

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: 1925
Date: 19 June 2017
Start: Quarry Car Park, Burrator
On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland
Hares: Hurricane
Scribe:

Here goes with my first mag written as Scribe Master (aka Public Enemy No.1), I suspect it won't be my last this year. I've already experienced that "Shit it's the Scribe Master" nervous / defensive reaction when I approach anyone lately at the On Down. Please try to help me with this glorious committee role, the mags are for your benefit and without your help they won't get written. A few talented souls such as Gannet write quite a few, but if we all wrote just one each year the pain / joy (delete as applicable) would be shared a bit more fairly. Thanks to Fergie for helping out last week, and for her kind comments ☺.

Whinge over. A very small band of hardy souls gathered at Drakewalls station, to be met by a rather soggy Gnashers who had been attempting to lay the trail without all the flour being washed away, and for the most part succeeding in this. "Gnasher likes a wet one," explained Underlay helpfully. There were less checks than normal because of the conditions (not sure what normal is these days but it's less than I remember). We set off, and it wasn't long before we inevitably headed downhill, eventually reaching river level. This left us with the painful knowledge of our impending uphill slog!

I noted that Dildo was lurking at the back of the pack, this it turned out was due to his "farting like a trooper", something he blamed on eating dodgy salmon (not a euphemism). We were relieved at the end to hear that he had checked, and all was OK....

Gannet was heard to complain on the long downhill stretch that her knees were aching, on account of her getting old. At this point a slightly older but nonetheless spritely Grandpa eased comfortably past her with his bionic knees, and no more complaining was heard.

Mincer/Arguilles had what he described as a "complete disaster", which involved running a long way down a lane, becoming concerned at the lack of dust, running back up again, only to find out that he was on the right trail all along and having to turn round and go back

down again. This left him “thoroughly disgruntled”, thankfully his mood had recovered by the end.

Top tip from On the Khazi, don't apply moisturiser before running or it will get in your eyes and make them sting. This raises more questions than it answers.

Finally, Chopper completed the Firkin Challenge, by all accounts it was a firkin brilliant performance.

Talking of top tips, here are a few gems from Viz...

A STRIP of black cardboard about two inches wide, worn over the eyes, makes a perfect disguise for Lottery or Pools winners wishing to conceal their identity.

**Mark Anderson,
West Hampstead**



◆ **WHILST** watching a close-run horse race, the commentator announced that there would be a photo for second place. What a thoughtful gift, and a nice way to make up for the disappointment of not winning.

**Mike Cooper
e-mail**

GIVE ants an alien abduction experience by shining a torch at them and sucking them up with a Hoover.

Cal Brighton, e-mail

WHEN NAILING your scrotum to a kitchen table for the purposes of sexual gratification, always ensure that you leave the pliers within arms' reach, not in your toolbox in the shed.

**J Paxman
London**

◆ IN one of his books, Professor Richard Dawkins points out how lucky we are to be born, outlining the great scientists, poets and authors that could have been born in our place, but weren't. According to him, I should be full of joy that I made it here. As I sit here in my stained underwear, watching *Bargain Hunt* and eating a cream cake, I wonder if the eminent professor would like to rethink a few basic principles.

**Nick
Dublin**

ACCORDING to Sod's law, toast always lands buttered side down. To get round this, I eat my toast dry, so it doesn't matter which way it lands if I drop it. Then I then eat the butter separately with a spoon.

Dr J Kingbast, Tewksbury