

Ivybridge Town Car park - 1<sup>st</sup> February, 2012  
Hares - Knee Trembler and Stroppy

Where is everybody? - oh we parked in the wrong car park and looks like we missed the reportedly cheap goods being sold in the back of the G.M.'s car!! It is cold - parky (*I'm sure others could come up with plenty of other expressions for it, most of them unpublishable...-ed*) even and Goolie is wearing shorts!!! The G.M. with her ghetto blaster type equipment asked if any guests - there were the usual niche members of the Plympton hash. Any announcements - Sniffer said some "explorers" - she would not say who - would be appear either in person or on film in a place in Kingsbridge second week of February (I think). The hares then told us there was one long short split - 4 miles and 5 miles.

We set off doing a circuit of the Sports building. Jyde commented dejectedly that it looked as if we were not going up on the Moors (thank goodness I thought!) (*me too!...-ed*). The trail was mostly flat with not a lot of deviation. However Top Shelf insisted in going left at a path junction (that is the way we always go!), only to find his short cut was a long cut as the trail went right. It was not until I got back to the pub that I found out about all the interesting bits! Apparently No Thatch now fully fit and running was overcome with joy and decided to try and jostle Cowpat over - naughty boy!! Two Timer fell over a mole hill (which was frozen) and bruised her knee. Oh dear she will not be able to wear her best short dress to the ball on Saturday - cannot expose a black and blue knee can we? Marcus our L driver/sorry hasher still has not worked out how devious hashers are and said to Goolie that he was wearing new trainers (fortunately he was not made to drink his down downs out of one of his new trainers!!)

Not all was well in the household of Georgie Porgie and Piltdown Man - or Melt down man as the RA insisted on calling him (perhaps he might be once Georgie Porgie has a word!). Georgie Porgy had not only sustained a ski-ing injury to her hand but her usually faithful and dutiful husband had forgotten to lay out her change of clothing for the hash for her to pack so she had to sit in her hashing clothes in the pub.

Now we come to the Beer stop. What Beer stop you say!!! Yes we were not told of this. Most of the hashers did not spot the Long Short split. If we had we would have been treated to warm beer and a pizza at the Beer stop. (*we were gutted when we heard about it...-ed*) Hairy Mollusc found the Beer stop and was given another beer as a down-down!

Down downs were given to most of the above mentioned plus the Hares. Stroppy was, well Stroppy and only encouraged to drink the down-down when given a glass of water instead (strange that!).

Ononon  
iiiiis

... and a few words from your editor who attended (with great relish) the post-xmas hash-bash weekend both in body as well as spirit - well wine, anyway..

A much looked-forward-to weekend of festivities, running, dancing and...- oh yes! - we were supposed to start the weekend on Friday night with a pie and a pint at Wetherspoon's for £3.99 - **Top Shelf** & I were particularly looking forward to that one, and had arranged to meet **Goolie** at 7pm. TS and I honoured our part of the bargain, only to be left in the (admittedly cosy) lounge of the hotel whilst **Goolie** tramped around Brixham so many times he had to go back to said establishment for a second P&P (£3.99) as he got so hungry. **Jyde's** neurological assessment was that by the time he made it to the hotel, he was firing on about 3 brain cells, so I suspect there were more pints than pies. I had conked out at about 9pm anyway, so I suppose I shouldn't complain; I gather that the evening passed pleasantly...

Saturday morning dawned bright but still parky (to quote **iiiiis**), and after a hearty breakfast, we huddled in the hotel lobby, reluctant to go outside and face the elements. I'm sure the hotel were delighted that we chose to don our muddy trainers in their beautifully clean entrance hall. I saw **Cow pat** drop **Troughie** off and deliver him an affectionate peck on the cheek - how romantic I thought, they can hardly bear to be apart even though she's just going to park the car, however it turns out it was because **CP** & **Meavy** were off to do the A-to-B at Ivybridge; hard-core girls those two...

So, onto the run: **Tyred bunny**, bless him, laid the trail all on his own. One long-short divide - *divide?* what's one of those then - were there to be no splits? and on-on up the hill; of course, far be it for a hash round here to be flat. Loads and loads of checks, which to TB's disgust I steadfastly refused to...um, check preferring to leave it to **Pii**, who mostly chose the wrong routes. It did mean that the pack stayed together which was great, as I rarely have anyone to talk to. At one (geographically literally) point **Pinky**, dressed from head to toe in fluoro-yellow climbed a conveniently (or maybe historically) placed look-out pole and was heard to say "avast-ye-hi", or words to that effect - it might have been "blast these tights", I'm not sure. **Pii** did get one check right and celebrated joyously by jumping around like a woman possessed - or maybe she was having trouble with her tights too... Prior to the hash there were dire warnings of snow and ice, and en-route I had a lesson from **Piltown Man** on the physics (chemistry? biology? maths? don't ask me, I only do words..) of freezing mud, kindly illustrated by several hashers who demonstrated for me just how much more slippery it could be than regular mud in case I should be in any doubt about it. Along the way, TB did too much yanking and hurt himself - he said he was just trying to help people get their legs over - what a hero! **Dog-on** wisely wore gloves to protect his hands from the freezing cold, pity he was only wearing shorts and a t-shirt to protect his other bits... It was a delightful run, with views to die for, and I nearly did seeing as the trail went through bits that had been fenced off because they were deemed too steep and treacherous.. luckily no-one fell off this time.

And so, on-on to the evening's events; first there was the reception; the girls were decked up to the nines, tens and elevens. **Floater** described to me how she had spent the day hoovering with her curlers in, a vision indeed, but her hair *was* lovely. Those boys who were brave enough donned shorts

and DJs. The food was delicious and the service fiercely efficient:- Waitress: "madam, would you like this gravy with your salmon?" Me: "erm, no thanks" It was a fab meal though.

And so to the hash awards, this year a closely guarded secret, even to me, so you can put those fingernails back where they belong thank you very much...

First there were a couple of birthdays, **Jyde** was 55 and **Bootsie** seventy-phfffhuffghgh. Cake and customary singing, then outgoing **GM Goolie** surprised incoming Grand Mattress **Gary Glitter** with beautifully crafted height-enhancing (don't know how she's going to cart those around for the period of her incumbency) steps custom made by **Game Boy**. Extra-special t-shirts went to:

**Bubbles and Two-Timer** for wettest lay - the water pistols were the best fun, and damn you for making it impossible to not go in the river despite our best attempts to keep our feet dry...

**Incider & Leech** got best lay for driving us over a particularly stonking hill in South Brent in the dark and cold - the views would have been lovely...

**B&B** was the hostess with the mostest for the classiest hash ever...

And of course, **Sniffer & Overshot** for fantastic social events; thank you both so much for all your hard work - you have certainly set the bar high for the incoming social committee...

And the silver trainer went to **Broken Man** for cheerfully pushing through the pain in order to continue pinching the bottoms of any passing harriets he could reach

**Two timer** received a special mention for her Oscar winning performance in War Horse, don't know who the other actors were, but it doesn't matter anyway...

A video recorded by **Rambo** and posted onto YouTube can be found here:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=U5tcKT3FkM8> thanks Rambo for that.

As ever, a wonderful weekend, thanks to the organisers, the hotel, and to everyone who attended - what a fab bunch!

On-on,  
Hekkel