

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: 1869
Date: 23rd May 2016
Start: Trowlesworthy Car Park
On Down: Moorland Hotel
Hares: Knob

Well, what an evening, one to remember for a number of reasons!

There was quite a throng of runners out tonight but noted for their absence and ability to display the ultimate skills in short cutting were Glanni and Grandpa.

Luckily Dirty Oar made it to the start after suddenly realising she was the only hasher in the pub car park.

Before we set off for the run there came a flurry of excuses from the hares :-

- 1) It's been raining all afternoon.
- 2) The sheep on Pew Tor are very hungry.
- 3) The snails have been following us around all day.
- 4) We could only get self-raising flour.

On to the run, we meandered across, up, down and around all the faces of Pew Tor, carefully avoiding the gaggle of sheep and schools of slugs enjoying a feeding frenzy on all the grub laid out before them,

Thankfully we managed to find our way back to the bucket despite the lack of any encouraging notes from tonight's horn, carried around by Embarrister.

There was some cause for concern, not enough beer/lemonade for the sweaty and thirsty runners. A number of hashers expressed their concern for this back at the pub! - see comments later.

I was lucky to be able to get back to the pub after finding that my keys had gone missing! Dodo had mistakenly thought the pile of keys were there as part of an old Cornish game regularly enjoyed by the inhabitants of Calstock.

Due to an unforeseen oversight and lack of communication between the Hares, The Whitty and Cabin Boy we duly assembled at Drakes Cafe aka The Halfway House for the second week in a row to be warmly greeted by Clive and Abbi who are now happily engaged – CONGRATULATIONS.

Psycho asked if I was writing a speech when she saw me hurriedly scribbling away!

One of the questions I asked several people was “ when was the last time you were a scribe?”.

Gnashers claimed to be unable to string a sentence together that anybody else would be able to understand. Whilst Underlay implied that she didn't want to display her excellent story telling tales and was giving everyone else a chance before putting pen to paper.

I also asked if anybody had any comments for the scribe, I've kept them anonymous for reasons that will become apparent :-

- a) here is £20 can I play with your helmet.
- b) we're off to the Jack Rabbit.
- c) bollocks I dropped a clamp.
- d) I'm feeling awesome on two wheels.
- e) I think of you every time I have a shower
- f) look at the size of those.
- g) he's going to go and give Pony one
- h) she hasn't got quite enough cleavage to park my bike.
- i) I get it via the 'phone.
- j) I'm glad she can wipe her own arse now
- k) do you do your knee exercises
- l) the bucket was full of cheap beer and cheap lemonade, full of aspartame!

Whilst Biff was conducting the hush it became apparent that she preferred to hold her new tool tightly between her legs.

Taking advantage of the fact that the GM was busy talking, Gannet decided to tuck into her food, starting by dipping chips into the egg yolk, which ended up all over her face when Scabby McScabface announced her mistake to the masses.

Slap was spotted at the bar drooling over the goods on offer and negotiating some form of discount with the cheap tarts on display.

The barmaid was not too happy at calling out the names of some of the hashers waiting for their food. Luckily we weren't and Turd soon received his ham egg and chips after a loud shout from Hurricane and Scupper Sucker.

Whilst still looking clearly unhappy at the liquid refreshments on offer, Scrotey decided to cheer up Cheddar with an impromptu lesson in fisting, and managed to bring a smile to her face before going home!!!!

And finally,

See Biff if you want to do some rowing and Dodo if you want to buy a pair of tickets to see Eliza and Martin Carthy appearing in Calstock sometime soon. On On,.