

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
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

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: 1752

Date: 24th February 2014

Start: Magpie Bridge

On Down: Leaping Salmon, Horrabridge

Hares: Dogcatcher

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Mincing about at Weir Quay

There was no sign of the Arglets tonight down by the river, no-one else to help Dad or take the blame when things don't quite work out as expected. I was wondering what the young ones of a mincer might be called.....Minced Morsels perhaps. All those under forty will not know that I am talking about a premium pet food marketed most effectively by an old dog called Clement. Anyway we need not have worried because the run was a model of How It Should Be Done when the weather and winter conspire against us. Exiting the car, I was struck by a faint slightly sinister humming noise, then realised it was coming from a pylon looming overhead. What was that kids' TV programme in the '70s where everyone started being afraid of electricity? The Tomorrow People? Changes? While musing on this I managed to fall in a huge puddle which Scrote had conveniently parked behind. Too much thinking gets you into trouble it seems, but at least I was not as absent minded as Do Do, who got Weir Quay mixed up with Lopwell Dam and arrived half an hour late.

The hash was great. Admittedly, the first section for the Longs was a bit of a b.....d, very uphill and fast; but we were warned about it beforehand so everyone who suffered was a willing participant. The skies were clear!! It didn't rain!! The trail took a varied route through woods, lanes and fields. I was chatting to Pony about her recent valiant exploits in the 4 Trigs race, down in south Devon somewhere. On one exploration up a steep gradient, Chopper was taking great delight in farting so that others had to walk back into the noxious pong as they turned back downhill

when it was not the On On! The long and short routes came together every now and then (always a thing to aim for!) and I decided to opt for the short at the final dividing check so I could get in touch with what goes on in the deep and mysterious territory ruled over by the kings of shortcutting, Grandpa and Glani. The latter was nowhere to be seen; not surprisingly I learned later, as he and Well Laid had decided they knew better than the hare, got lost and ended up at Bere Alston. And another thing. The shorts I saw were sleek, gazelle like creatures, with shiny hair and polished limbs running well within their capabilities I thought, while chatting about their exciting social lives. What a swizz! But then why be surprised? These bright young things look at the mud splattered exhausted hollow cheeked remnants of humanity collapsing by the bucket upon completing the long run and wisely opt for the micro version. You get back to the shandy first, book the cosy seats in the pub near the wood burner (if you can push Can't Remember out of the way), order food before the best options run out and still have time to wash the mud off and don your nice clothes (yes, you Racey Tracey with your 'oh, this old thing?' top and sexy jewellery). It's a no brainer really.

Pulling up my Plymoid tracky bottoms to meet the waistband of my ratty old fleece I trailed into The Plough. This is a Proper Pub, Buffy assured me. Proper Pub features include: locals who will not be moved even when Slush gets his balls out; a pub dog which is obsequious rather than one that nicks your chips; a real fire; friendly landlady with beaming smile and floors you don't stick to. Oh and a ladies' loo door covered in cling film. Honest.

Doing the rounds I heard Penny Farting say that Dogcatcher was his idol because he had proved that a torch was an unnecessary item on the hash. The speaker of this heresy has decided to grow some facial fungus to keep him warm; persevering like so many others with shorts and t shirt for months on end has done something to his brain. 'Cheesy chips for Baggins!' came a shout from the kitchen, whereupon everyone yelled 'DILDO!!' in unison. No way was our little halfling going to get away with that.

The Slushmeister's hash hush was entertaining as usual. The new GM (be very afraid those of you who are eligible, ha ha) will have a tough act to follow in the pub. Newish runner Paul Storey from Nottingham was christened Onthekasi, because he is a martial arts instructor. Not sure where the kasi bit fits in. Von Trapp was swathed in my old bras- believe me I would never have donated them to the cause if I had thought that my tired (beige!!! aaaargh, bet Streaky never wears beige) underwear would be paraded in this way every week and not *immolated*, as I thought it was going to be, by Slushy's fiery tool. The GM obviously wanted to clear out the cupboard as Dildo was presented with his 100 runs boot and Happy Birthday was 'sung' to Underlay and Piston Broke.

Thanks to Arguilles/ Mincer for his part in a great night.

By the time you read this, the Big Do will be over for another year. All those basques, fish nets and feathers will have been put away along with Windy's wallet. And that's only the blokes' costumes!

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