

**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: 1841**

**Date: 09.11.2015**

**Start: Luckett**

**On Down: The Royal, Horsebridge**

**Hare: Chopper**

**Scribe: Embarrister**

Welcome to this week's grubby little offering of innuendo and filth otherwise known as Turd's Hash Mag.

Firstly congratulations are in order to Hob Knob and (Chris Argles) who finished 6<sup>th</sup> in the OMM (Original Mountain Marathon) at Tweedsmuir 24/25<sup>th</sup> October. I had not heard of this particular form of masochistic stimulation so Googled it, all I can say is well done to them! Further congratulations are due to those that took part in the Tavi 7 namely Hurricane; Biff; Cabin Boy; San Marino; Last minute; Lanky Dick and Chopper twice, are there two Choppers ?

Normally this paragraph begins "Now to the Hash"; however for the second week running there was to be no Hash, thankfully no repeat of the previous week's total and utter shambles either. Lost had a cunning plan, Hash Orienteering. Our intrepid HashO'teers, (I was going to write organised themselves into groups), however organisation and this herd are words that don't readily sit side by side. None the less groups emerged armed with maps and certain locations to be reached, points to be collected and a time penalty for late returns, meanwhile Fang and three fanglets, I presume the hash names are Incisor, ~~Wisdom~~, Canine and Molar arrived late for the start and received the penalty of having no map. Your intrepid scribe was alas too knackered to take part in the evenings exertions and retired to the bar, but the overwhelming consensus was that it was a great innovation, planned with extraordinary skill and the whole operation executed with a precision and competence seldom seen in hashing circles, I feel that we should extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation to Lost, the architect of this extravaganza.

Whilst circles are still on my mind I should mention the winners, Scrotum and Glanni's team prevailed, although I am advised that Glanni used his photographic memory to aid this triumph. Tweadle Dee managed to amass more points than his daughter Quakers, which just goes to prove the adage, that old age and treachery will always overcome youth and skill. Embarrister and co

managed to get 13 points, whilst Russ Abbot and Cannon Fodder managed to find three of the locations, “can’t have been too difficult then!!”

Whilst ordering food at the bar I was advised to eat in the lower room as “the hash will be here soon and it might get rather noisy”, surely not!

Biff informed us that Glanni doesn’t like shopping for men’s clothes, judging by the natty little number he was wearing on the night I see what she means.

Gannet went to the loo and came upon Slush, giggling over some ‘what the Butler saw’ postcards on the wall outside the gents.....dirty old man.

Well Laid being away, presumably planning his impending retirement. Grandpa conducted the hash hush, he welcomed back; Hot Lips, Brian and E.Coli. The plank of the week was awarded to Tampax who should have received it the previous week for the debacle at St Dominick, frankly this weeks recipient should be the GM himself for failing to choose the correct recipient on that occasion.

As I was about to leave, to my horror I espied Embarrister and Hot Socks kneeling in front of Ginger Rogers and Borat, thankfully on closer inspection they were doing no more than petting Mayhem’s dog.



I would like to offer a helpful tip regarding personal hygiene. Queuing to mount a gate or style, the herd pushing forward from behind and before you know it your face is inches from a behind in tight shorts or running leggings and as it throws a limb over the obstacle, to your horror it appears, the dark stain in the crease, you hope its sweat! but fear the worst!

Well I am of course delighted to say that help is now at hand, Captain Tolley’s Creeping Crack Cure can be obtained from all good Chandleries and will help to prevent these nasty little embarrassments.



A train hits a bus load of nuns and they all perish. As they wait to enter the pearly gates past St. Peter. He asks the first nun, "Sister Karen, have you ever had any contact with a penis?" The nun giggles and slyly replies, "Well once I touched the head of one with the tip of my finger." St. Peter says, "OK, dip the tip of your finger in the holy water and pass through the gate." St. Peter asks the next nun the same question, "Sister Elizabeth have you ever had any contact with a penis?" The nun is a little reluctant but replies "Well once I fondled and stroked one." St. Peter says "OK, dip your whole hand in the holy water and pass through the gate." All of a sudden, there is a commotion in the line of nuns; one nun pushes her way to the front of the line. When she reaches the front of the line St. Peter says "Sister, Sister what seems to be the rush?!" The nun replies, "I want to gargle the holy water, before Sister Mary sticks her ass in it!"

Finally in what has been a packed hash Mag, “with reduced font size” to accommodate all of the quality content, a timely reminder that there are only 234 days till the nights start pulling in again.

On! On!