

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

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1780

Date: 4/08/14

Start: *Wellsworking Car Park*

On Down: *Royal Stensand May Tavy*

Hares: *Leigie*

Perke Dan

Oh what a beautiful evening
Oh what a beautiful day
I've got a wonderful feeling
Everyone's going the same way!

Tail end cheddar reporting

that was sung to, "oh what a beautiful morning." All you young'uns who don't know it, ask your great grannies or look in the archives.

The run started with aimless instructing us to hang onto our own car keys.....what!!!the whole hash was thrown into confusion, we're conditioned to leave our keys in a bucket, plastic bag anything. I think he said he wasn't coming back but I must have got that wrong as I spoke to him later

Off we went, usual milling about till the keenies got the scent and then they were off. how do they run on all that ankle breaking terrain? On the khazi twisted his ankle, didn't stop him though from filling his face in the pub later.

At that point when I was dropping to the back (I need to look after my ankles at my great age)I was confronted by Dartmoor's bovine equivalent of African buffalo in full charge. a dangerous combination of mothers and calves AND big daddy in protective mode sporting a tassel and swinging sack of nuts thought there was a good chance of being trampled so I did what animals do when threatened, make like you're bigger than the foe and make horrendous noise.....no facetious remarks thanks....thankfully they stopped in their tracks, turned tail and disappeared into the valley...phew!

Aimless when setting the run had the same problem when confronted by another bull, mind you he only recognised as said bull because he had a large brass ring through his

nose. He also made a noisy retreat although with his long legs could run faster than bull.

Wish I'd seen that!

Can't tell you what happened after that, you all disappeared and all that could be heard was the occasional disembodied on on.....at least someone was hashing correctly, well done! Doesn't happen to much these days.

Nashers and I sometimes with Kate, sometimes not, ambled around doing our own version of short cutting. Nashers has an inbuilt radar for home or maybe pub and beer!

Delilah ran tonight, well done. its only taken about three years to sort his knee out. Gannet on the other hand took precisely three weeks to sort her shattered shoulder out and get back in the saddle.....mmmmm! it was lovely to see you and H back in good form....

honest.

Back at the pub,usual miserable barman/landlord but very nice happy waitress. Rather expensive food, no cheap menus for hungry hashers to tempt us here again

Lufflys eyes were watering at the size of Henrys sausage, he was looking surprised too.

Our worthy GM was suffering from the illusion that she was the great Sir Bradley Wiggins, or maybe she'll win the yellow jersey one day. we all love him too, can't remember!....and McElroy yay!!

She also forgot to check back in...its er age yer know...hence the dumb cluckers hat

Scrotey was presented with an old mans walking stick for completing 900 runs that will come useful in about 30 years tme, might be almost antique by then.

Happy birthday was sung first to Bat(....) and then Gannet (50)and took turn to wear a fabulous birthday hat with five candles to signify their mental age...no offence meant girls!!

Our young fit marine called Samboli, is that his first name, surname or should it be split in two, was named san Marino. I think I like that.

I hear the Saunders have a new class in their mountain marathon...parent and child!!!!what a damn good idea as parents do so much more with their children these days and vice versa, can't tell them apart sometimes. Harriet partnered father Paul, Evie (no hash name yet) partnered Mum, Sarah "navigation was quite easy"oooooh!.Vron and Daisy and old hasher Hogweed, ex policeman turned sailing instructor who competed with his nephew.

Harriet ,Evie and Rosie, dead ringer of Psycho are delightful. I shall call them The W winsome Threesome.

Now I come to the cycling bit, I have to write every single detail otherwise scrotey will never speak to me again.im talking now coast to coast,235 miles approx from St bees on the west coast to Robin Hood Bay on the east coast and all off road over a 6 day period..phew! its basically Wainrights walk given a makeover by someone called Tim W woodcock for the purpose of mad fools who want to make it as extreme as possible pedalling an off road bike ,er ,off road.

It was the most fantastic achievement by Scrotey ,Gannet ,Krakow ,Ram raider ,Debarcle ,Cant Shout (from stannary) and ably and enthusiastically supported by Windy and Racey and Caught Short and a firm called Machouse??? Who ferried all their bikes ,bags and other paraphernalia

It's no wonder that by the time you read this ,Gannet will have retired!!! And scrotey probably needs his stick.

That's all, I think, oh Underlay did the Midnight Walk for St Lukes hospice. Well done ,rather stay in bed me self!!!!

ON ON