

Grand Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
On Sec
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

Life Pee'ers
Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers
Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1913
Date: 27/03/17
Start: Five Lanes, Whitchurch.
On Down: The Whitchurch Inn Whitchurch.
Hares: Sturmeroid Bat Windy and Racy Tracey.
Scribe: It could be you.

Out of West Devon, OUT OF THIS WORLD in fact, Lamerton Hall was transformed. There were constellations of stars and all things spacey, From sputniks on tables to an oxygen cylinder rocket ship entering though a tunnel of stars we were greeted by a fearsome weeping Angel – watch out , don't blink! Revealed as her Biffness, so not lethal (well not if you behave like good hashers.) Milliways 'had nothing on the assembled company, comprising of all manner of aliens ,the whole cast of Star Trek,at least 3 Arthur Dents, Mother Earth, Spaced out hippies- the list went on .We might not have had the end of the universe in prospect, but planet Wobbly Knob danced around in a risky fashion .All extra terrestrial life was here displayed, and was taking a big interest in its variety.Racy, having her own problems managing a vast bosom, was puzzled by Embarristers 'fanny flap'! Crutchless wondered if it was like a cat flap, while Mitch thought it might need batteries.Spike the Satellite and his bride Mudsucker were congratulated upon their recent nuptials and presented with a wedding gift of champagne and a pair of flutes. (not turned into stone) by her Biffness.

All life forms were very well fed by Kilworthy farm, so had no need to resort to eating each other. The Rehydration station was well visited and run by Moor Bars(not mars bars).Some of course were more hydrated than others....

Can Aliens dance? Of course! All kinds of interesting moves went down on the dance floor to the Rock 'n' Roll outlaws. A good time was had by all and at least 2 entities were overwhelmed and fell asleep, probably went to planet Zog.You know who you are , So does everyone else who has seen the photos.

A big thank to the Committee for all the organisation that went into the evening, It was really OUT of this WORLD!

Here I go again, scribing my own run.(or rather press ganging my wife into doing it for me).

A dry run if a bit murky. My partner in crime. H. set the shorts off at a leisurely pace, the

longs meandered up down and around Kit hill and up and down and down and upI did overhear myself referred to on about the 4th up/down as " an evil bxxxxd"! which I took as a compliment . Just wait til next time!! The last down and up was one too many,they might have entered an alien worm hole never to be seen again! So we legged it back on home. back to the on down at the Rifle, Her Biffness was reprising her role as weeping Angel, giving out lost property ie Racy's stun gun and Scuppersuckers head gear (did it fall off when he fell asleep?) Other more essential things were lost on Saturday night Hurricane's car keys. Must have gone into another portal only to reappear somewere else. The one and only Dogcatcher celebrated a special birthday, with cake made by Sonia.A very raucous " happy birthday" was sung. I was glad to see he was able to get that vast brain back inside his head.

At the end of evening Gannet asked me if I was going to the next committee meeting, then realised as I was hosting at my house, probably I was. ON ON....

