

Dartmouth Hash , Royal Castle – Compo, Fergus and Poacher

Tittle Tattle after the event.

Is it bad form in hashing circles to pretend to know everything about the hash even if you have not run it? A pulled calf muscle prevented me from joining in the excellent hash put on by the intrepid threesome around the town of Dartmouth and its surrounds, however, when interviewing the hash pack, if you miss anything there is always someone at the ready to fill in the blanks.

I understand that the **Mattress** was displeased with the talking in the circle, not just chatting but **non-stop yakking**. This situation will not be tolerated, silence next week please.

So to reports of the run, **HT2** quoted the Grand Old Duke of York in that the run went up to go down to go up again, not sure if anyone was marching but certainly there were a lot of testing steps. **Going Rong** agreed that the hares seemed indecisive shall we go up or shall we go down. Oh and a check at the start of the run, so that the knitting circle don't have time to get the wool and needles out of their bags before they are left behind, not a popular move. (good job **Jailer** stayed at home). One name that popped up again and again in conversation was **Gary Glitter** more used to racing the sprinting boys of Ash hash, she decided to take on lycra lads of our own, overcoming brambles en route to race **Wet Spot** to the line. It wasn't all steps the hash did go up into the woods, poor **Cow Pat** also falling victim to brambles, and through fields, I was assured that the views were excellent and the climbs were well worth it, no Red Arrows, but can't have everything.

Poacher was apparently being a little rude with the way he held down the barbed wire. **Goolie** as usual allowed himself to be led astray by a young hasher **Right Oar**, a familiar tale in which I think he races on, rubs out the trail, pretends to get lost with the young ladies in the woods and then awards them drinks in the pub!!! Other lost souls included **Tyred Bunny** who could not understand why he and the other lycra lads kept bringing up the rear, oh dear poor old slowcoach.

Back at the bar, **Big Foot** was seen to be doing his bit for European relations in chatting up the barmaid, or was it just that he was trying to order a pint of Scrumpy Jack, however he enjoyed his lager and lime instead with good grace.

Goolie, after much scribbling in his little notebook (woe betide you if your name appears in it) decided on down downs for:

Gary – for bramble mischief

Right Oar – For leading astray (I think he wanted to be led)

Woof Woof – for auditioning for the Roly Polys

Virgin Andy from Yealmpton for ungallant behaviour

Mike from Newton Abbot for geographic reasons amongst others

Troughie (bewildered at reaching 400 runs he thought he had already got that one)

Compo – Birthday, sung in tuuuune

On On – Enjoy your turn with the words next week **Wet Spot**

Vindaloo limpy leg (much improved from Compo's healing powers)