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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: 1650
Date: 12/03/2012
Start: Outside Primary School, Bridestow
On Down: Fox and Hounds
Hares: Gran-pa & Plain

We arrived with a minute to spare after one of the more terrifying journeys of my life. It all started with walking to the end of the road when I discovered that Wobbly Knob wanted to bring a delicate hydro-foiling rudder with him, without telling the missus. Maybe he thought there was some large expanse of water, with a rudderless boat for him to jump in on the run. We waited and waited at the end of the road for Ramraider who took almost as long as he took to build his McDonalds garage. When he arrived at 5 past 7 for a 40 minute journey we thought we were doomed, but with the speed of his new "turbo charged V8, 500hp" s-mack we arrived. At least we had better luck than Slap, who put his trust in a machine to take him to the right place. Leaving with plenty of time he reached his destination bang on 7:30 after turning off the useless piece of defunct technology: sat nag.

The run took many twists and turns, with Horn Blower & Penny Farting taking "longs up, shorts down" a bit too literally showing the whole world their moony, until it came to the last long/short divide. As the longs clambered up one steep hill, the shorts clambered up an even greater assent. Upon reaching the top the longs were halted in their tracks by an axe-wielding farmer with a sawn off double barrelled shotgun. After some consultation we retreated back down the hill then up the colossal climb chasing the shorts. On the way up we were confronted by Gnashers asking why the hell we were all doing the short. After an explanation she turned back down the hill to the farm to ask why the farmer had given permission for it to be set but then stop us once we arrived. All altercations became clear in the pub; when asked Gnashers started her rant, "no wonder farmers are isolated and unsociable and commit suicide a lot". It turned out that Tampax and Gnashers had spoken to one farmer who had forgotten to tell his brother in the house below that we were coming through. DOH!

In the pub 2 old friends of the hash returned; Tonto and Dippy came over from France to join in the jollies, telling tales of being hit with baguettes and a self-defence class that

involved more running than a marathon. Dogcatcher thinks he has become too mainstream as many others have started to follow his no torch approach to hashing, claiming others have seen the light and found hashing is twice the fun when you can't see where you are going. Naming of the night were Small Pianist, for obvious reasons & Off Piste because she had a snow job.

Slap apologised for not being able to attend the big bash as he was busy bell ringing. There is nothing more important than bell ringing. **On On Hob Knob.** : *Mother of Hob Knob now reporting as HK currently fatigued by 10 tors training and Match of The Day (there's nothing more important than ..)*

Olympics 2012 celebrations began in Yelverton on Saturday. *Vintage chic circa 1948 pervaded the hall with street party bunting, interrupted only by Pimp's holiday snaps on the OHP. Radio 4 reported a meteorite shower in Devon resembling a blazing jet plane; did they not know of the magnitude of the pyrotechnical opening ceremony and human torch? I guess it was something to do with Boris Johnson turning up on his bike with Princess Anne trotting behind; luckily her horse was continent on this occasion. Olympic officials abounded, trading drugs right under the eyes of BBC commentator Biff with PRESS written on her chest (did any one dare given the origins of her name? Yes – Grandpa did!). Did she spot the token terrorist? Or were hers and Luscious' ears blocked to hear no evil or the band? Can't Remember said it's lucky she's deaf as the volume was quite nice thank you. She is very old of course... Ancient History I'd guess from her posh frock.*

The hash took the Olympic opportunity to show off their toned thighs not having had the opportunity during winter runs; although Blossom's British ice cream vending and Lyons-Lloyd catering enterprises attempted to sabotage the toned bit. But really thighs and hair everywhere! The curling team with curlers, the wiff waff, weightlifting and the very short posh frock teams (you looked great gals.) The British Rowing Eight made quite an entrance in their skiff, union jack vests and very bad hair day however there was a sprint for the food at that moment that would have made Usain...well Bolt.

Superb food and then a bit of a will the band turn up moment.. phew of course. We had the Construction on Time Team with us and Luffous and Grace as chief negotiators. Black Fridays were fabulous, lots of stomping folk music. Even Hob Knob was dancing, no doubt showing off those biceps (just discovered the socks up the jumper in the laundry .. you are sussed Sam!). Who knew that "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?" could cause a flash dance! Well we had Spike in Naval Whites to think what to do with so we got a bit excited but he'd armed himself with a civilian casualty with white flag dress & broken arm; so we had to be a bit ethical. What with the PRESS and all those officials and all that.

So to the morning after :7.30 a.m. collecting the damp recycling and there was Gnashers waking up from a night of Chariots of Fire dreams in her little red car. Then Hob Knob with L plates drove me to his 10 tors walk... and he starts the mag with "a tale of one of the most terrifying journeys of his life !" So to the circularity of life, for which Hash and running round in pointless circles whilst having a lot of fun is a metaphor. On On! and thank you to all who made the party such a great one. The advanced planning, the shoppers, creators, catering, the zealous vintner, the hall dressers (who made that programme where they make over a house in a night look sluggish) all those who cleared up on the night leaving the hall spotless and every single one of you for being great hashers through and through. Oh God I feel a song coming on... headphones quick!

p.s. Toast: To absent friend Slush, British Downhill Mountain Bike Team. So sorry you didn't make it to the do I hear the Welsh hospital food is quite good. Get fixed soon.