

Grand Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)
Joint Masters
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)
Scribe Master
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)
Hasherdabber
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)
Hash Horn
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



Chamber Pots
Sarah Jones (Pony)
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
On Sec
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)
Hash Cash
Angela Sykes (Gannet)
Hare Master
Ann Marcer (K2)
Hash Flash
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

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: 1890
Date: 17 October
Start: B&Q Car Park M&S end (no Lidl here!)
On Down: Lopes Arms
Hares: Mayhem

Blast from the past time, cheers Biff!

As most of you well know I'm the psychopath, no I mean I'm the one on the cyclepath. As one of life's observers having done a few hashes in my time it never ceases to amaze me how a group of intelligent (ha) people with no connection can meet on a Monday night put their keys into a bucket and indulge in running, drinking and swapping clothing (from dirty to clean, I can see where you are going!). Then after all the sweating bodies have writhed through mud and forest (so I'm told) go to a public house and become loud and obnoxious. Maybe it's the collection of all these strange, interesting people make a whole.... And me, well I'm just a loon!

Well to the run, no I mean hash. Scupper Sucker set a great hash, in my head an image is forming. Picture the scene. Dartmoor...Hot rock's with the longs, is pitting himself against nature, trying to find some accord, some harmony. He briefly scans the landscape ahead with his torch beam, before putting his head down and reacquainting his eyes with his feet. Said feet are placed carefully, conserving energy and avoiding false steps. The movement is slow, as he tries to build up some rhythm upon a surface that is constantly scheming against it. Time slips by, minuets pass, and the sedate meter of his deep breathing and footsteps drives him upwards. Sometimes a steadying hand may rest on the slope for balance: perhaps the occasional appearance of outcropping rock will demand that the arms are required to assist in the battle with gravity. But if he shows determination, he will inevitably arrive at the top, where he can see wait for the other drop shorts, contemplate the view, of Plimuff and thank the f*ck he lives in Bere Alston. And after a few seconds, when his legs are rested and his minor oxygen debt repaid, he will shout On On and pick his way carefully down... Eventually, he will arrive back at the car park, pleasantly tired and content. He and his fellow hashers will have enjoyed the experience.

Might have that the depleted oxygen in my brain and this is a hallucination I had on the climb to the finish. Not much info from the run, I arrived just as most people were leaving not many comments from the returning runners so it must have been an interesting run, no I mean hash. Flying down to the Burrator Inn on the bike to meet the loud and obnoxious

hashers over a beer.

They were already there, engaged in Harvest festival auction. Then it was pointed out that in fact it was the local church goes smashing up the public side of the bar, taking out baskets of food and bottles of drink with the landlord even holding the door open. Very strange!

We had the restaurant side of the establishment, this we soon filled up and as the beer flowed the only real story of the night came out.....

Obviously I can't use real names so I've changed the names to protect the players.

Glanky needed a quiet evening so not putting his keys into the bucket, felt they would be better on the wheel of a car (more of this later). Biffer and Scrotal fancied a quickie, not a full long hash. So after ambling around the short run they headed back to the cars, straight to the bucket for the key's. no one was there, so the word of Biffer must be taken!

"we tried all the keys but were unable to find the one we wanted, so we tried all of them until a car not like ours unlocked. We got in all hot and sweaty and closed the doors and just talked! Then when more runners turned up we went to get out but the doors would not open....." Then the hare turned up to find this pair in his car, he pointed out the child locks were on, Biffer and Scrotal returned to their own car to swap clothes. But no!! The keys were not on the wheel!! Glanky was summoned to tell where the key where, "on the wheel" he replied, oh not our car but K2's". But K2 has left for the pub..... A quick search found the keys, not crushed into the ground but lying on a nice bush of heather!

The moral of this story is..... 'If you fancy a quickie careful where you place your keys, it's a big hash and you may be unfortunately trapped by Scrotey.'

To the Hash Hush

- A new Raunchy scribemaster
- No virgins, not even Mary with the church crowd.
- Happy creation day to Pony
- Footloose got plastered (it's all true)
- Naming of Ben Towe it could be Hull city, Scandinavia but as the scribe and what I say goes (as it's in the mag so must be true) I think he looks like the cartoon character "Penfold" from danger mouse! So Penfold it is!
- The quirky Quiz a great success, with the team that Biff could not remember winning and "The young ones" following closely behind. Over 30 Hashes attended and many thanks to Dohdoh for organising.
- Glanny got biffed (nuff said)
- Some lost property has been found shorts et al, runner still attached see Biff

Just as we were about to leave in walked Ramraider, dressed improperly for cycling but he did have Orlando's mountain bike. Must have come over the big mountain between Crapstone and Dousland. Now Ramraider, Road bikes for road, mountain bikes for the beginner, have you ever seen Chris Froome on a road bike off road. (other than recovering said bike from a high speed crash down a mountain pass)? No! Rule #5 to meditate on please..... (google is your friend, look it up)

"And so to bed" me Pepys are getting heavy or is it the strange cheese I've eaten?

For sale. Focus Cayo carbon road bike (58) light use! Brilliant condition see Lost

Another Lost Snot production

There was a man from St Marks
That did the most amazing farts (oops ran out of paper)