

Grand Master
Simon Snowden (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
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Ann Marcer (K2)

On Sec
Paul Ames (Aimless)

Hash Cash
Paul Waters (Stopcock)

Hare Master
Kate Glanville (Biff)

Hash Flash
Eleanor Stamp (Come Forward)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1706

Date: 8th April 2013

Start: Cadover Bridge

On Down: White Thorn, Shaugh Prior

Hare: Krakow

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Well if there is one way to ensure that you become the most avoided hasher in the pub, (now Syphilis is no longer with us) it is to be bestowed with the dubious honour of Scribe Master. All those people who you thought were your chums suddenly turn their backs and start talking loudly to someone else the minute you approach, so much so that you become very worried that the 10 year old Body Shop anti sweat mix you have liberally splatted on your armpits must have lost its potency. The innocent question 'would you be able to write a hash mag sometime?' has so far elicited some evasive responses which are creative, fanciful and duplicitous in the extreme. How about 'I've got English as a second language', or 'we are all doing A levels and our fingers are hurting' and most pathetically, 'I never learned to do joined up writing.' Wimps and tarts! You are hereby threatened with dire retribution if more run reporters are not forthcoming over the next few months. This may be in the form of:

- Scrote doing the mag (that means two pages photocopied from the Screwfix catalogue);
- Ram Raider with a blow by blow account of sheepshagging in Australia with some footnotes about how Wales won the Lions tour there without any help;
- Me with further thrilling updates from the Richard III Society website;
- PC jokes supplied by my old mate Glitter;
- Re-cycled mags from Biff's 30 year old archive (and we won't even bother to change the names);
- Dildo Baggins' guide to foot combs he has known;
- A hash testcard in the form of a photo of Spike modelling.

Helpful, lovely people like Penny Farting, Hurricane, Caught Short, Wobbly (anybody calling him Knob from now on will have me to answer to because he offered to set a run and scribe it too), and Von Trapp, who will have to take time off from eidelweissing and yodelling, have set a great example to you all.

With that off my very small chest I can turn to the most important matter of the run. Many hashers had their doubts beforehand about this unholy alliance; fresh faced On All Fours teaming up with old reprobate Queenie. You can just imagine the scene a couple of weeks ago at the AGM.....

Spike – It's tradition that the JMs lay a run together the week after the handover. Scrote can't help because he is filing his nails.

On All Fours – Tell me all about how to do it properly so everyone will be amazed at the devious intricacy of our trail.

Spike – The most important rules are that you dress up in women's clothes –think Lady Gaga rather than Dame Edna- and that you need to pay the female bar staff so they strip to the waist at the On Down. Streaky especially likes that. Oh, and Devonport is a brilliant location; I've done some memorable runs there.

On All Fours – I will be guided by your great experience in the way of hashing and the ways of the world.

So we were dumbfounded because the run was excellent. The right length, hares out and about with us, lovely moorland setting..... Well done boys. The only sour note was the pub, why is it that landlords think it is ok to cram us into a room the size of a shoe box when the larger space next door has one old bloke in there propping up the bar? Maybe our money isn't good enough, eh? Can't think that we were rowdy or uncouth, Slush spoke perfect Standard English during the hash hush and the naming of Matt resulted in the perfectly acceptable hashtag 'Chopper'. Chiz mone drone. (That was just for you Nippledeep.)

Other diversions were the welcoming of a guest hasher from Teign Valley, Dogger. We hoped it was after the shipping forecast, not the pastime. Spike was awarded his 300 run loo seat complete with a photograph of him beaming as he ran along in garments that would make a go go dancer green with envy. Happy Birthday was sung to Biff, Nippledeep and Wobbly, with Biff entering her sixth decade. Hurricane was seen slyly returning a parcel of silk underpants to Wobbly, with the words 'these were great for a double bagger, thanks!' Someone said Glani had done an extra long loop tonight, but I dismissed that as wildly improbable.

There are some things to be remembered for the coming weeks, please note. Well Laid needs to write down the words to the Down Down song and distribute so we can all sing it and not just chant Down! Down! Down! in amongst a lot of slurring and mumbling. Ladies, (did you hear that on Woman's Hour this week? The word 'lady' is now a demeaning and misogynistic term) can you please sort through your bras and donate the old shabby ones to the GM? He was very disappointed this week as he had no cause to whip out his fiery instrument. Poor love, he is finding out what every ex GM knows, that it is impossible to find time to eat your dinner in the pub before the drones start to pester you with autograph requests, lost property and complaints about there being foreign coins in the bucket AGAIN. And he's lost the horn. So to speak.

Committee meeting is on Friday 5th April at Krakov's.

If you could write a mag on the 29th April please see Biff tonight and she will make a note for me.

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