

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: 13 October 2014****Start: Pound Cross, Roborough Down****On Down: London Inn, Horrbridge****Hares: Ramraider (but it's not March!) & Lost**

Thursday. Dodo phoned Gannet and Scrote, he was worried about a non-appearance. Well, more than one non-appearance actually. The bikers, they were missing and it was 6.55 pm, most unusual. But Gannet reassured him. He WAS in the right place, it WAS the right night and he HADN'T missed them. However, he was a WHOLE HOUR early and they would see him later!

Sunday. Good to see Wobbly Knob, Aimless, Uncle, Racey, Biff, Pony, Sore Arse, Swallow, Wun Hung Low and four-legged hasher Missy out on Dartmoor Runners navigating around Fox Tor Mire, Cater's Beam, Erme Pits and Nun's Cross. The first such outing in 15 years for Biff who with Racey paradoxically had no problem with the early controls in featureless places in thick mist but when the sun came out and visibility was good, had trouble finding a whole granite tor! Meanwhile Windy, recovering from a bad case of creative stitching, was colour supplementing his activities with a pair of binoculars.

Monday. And so to THE run. Scrote and Gannet haring from Four Winds rumbled into a misty car park as early as Dodo last Thursday and were still beaten to the line by a lurking Wun Hung Low and his able mutt Missy. Next was boy racer Dildo Baggins with his go faster orange pom pom hat who immediately leapt into the Scrotey Hum-dinger only to make brum brum noises, waggle the steering wheel and look for pop up "bits".

Next Nipple Deep appeared, then stood arms folded, talking hubcaps and headlights and nodding knowledgeably as Scrotey waxed lyrical about size mattering and made brum brum noises.

Talking of impressive equipment, Plain Jane was keen to show me hers which I must say fitted well, flashed luminously, and the batteries were well hidden too.

After a brief announcement from the hares we were off and bounding towards the bog below the car park. Aimless shot past me having started late due to almost defecting to Stannary's hash at the bottom of Peak Hill on the way here. He was quick to point out that if he had joined them he would have been "on time".

Rumour had it that Turd told various hashers including Anna and Slush that the run started from Norsworthy Bridge as that was on the hash mag he wrote last week!!! (Please note where you ran from this week, as written in Turds' hash mag from last Monday!!!)

Soon the run curved around and made a dash for the stone row above Merrivale and over to Over Tor across the road. Darkness fell and Ronnie with Bottom on his lead sparkled through the gloom.

The run headed higher, testing our lungs and our application and several broke into a walk, panting heavily. Sturmer broke into a fall, damaging his left hand thus single-handedly reducing his sex life by 50%. Hurricane too was troubled by a little prick on his run and later apparently even Glani thought Hurricane was “hot”.

Then to the last options – short, medium and long – the shorts skirting Little Mis Tor and down the stony track back to the car park whilst the energetic longs climbed higher into the murk on the slopes of Great Mis Tor.

Back at the bucket and the Scroteymobile was receiving more attention. How to get the boot and the back doors open? More tugging at handles, standing (arms folded, no brum brum noises), discussion and suggestions ensued (only by the male hashers) before Scrotey appeared and solved the puzzle.

Grandpa reckoned that as a hasher over 70 he should get a concession. (He does, we still let him turn up and run!) Perhaps he should only pay 50p? After all he is struggling to get a full pound’s worth of hashing as Glani keeps leading him astray.

Back in the pub Racey was preparing for a down down with her she wee for her kiwi trip. Not out on the run, Tracy claimed that instead she had gone a long way that day with Well Laid and he’d worn her out. *[She’d gone a long way with me the day before too – Ed]*

Posh Pinney has been keeping Nipple Deep up all evening and he was a little tired this evening. Maybe it had something to do with his spending a lot of time with his ‘top shelf- one handed’ magazine - the Radio Times - admiring Julia Bradbury’s bottom. He claimed that really he was only interested in her Lake District peaks.

Borat told me that he had been tired recently and so had had a kip in the middle of the street. Big Drawers was having trouble with a swelling.

Penny Farting and Blow Job are off to Northumberland at the end of the month to do the OMM. I’m not sure I’d want to be in a tent with them, a bit too windy for me! But apparently Erectus was originally down for it. He would have been far more useful if the tent pole broke.

Isn’t it great to know TVH3 has its own crack military outfit ready at a moment’s notice though with names such as Kiss Me Hardy, Bottom, Hornblower and Will (not yet named), it may be more of a Lad’s Army.

Luffly and Turd have moved into the packing shed at Rumpy Pumpy Cottage. Though what they are packing I’m not sure but rumour has it that Luffly can’t get the lid down ...

On the Khazi was wearing his emergency flip flops tonight – I couldn’t see how they differed from ordinary ones but perhaps they whistle as he walks, inflate during times of danger and make a dash for the exits.

Soft Cock (Stopcock has fond memories of being called this once) and On the Khazi, (both Pauls) did away with tradition tonight and allowed a non-Paul into the Paulmobile – welcome to Steve!

Reports came through that Lost and Blossom were on holiday somewhere being Scilly.

Scupper Sucker had great difficulty getting the attention of the masses tonight and ironically had to resort to standing on a chair to get noticed. Tonight’s run used up 299 calories and we used up more to sing happy birthday to Scupper Sucker. Glani was awarded the dick head for leaving Biff’s newly awarded BAT trophy (for female plodder of the week) on the roof of the car and driving off. Glani, male prat of the week, is now getting better acquainted with the decor in the spare bedroom.

Dirty Oar has been getting down and dirty with a group of ridiculously fit young men.

Fergie had a Monster of a run completing her first ever (Loch Ness) marathon in 4:49:13.

ON SALE SOON * ON SALE SOON *** ON SALE SOON *** ON SALE SOON *** ON SALE SOON *****

Skittles evening at The Copper Penny, Chipshop. 22nd November 2014. Save the date – tickets on sale soon.