

Index :- 1923 USSR was formed , Insulin invented, 1st film with sound
When :- 5th June 2017
Meet :- 0730 as always at Gunnislake railway station
Stop :- Rifle Volunteers St Ann`s Chapel
Programme directors:- Gnashers & H



Book at Bedtime (as I believe most of you now read it in bed with you glasses on !)

Are you standing comfortably, good, now where shall I begin, come to think of it some people didn't even get to begin as they STOPPED, abruptly,. Ahhh the joys of getting close to nature, pausing for the fleeting moment, breathing deep the Dartmoor air, watching the wildlife. Its probably what cannon fodder was doing parked just off the road at 45 degrees with the front end of his car stuffed into the turf, he liked it so much he stayed there until we all left the pub . . . what commitment ! (If you were trying to write your signature on the road in burnt rubber you failed my friend, it looked more like skid marks from going too fast and not seeing the sheep in time !)

Grandpa, please note :- Last weeks hash was brought to you by 17 bags of flour (laid by Scrotey at great personal risk) , if you want to go `loco parentis` and head off into the Tors on your own hash you are free to do so but at least you could pretend to hash by occasionally stopping and shouting "where are you" or "check back". Maybe the bucket should only be for true hashers from now on to discourage this sort of wanton disregard for team bonding. Dodo was also seen to be struggling in the locomotion class as well and kept on walking, apparently suffering from an incessant attack of Arther. He also struggled with leaving the pub, after a fond farewell and leaving he was back inside nattering to Scrotey as fast as you could say `Dementia` or `Short term memory loss`. Even better (and this is where I learnt a new trick) was happily following H into the ladies and not realising where he was until he had counted all the ladies in the room, noted their degree of undress and juxtaposed it against the number of men in the room and the lack of urinals and then guessed the obvious (or maybe not !)

Gnashers, I loved the tuxedo effect shirt, its doing well for its age, almost as well as its wearer that is, so reminiscent of the 2007 vintage Nash Hash, I always knew you were into Bond-age, I hope more people do it in future.

At this point I would like to introduce H . . . "what a wonderful surprise to have someone knock on my door, what a shock to find it's a young Theo, you shouldn't go around knocking on doors like that , especially from the political Party you represent but I guess you needed a little support from a sympathetic heart. I stopped listening after 3 seconds, but it was nice to meet you, you were so polite, and good luck with losing next month".

I tried to eavesdrop on the huddle of mildly sweaty bodies gathered by the fireplace but once I worked out it was the new committee I thought it wise to give them their own space as they were muttering about `getting to grips`, `banning maniac car drivers` and other such things.

My post hash depression mood was lifted for a second or two when the Barmaid shouted across the top of the hash "Has everyone had enough of what they wanted" heads turned and the stampede started in her direction, it stopped after less than a second as the brain cells kicked in and reality sadly bit deep.

Ram raider, we don't believe you for a second that it was just `happenstance` that you were solo cycling across the moors and `appened upon an inn at the same time as the hash was there, If you really want to come back into the fold we will lift the restraining order and, having carried out the normal checks for insaninity and sexual preference, will probably let you rejoin. , (hash cash will gladly take your rejoining fee from your wallet)

Some people like rocks, like Hotrocks, some people appreciate the beauty of rocks, like Dogcatcher, why else would he search for just the right 2 rocks out of the thousands on the hash and they carry them all the way back to the bucket and then take them home and put them on display ? (Fang, I almost forgot to mention you, hello)

The GM is trying to start a new hash theme, tattoos, she was suitably adorned (may not be the right word) with a large `deathly hallows` on her left scapula , Free beer, for one night only, for anyone who can find out what other tattoos she has and where.

Grand Master Jess Hilton (Raunchy) **Joint Masters** Stirling Way (Spike) Paul Ames (Aimless)
Scribe Master Paul Waters (Stopcock) **Hasherdabber** Heather Smyly (Sister Sludge) **Hash Horn**
Paul Storey (On the Khazi) **Beer Master** Charlotte Watson (Footloose) **Chamber Pots** Diann
Davis (Can't Remember) Simon Snowdon (Slush) **On Sec** Eve Jones (Clever Dickie) **Hash Cash**
Jon McGurk (Nipple Deep) **Hare Master** Brian Martin (Naughty Boy) **Hash Flash** Paul Glanville
(Glani)

Life Pee'ers Angus Colville (Agnes) Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)
Hereditary Pee'ers Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan) Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Gannet, your impersonation of Zola Budd only works if both shoes are off. pretending `the bog pulled it off` wont wash but we were impressed with the fact that you kept on running for some time after, or is it a cases of `ignorance is bliss` BUT THEN Argles`s son followed suit ! even though he blamed it on having to run in dads old cast off trainers whose soul took flight the instant he crossed that line of druid stones on the way back to the bucket.

I had to calm Slap down later in the evening as he had worked out, due to his strained eyes, that Emma was back, I hated myself for telling him that its for `one week only`.

I`m glad to see the `Get the GM at all costs` SWAT team was in training tonight, more practice required eh, Chopper, and I hope the come-uppence was a salutary warning to try harder next time.

Deep throat tried explaining to peoples various how having such a hash name can lead to some interesting party tricks especially if they stand in a line (Not a clue . . I even asked Siri & Cortana but they didn't get back to me)

Horn required next week as the Dulcit in Jubilo extempris isn't !

Now, there is one thing that Argles and Gannet have in common, Love for a dead woman (necrophilia ?) but is the hash really the sort of place to spend hours discussing Daphne du Maurier`s whims and fancies when there are more important things to discuss like what that thing was stuffed down his trousers. 1000 runs and his ceramic codpiece was presented to typical oohs and aah`s (or was that `arse`)

We should take Hotrocks to more pubs, letting him loose on local brewed Ales is a fine thing to hear . I have never been more interested in Character Assassination as the sales pitch then goes into overdrive about Hops and Malt and his new State of the Ark brewing kit, [Bere Brewery.com](http://BereBrewery.com) (sponsored link, but doesn't work when printed) perhaps we should let him in first to sample the ales and then put a score board outside for the benefit of the rest of us.

Did anyone else find the hash painful ? it was like ten tors all over again, far too much up for my liking and to have Scrotey continuously in sarcasm mode with his pedantic "OOOH LOOK, lots of flour over here" as we obviously wandered off to find a shorter path back to the bucket, so unhashlike, just because you laid it doesnt mean we have to run it , (rule 16B)

ON ON
dogcatcher

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