

Grand Master

Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
01752 787182

Joint Masters

Sarah Cohen (Fergie)
07855 761444
Treeve Gillan (Bin Liner)
07969 075595

Scribe Master

Bill Stacey-Norris (Lost)
07886 945730

Hasherdabber

Mark Preston (Scupper Sucker)
01752 768880

Hash Horn

Sam Sparks (Erectus)
XXXXX XXXXXX

**Chamber Pots**

Bruce Trower (Ernie)
07971 929925
Jerry Rickeard (Hot Rocks)
01822 840382

On Sec

Tricia McGurk (Posh Pinny)
01822 616729

Hash Cash

Roger Smyly (Cabin Boy)
01822 617020

Hare Master

Sarah Jones (Pony)
07746 649833

Hash Flash

Shelley Davis (Last Minute)
XXXXX XXXXXX

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: 1765

Date: 28 April

Start: Sharpitor Car Park

On Down: Devon Tors

Hares: Barney

Grandpa has always prided himself on setting 30 checks at least on a run, What happened? Many fewer checks and a fast `n` furious run - with minimal chance of short cutting! We started at 7.30 prompt and as there were roads to be crossed were told to listen to the lollipop hares. Now since when did the hash listen to anyone?

As this was a Grandpa run, Sir Slosch was intending to turn up at chez Grandpa in his speedos Thank God someone put him right as he would have got very chilly at Bridestowe station!

Upon arrival, Nippledeep scraped his bottom- not for the first time- and declared that he likes Posh Piny to scrape it as well. It takes all sorts....

A fantastic run on virgin ground along long forgotten footpaths, through fields that soon would be full of lush grass, now still wet and soft still holding on to the last soaking of the winter rain. Geepee at the front rounding up some cattle, we entered the 'old Stoney lane' Now joined by a group of younger runners that just turned up from Bridestowe a trail was blazed until they were miss led and belted off in the wrong direction (cheers Krakow). Down the road up pass the Bearslake Inn and then we galloped across fields then onto the moor. The longs galloped into the valley of death, well only a bloody steep way out! Then slowly catching up the shorts. Meanwhile at the front Slosch, Lost and Knob Lass setting a comfortable pace for the bucket. WE waxed lyrical at the Sunset and luminous Moonrise. The first torch free run of the year! IT was a good to run somewhere different (A change of mud! And a damned good run at that. Hares take note.)

Upon arrival at the on home I spied Ross Abbot taking photos of incoming hasher's. Are you the new hash flash, I enquired. Certainly not -I'm waiting for a train came the reply. Affects you in all

sorts of ways, hashing... (Should be chuffed to bits)

Seems the White hart was indulging in a spot of profiteering at hasher`s expense-the hash menu cost more than the usual one it replaced, Spotted by an keen eyed early bird. Local business profiteering, perish the thought! The food was plentiful even Whinge after masquerading as saucy (knee bandaged) was seen offering his sausage around! Bad Girl put in an appearance claiming she had nowt to do with the hash thinking that would stand her in favour with the land lord, soon to be brought down with glad to see your back running with the hash, "oh your one of them" mused the Land lord.

At the hash hush Can't remember thanked the old committee, and mindful of the Ukrainian situation, accused two of them of trying to stage a coup. Seems Fergie (old tractor, failed princess, Black Eyed Pea) and Bin-liner (just Rubbish) did far too good a job as replacement GMs last week and for their enthusiasm were introduced to the 'CONE of SHAME` hash beware, This GM isn't for messing with. The lady ain't for turning. What's more she all for getting it right, apparently rehearsing the hash hush in a Lake District pub.
We have a new on sec Posh Piny

Our previous Scribe Master Gannet has had her wing broken, a nasty fall damaged one of Dartmoor's best ancient monuments reports Lost. Well with only the use of 1 wing you could do lots of Hash Mags Gannet.....

Then on another unrelated incident Hob Knob hurt his shoulder necessitating the cutting off of his arm (wetsuit) It's not the pain of his shoulder that made him wince, only the cost to a student for replacement arm..

Lost would like to point out that none of the above had anything to do with him. Lost would not let being made Scribe master or being out sprinted at the end of a recent hash cause anyone misfortune.

on on Do Do

Lots of things to do

- Tuesday Tavistock Athletics' Club 6.30
- Wednesday Road cycle with hash with Well laid 6.30
- Thursday Mountain bike ride @who give a *****.com or Slush 7.00
- Friday Try climbing
- Saturday Long moor walk and pub meal 09.00-23.00
- Sunday Plymouth Half Marathon.

Or you could stay at home watch crap TV It's your choice.....