

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 (Posh Pinny)

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)

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Next Run No: 1778

Date: 25 August

Start: Pew Tor

On Down: BBQ/Halfway House

Hares: Cabin Boy and Sludge

Having arrived early at the hash start I was surprised to see the hares, Nippledeep and Dildo Baggins, turn up and proceed to lay the trail. Apparently all the flour that had been laid earlier was washed away by an out of season torrential downpour!

I've been reliably informed that Okehampton has its own weather system, predominantly heavy showers, so if you found there to be a shortage of dust on the moor you know the reason why!

Well, as is the norm for this time of year in the hashing calendar, stocks were ever so slightly depleted, there being a grand total of 30 runners this evening.

As I sat and watched the ever increasing number of arrivals drive past the car park entrance ending up having to reverse, I contemplated the possibility of a further role on the new committee, for that of car parking attendant.

If you feel you are able to control a large group of people with dubious parking abilities and would like to apply for the job please contact the G.M who will be more than happy to hand you an application form.

For further news on the jobs front carry on reading.

Lost, elected by the dropshort previous committee, has been proving to be a superb choice for the challenging role of scribe master.

Unable to attend the hash this evening, he was able to communicate electronically with the scribe. He can also provide a spell checking and pronunciation service before personally typing up this scribble into the work of art before your very eyes! **(1 pint of Rattler please)**

Goonville, aka Glanni, the 2nd most notorious shortcutter ever, was one on the missing persons list. Due to be on a family holiday somewhere in the French Alps, his addiction to arriving back early has found him setting up camp a little nearer to the finish - Cornwall!

Meanwhile, Grandpa, champion shortcutter for the 6th year in succession, has been having his reign seriously challenged by a relative newcomer to hashing.

When questioned in the pub as to the reason for having to return to the bucket first, Turd was heard to be claiming exhaustion after being worked to within an inch of his life for the last 3 months.

On further questioning it was found that Slush is responsible for his exertions on the day shift, with Luffly working him hard on the night and weekend shifts!!

Anyway, tonight, there has been what can only be described as the ultimate challenge for the short cutting trophy.

Streaky, and her two offspring, Twinkle and the as yet un-named Dulcy, arrived at the mid-point of the run in their car and joined in from there!

Excellent work, and a surefire winning move I feel.

On to the pub....

After letting it be known that she arrived at the pub minus her trousers, Gannet was found to be conducting an impromptu survey amongst some of the male hashers sat at her table.

It was rather a short affair, there being only the one question before descending into much hilarity, does it still get stiff in the morning?!?! she asked in all innocence.

Other bits and pieces overheard....

Cannon Fodder caught Cheddar practising her troll impressions whilst running over one of the bridges.

Delilahs is slightly longer but not quite as wide as before.

Caught Short, out for her birthday treat, and looking slightly fluffy on top, was awaiting the arrival of Krakow before she got stuck in!

Wun Hung Lo thought the beer to be reasonably priced.

If there is anyone with some spare time on their hands they may be interested in becoming Uncles or Biffs friend on Facebook, Twitter, hashtag hashmag, Chaton, WhatsApp, Instagram, Bebo, Snap Chat, P interest, MySpace, Tinder and Grinder. Slush will send a link!

If, however, you have a real life and don't need to know when all your pals are having a cuppa or going for a crap then don't bother.

Apparently, there is a collective noun for a group of people that enjoy some forms of art and then tweet about their experiences. If this is you then you are a ~~twat~~ socially aware.

I personally thought the pub was very good. Mainly because of the lack of the tall thin bespectacled barman.

He apparently tweets a lot too, but he's known by most of the clientele as a twat!

Further news on the job front - Fergie, who was also enjoying her birthday, is prepared to do a job share with Can't Remember for the role of G.M!!!!

And finally, overheard on the run, from the lips of the virgin runner, does anyone actually know what's going on?

On On