

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)

**Chamber Pots**  
Peter Argles (Arguilles)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

**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: 1828**  
**Date: 10/08/15**  
**Start: Leedon Tor**  
**On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland**  
**Hares: Raunchy and Embarrister**

What a great place to start the hash, with luscious woodland and sinking bogs (perfect for an excellent hash) but typical Devon weather was upon us; with torrential rain and howling winds, head torches and ponchos would have been preferential!

Stretches were not an option as people tried to limber up in their vehicles with the heaters on in their cars, at least that's how they tried to explain the steamed up windows...

Lack of security was the order of the day, Aimless had arrived with his lock-less car which rendered him key-less!

Finally, when the time was upon us to leave the safety of our cars, we fled to seek shelter in the woods, only to become submerged in bogs and to be human pin cushions.

Queef (Matt) claimed to have had a sexual encounter with a number of horses on the moor (our not so virgin, virgin).

The short was short, and the long was long! Although a messy run, the language was clean throughout, until Turd glamorously fell on his arse, exclaiming a rather naughty word, beside Raunchy, who gave a particularly condescending look and left him on his rear.

We all thoroughly enjoyed our run, although Chopper and Embarrister both appeared to have experienced a different kind of 'runs'.

Embarrister's rear illuminated our path through the Devon summer, with her bright and some what short shorts, 'much like a baboon' as Turd cruelly suggested.

Due to her eagerness to get the first orders in at the hotel, Embarrister had left her car window open. She then espied a youth, loitering in the vicinity of her vehicle, she gave chase, only to discover that it was an old crone!

The décor of the East Dart Hotel was unsurprisingly cheerful, with an addition of a bemused

French family and a some-what camp and punctual barman.

After a particularly quiet hash hush (Glanni was not present), Cant Remember had nicked a chip from Scrotey, to which his response was, 'I know how to treat a lady, do you want to dip it in my yolk?' Ill allow you to interpret this as you will...

Barney started preaching to me about the absurdness of more money going into Viagra and Botox than Alzheimer's research, surely this means a generation of hashers with perky tits and huge hard-ons, not knowing where they are (but rest assured Embarrastor's bum will lead the way...)

Who doesn't love a good bit of dogging....Ill tell you who... Russ Abbot, who is reportedly too old to know what it is! (Mum I'm sorry!)

And finally;

Whats the best way to catch a fish?

Have some one throw it at you.

What do you call a fish with no eyes?

Fsh!

On On!

Hotsocks

