

**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**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

**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: 1722**

**Date: 29<sup>th</sup> July 2013**

**Start: Bradford Cottages, Buckland Monachorum GR 488 678. Park in field if dry, village if wet.**

**On Down: The Wedding Field. Bring cash for beer and chips cooked in a very special way (see below). Wear something nuptial- veils, morning suits, bridal shorts, chaplets (look it up) old, new, borrowed, blue etc etc.**

**Hares: Bilberry and Grouper**

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### **Scuppered In Saltash**

I suppose it was only a matter of time before my super efficient master plan broke down and I was left up the pub without a scribe, so to speak. No sign of Streaky, and too late to ask some other sap to step in at the last minute. Until now though, the quality of the hash mags has been outstanding. Shakespearian allusion from Hot Rocks, who has been plainly hiding his literary light under a polytunnel; man-of-the-world wit from Nippledeep; hand embellished lunatic observations from Lost; what depth! what variety! So I am feeling the pressure and trying to fit writing this in between manic DIY episodes (Scrote is a mean overseer) and watching the last stage of the Tour De France. Sir Slosch will be wistfully remembering where he was this day last year....in Paris helping the ITV4 guys set up their mobile studio on the Champs-Élysées. 'Who was that bloke, where did he come from?' they asked themselves after Slushy had disappeared into the sunset, clutching his free Wiggo stick on sideburns and complimentary croissants. This year all he is assembling is a kitchen, and it's in Tavistock.

Anyway, enough of these irrelevant ramblings otherwise I will risk the considerable ire of On All Fours, who told me that my last mag was very short on description of the run, into the laying of which (grammar!) he had put considerable effort. I told him that he ought to think himself lucky, because if Ram Raider had written it there

would be nothing but musings on dog shit and OAP drivers, but he was not convinced. So Scupper Sucker and Pist n'Broke, here goes.

The setting was superb; Saltash is an underused venue. Views out over the estuary were beautiful as we listened to the final instructions from Pist n' Broke who wanted us all to know how hot it had been out there dropping that dust. There were various permutations available; long long (just for you, Glani and Grandpa) medium short, short, and so on. It was quite hilly with a combination of track and field, road and lane. Thanks to the hares for the effort they put in – hashers loved the views but the pace was a bit fast for some.

There was only beer back at the bucket so I wandered back to our car to find a drink. Sitting like a leprechaun on the bonnet of the Aimless Landrover parked behind us was Bilberry, who was politely listening to endless advice from Scrote and then Glani regarding the best way to cook chips outdoors over open flames. Scrote clearly felt that the risk assessment procedure had not been properly followed and was concerned about the prospect of ten gallons of fat in an oil drum suspended over a campfire, into which armfuls of potatoes were to be flung.

Back at the Cecil Arms it was like being at a garden party. We all milled around outside, enjoying the evening sun. Nippledeep has carpet burns on his nose and Posh Pinny is tantalisingly silent on the matter.... Further enquiries revealed that he has been taking driving lessons from Dildo who has taught him how to write his car off. Luffly was looking forward to Shagstock festival where she will be seeing the Boomtown Rats. The hash hush was open air style with the usual entertainments. Tonight it was the humiliation of another virgin runner, Tom Simpson, who had joined us all the way from Mt Ventoux, in Provence. The poor bloke had to endure one of our rubbish Down Downs, with its perverse adulteration of the song lyrics. The GM tries to establish this little ritual, and those who will not be named are equally determined to subvert it..... Lost Property was Wacey's size 1 sandal, a Cornish pasty and pound of excess weight from Cannonfodder's waist. Apparently this is how he can now wear the skimpy thong we saw dangling from Slushy's finger.

- K2 is now on Facebook and is looking forward to you all keeping in touch when she gets to Nepal.

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