

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
Bruce Trower (Ernie)

Hayley Trower (Nine-Inch)

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: 1759

Date: 17/3/14

Start: Plymbridge Car Park (Wrigley's side)

On Down: TBA

Hares: On All Fours

HASH 1757 – THE BEST EVER?

God, what a difference a few rays of sunshine make. As I sit in my garden organising my brain droppings into a semi-coherent splurge, enormous bumble bees are fumbling amongst the crocus goblets. The skimmia are buds are bulging, ready to blossom and scent the Spring air. The shy wild daffodils demurely look to the ground as they struggle for life beneath a rampant rambling rose. Such is life now it's stopped bloody raining.

By some bizarre roll of the dice of chance I've ended up scribing for the hash I set with Wun Hung Lo last week. Obviously I shall be as objective as is necessary. The TVH3 hash mag archive is a veritable treasure trove of Dartmoor social history and every effort should be made to maintain its veracity. Maybe in the distant future an archaeologist will stumble upon the remains of Glani's stash of mags, buried in an earthenware pot in his garden as evidence of cultural diversity after the disastrous 2020 election when Nigel Farage was voted supreme leader for life. As the fragile remnants are painstakingly pieced together by our vastly intellectually superior descendants, a vivid portrayal of life at the beginning of the third millennium will appear. Perhaps Glani will be designated a prophet? Whinge an oracle? Or Caught Short a High Priestess? (not *that* high obviously) Perhaps a new religion will be born based around the sacrament of flour and beer? Who knows? Suffice to say that an accurate and authentic account of what went on last week is of profound import.

In the pub I overheard a novice hasher asking an old-hand if this was possibly the best hash of all time. Unfortunately this sort of evidence is anecdotal and should not be given too much credibility. I only mention it here so as to give a flavour of the evening's

discussions and to broaden the audience of this rather perceptive question. That young hasher will, in my humble opinion, go far.

To judge whether this was indeed the best hash ever requires a forensic analysis of the scientific evidence, a cold clear study of the facts and the unbiased result delivered with aplomb.

One form of analysis is to compare like with like. Fortunately Dog Catcher laid a run from the very same car park only a week earlier. As I was lucky enough to miss his hash, it leaves me free to judge it objectively. Weather-wise, everybody seems to be in agreement that Dog Catcher got it wrong, an obvious but easily made mistake. Next his choice of material to lay the hash in, sawdust, although environmentally sound was almost invisible on the leaf litter of the Walkham woods, again a schoolboy error. His choice of route, which on a map portrayed the outline of a Dartmoor pony, was fitting and maybe even jocular. Sadly it was not noticed by anybody.

The coup de grace was his choice of pub, The Leaping Salmon in Horrabridge. A perfectly decent pub, but it does need more than two hours' notice to serve a bunch of muddy, sweaty hashers. A tad finicky of them, but there we are.

This was counterpointed by Wun Hung Lo's and my-good-self's efforts a week later. The clear sky, could, by an uncharitable critic, be put down to chance but not the new moon which had been part of our planning for months. The flour we used was Waitrose organic OO grade pasta flour made from Durum wheat chosen after extensive tests for its superior reflectivity, particularly in low lunar light conditions. And as for the route! Several people commented on the curious circumgyrations of the run and had guessed that it had an esoteric origin. But no one discovered that the route spelled out Wun Hung Lo in authentic Hanzi logogram characters. Ah, I can hear the collective gasp of recognition now, but it's too late, nobody got it on the evening, it was that sophisticated.

Once the cheering and congratulations at the bucket had subsided we retired to the London Inn in Horrabridge. The delightful landlady, having had two weeks' notice of our arrival, had laid on a slap-up hash menu which was cheerfully washed down with some of Dartmoor's finest beer. What a fine hostelry.

For the rest of the evening Wun Hung Lo and I walked on air, hearing a murmur of appreciation everywhere we went. It was nothing, we muttered humbly, only doing our job.

Anyhow it would be churlish and beneath my dignity to dwell on all the finer points. Perhaps the best illustration of the superiority of our run over the previous 1,756 is from the unadulterated comments from you the hashers who hashed:

'The best run ever, it must have taken you months to plan that.' – Scrotey

'The flour and the run were equally brilliant! Ha ha ha.' – Hot Rocks

'You can tell they'd laid it on their bikes' – Wobbly Knob (calumny! we trudged through mud and rain for 3 hours)

'My god you're so well hung' – A.N.Other hasher

Tsk, now I'm blushing. But, fear not young hashers: by studying how the not-so-old hands do it, you too could one day lay a hash to equal No.1757. Ciao for now.

Ram Raider