

## I guess you all never read the stuff at the top of the page so I moved it

**Next Run No:** 1914 please remember, its very important, the committee member charged with collecting these numbers, one by one, every week would be upset if you didn't.

**Date:** sidereal time. . . 03 march 2017, sneaked in between the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> just for the hash

**Start:** High Down, Lydford ( is there a `High Up` ? )

**On Down:** The Castle Inn at Lydford

**Hares:** Naughty Boy and Slap



One does what one must

& sod the outcome

Theme :- "fake news" brought to you tonight by the ancient mariner

There is no greater calling than that of dry stone walling . . . , so, needing lots of stone I set the hash at the best place to nick lots of stones, unfortunately ran out of time after about 3 tonnes and had to go lay the hash for you lot.

What was even better was laying it on Sunday night, except for the mist, and the head torch (borrowed), and subsequently getting lost, and tired, and cold and the flour.

In the pub, when I asked anyone if they thought it was a good hash they all replied "what a hash" which means, as always, that is was brilliant, maybe they said "what, a hash?" but a question mark is silent so I couldn't tell, and assumed the best.

I think the bartender was a hasher as well, she was running from the pumps to the till trying to keep us all happy, at least she kept a smile on but I did note that since the last hash in the posh half of the bar we have now been relegated to the original not so posh carpet if yer lucky half.

We were treated to her Majesty from Hibernia tonight on account of grown men from that oldest of lands fighting over a silly shaped ball on a small filed of green .

Chopper had his photo taken with his new Grizzly tee shirt, (4 hours plus hangover), and was instantly photobombed by all the other oldies wearing theirs from previous years.

Plane Jane was nominated as our honorary Virgin for the night having returned after a noticeable absence.

Other less noteworthy news

Borrat is off to colder climes, teaching wee lassies and others how to go social climbing in the Trossachs. Apparently he likes getting cold, tired and hungry while hanging off the end of a rope 40 foot above the crashing waves, he also got a wee hash teapot for having attained 100 runs

Hobo was angling to get back on the committee for next year, but his attempt at horn farting left a lot to be desired, `one bum note does not a Hornmaster make` so he is now scrubbed from my dream team list. Unless he was pretending !, now back on the list !!

Biff refused to hold Russ Abbots hand through the tunnel and instead ended up hashing around some roads for half an hour before heading back to the bucket, we need to club

together and buy her a virtual reality headset.

As we are all getting older the subject matter of conversations changes from going there doing that to stories of other people or cheating, Glani was overheard taking of children and UCAS and Lost was talking about his new `Winter bike` and how he now cheats by "turning on the gas" when it comes to the strada ! and name dropping only works when the listeners know the names, I'll have to brush up on Anorak and nod sagely at the right points next week. Hurricane was found to be tapping his head and said "its all Mental" which must be true

Mayhem has been swapping "things" around a little and probably wants to be known as one of the good guys as she carefully described how she was the last Man running out there when she got to the Dewerstone (which is not too surprising as the hash didn't go there). other news just in is that de-barkle was in attendance, just to show that he IS alive and twitching.

Hurricane did the Tavy 13 over the weekend, he would do better if he didn't keep on stopping for a snog half way round and Russ Abbot apologized for being too pleasant while marshalling and promises to be back into character for next years run.

Slush has a shiny new torch and decided to burn retinas as I delivered the hash hush at the start, not a good idea when I'm the one you rely on to steer you round the dangerous course, and by the time my eyes could see well enough to walk again the shorts had decided to run through arrows pointing backwards and were well into the on home bit but going the wrong way. Only one river crossing was thrown in at the end with a great big unmissable arrow, it was very interesting to see how many hash pretended not to see it as they headed for the bucket. The cold water of the river crossing obviously got to Borratt's brains and he headed off back onto the trail with a couple of groupies and was going for the second lap before being stopped by the ever helpful hare (me)

#### Lessons learned

- 1 use sawdust, not flour, it doesn't wash away easily like what the flour did
- 2 next time give up on the tree trunk, just take a rope for the best river crossing ever

On On Anon

#### **Grand Master**

Kate Glanville (Biff)

#### **Joint Masters**

Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)

#### **Scribe Master**

Tony Bairstow (Tampax)

#### **Hasherdabber**

Laura Sadler (Embarrister)

#### **Hash Horn**

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



#### **Chamber Pots**

Sarah Jones (Pony)

Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)

#### **On Sec**

Jess Hilton (Raunchy)

#### **Hash Cash**

Angela Sykes (Gannet)

#### **Hare Master**

Ann Marcer (K2)

#### **Hash Flash**

Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

#### **Life Pee'ers**

Angus Colville (Agnes)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

#### **Hereditary Pee'ers**

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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