

Grand Master

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

Joint Masters

Stirling Way Spike

Paul Ames (Aimless)

Scribe Master

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hasherdabber

Heather Smyly (Sister Sludge)

Hash Horn

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

Beer Master

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)

**Chamber Pots**

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

On Sec

Eve Jones (Clever Dickie)

Hash Cash

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

Hash Flash

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1928****Date:** 10 July 2017**Start:** Gutter Tor**On Down:** The Burrator Inn, Dousland**Hares:** The Plympton Tarts**Scribe:** Can't Remember

So there I was, stood in the middle of Dartmoor waiting for the start of the evening's delights. Tired (despite having had a nap after getting home from work and before coming out), brain dead, from weeks of data protection revision - don't ask as it tends to kill a conversation - and woefully out of condition as I had not exercised in three weeks. Several pounds heavier from comfort eating - "I'm revising, I deserve it", "I can't go on my bike so just a small morsel to keep me happy, "Just one packet of biscuits as I can't go out and enjoy the sunshine", "A slab of cake because there isn't an R in the month", you know the sort of thing. BUT, it was a glorious evening and I was looking forward to being back among the throng.

At that moment Wylie Kyote sprinted past our car disguised as Well Shafted. Looking around me I could also see a couple of parrots (not dead). Was I missing something? My enforced hash absence had left me adrift from the latest Raunchy efforts to add a touch of spice to the well-seasoned pack - a Madagascan National Holiday apparently.

Good to see Tight Arse back from a long hash absence - now running Run Venture the Trail Running Hub at Gulworthy (good value trail running shop, cafe, running and coaching workshops, map reading and much more); Crystal Waters (who assured me he has done it three times recently) and a gaggle of bodies back from their respective Uni's - H3, Arthur (no name) Argles and Anal Vice (btw have you ever shut your eyes and listened to him, sounds just like Von Trapp).

With a good sprinkling of 'ishes' when describing the length of this evening's routes, Argles set the pack running down into the myriad of mine tracks and gullies and up to Birch Tor for a regroup.

Or at least it was for some, Glani and Tight Arse were too quick and missed the signs to stop, whilst myself and a few others were too slow and arrived panting at the summit only to see the pack disappearing off into the distance into Redwater Valley towards Soussons's Wood and Golden Dagger Mine. En route I came across a flushed Ginger Rogers who had pirouetted into a gully and landed heavily twisting his knee. "I'm walking in Wales next week", he groaned, so in preparation he walked back up the hill to the pub complete with nursemaids Embarrister and Squits. Many midge bites later, we were all returning back through the forest and across the valley with many a hasher remarking it had been a hard one.

Back in the pub and Tricia presented Gannet with a colouring book, obviously having difficulty filling her time now she's retired. Mudsucker was disappointed with the lack of good songs and said that in her hash they have a hash song book an inch thick.

Wylie Kyote was still visible in the pub but appeared a little warm.

Our Beermaster was still on good form despite the bandage covering most of her head. Hope you make a speedy recovery Footloose.

Raunchy signalled the start of the hash hush with a few of the customary horn blasts only to be sshhed by the landlord - believe it or not he is still alive!

David, a virgin hasher from Dartmoor Plodders enjoyed his first hash and was referred to as either a Tool Guy or a Tall Guy but I couldn't quite hear from my corner - either was appropriate as he was like a skyscraper and wore a t-shirt with Power on it.

Well Shafted was rewarded for his sartorial efforts and given a tiny trophy cup down down along with Embarrister who complained her hands were full, but with what remained a mystery. She received a certificate for making Deep Throat Go Ape.

Chopper was given a down down for running in new shoes, but was spared drinking out of them as he is off to the Lakes at the weekend to run in them at speed, getting lost and tired with Anal Vice. Raunchy is doing the same thing with Clever Dickie so good luck to you all. Talking about speed and tiredness, Hurricane and Wobbly Knob took part in the Patterdale Fell Race last weekend. One thousand feet of ascent, a mile up and a mile down, the winner completed it in 15 minutes. Wobbly Knob finished in a worthy 21 minutes and Hurricane was 26th out of 28th in 29 minutes. Bet you were both a bit Wobbly Knobbed by the end of it!

Ginger received a sitting down down down for his swollen appendage and we all sang the usual song in hushed tones with extra sshhes. Apparently, it is not the first time that Mr Bostik has had a swollen body part. On Chopper's birthday in the Union Rooms he was in the middle of doing a "slaggy vibe" or "sexy squat" but slipped and has had an on/off problem ever since. I'm told he can't get "low".

Happy birthday was also 'sung' in makaton but I'm not sure who to as I couldn't hear.

Dig out your costumes for two weeks' time when it is Raunchy's birthday. The hash will be Rocky Horror themed and there will be penalties for not complying. Spike must have a few spare Basque separatists lying around somewhere we can all borrow...

On on!