

**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'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

**Life Pee'er**  
Angus Colville  
**Hereditary Pee'ers**  
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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**Next Run No: 1850**  
**Date: 11.1.16**  
**Start: Long Ash**  
**On Down: TBA**  
**Hares: Ram Raider**

Happy New Year 2016!

Congratulations if you have located the TVH3 hash tonight: broadcast as an Aimless run, scribed by Lost at a venue to be announced!

Meanwhile on 28<sup>th</sup> Dec last year our debut hare E Coli set a cracking hash, kindly filling a breach in the hash calendar. She was ably assisted by Deniece; now a professional studying sport at uni, and Uncle who is not but is a hash treasure. E Coli warned the hash might be 'dangerous' ... Here are the stats.

- 1 cracked limb. Arguiles upgraded his attire with a posh peaked cap to keep the rain off his specs but found it impinged upon his peripheral vision and the low branch didn't stand a chance.
- 1 Chopper grounded. Chopper forgot that the advertised tree surfing occurs in the tree tops not the roots and surfing is generally on the belly.
- 1 aerial contortionist. Bilberry couldn't resist the rope swing over the deep dark valley, but on dismounting got one leg off before setting off over the abyss twice more; half on half off before a thud to earth.
- 1 Alice in wonderland moment. Raunchy, taking millions of teeny weeny steps downhill at speed towed by the dog, stepped into the magic circle of dust to fall in a hole.

No ambulances were required but Nurse Nashers did a good impression of one running round in circles in fairy lights. 29 other hashers completed intact thanks to E Coli popping up like a white rabbit, here there and everywhere

muttering 'I'm late', 'where did I put that trail?' 'In just the right places' the pack replied in accord 'It was great'. 1 virgin, Lizzie was treated to a fresh water wash and thorough towelling down post run by Raunchy and the hashettes. Steady Chopper... Lizzie is a dog, a real bitch, a canine.

Cannon Fodder came in first. Apparently not the favourite, being one of the smaller in the running, but against the odds old nag 'Cannon Fodder' won the 2.30 at Kempton Races on Boxing Day. Time to hang up the panto outfit Pat.

Away from the wet woods things were only marginally safer. 1 explosion as the Glanvilles stayed at home, in relative safety, i.e. entertaining the relatives, but spent the night drying the bed with a hair drier after an incident with a bang and a burst. Biff claims it was the hot water bottle. 1 alter ego as Krakov was given shampoo, conditioner and a comb by the Secret Santa.

So we bow our heads to ask for guidance in the hashing year ahead.

LORD, THOU KNOWEST BETTER THAN I KNOW MYSELF THAT I AM BECOMING AN OLDER HASHER EVERY YEAR AND SOON WILL BE AS OLD AS GRANDPA. KEEP ME FROM THE FATAL HABIT OF ADVISING ON EVERY HASH. RELEASE ME FROM CRAVING THE DEEPEST RIVER CROSSINGS ON THE ICIEST NIGHTS WHEN SNAPPING PHOTOS FROM THE BANKS. WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF THE DEEPEST SHIGGY AND THE WISDOM OF SO MANY HASHES IT SEEMS A PITY NOT TO USE IT ALL, MAKE ME THOUGHTFUL AND HELPFUL BUT NOT BOSSY. THOU KNOWEST LORD THAT I WANT A FEW FRIENDS AT THE END.

KEEP MY MIND FREE FROM THE RECITAL OF TALES BEGINNING 'WHEN I..' AND RELENTLESS DETAILS OF HASH HISTORY; GIVE ME WINGS TO GET TO THE POINT. SEAL MY LIPS ON MY ACHES AND PAINS. THEY ARE INCREASING AND LOVE OF REHEARSING THEM IS BECOMING SWEETER AS THE RUNS GO BY. I DARE NOT ASK FOR GRACE ENOUGH TO ENJOY THE TALES OF OTHER'S PAINS AND PILATES CLASSES BUT HELP ME TO ENDURE THEM WITH PATIENCE. I DARE NOT ASK FOR IMPROVED MEMORY OF HASH NAMES AT CHECK IN, BUT FOR A GROWING HUMILITY WHEN MY MEMORY SEEMS TO CLASH WITH THE MEMORY OF OTHERS. TEACH ME THE GLORIOUS LESSON THAT OCCASIONALLY I MAY BE MISTAKEN.

KEEP ME REASONABLY SWEET; I DO NOT WANT TO BE A HASH SAINT, SOME OF THEM ARE SO HARD TO LIVE WITH BUT A SOUR OLD HASHER IS ONE OF THE CROWNING WORKS OF THE DEVIL, KNOWN AS STANNARY. GIVE ME THE ABILITY TO SEE GOOD THINGS IN UNEXPECTED PLACES SUCH AS SOUTHWAY, AND TALENTS IN UNEXPECTED PEOPLE. AND GIVE ME O LORD THE GRACE TO TELL THEM SO.  
AMEN