

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)

Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)

**Chamber Pots**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)

Life Pee'er

Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No:****Date:** 11th August 2014**Start:** Near Meldon Quarry, The turning opposite Betty Cottle's Inn**On Down:** Fox and Hounds, Bridestowe**Hares:** Nipple Deep and Dildo Baggins

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "A beautiful sunny evening and the prospect of a pleasant hash on the moor awaited us last Monday. But where was the scribe?"

Lost approached me and said "are you all set to scribe tonight Glani?" Bugger, I think I've found the scribe. Again, bugger. I've not brought any paper to scribble on.

Streaky quickly brought all the assembled hashers to order and attempted to explain why we were going back to the East Dart Hotel again, despite it having expensive beer and being out of our way by explaining that the Two Bridges had very expensive chips at £3.50, which is probably because they've been cooked three times, or was that just for three chips?

Off we jolly well set, looking forward to the ample selection of 3 to 4 long short divides and split into longs and shorts almost immediately and that was the last time most of us saw each other until we got to the on down. Grandpa and I had to keep running tonight as we thought we were being pursued by 2 young female stalkers. They turned out to be Dulcy and Milly who'd been sent out by their parents to marshal the shorts.

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "Efforts to slow down Grandpa and stop him disappearing into the distance are generally to be welcomed. However tripping the poor bloke up with your wayward hound is going a little too far."

The run was, for some of us, a very pleasant return to an area where we'd not run for quite a few years and didn't keep us out too long. The run was, for some of us, a long hard slog uphill and over rough ground that was almost impossible to run on and stopped us from getting back to the pub quickly.

Apply whichever comment you think is appropriate.

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "Dirty Oar gave possibly the weakest excuse ever for avoiding the river. "I was going to do it but I haven't got any spare knickers" she said. "When I got there no one made me go down (to the river) so I ran right past, anyway the Longs all skipped it". A sad and sorry tale."

Meanwhile, waiting for us at the East Dart Hotel were the Windemers, the Prattens and Dildo Baggins all missing from the action as they'd gone straight to the pub instead of chexcking where it actually started from.

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "The other MIA was Slush who curtailed his revelry at Well Laid's mighty boozy send off to go for a hair appointment! Why? Why? Would you honestly leave yourself open to such ridicule with such a gentle loving forgiving bunch as the hash? Surely he would know better!"

Newish runner Sandy this is only my third hash turned up on her bike. That is, one with an engine and propels itself, rather than pedalling it yourself variety. Thought I'd better explain as we don't have too much experience of that type of velocipede in the hash.

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "Wobbly Knob and Glani got very excited when Pony got out her maps and showed them her peaks and contours. In seconds they were inspecting them closely and had their hands all over them. Pony was smiling from ear to ear and really enjoyed all the attention. You would not think a weekend of pain, suffering, dirt and deprivation on the Saunders Mountain Marathon could provide so much pleasure."

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "In the pub Taff stood up (at least I think he was standing up, it's hard to tell sometimes)."

Actually, Fergie had to take the Hash Hush as, according to some unknown hasher, "Can't Remember's got the squits".

Apparently, in the 6 Moor Miles event on Sunday Hob Knob was 8th while his poor old dad Wobbly Knob was 14th and first old person.

Psycho was presented with a wooden spoon which is used to beat things with which is probably why the men in her house run so fast.

Lost Norris was presented with a Nimbus 2000 walking stick for his 900th run.

Old Hash Mag Excerpt: "On a more serious note, concern has been raised about the increasingly literary course the hash seems to be following. Time was when hash mags and pub gossip would be all about orienteering exploits, mountain marathons etc. Now it seems hashers are going to reading groups, producing erudite mags and indulging in animated discourses on subjects such as the role of the split infinitive in post-modern society. I even heard on good authority (or as close to good authority as one gets in the hash) that one of our esteemed number, previously renowned for a literary knowledge that stretched the whole length of the biking magazines in WH Smith, has developed an unexpected love of poetry and is rarely to be seen without a small volume clutched lovingly in his hand. Things have come to such a pass that Ramraider, Carlos and Dogcatcher were overheard discussing setting up their own little clique of hashers for whom English is not their natural tongue."