

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

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: 1719

Date: 8th July 2013

Start: Somewhere exotic and exciting

On Down: A hostelry in East Cornwall/West Devon

Hares: Arguiles

Run No. 1717 : A Midsummer's Night Hash, or, Much Ado About Nothing.

Well, what a beautiful evening it was last Monday – perfect weather for a barbie. But not according to Cheddar and her weather consultant Sir Slosh who between them decided that there was at least a 5% probability of rain and therefore we ought to go to the pub instead. Despite the impending downpour Cheddar and Gnashers set a fine run, although the initial down the track and back section brought back memories of Anorak's 20 minute hash at Cadover a few years ago. Incidentally aren't reverse arrows becoming a bit passé now?

Having returned to the car park there was the inevitable river crossing and then up onto Wigford Down, switching back and forth before heading to Brisworthy Plantation. The dust was fairly faint at times – at one point I thought "is this a dagger I see before me?" only to realise it was a check back. At Brisworthy the longs and shorts split with the longs continuing along the fenceline and then right over the stile and onto the blasted heath that is Ringmoor Down. Gannet, Pony and Sore Arse had been running en bloc up to this point but now Gannet decided it was time to do some serious running and set off in hot pursuit of Wobbly Knob and Penny Farting. "When shall we three meet again" cried Pony – "when the hash is finally done" replied Gannet – "when the shandy's almost gone" added Sore Arse.

Eventually we reached Brisworthy Farm, to be faced with the prospect of a mile of road running. At this point youthful enthusiasm went head to head with old age and guile as Penny Farting stormed off down the lane, only to be gradually reeled in and dropped by

the measured pace of Wobbly Knob.

The bucket was reached shortly before 830pm, so perfect timing there. Everyone was soon checked in and off to the pub so all's well that ends well thought the hares. Mind you Cheddar was subsequently spotted cruising around the car park whilst the blokes were changing – she claimed she was looking for strawberries which was a novel excuse.

On to the White Thorn – a brave pub that has such wonderful beers in it. At hash hush Sir Slosh christened new runner Elaine Sylvester – sadly not as Tweety Pie (or even Elmer Fudd) but, predictably given hash mentality and her interest in Nordic Walking, No Dick.

In other “news” Dodo reckons he always ends up at the back whether he does the long or the short. Is that because he keeps waiting for Godot? Meanwhile Hobo claims to be exactly average and proud of it (says it all really doesn't it).

Mayhem was feeling very pleased/relieved as Ramraider has raided his piggy bank (does he bank at Baaaclays?) and bought 2 new pairs of shorts from Lidl for £4.99, so now Mayhem doesn't have to look at his arse every Monday. Is there something rotten in the state of Ramraider's shorts?

Racey Tracey didn't make it to the hash – apparently she was still feeling all overcome after going to see her heart-throb Cliff Richard at Powderham the week before. I knew she liked older men but, really, that old. Honestly, get thee to a nunnery woman.

Nature Notes

Summer runs on the moor mean one thing above all else – the dreaded sheeptick, as I discovered on Tuesday. Out, damned tick! Out I say. Still I got off lightly compared to (not yet named) Rosie Lloyd who went camping on Exmoor at the weekend and managed to acquire six of the wretched creatures. I dread to think what she'll collect in the jungles of Costa Rica.

On On (with apologies to William).