

Grand Masters

Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)

01822 853566

Joint Masters

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

01579 383863

Simon Snowden (Slush)

07794 265963

Scribe Master

Paul Glanville (Glani)

01822 617713

Hasherdabber

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

07970749853

**Chamber Pots**

Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

01822 610164

Chris Lloyd (Ramraider)

01822 853236

On Sec

Erika Smith (Tosh Potty)

07904 084778

Hash Cash

Vron Maynard (Sore Arse)

01752 223861

Hare Master

Heather Smyly (Sludge)

01822 617020

Hash Flash

Stephen Langton (Frothy Top)

07775 560986

Life Pee'er

Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1623
Date: 5 September 2011
Start: Plymbridge (Roborough side)
On Down: Lopes Arms, Roborough
Hares: Russ Abbot and Cannon Fodder
Scribe: Scupper Sucker

A Hash!

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My Kingdom for a Hash!

Yes, 22 August (last Monday) was the 526th anniversary of the Battle of Bosworth, when the rightful King of England was defeated by a parsimonious Welshman. That's a point – where was Ramraider?

Anyway, enough of that, what of the run? There were some rather strange instructions given by Uncle at the start, such as "please mince along on tippytoes" and "when you get back, find a friend and act like a chimp".

As usual, I joined the dogwalkers for a ramble amongst the lunar landscape that is Wheal Josiah – I wonder what it looked like from the hot air balloons that were floating serenely above us. The walking group seems to be growing week by week and this week included Uncle's sister (that would be Auntie, then), Moonflower from Plympton, Millie (big-stick-dog), Tod (sensible-stick-dog) and no-stick-dog whose name I didn't catch but who was easily spotted by the glow-in-the-dark white tip to his/her tail. We were impressed by Uncle's signs warning mountain bikers that they might come across strange people running around their territory, but were momentarily confused by another announcing "unsuitable for trampers".

Biff was heard announcing that she hadn't done it for nine months and felt like a virgin again. She was celebrating with a pair of new shoes – well, you would, wouldn't you? She later announced that Ruth had got her out of breath.

Nippledeep made a right t*t of himself by getting the shorts lost. He was wearing new glasses, but managed to miss two dust signs. (Should have gone to Specsavers.....) And for future information, Nippledeep, those who take the shorter run option are called "shorts", not "slows".

I heard good reports of the run, although there were a lot of people who were disappointed they couldn't get their leg over.

In the pub

Wobbly Knob finally got the rabble to come to order and name Michelle Lomax, who will henceforth be known as Shrapnel.

Slush's teeshirt was advertising optimistic technology. Hmm, hope that's not what he's using to build Scrotey's Wendy House.

Talking of Slush, he has a new trick – snorting beer out of his nose.

Another new trick was the first ever public performance of synchronised chair shuffling.

Quote from Scrotey – When I think, I will.

Caught Short ordered drinks whilst in Edinburgh under her actual name, but they took a long time to arrive. When she went to see what had happened to them, she was told they had been calling her name for ages. Apparently her name is Abdul.....

Very advance notice of an event in October. There will be a 10 mile circular walk on Dartmoor in aid of Teenage Cancer Trust. If anyone is interested, it's on Sunday 9 October, meet in Princetown car park at 10.00am to register for a prompt 10.30am start. There is a minimum donation of £10.

And finally a warning – if you're out for a walk and find a pen on top of a trig point, probably best to leave it there. The one I found earlier in the day was a gel one with plenty of ink left, but it had a mind of its own. One minute it went faint and threatened to run out, and the next it served up a gush of ink that blobbed all over the page. I left it in the pub, so if you picked it up on your way out, you're welcome to it!

That's it folks. If you wanted more, you should have spoken to me when I accosted you.

ON ON!