

Grand Master
Mark Pratten (Well Laid)
Joint Masters
Matt Hampe (Chopper)
Bob Westlake (Grandpa)
Scribe Master
Henry Thornton (Turd)
Hasherdabber
Tracy Windemer (Racey)
Hash Horn
Anna Luff (Hot Socks)



Chamber Pots
Peter Argles (Arguilles)
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)
On Sec
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)
Hash Cash
Hayley Sampson (H)
Hare Master
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)
Hash Flash
Steve Andrews (Russ Abbot)

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: 1821
Date: 22nd June 2015
Start: Gutter Tor Scout Hut (578666)
On Down: Burrator Inn
Hares: Hobknob & Knoblass poss Chris Argles (yet to be named)

Wobbly reporting; the Hare Master is now your scribe slave.

We were gathered at Norsworthy Bridge, trying to interest some of the joggers to join us, when at 7.30 sharp Hurricane and Pimp set us off. I walked on with Gannet, who is making a good recovery after her bike tumble (only a flesh wound says Scrotum), before she realised the walkers were going the other way and I saw even the wimpiest of tarts disappearing from view.

Off we went, up the side of the Newleycombe Brook, then our first challenge of how to cross the stream without getting wet feet before giving up on this as we made our way through bog, then tussock, forest tracks, hobbit trails under pine boughs, more tussock, extra deep stagnant and sniffy shiggy, finally coming out at Leather Tor Bridge for a quick rinse and a final chase on home down the track to the cars. An excellent hash with plenty of tricky checks and opportunities to short cut. There was not much hanging around at the bucket as Norsworthy has officially become part of the Highlands and the wee midges have made their home there.

Big Drawers is leaving us, off to London a firm of architects in Twickenham. To mark the occasion she fell in the bog, or as the Virgin Mary put it, she shat her pants. Either way her drawers were all brown.

At the Burrator Inn we welcomed back Mr and Mrs Marino after their wedding and a trip to Scotland for a bit of running, cycling and fishing. The wedding was enjoyed by all especially as the guests had doodle pads and puzzles for the boring bits. Best pressie, so Last Minute tells me, was 2 bags of flour from Raunchy and Embarrister.

Dogcatcher has been hearing things on the phone. A disembodied hash thank you, he tells

me. Watch out hares, you could be next! Footloose is aptly named, loosening both feet and tongue with a sneaky pint from the old man's pewter pot.

At the Burrator Inn we welcomed the return of our lord and master Well Laid, back after 3 weeks to push Chopper aside. He'd been rehearsing his Cap'n Jack Sparrow but the hair was a bit adrift. Other returnees included Chris Argles (he who must not be named), Bloody Mary (who wants a job with an NGO or something) and Hobo (who was Missing us). A virgin was sighted, Todd, who raced around and will definitely come back now he has a pirate's hat to wear. Hashy Birthdays were sung to the septogenerians Russ Abbot and Cheddar, and to Hot Socks.

Fi Haley, recently converted to the merits of TVH3 after 20 years of trying, was named. Known for her webbed feet and lover of caramel biscuits she will now be known as Quackers. Complaints were heard that this was too nice, but we can be when we try.

Dildo Baggins is looking for a new hare style; it needs grooming. If you can help with him to lay on 3/8/15 he will give you a knowing smile and a piece of chocolate.

Stopcock has taken to impersonating Tom Daley, not the trunks or body, just a graceful slow motion dive, his landing zone (AKA bum) cushioned by a gorse bush. Fergie has offered to remove the prickles. His efforts had not gone un-noticed and Jack Sparrow presented a tot of Doom which he gratefully downed to the worst rendition yet of

Here's to, (s)he's true blue,
(S)He's a Hasher, through and through,
(S)He's an asshole so they say,
And (s)he'll never get to heaven, cos (s)he's gone the other way,
Get it down, down, down . . .

So get practicing!

Just as Well Laid ground to a halt the throng were mildly amused, nay, disappointed, by the wrinkled moon and worm-like snake of Drake hasher, Deadly. The Spawn of the Devil were holding their incontinence party, all 10 of them, and the gathering gibbered before sending their love and an invite for Sturmeroid to join them. They're welcome but perhaps they're going Batty.

Meantime Glani was holding court by the bar, enjoying some nifty pints, and feeling pleased as punch as Biff had returned from the smoke, so he told me, to give him a lift home and a lift into bed, before washing out his shig stained kit in the morning. I hope Biff lived up to her heavyweight reputation.

On-On!

p.s. Fergie should now have completed her ultra-marathon along the South Downs Way. Well done

p.p.s. Penny Farting is not coming as he has written off his car; apparently it was impossible to see a grey lamp post in a grey car park when doing 5mph in reverse. Perhaps someone can offer him some glasses and a lift.

p.p.p.s **Come Climb With Me** – see **Hot Socks** – 11th July, 7pm, Milton Abbot Climbing Barn, £5, BBQ available to cook BYO food, bring BYO booze

p.p.p.p.s. A couple of antiques were spotted at the William Yard this week. You know who you are.

