

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)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk**Web:** www.tvh3.co.uk**Next Run No: 1784****Date: 06/10/14****Start: Norsworthy Bridge (Brown Gin Run)****On Down: Burrator Inn****Hares: Pimp and Hurricane**

This edition of the Hash Mag may alas be slightly shorter than normal. This is due to Luffly and Turd moving to Rumpy Pumpy Cottage. (a pretty good excuse if I say so myself.

So to the hash itself, what a glorious evening it was too. The sun just setting over Brentor, the sky tinged with red and barely enough wind to rustle a dry leaf, a West Devon evening to savour. However of course this idyllic moment could not last for long. Your scribe for the week had duly arrived early so as not to miss a morsel of the action, having parked in a considerate and gentlemanly manner was soaking up the atmosphere with his spouse. When Glani accompanied by a cloud of dust and scattered gravel places his car in a similar vicinity to your scribes, I omit the word parked for fear of misleading the readers of this worthy prose. If this was not enough he then harangues your scribe and suggests that he move his car closer to free up more space, being of kind and considerate nature this was duly done.

The run (sorry!! hash) had been laid by Bottom, Richard (more of whom later) and Hornblower. Bottom and Hornblower arrived late, 1935 hrs to be exact and left Codswallop holding the baby Findlay (apologies if misspelt). A novel form of receptacle was employed to receive the pound coins namely a high heeled shoe, at least it was not a more intimate item of apparel.

It was indeed good to welcome back in addition to the above, Embarrister from wherever she may have been and Come Forward after a bout of seasickness.

At around this juncture, some extraordinary sounds seemed to originate from the vicinity of Dog Catcher, it would be kind to assume that he was practising with his horn.

Luffly has made a note in my book "Hash mag, Cannon Fodder" as I have not the slightest idea as to what this refers and as said Luffly is not here to explain, I shall ignore said note

and proceed to the main event.

The assembled herd stampeded through the beer garden, towards and through a sports field, negotiated the highway and in the failing autumn light began the torturous climb to the summit of Gibbet Hill. On attaining the summit we were treated to a panoramic spectacle of some splendour, I'm certainly pulling out the big words here; Incidentally if anyone thinks they can do better please contact the scribe master "Lost" immediately.

Just past the top of the hill, something of a melee ensued, the trail was lost, no dust to be seen, factually this is not correct as after the driest September for years there was dust everywhere. During this brief hiatus, Racey alighted upon fungi, of distinctly phallic appearance, a chance discovery indeed. Having promised to avoid any innuendo, coarseness or downright vulgarity I will make no further comment.

Soon the dust was rediscovered and once more across the road to skirt Wheal Betsy and down a stony track at the head of which was a hare, who thankfully pointed me in the direction of the short. I think at this juncture I should interject some advice to future hares. It is unnecessary to ever point out the long to me, I will only be on the short or short cutting wherever possible.

My memory is slightly hazy as to the next section of the route, but if did involve passing a goose albeit one that should belong with the gnomes, until I encountered Hot Socks and Big Drawers playing on a swing, one does wonder about the youth of today and it is of little satisfaction to discover that one was right all along.

Then for me the highlight of the hash, dust on road kill (squirrel) and also a horse Turd likewise dusted, a touch of sheer class if ever I saw it. On cresting a small rise in the company of Hot Socks who in addition to the nights swinging exploits had also neglected to bring a torch, I was quite taken aback to see the perimeter fence of the Maze prison appear, closer inspection revealed it to be Mary Tavy school at this moment we overhauled Dodo, as the final hill to the finish slowed us to a walk, I was aware of a strange panting noise coming from behind, this transpired to be Hurricane blowing to the finish.

An excellent welcome awaited us at the Mary Tavy Inn, Biff recalled that as she finished she overheard Ram Raider and Wobbly Knob comment that it was nice to see so many young hashers, Biff wondered if this included her? This outrageous piece of vanity deserves a better riposte, but your scribe is in a good humour and will say no more. Uncle said that she had a nice hash with Von Trapp, I am slightly puzzled but will press on to the "hash hush". Glani was awarded the dickhead for attempting to pin Posh Pinny to dartboard, he then sportingly wore it for the rest of the evening unlike some!!

This was followed by the "naming" of the aforementioned Richard, due to the usual raucous affray that accompanies these events your scribe was uncertain as to which name was decided upon, our GM confirmed that it was Kiss Me Hardy, we were reminded that Dildo Baggins had taken part in the Plymouth breakwater swim, raising money for the Chestnut Appeal for prostate cancer, to date he has raised £280.00 good going.

At some juncture an appeal was made for the owner of a Blue Kia, apparently it was obstructing a proper car and needed to be moved.

I was disturbed to find Gnashers, caressing Cheddar's back at the bar, accompanied by Racey, on inquiry it transpires that she was demonstrating the extent of the daughters tattoo.

Finally I leave you with a couple of Turd's tasteful proverbs.

Wife who put husband in doghouse, soon find him in cathouse.

Girl who sit on judges lap, get honourable discharge.

On On.