

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**

Peter Argles (Arguilles)

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: 1798****Date: Monday 12th January 2015****Start: Who'd a Thought It, St Dominick****On Down: Who'd a Thought It, St Dominick****Hares: Dodo****GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNETMAG!GANNE***'Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age. Sometimes age just shows up all by itself.'*

Some of the older hashers are most generous in their provision of material when it comes to writing the mag. I started to make notes as early as last Thursday when the Scrote took a last minute phone call from Do Do as the bikers were due to assemble for their weekly hack around the moors. Amazingly Do Do had only just remembered that he was otherwise engaged that evening; he was supposed to be playing a leading role in the Calstock Panto (an alarming Cornish/Totnes hybrid interpretation of The X Factor). Upon closer questioning it was revealed that Do Do was under contract to play Louis Walsh singing 'Ring of Fiiiiiiiiirrrree!' and wearing a pirate costume. Nothing wrong in that, ('seriously?' – Ed.) but how could you forget you were doing it until *half an hour before????!!*

So when I rolled up at the car park for Monday's hash I was already half tuned in to the contrast between the old and young person's way of dealing with the challenges of this mortal coil. No memory problems for Cheddar- she laid the run all by herself and remembered exactly where it went only half a day afterwards! She sent us all off with some no- nonsense instructions: any dogs found on the trail would be shot; if anyone got lost it was their own fault, you get the idea.

Fast and furious was how the hash was later described; a highly calorific run according to Biff, so it was unusual amongst all the gasping and wheezing to overhear a clear conversation between Dildo and Slush, (TVH3's very own Guy Martin*).

SHORT INTERMISSION FOR APPENDIX OPERATION - RESUMED 9 DAYS LATER

Dildo is an unreconstructed petrol head so for him to ask advice from Slush about buying a motorbike was a cause for concern. I heard reference to revs and torque and top end speed rather than fuel economy and the plus points of scooters. Every time I came upon this daring duo the conversation had become a little more techy and nerdy in a Moto GP sort of way. No mention at all of the benefits of tourers or panniers and that kind of thing. So the old boys are not giving up yet and are still exhibiting one of the clichéd male responses to a mid life crisis. Get an engine. A big one.

By this time I was killing myself trying to beat Last Minute up to the top of South Hessary knowing that the chance of success was rare and only vaguely possible due to our fleetest hashette recovering from injury. I comforted myself with the thought that she is 25 years younger than me at least as I bent double at the top, trying to admire the view of Dartmoor through a farty fug - who are the worst culprits for SBDs on the hash? I will have to do a survey one day as it was bloody poisonous and caused Biff to seek me out in the pub later to complain. Meanwhile Russ Abbot was asking Slush if he had seen 'someone that's missing'. (Think about it.)

The Prince of Wales pub in Princetown had made a bit more of an effort and produced some food other than the usual chip menu, although they did want a fiver for a spotted dick and an extra 25p for custard on it. Even Nathan flippin' Outlaw doesn't charge that much..... All the people under 25 were crammed into the pool table area, desperate to establish boundaries between them and the old gits. Glani chortled that this was the hash crèche, which made the ancient feel somehow superior. I sat with Biff and Chopper; the latter was lamenting the uncomfortable fact that at the Dartmoor Runners Christmas orienteering, he had been well beaten (trounced, we might say) by the Glani, who is very old. Despairing, he asked us if we could give some words of comfort. We had to inform him that in terms of guile and territorial knowledge, the Glani is the Artful Master/Dodger/Knower of All Things and has forgotten more about shortcutting and sneaky route finding than anyone (even other venerables and magi like Wobbly and Krakow) can remember. In truth, Chopper should be grateful he got within 50 points of our very own Obi Wan Kenobi, who is doing proper training these days because he is scared stiff Biff will beat him as she is running so well.

The hash hush was fun; the yellow duck hat thing was rightly awarded to Glani for being 'very irritating' which no-one cared to argue with, especially as he had been hassling the scribe for a copy of his very own hash mag, rather than sharing one with his good lady and thus saving a few trees. I reminded him that his behaviour in this matter was exactly the same as Miss, who has retired from the hash due to intolerance issues. The GM had transformed herself into a Christmas tree and the weekly ailment was yellow fever. Some one cried 'Dude, where's my donkey?' which I did not really understand. Humpty Dumpty is from Stannary. Why is he here then? Blondie from Dawlish has returned to hashing with us for the first time since 1994 but managed to avoid being hauled up in front of the judiciary for being AWOL.

So a Happy 2015 to you all and give thanks to the Scribe Master Lost who fills his scribbler minions with such fear and mighty dread that they cast themselves to the ground upon his appearance in flesh and cry forgiveness for the late hash mag which should have been done and was not done. Amen.

*motorcycle /MTB king, lives in a shed, has a van for his bikes, has f**k off collection of spanners

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