

**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**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

**Life Pee'ers**

Angus Colville (Agnes)                      Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Hereditary Pee'ers**

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)                      Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

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**Next Hash No:**        **1854**  
**Date:**                    **8 Feb 16**  
**Start:**                    **Sourton Down, EX20 4HP**  
**On Down:**            **Castle Inn, Lydford**  
**Hares:**                   **On The Khazi**

Cotehele, or Kosheyl as the Cornish say, was the mediaeval venue for last Monday's hashing frolics and 'twas a braw, bricht, moonlicht, nicht, the noo.

Being the 25<sup>th</sup> of January it was of course St Paul's Day..... but you knew that didn't you? However, The Christians can't hold a candle to The Pagans because on the same date, according to Ye Olde Runic Calendars, the Swedes (that's the people not the cattle fodder) in reverence for their guardian Norse goddesses, the Disir, would celebrate with a Feast of Disting. Not to be confused with the goddess Fisir and the Feast of Fis.....well you get the idea. Become a Vet.

January 25<sup>th</sup> was also Rabbie Burns birthday, when Burns' Nighters (and Nighties?) also revel in the Feast of Disting. Become a Scot.

Nonetheless, TVH3's very own spiritual lady guardian, the Hasher Dis, better known to us as "H" - DisH perhaps? - looked after us well, didn't she? Her spirit god, Delilah, had to redirect illiterate (that means hashers who can't read chalk writing 'T...V...H...3...geddit?' splattered all over the tarmac) from what he called the dogging car park, to the start car park. We later learned that these dogs belonged to a competitive group with whom we crossed paths, called the Calstock Dirt Hogs.

So off we hashed through Cotehele's magnificent grounds and whereabouts. There were cries of, too much tarmac & not enough tarmac; too much mud & not enough mud; too much flour & not enough flour - Sturmeroid reckons there was enough to bake several loaves of bread; catch a few fish from the Tamar, and TVH3 could re-write the canonical gospels. Mathew, Mark, Luke, John & Sturmer. Will somebody please feed Scrote? Being the generous soul that he is, Scrote thought well to share his digestive effluvium with a following of hashettes, who proceeded to discuss the matter over calamari in the pub. Enjoy! These 'ladies' claim that they'd never consider the indelicate function of, how can I put this? - farting, especially on the Hash.

Dogcatcher noticed that the oh-so-coy Biff wears a headtorch that emits a blue light from the back and, bobbing up and down, wonders why she is trying to mimic a police car. More likely 'tis a warning that

You Are Entering A Blue Light Area - one that might be a touch wiffy for sensitive hashers (now there's an oxymoron). Let's run around the sewage works - hey hey, one for you, Sludge. Lead Glanni astray again - torch mal-function - yeh, right.

But get this. Just suppose that you earned the hash monicker Deep Throat; that your compatriot Laura reports to the Scribe that you threw up on the trail and that this might be because you had previously 'performed 200 squats' - I haven't heard it called that before. TWO HUNDRED! Beat that.

Not only did our GM mention illiteracy in the hash (coming from him?) but he also pointed out that circles need to be kicked out. That is, of course, only if you have run past them. If you have been short cutting, or as was suggested, Delilah had laid an extra stealth arrow too early, you may well be leading the longs. You get to the bucket before the slobber mugs. What's not to like?

The thing is, we all got back at about the same time - it worked! So if a Hedon is a unit of Joy, and a Dolor is a unit of Pain, then on a scale of 10, how would score the H & Delilah's Cotehele hash - 7 Hedons & 3 Dolors, perhaps? Or more 8 to 2? Answers, in blood, on a parchment please.

Dildo was caught drinking Hurricane's beer and was awarded Plank of the Week. Indignantly, he protested that it didn't even touch his lips; that's the whole point Dildo, when you drink it that fast, it doesn't.

Celebrity gossip - see Hello! for the flash pics - Rick Stein is caught meeting Posh Pinny in Tavistock.

Carribean Capers - Posh Frox 27 Feb. Get your £20 tickets from Cheddar or Pony - they are selling fast and so are the tickets.

Radio 4 broadcasts "Thought for the Day". TVH3 publishes "Thoughts for the Week", to wit:-

**Coffee** (n.), a person who is coughed upon.

**Abdicate** (v.), to give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.

**Esplanade** (v.), to attempt an explanation while drunk.

**Willy-nilly** (adj.), impotent

**Negligent** (adj.), to absentmindedly answer the door in one's nightie.

**Lymph** (v.), to walk with a lisp.

**Gargoyle** (n.), an olive flavoured mouthwash.

**Flatulence** (n.), an emergency vehicle that scrapes you up after being run over by a steamroller.

**Testicle** (n.), a humorous question in an exam.

**Frisbeetarianism** (n.), the belief, that when you die, your soul goes on the roof and gets stuck there.

**Atheism** (n), a non-prophet organisation



Barney Rubble    Rarney Bubble    Barbie Rubber    Rabble Babble    Barney Lubble    Runny Bladder    ohwtf