

**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**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)

**On Sec**

Tricia McGurk (She Who Must Be Obeyed)

**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**

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

**Next Run No: 1777****Date: 21 July 2014****Start: Postbridge Car Park****On Down: East Dart Hotel****Hare: Aimless****Scribe: Cheddar**

**STOP PRESS....FINANCIAL SCANDAL.....STOP PRESS....FINANCIAL SCANDAL..  
..PRESS STOP.... FICTIONAL SANDAL.....STOP SANDAL PRESS FINDING.....;**

**In a major financial news story that well-known raconteur and French horn player: Arguilles "Mincey" Argles was forced to the brink of bankruptcy with the prospect of having to make recompense for misplaced Hash Funds.**

**Having set what general commentators perceived was an excellent Hash from Bel Tor the previous week "Mincey" was in the process on Monday evening of sticking the soles back on his trainers and stitching together those manky old shorts for yet one more outing when he looked around for the hash funds he had collected and.....shock horror!.....they were nowhere to be found. A manic search ensued during which no stone of Mincey Mansions was left unturned and having fleeced the domestic staff for any small change, the culprit attended the hash duly crestfallen and bearing his chequebook in order to cough up the balance from his vaults.**

**Much to his surprise he was cheerfully informed by She Who Must Be Bowed Down To (aka the GM) that he had handed her the full amount of cash the previous week anyway!**

**Clearly this was not the end of this potential financial mis-management scandal as Her Forementioned Holiness the GM should have denied all knowledge of previous receipt and taken the cheque too, thereby significantly increasing the funds**

available to the committee for parties, booze (oh yes!) silly hats and inflatable pink flamingos.

It is in the public interest that these matters are investigated by “the authorities” and reports have been made to the FCA, PRA, CIA, MYOBB etc.

Still, on to the hash - a superb effort from the winsome Last Minute who, braving the elements with fortitude and Goretex, managed to set the whole run herself, despite downpours and washed out dust. She was expecting assistance from Sam The Marine but he was inadvertently elsewhere on a Call of National Security or a Call of Nature, or whatever (bloody civil servants – never around when you need them).

Beware this is not to be recommended for general use as I discovered in a domestic situation later in the week.....

Nippledeep: “Sorry Dear, I am busy with a Call of National Security, .....

Poshpinny : “No you’re bloody not, you’re reading the newspaper on the loo....get out here and do the dishes!”

[see my life of domestic drudgery and oppression]

But back to the fun-packed adventure laid on by Last Minute in the Plym Bridge woods.....

Two dogs got lost and then found themselves again (maybe they were just kidding)

Lost got Lost all by himself....he may still be out there.

Big Bearded Bin Liner had a bitch (I love alliteration!) about brambles and nettles and scratches along the route (Yer Big Pussy – man up this is a hash!)

All were astonished by what initially appeared to be the supermodel Sophie Dahl on her first hash until it became clear that it was a remarkably slender and fit version of our very own K2 – welcome back from foreign parts.

Speaking of foreign parts, Ernie also returned to the fold after spending lots of time in China eating chicken testicles (that’s what they eat over there isn’t it?)

Erectus’ horn calls made an appearance after some weeks but he is a bit out practice and the actual sounds produced were somewhat strangled and resembled the mating calls of Devon Cattle – something Erectus (realising also the unfortunate nature of his name) discovered when pursued out or the undergrowth by at least three cows and some Belgian Tourists.

Someone for whom the amorous intentions of the local livestock holds no fear is Scupper Sucker who was again displaying the fabulous whiteness of his legs – indeed if he could be persuaded to run in shorts during the winter it would save the rest of us a fortune in torch batteries.

On the subject of tough love Prat in the Hat was very taken with a few trees, poor lad.

In a brilliant piece of local knowledge Hurricane short cut superbly ahead of Grandpa and Glanni and appeared at a check well before them. This caused the two Short-cut Kings much wailing and gnashing of teeth. Wild rumours were later confirmed that it was actually all their own teeth they were gnashing and not someone else's.

Hot Rocks was rockin' along, lookin' for the extra long, der dum der dum, when he discovered he was already on it – joined by the late-arrival of his backing band: Sir Wobbly and the Knobs, they all skipped off hand-n-hand into the forest for another half hour while the rest of us went to the pub.

Excellent run Shelley – thanks mate.

Alas our long search for an establishment to meet our hashneeds was not entirely successful as The George, though doing beer (thank God!), had sent the chef home leaving the night porter to hack away at the carvery to feed the hungry hordes.

This outraged Barney – also known as Big Chief Burning Hat – see the photos on the website - who was looking forward to his usual modest post-perambulation morsels of dressed crab and foie gras. Though he could of course have “used his head” and knocked up steak and chips in his hat while waiting to get served by the solitary but pleasant barman.

At last and alas for Scrotey, just as he and Gannett were lashing into their piled plates of raw meat and grease she was called away to receive the honorary trophy for 1,000,000 runs of : a Big Stick! This marvellous implement was duly named Scrotum Beater and David will have to make sure he peddles extra fast so as not to feel its anger!

[By the way – good luck to them both on their Coast To Coast Bike Ride]

On On

Nippy