

Grand Master
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

Joint Masters
Stirling Way Spike)

Paul Ames (Aimless)

Scribe Master

Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hasherdabber

Heather Smyly (Sister Sludge)

Hash Horn

Paul Storey (On the Khazi)

Beer Master

Charlotte Watson (Footloose)



Chamber Pots
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)

Simon Snowdon (Slush)

On Sec

Eve Jones (Clever Dickie)

Hash Cash

Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master

Brian Martin (Naughty Boy)

Hash Flash

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Life Pee'ers

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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Next Run No: 1920

Date: 15th May 17

Start: The Fire Station, Abbey Rise, Tavistock

On Down: The Whitchurch Inn, Whitchurch

Hares: Milko and Half Pint

Scribe: TBA

Bank Holiday Monday in Buckland, what a winning venue! No rain – that had fallen overnight and stopped by lunchtime. As the Hash gathered at St Andrew's School the sun shone and the pavements were splitting. At the off the Hares, Nippledeep and Ernie, said that the first part of the run was all uphill and the second half was all downhill. Grandpa admitted walking uphill and must have raced downhill to get back as quickly as he did. He then went into a long diatribe about the lack of checks: he said that he had had no time to rest, and that at his age "you NEED to rest and recover!" Anyway, when did Grandpa ever bother with checks?!

What a great poster of our missing Uncle, well done Gringo Rogers. Clearly, as she did not appear at this weeks' run, she is still "missing in action". When the rescue group, spear-headed by Dodo, went looking for her she suddenly appeared on the back of a motorbike. Is it possible that she has been abducted and needs rescuing for a second time? Did she enjoy the experience all alone, lost in the darkness of Dartmoor? Maybe we will never know.....

There was little news reported to your scribe about the run, other than expressions of love about the beauty of our lovely countryside – the lush greenery and swathes of bluebells etc. etc.

In the pub we had our much loved Leader's first Hash Hush. Raunchy gave us the usual leader's sob story about not getting to bed until 4.30 am as she was with her friends Embarista, Chopper and Ginger Rogers. We can only assume she was drinking to get over her first time nerves.

At the start of her maiden speech to the Hash, Raunchy mentioned that she thought she was the first lady GM who didn't crouch in the pub. Clearly we have all missed the sight of Biff crouching at the ondown – possibly due to her regal costumes concealing all. Showing that our new GM is an all-round Good Egg she demonstrated her ability to pacify Sturmeroid, who came in last to the pub and failed to find a Hash Mag. Quick as a flash she reached into Ginger Roger's box and whipped out a mag to calm the frustrated Sturmeroid.

Dog Catcher was heard talking to Stop Cock about his tunnel. He offered to show him his dark tunnel if he was interested, but Stop Cock declined the mystic offer. Following his offering above, Dog Catcher then insisted that fornication is the construction of gothic arches – which puts a new slant on this popular pastime!

Finally, there were three ladies of mature years seated at the bar, who seemed completely unfazed by the hashers' attempts to make them leave! Could it have been that they were part of the mighty Caradon Ladies' Gig Team fresh back from the IOS and therefore used to our sort of behaviour?!

ON! ON!