

Grand Master
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

Joint Masters
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

Scribe Master
Mick Peach (Bumsen Burner)

Hasherdabber
Jack Southward (Penny Farting)

Hash Horn
Lee Renshaw (Hornblower)



Chamber Pots
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

On Sec
Jane Colwill (Plain Jane)

Hash Cash
John McGurk (Nipple Deep)

Hare Master
Ruth Arkle (Mayhem)

Hash Flash
Ann Marcer (K2)

Cross Dresser
Stirling Way (Spike)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville

Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Email: tvh3@blueyonder.co.uk

Web: www.tvh3.co.uk

Next Run No: 1702

Date: 11/3/13

Start: Lowery Cross

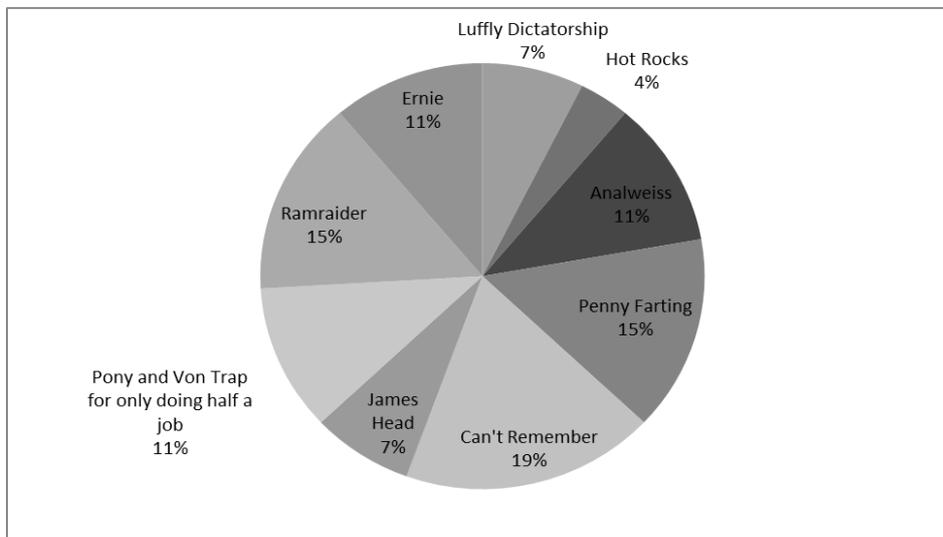
On Down: Burrator Inn, Dousland (Committee Handover)

Hares: Pony & Von Trapp

Tom Tom didn't quite make it to the pub. In fact he got lost trying to find the run a mile from his house. A number of other hashers, Ernie, Stopcock and Nine Inch, had a similar problem and were found wandering around Horrabridge having turned up at the front of the London Inn not able to find the rest of the hash congregating around the back.

Lost set us off and one Lost Hasher was spotted running in jeans – you know who you are. A new trend in running gear? Auditioning for hasherdabber? After a loop the loop tour around the Copperfields, Lost was found around every corner with Glanji and Grandpa tagging along behind him. Then we went up up up cardiac hill losing Mary the Placenta and Josh the unnamed as we headed straight back down again. There was Mayhem as Dildo was seen coming up from behind, thrusting his way through the throng. Osama Bin Liner and Scupper Sucker were pleased to see him. Coming home Virgin Matt was rather too keen and as we all headed for the cars he was ready for another lap running straight past the pub up the hill. Suppose the hash just seems like a stroll in the park after competing in the Marathon des Sables. Luffly also introduced the virgin Shelley who managed to avoid the complementary sash and snog.

The pub was fairly quiet with our GM reporting many cases of the dreaded manflu. I have sympathy with the victims particularly after my extensive research on the subject (see below). However I believe almost all cases are our hashers keeping a low profile before the selection of the new committee in a couple of weeks. A poll around the pub revealed some interesting results about who should be the next GM:



Don't forget Champernowne Challenge on Saturday 9th March. See Gnashers, FREE FOOD!

Handover 11th March (be very scared)

It's a terrible night at the Oscars, there is blood all over the bathroom and no one is home.

Why does Aldi lasagne have so much cheese in?

To mascarpone



“Man Flu is a crippling and debilitating disorder indiscriminately striking down male members of the human species without warning. The illness is often referred to pejoratively by female members of the species who are in fact immune from the illness as man flu is now known to exclusively attack the XY chromosome carrier. If Man Flu is kind enough not to kill the infected party it will definitely leave him weak, sick, hurting everywhere and in dire need of TLC.

Medical professionals now also widely recognise that self diagnosis by the sufferer is the best means of identification as the symptoms of Man Flu are far more severe than the simple common cold which predominantly targets the XX chromosome holders (i.e. females). This goes some way to explain the cynicism some women display towards their male counterparts.”