

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: 1840
Date: 2.11.15
Start: Norsworthy Bridge
On Down: Rock Inn, Yelverton
Hares: Wobbly Knob

So.

How to begin?, ran my ponderings.

How to write the epistle of hashing when I wouldn't be on the run, and have yet to recover from 'scribe burnout' – a serious condition suffered as a result of having utterly loathed a whole 12 months of scribing decades ago in the days of yore before The Reformation.

Should I produce some Ramraideresque diatribe on a subject entirely unrelated? Come over all Shakespearian like Hot Rocks? Word Search my way through the mire like Sister Sludge? Find my inner Rapper? (complete Awe and Respect Chopper man – that's right up there on my list of all time favourite mags list along with Footloose's Top Gear epic, Ramraider's Regime Change and the original Robin Jones, Untitled)

Could I wax poetical like Lost or limerical like Gannet? Sadly not.

In the event, I didn't even need to borrow Can't Remember's spies, as consensus had it that only one word was needed to describe tonight's run. Consensus didn't go quite as far as deciding which particular word this was however, and several were suggested (some more often than others) ranging from the fairly mild 'bemusing' (a true gent, that Stopcock), 'mystifying', and 'unfortunate', through 'failed' and 'bl—dy chaos' to the rather less charitable 'f-ck-d', and 'tampaxed' (from the hare himself). Gannet, constructive as ever, pointed out that the crap runs serve a very useful purpose in helping our appreciation of the good runs. Mornington was keeping his feelings entirely to himself. Dildo Baggins declared that he alone had managed to find the whole thing, which should have pleased Gnashers as she says the bit she had set was truly tremendous (just a shame that the two bits didn't quite connect). I am however not entirely sure how much credence to give Dildo's story, as he was also trying to sell me a tale involving Dogcatcher, the A&E department at the RD&E, and a Irish comedian called Billious Colic. Of greater concern, however, is Sister Sludge who only realised that she was getting changed in the wrong car when it was Pist n Broke's Knickers that she found on the floor this time. I didn't like to ask how far she'd got with them.

Tonight's main event, of course, is the quite incredible feat of Glanni having reached the humungous total of 1500 runs, not only once last week, but this week as well ! Quite whether the confusion has stemmed from a malfunction in Pimp's mainframe abacus, or whether the short cutting circuits in Glanni's internal GPS have short circuited, we'll never know, but milk it for all it's worth I say. There were several suggestions as to what the £1500 (rough calculation allowing for interest, inflation, quantitative easing and EU modulation) thus contributed to the bucket could have been alternatively spent on – best of these came from Jess and Lauren who suggested that a life sized Glanni cardboard cut-out puppet, with moveable bottom jaw (like those on the BBC trailer for The Week) to be held in common hash ownership as an alternative to the man himself deserved serious consideration. Glanni's dedication is well illustrated by a memory from Biff's universally revered internal databank of Glanni telling her on their very first date that she would NEVER see him on a Monday night unless she came hashing too. And a lifetime, and 3000 revoltingly shiggified socks to wash later (as Fergie pointed out), here they both still are. May your feet remain nimble, and your torch ever luminous, and may there be many more years of hashing ahead.

Our committee did him proud, with a really beautiful framed copy of Luffous' iconic Map O' Monday, a down down pint (which he duly proceeded to attempt to consume in 1500 sips), and a truly super duper cake created by Von Trapp which made the judging criteria on the Great British bake off look tame. 'What do you mean, you couldn't produce such a gloriously light and airy, exquisitely iced, completely scrumptious foot shaped sponge creation whilst simultaneously moving house, driving no.2 daughter around the country to find a suitably hilly university, and almost single-handedly maintaining law and order and preventing the fall of Western civilisation as we know it ?' Awe and Respect to you too.

3 planks were awarded, 1 each to the hares, and 1 along with a down down to Chopper for forgetting Friday's committee meeting. Due to driving duties, Ginger Rogers heroically stepped in to substitute, and I watched with complete fascination as he proceeded to stow most of the pint into that magnificent beard of his, presumably very cunningly saving it for later. Sadly though, either he exceeded its absorption quotient, or he forgot to put the plug in, as significant quantities subsequently slowly filtered through on to his t shirt. Also up tonight was the 1st ever 25 runs award, going to a rightly chuffed Annie.

Notes for Scupper Sucker who managed to sleep his way through the entire hash hush.

Sat Nov 21st. Quiz night, at Clearbrook village hall. byo food and drink. Tickets from Racey Tracy

Return of the Hash Christmas Card see Hayley (?)

1 big card to everybody from everybody to sign, and donate the money you've saved on buying loads of individual cards to this years charity – Winston's Wish, an organisation doing some lovely work with children who have been bereaved.

Good to see Decker (Grand Dog ?) on better form, though I am wondering whether it really is kidney pills that he's been taking. He had a very jolly evening, falling in lurve with Fergie's dog Rosie, then falling in lust with Fergie's arm. By the time Hot Rocks and I were attempting to leave he had transferred his attentions to Biff's leg, which prompted her to ask him 'can you smell my boys ?' !!! Does Biff lead some seedy double life of which we are completely unaware ?? are these trips to data protection courses just some kind of elaborate cover ???.....

So. There you have it. I needn't have worried, an evening in the company of all you gloriously mad lovely people and I have enough for several volumes. Extra thanks to those whose contributions I didn't manage to use.

On On