

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
Peter Argles (Arguilles)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1827
Date: July 27th 2015
Start: Postbridge Car Park
On Down: East Dart Hotel, Postbridge
Hares: Aimless

Having arrived slightly early on the most gorgeous summer evening, grey skies and slight drizzle notwithstanding, I had the privilege of watching the later arrivals. Fergie made a slightly erratic entrance to the car park, I presume caused by observing Dog Catcher making his final approach in her rear view mirror, who having executed a perfect landing, taxied to the centre of the car park.

Last to arrive were Arguilles and sons, who most sportingly had made the long drive of a mile and a half, give or take the odd yard to attend.

Whilst waiting for the off, Cheddar drew my attention to Grandpa, or more precisely as to where Grandpa had his hands, it appeared that he was carrying out an inventory of the contents of his running shorts, I suppose there comes a time in life when it is necessary to check as to the condition of one's bits.

So to the Hash itself, Glanni informed us that the proposed BBQ had been cancelled, I for one was bitterly disappointed and to this day am unaware of the reason for such a draconian decision, it obviously had nothing to do with the weather as I thought that low cloud and thick drizzle was a pre requisite for BBQ's in a West Devon summer.

So to the off of what turned out to be a superbly crafted hash, I suppose that when you have been doing it for as long as Biff and Glanni one comes to expect only the very best. Whilst navigating my way through a clump of Blackthorn I was almost flattened by Nipple Deep, who cut a noble figure as he went striding past, giving a passable impression of a stallion after a mare in season. Not long after Hurricane hove into sight perspiring like a bull elephant in musk, I think I must have missed something or maybe it was something in the air.

Sometime later I did however notice two of our lady hashers disappearing into a bush..... (the remainder of this sentence was censored by Luffly).

This week's photo is courtesy of Hash Flash, *Russ Abbott*.

Refreshing to see our younger hash members doing their best to help the aged.



I'm afraid I missed most of the hash hush, being at the bar at the time. I recall Stop Cock getting the boot for 100 runs and Chopper who received his boot last week involved in a contest to see who could drain their beer filled boot the fastest. Chopper proved the worthy winner.



Lost was somewhat harshly in my humble opinion awarded the plank for completing the Lands End to John O'Groats cycle ride in fourteen days, although I suppose there was some justification as he did get lost at some juncture.

Lastly a timely reminder that now winter is fast approaching and the nights are drawing in, its time to charge up those head torches.