

**Grand Master**  
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)  
**Joint Masters**  
Matt Hampe (Chopper)  
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)  
**Scribe Master**  
Henry Thornton (Turd)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Tracy Windemer (Racey)  
**Hash Horn**  
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



**Chamber Pots**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

**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: 1856**  
**Date: 22<sup>nd</sup> February 2016**  
**Start: Car park north of Shaugh Bridge (SX532 637)**  
**On Down: White Thorn, Shaugh Prior**  
**Hares: Golden Rivet and Spurdy Shorts**

K2 reporting on hash number 1854 at Sourton.

“Not going to Hash tonight!” I decided, having wrestled to keep the car on the road in the strong winds as I drove back from the Midlands on Monday afternoon. “Only a fool would venture out on a night like this.” Later I noticed in my diary I had written “Scribe”. Oh s---! Dutifully I drove back to Sourton in the wind and the rain.

Turning into the road leading to the start, I was surprised to give way to a car leaving - Grandpa. He had decided the weather was too bad to run and was heading for the pub. The only other parked car at the start was the van belonging to the hare, On the Kharsi. Obviously everyone else had also seen sense, decided the weather was too bad and stayed safe and warm at home.

On the Kharsi had battled 50mph winds and torrential rain to set the run - all in the name of hashing. “There is a run” he assured me, “I hope someone comes!” He had spent most of the day setting it, calling for extra flour to be delivered by Stopcock, as so much had been washed or blown away. In total he used 11 bags of flour. The landlord of The Castle at Lydford, the on-down, had phoned him to say “You won’t be running tonight, will you??”

By 7.30 a small select band (of fools), comprising of 4 shorts, 9 longs and 2

walkers had assembled for the run. At least, with only 10 cars, finding a parking space was no problem!

Informants tell me:

- It was a “very good long run” and the hare was very assiduous, checking all runners were ok. Thank you On the Kharsi!
- Dildo fell over in the bog. He later confessed he “couldn’t get his end up.” (I’m not surprised!!)
- There were concerns about Gannet’s personal safety (she was the only woman running the long tonight, with 8 men.)
- Glani sent Kool Kev over a featherbed bog, and he fell in. Cruel!
- Dogcatcher had a torch - probably stolen from the front of his car, which had only one headlight.
- Uncle got lost and couldn’t find the start.
- The GM has man-flu so could not run.

Surprisingly the pub car park was almost full - the Diners club had more attendees than the running section.

Getting served immediately was a novelty! The Diners already had their food and drinks so no need to fight to get to the bar tonight.

At the hash-hush ‘Goodbye’ was said to Barney who was departing on his world trip the following day. He assured us he **won’t** be back - How much money do you want to bet on that?

Wot no hashmag!! Where was last week’s scribe?

Reminder - Get your tickets for ‘Cap’n Well Laid’s Caribbean Capers’ at Lamerton Village Hall on 27<sup>th</sup> February. The message from Cheddar was “Pay up or Walk the plank!”

On on!