

**Grand Master**  
Kate Glanville (Biff)  
**Joint Masters**  
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)  
Colin Sturmer (Sturmeroid)  
**Scribe Master**  
Tony Bairstow (Tampax)  
**Hasherdabber**  
Laura Sadler (Embarrister)  
**Hash Horn**  
Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)



**Chamber Pots**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)  
**On Sec**  
Jess Hilton (Raunchy)  
**Hash Cash**  
Angela Sykes (Gannet)  
**Hare Master**  
Ann Marcer (K2)  
**Hash Flash**  
Jake Boswijk (Ginger Rogers)

**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 Run No:**            previous number plus 1, does anyone care except the committee ?  
**Date:**                    sod the date, its next moday, get it ?  
**Start:**                    a clue . . . . 1930 hrs as always, please remember  
**On Down:**            not to be confused with **on t`down** which is where the start **is** in Yorkshire  
**Hares:**                   withheld due to data protection act 1998 ; (and fear of future retribution)

Twas brillig and the slithy.... (no, done that one before),  
Stood, listeneing in the quiet of the moonlight, to that voice, from the world of men. . . . .  
We gathering in the first real new night of the year at Pew Tor to be given instructions by  
Glanni (is that plural of Glanus ?)  
The Shorts were off and the longs were lead in the other direction on a drunken loop by  
Glanii until the clever longs sussed they were being lead astray and headed after the  
shorts, The nice things about Pew Tor is it goes up (more of up later) and then after a  
while it come down, **so**, combining that with the knowledge that Glarni could lay a run on  
the cover of the atlas of Dartmoor and still have room at the edges you can quite  
accurately understand all the twists and turns of the hash from start to finish. If you go  
down you then go up (see) and if you go left then you go right.  
So we went up and down and left and right (repeat 20 times) and worked every inch of the  
damn Tor and then had the pleasure of the long fast descent back to the Bucket.  
For those of you in the body of the hash you will have heard the raucous tones of the vulva  
sellers shuddering forth, along with the dulcet tones of the current hash horn, a `ménage a  
trois` of A major, B sharp and F tortured. As always the shorts were shepherded between  
checks by Gloni (the grand Gloni ?) in an attempt to de-moralize the keanies (question . .  
can you de-moralize half a hash that has no morals)  
No one was seen to fall over or break a leg or splatter shaggy so quite a boring hash at  
that point.  
Dogcatcher was at his most slyness in an attempt to find hashers with `horn empathy` for  
next years committee, marks were awarded for pursing the lips, lung capacity and grip  
style/position, he also marked them on what they did with those stupid vuz`s

Your scribe decided to practice covert scribing and eavesdropped on everyone elses  
conversations for the remainder of the evening . . .

Nipple deep was said to be in need of scaffolding  
E coli (The vet !) is taking over as a midwife in Norfolk, should be a walk in the park young ones note well :- don't go to Norfolk when pregnant in the near future  
Sturmer is getting a grant as a carer, but I honestly would never have thought you could get a grant for caring for yourself, no matter what level of dementia one has, unless he's not calling it dementia  
Posh Pinny is studying student finances and acutely observing negative cash flows  
Von trap frightened himself the other day, ( Ed. frightens the hash most days )  
Gannet doesn't like uphill but has now returned from Canada (downhill from there to here) and managed to avoid the hospital this time, she may have hit something else but it wasn't the hospital, or a tree, or a rock or a  
Milko was hand roasted or something

German contingent in the corner turned out to be the wife and friends from Switzerland, Rita ran once with TVH3 about 20 years ago and vowed never to run again  
Gnashers wants to be platinum blond as its more refined  
Scupper sucker hates emails  
New runner Will has many wives, he was showing them all to anyone with keen enough eyesight to see his mobile phone  
Hot rocks is down in the valley  
Grandpa hates tarmac. so why does he put it in the wine, the label reads lushious citrus body with hints of rubber and a nose of tarmac  
P.S. November the 5<sup>th</sup> is coming up ? ???  
Slush has finally seen sense and is now moving in to his garage and bonding with his motorbikes to keep them happier, which just goes to prove the old saying, winning any race is about team work.  
The vulva sellers were played by Becky and other (name lost to posterity by a beer stain on my notes  
Psycho said a few words coherently joined at the ends so I couldn't make out anything but well done  
Stopcock won a cardboard box, the box came complete with one of those new fangled glass breast pumps, someone stupidly said it was a multi sex anatomical pleasure aide.

Spike was underneath Tom Tom saying something (or was it Tom Tom who said `spike was`, or was it . . . let down by my lack of glasses and handwriting so I haven't got a clue what he actually said, or what hieroglyphics I wrote.  
Laura was discussing fit bits and bio monitors on pulse rates obtained sharing numbers, apparently 178 is good but can go even higher during amourous sessions, I wonder if that is the thing of the future, 10 minutes making love followed by 35 minutes of swapping graphs, pulse rates, plateaus and fact checking, it could be a good chat up line ` I obtain a growth curve of  $2x^2 + 3xy + C$  where C is base rate of 54, with a sustained peak of 175 for an average of 5 minutes, within 1 standard deviation !

Glani was presented with a proyhplactic just the right size for his head, by our Grand Mattress, (How did she know )

The Landlady (Café manageress ?) when asked for a quote at the end of the night as the last ones drifted away she just .... .....laughed.

And he felt in his heart their strangeness.  
(with profound apologies to W D-L-M)