

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
Peter Argles (Arguilles)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1813**  
**Date: 27/04/15**  
**Start: Bere Alston Station**  
**On Down: Plough Inn, Bere Ferrers**  
**Hares: Luffly & Turd**

A small but by no means sombre group of hashers descended upon Lifton, or thereabouts, on what was a fine and sunny spring evening. It appears that the unseasonably warm weather brought much confusion and forgetfulness for a few, with Dodo modelling the latest range of formal hashing footwear, having forgotten his trainers; Uncle going one-better and forgetting her money in addition to trainers, and the as-yet-unnamed Kate (prior to the run) resorting to pinching some hair bands from Hot Sox...despite Dodo's best but ultimately unsuccessful efforts at tying her hair back with some sticky tape!

Racey addressed the hash, leaning against a rather large pole, and informed us of a short run due to a rather lame Windy. So off set the majority of the group, in completely the wrong direction, as the early check back provided much amusement to the small gathering of locals. The check backs, however, provided the least of our worries as it was some other locals who would intervene throughout the hash... Cows caused mischief on several occasions, with Ramraider and Ernie, the "Cattle Whisperers", coming to the rescue of a few others and helping them to moooove on. (Sorry).

Long ago, when sailing ships ruled the waves, a captain and his crew were in danger of being boarded by a pirate ship. As the crew became frantic, the captain bellowed to his First Mate, "Bring me my red shirt!" The First Mate quickly retrieved the captain's red shirt, which the captain put on and lead the crew to battle the pirate boarding party. Although some casualties occurred among the crew, the pirates were repelled.

Later that day, the lookout screamed that there were two pirate vessels sending boarding parties. The crew cowered in fear, but the captain calm as ever bellowed, "Bring me my red shirt!" The battle was on, and once again the Captain and his crew repelled both boarding parties, although this time more casualties occurred.

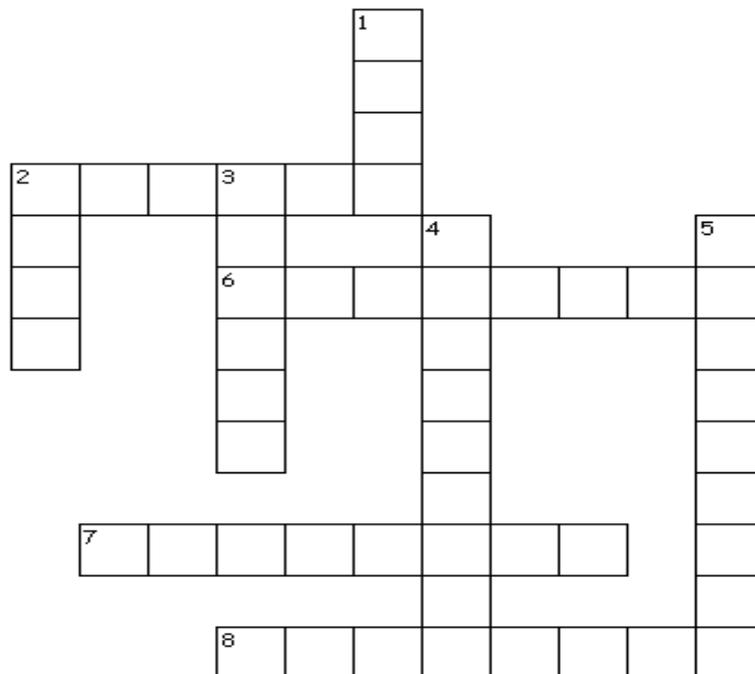
Weary from the battles, the men sat around on deck that night recounting the day's occurrences when an ensign looked to the Captain and asked, "Sir, why did you call for your red shirt before the battle?" The Captain, giving the ensign a look that only a captain can give, exhorted, "If I am wounded in battle, the red shirt does not show the wound and thus, you men will continue to fight unafraid". The men sat in silence marvelling at the courage of such a man.

As dawn came the next morning, the lookout screamed that there were pirate ships, 10 of them, all with boarding parties on their way. The men became silent and looked to their Captain for his usual command. The Captain, calm as ever, bellowed, "Bring me my brown trousers"!!

Meanwhile, Turd found himself lost among a group of sheep. Slush suggested he was checking for worms; I'm not sure whether this was in reference to his past farming background or just having observed him 'having a good look'. Maybe it was just sheer bad luck. (Sorry again).

At the conclusion of the run, Glani seemed to enjoy demonstrating to Hot Sox how to make best use of the horn, whilst Dogcatcher entered into some kind of mathematical / geometrical rambling of jokes that were far too intelligent for me to even recall! Anyway, I seem to have gone off at a bit of a tangent...perhaps that was one of them?

Well Laid held the Hash Hush after much umming and arrrrghhing, and promptly ordered Racey to do a down down. He was also heard to say that he was "going to do Kate", thankfully relating to the naming of Kate Allen, although she inadvertently managed to name herself "Shit on the chair", a name that is sure to stick. On On!



**Across**

- 2. Where we are now!
- 6. Quiet!
- 7. GM
- 8. Trying to find dust

**Down**

- 1. Hot Sox often has this
- 2. Keep going!
- 3. Nearly at the Pub!
- 4. This will make you cross
- 5. Which way is it?