

Grand Master
Simon Snowdon (Slush)

Joint Masters
Steve Statham (Krakow)

Mo Rujak (On All Fours)

Scribe Master
Angela Sykes (Gannet)

Hasherdabber
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)

Hash Horn
Alan Eddie (Pist 'N' Broke)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Elena Stamp (Come Forward)

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: 1712
Date: 20th May 2013
Start: Alder Farm, Lewdon
On Down: Harris Arms, Portgate
Hares: Grandpa and many alder saplings

Special message! Bring your cossies and wash off all that shiggy in Grandpa's pool.

Wobbly Knob reporting on Glanji, Biffle Deep and Nipp's Norsworthy Knot.

We arrived on time and find a select few lounging around, nonchalantly awaiting the appointed minute and the screech from Biff that was to send us out over Down Tor on a shortcut run by the master of shortcuts, when our musing and muttering was broken by a gaggle of latecomers coming around the bridge. One was our GM, Mr Slosch, who screwed violently to the side, found his hopes dashed, and burst his rubber to the accompaniment of a rush of wind. Sir Scrow hammering on about seating really, like the rest of us, to Tumm came to inspect, the rubber on the rim, but have a laugh. Ha!

The run started confusingly as themselves to some strange across the hillside. It required Deep then more help from found the way! The keenies distant wimps and tarts now deep working. Leading the a man in pink with some emblazoned across his chest, knees – welcome back to of a faint breeze as he



our woolly friends had helped white powder enticingly dotted some correction from Nipple Lost when he got so lost he were off, chasing after the wending their way up some pack there was a strange sight, ancient TVH3 runes bandages absent from the Saucey! Hurricane was more climbed the slope, perhaps

from having completed another fine half-marathon at Saltash in 2:02:00, having been egged on by the marshals (Canon Fodder and Russ Abbot) who abused him as he struggled up one particularly savage ascent.

We made our way above the Deancombe, the chase getting the better of Nish-Nash's brain, who after an impassioned plea from Hot Rocks (magma I'd suggest) was sent home with tail between legs. Then it was up to the ridge but not over but back high on the southern side of Down Tor, picking our way through clutter, sneaking breathers by taking in the glorious views over Burrator and catching a few rays. Bambi Ben Dover sprinted on nearly catching Knicker Deep and Buck P' Alice as they short-cutted their way home ahead of us, the advantage, methinks, of having helped lay the trail. Old gits in the making!

Back at the bucket we enjoyed some warm shandy (for clarification for my very dumb daughter this meant the sun was out) and the mozzies some warm blood. Then it was off to the Burrator Inn for the on-down. Cheddar was in fine and happy form muttering about some bloody fool who phoned her too late with details of the next run. However her mag was a fine one. The cheap eats tempted a few more than usual to stay for food. Von Trapp however struggled with his scampi, his index finger wrapped over and over in Saucey's bandage's. Apparently he was whittling his stick when the knife slipped. I thought it might have been Sore Arse biting his hand off as her stupid steak has not arrived.

Mr Slosh stood up and did his thing. Virgin's Kate, Elise, and David are not flight attendants, rather a vet, and two friends of On All Fours, although you wouldn't have known this as he didn't share his cheesy chips. Tom Tom went to the wrong pub. The Virgin Mary had new shoes. Sadly Slosh wasn't brave enough to award her the down-down from the aforesaid trainers, but the half went down well and as Fallen Angel is driving her Morrie Mog again next week Mary would like a proper pint c/o TVH3 this week please. For those who admire her from behind please look at <http://www.mmoc.org.uk/> for more inspiration.

It was good to see a few current and old hashers at the West Devon club last week to wish Exocet and Hot Fuzz on their way. There was at least one fewer than I expected but then I was reminded it was Thursday Night Bikers so Caught Short was there without Krakov.

If you are bored of hashing Lost Norris would like you to "Learn to Row" with Plymouth University – ask Billie Boy for details. However he still likes the running describing tonight's effort as "cracking" and next week's as "cracking" too. Which is just as well as it's my run!

And if you reading this with wet knickers or going commando that was the idea for tonight's hash!

On-On! Wobbly

By popular request: **Psycho's Oaty Slices for Hungry Hashers**

200g dried apricots or dates chopped and left to soak with 3 tablespoons of hot water
150g butter
3 tablespoons golden syrup
75g light brown sugar
200g flour
75g porridge oats

Heat oven to 150C/Gas 3. Grease and line a 18/20 cm tin
Melt butter, syrup and sugar together in a pan.
Mix in the flour and oats.
Press half the mix in the tin and cover with apricot/date mix or if lazy chunky jam
Put/press the other half of the mix on top of the fruit
Bake 40 mins. Cut whilst hot into squares and leave to cool in the tin.
Best of all only one pan to wash up!

Eat your heart out Mary Berry this is the Great British Hash Off!