton. They do some things differently there. For one, the Long-short divide is always called a LOOS (Pronounced loose; don't mistake the call for a spotting of a portaloo). Secondly they have this totally bizarre, ridiculous way of making me look like a tit: on-ons are not just arrows HO NO. On-ons for the Brighton geezers are instead **two** arrows, which aren't too close together. So a false check would only have one arrow, whereas the right path would have one, then dust, then another. REDICULOUS. Cue me getting very keen and checking down a hill, shouting on on, and being hated for the rest of the night as I was very insistent, and made the lazy bones do extra work. (They're an honest lot there, none of this cheating lark).

Plus, their 'dust' in places was toilet tissue tied onto trees in twos and threes. Which, of course, I just assumed was some kind of yoof/ladies-of-the-night signalling. Also, they had a trick which was possibly a lot better than the rest; for the snow, they mix flour and non-toxic powder paint together for the dust – therefore making it very visible on the snow. Not sure if we've done this before, must ask Pony. However, they never go near mud or rivers – they all take their car keys and phones with them. They are basically road runners who drink.

One last thing, then I'll stop. There's a fab thing called a fish hook, which is a way to keep the pack together and to discourage competitiveness. It's a signal that looks like a U-turn sign with a number next to it. This dictates that the first person that gets to the signal must run back past x number of people before turning again to re-join the route. Bizarre isn't it? Question is, are we rule-abiding enough for this to work? My thoughts are probably, no.

Barney Rubble was absent, apparently due to a 50th Anniversary – poor excuse chap, should have brought it to the hash. This was relayed by Ernie, as they met in a shady corner of Bretonside Bus station.... As to what kind of rendez-vous it was, I cannot disclose.

Also showing a slight lack of commitment was Hurricane, who was spotted flexing his shapely, bare torso through a window at Can't Remember.

I must report that my language was pretty colourful in places. I blame Glanny for his miss-direction and Dogcatcher for his loops. I make no apologies on this matter.

On a side note, Embarrister was in the local area on Friday and sends all of her love. She's currently got a poshish job in Hampshire, but was down in Plymouth for a job interview with a law firm. CROSS YOUR BITS TEAM; we can always do with another solicitor in our ranks...

Oooh and I got my shoesies back from Gannet, but it should be noted that Christmas is on the way, and she seemed to like them...

FURTHERMORE There's only 5 runs to my name, which is disgraceful. Sort this out please.

SKITTLES NIGHT – 22nd November, see Fergie.

Don't forget the Posh frocks ball is a mere 103 Days away! Get your tickets with Fergie!

ON ON