

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)

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Next Run No: 1807

Date: 16th March 2015

Start: Norsworthy Car Park, Burrator

On Down: The Rock Inn

Hares: Big Drawers

BREAKING NEWS! Pterodactyls fell upon a glamorous group of party goers last week. The breeding pair were clearly scouting out their new territory and looking for a perch on which to build their nest. They performed some kind of a mating ritual dance which set all humans on edge in fear for their lives as they advanced around the innocent and unsuspecting group.

There were no reported fatalities.

The pair seemed to have flown to a new territory in order to establish their colony of sky monsters.

The past somehow managed to come even more to life apart from some relics coming back to life! Cleopatra was spotted roaming the halls on more than one occasion!



Cruella De Vil suffered from split personality that night. With a total of three personas making an appearance over the course of the night. Scary stuff! Sometimes you could even find yourself talking to at least two personas at once! The puppies were all kind of confused.

There was many a non-hasher at Hollywood. They may have been converted to the way of the hasher. The way of the hasher is much more secretive and mysterious than the way of the ninja. We are shrouded in mystery, in a damp and muddy cloak of shadow. We seduced them with our talk of running through frozen rivers and falling into bushes. I think we got them!

Expect a giant influx of virgins in summer!



Whilst out on a run the pure eyes of many a hasher were tainted forever. There was a sighting, a disturbing sighting indeed.

There was a car.

An orange car to be precise.

An inside this orange car, through the steamy miasma. There were two people.

How the worlds of these hashers were shaken!

How they questioned their existence!

How their eyes were opened to the adult world!

And they jogged on by.

Now isn't that a romantic story?

Last Minute felt so dirty half way through that she had to throw herself into a river! Several unsuspecting individuals blindly leapt in behind her and like the Wildebeest crossing the Savannah they forded the river. Luckily there were no river predators lying in wait to pick off the stragglers. All made it alive, only to find out that they were still meant to be on the other side of the river. And so the Wildebeest were off again!

There was a tense moment half way round. Hobo underwent a transformation and emerged as Gandalf the Gray the Guardian of the Gate! However, unlike Gandalf, he let us pass.

Happy Hashing Everyone 😊

