

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: 1877

Date: 18 July 2016

Start: Stapletor Car Park Grid Ref SX 540750 (not Pork Hill Car park)

On Down: Dartmoor Inn Merivale

Hares: Hot Rocks

Does Dirty Oar know where she is going or even where she has been? Whilst waiting in the car park, we watched her drive past twice only to join us 5 mins later, obviously the other car park offers were not as good as TVH3?

The fewer than normal intrepid hashers arrived at Bel Tor Corner on a beautiful July evening – Independence Day for our former colonial cousins and partners in crime (see Chilcott...). It is known that fantastic views are to be seen from this car park – sadly not tonight – the mist came rolling in shielding Corndon Tor and Yar Tor, the temperature dropped and nightmare memories came flooding back of the infamous “Arguilles Holming Beam” Run / Hash / Plod/ some ten years earlier. However a nervous looking hare was already parked and available to check us out and back in – looking very anxious but not yet lost, unlike the aforementioned occasion.

A typical scene from the Hound of the Baskervilles met us, mist, rain and not much more than 12°C – but it's Summer on Dartmoor, as we reminded our guests Christie from Sydney, Australia (Shame about the Rugby 3-0 to England) and Ben a Kiwi from South Island, (All Blacks always win, so why waste your time Wales).

So just where is last week's Hash Mag? – Tampax (our aged IT specialist and computer genius) informed me he left them all prepared on his kitchen table. He confided to me that the GM routinely gives him a reminder telephone call before each Hash, as he is very old, but he can't remember why! I feel sure that had there been a hash mag last week, mention would have been made of Ticks.

One polite and well mannered hasher warned me that a few runners had picked up ticks last week (blood sucking little critters that embed themselves into your soft tissue, suck out your blood, exploding in size to almost a centimetre in diameter, who also carry diseases) and can be painful. However another much more well known gentleman Hasher reported

that seven ticks were found on three hashers and he had one on his knob. A taller hasher stroked his head and simply said “ there is no sign of it now”. His nether regions had clearly been given an official sign of approval – a tick!

The hash run seemed to go well, however when I asked a returning hasher whether the dust was easy to follow, he simply replied in a loud voice (but not shouting) NO!!!!!!!, however he was a short cutter and the majority thought it was good or OK ,and a simple majority is all that’s needed now in sovereign GB. Other comments were ‘Good Hash’, ‘Shame about the Views’ (from a sneaky pervert watching people changing out of hash kit).

The Hash Walkers are gaining in number and popularity, eight humans and one well behaved cute and cuddly dog, predictable really as the sick, lame, injured and old get out to enjoy a gentle hash experience. In contrast to 26 fit and able Hash Runners who pretend it is non competitive, as long as you beat Glanni and Gannet.

Thank you Arguilles for setting the run, it takes a lot of time and effort to set a good run, and your hash was enjoyed by us all – well the majority.

On to the Pub, The Prince of Wales in Princetown, where we are always made welcome. They have ample staff to serve us speedily, and provide a simple bargain Hash Menu of Chips, Cheesy Chips, Sausage and Chips, and Ham, Egg and Chips, all for under £4.25, like the hash, nothing too sophisticated.

Biff, the GM stood her ground as the angel on top of the Statue of Liberty for the USA Independence Day theme, and with a broad Cornish / Georgia southern drool accent mastered the ceremonies. Special mention was made of some sterling hashers Chopper and Analvice, who did the Saunders Mountain Marathon, in 10h 12 m. Raunchy, and Ginger Rogers also got a mention, but my pencil broke, so I can not remember what for.

The GM has introduced a new special award for virgin hashers, a bit like the *jaune maillot* in the Tour de France, well only a little bit, insofar as a hi-Vis pink tabard for new hashers to wear so we can readily recognise them and make them welcome - a great idea! Now lets make it work as it is known *we are much better off together*. There is only downside, one size, Small, obviously there is no such thing as a Large Virgin.

Finally:

QUEEN’s BIFFDAY GARDEN PARTY Sat 30 July 2016 at 1400

At Dogcatchers Home (well garden hopefully), Harragrove Lodge, Milton Abbot, PL19 0PG – Bring plate of food, BBQ and Drinks. Crowns and Gowns to be worn medals and insignia if appropriate. - If wet, it will be held indoors.

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