

**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: 1792****Date: 01/12/14****Start: The Olde Plough Inn, Bere Ferrers****On Down: The Olde Plough Inn, Bere Ferrers****Hares: Hot Rocks & Vampire Slayer**

T'was the night before Tuesday, when all through the town  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a hound.  
 The trainers were on and tied up with care,  
 Head torches were lit and tangled in hair.

The hashers all nestled in the pub's nice extension,  
 Von Trapp forgot his footwear, did I not mention?  
 Minnie, showing commitment – a hash in November,  
 Was awarded a toilet seat by HM Can't Remember.

Out on the field there arose such a clatter,  
 The hash had moved off, their feet pitter-patter.  
 The colour of clothes was quite the plethora,  
 Blue, pink and yellow like seeing the aurora.

The moon was not out but pray have no fear,  
 As Lost rightly put it, "the town will be near"  
 How accurate he was as we scampered around,  
 The longs running loops, where a white cat was found.

Now on to a story of wonder and thrill,  
 Two lost boys joined the hash by the names Joe & Bill  
 Why? Who knows, the youth of today;  
 They'll follow anything that leads them astray!

Speaking of which, it's RamRaiders time  
To lead the pack on, straight up the incline.  
Going the opposite way, then came along,  
Arguilles who said, "You've all gone wrong!"

"Nonsense" Said RamRaider, "I know the way,"  
At which all turned round and began to obey.  
The hash ran on, round down the road,  
RamRaider lied – The sly little toad!

Meanwhile, Far away a war had begun  
Between those shortcutters: Hurricane Won!  
Grandpa was left with mouth open wide,  
And Glanni disappeared, with a tear in his eye.

On Home we ran, back over the bridge,  
Not racing at all... ok, just a smidge!  
Shoving on clothes to cover the mud,  
Be first to the bar – must beat the flood!

Squish and squeeze, we'll fit them all in,  
With the pub chock-a-block: now that's quite a din!  
Calling to order Her Majesty reigns  
"Oi, Listen up! There's someone to name!"

In to view comes Sandy all of a flush  
Suggestions from Glanni indeed make her blush  
After input from Gannet with a mouthful of food  
SillyBalls is her name; trust them to be rude.

480 Calories, Yes we worked hard  
8 out of 10 were the scores on the cards  
'Happy Birthday' to Lost the throng sang out loud  
And the Duckhead awarded to three in the crowd

Footloose had fun and enjoyed eating chips,  
Knobless was bored, Hot Rocks took a trip.  
Chopper returned, Bin Liner brought friends,  
Buffy drank Tea in the van till the end.

Just some exercise, alcohol and food  
Puts a gang of Hashers in a very good mood  
"On On!" cried the hashers, from the pub they took flight,  
Happy Hashing to all and to all a goodnight!