

**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)

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**Next Run No: 1815**

**Date: 11 May 2015**

**Start: Trowlesworthy car park, Cadover**

**On Down: White Thorn, Shaugh Prior**

**Hares: Psycho & Tweedledum**

**Scribe: DoDo**

### **Fast, furious and quick setting**

'Luffley' was the verdict on Luffley and Turd's jaunt on the Devon side of the Tamar valley - even that bloody big hill opined Scrotey. Uncle was more eloquent describing it as a nice enjoyable but fast run along by the river. Others questioned (probably not the 5 who ran through it) why it was run through a stretch of wet concrete but Slush, our all conquering hero (thanks Giani), came over all cave-man, grunted, picked up a stone, hunkered down and smoothed over any offending footprints - although Arthur Arguilles was apparently one of those who spent the rest of the evening chipping his running shoes off.

### **Warm, black and furry**

Back at the Old Plough there were some under-handed under-the-table goings on going on with a number of hashers (Nipple Deep and Delilah) at different times passing hands under the table ostensibly stroking the dog. Can't Remember and Posh Pinny just smiled enigmatically and, emerging later, Logan the Labrador denied all knowledge and the pub's cat swore it been in the kitchen all night. Talking of our recent Grand Mattress Grand Dame, Can't Remember reckoned the reason for her not ageing is because she's been airbrushed. Miss-hearing it for hair brushed, Delilah whispered 'That's what I thought earlier'.

### **Infectious Injury**

Nippledeep was complaining of stiffness but no swelling as a result of too much upping and downing in the Lake District, Posh Pinny was feeling lethargic and Can't Remember was just flippin' knackered (think that's what she said). Meanwhile putrid throat seems to have afflicted Hurricane, Underlay, Racey and Windy and, whatever they've all been up to cause that, has also resulted in Windy suffering collateral groin and knee damage and Racey losing an eye.

### **Extreme Wee Moonies**

On The Khazi was found in a highly traumatised state in the pub and vehemently muttering 'Man needs locking up!' as a result of the misfortune of being stuck behind Dildo on the run who looked to have forgotten his lycra knacker knickers and was running commando. Not only that he'd gone

into the church in a baseball cap attempting to be incognito (IncogDildo?) and mooned at his daughter who was in a concert there, and then repeated the performance in the car park. Slap wasn't much better behaved and, congratulating himself on completing the run, also went into the church and rang out a no'2 on the church bells. He needs locking up too, commented On The Khazi. OTK we feel your pain. And then I hear about certain hashettes (Biff and Pony) taking part in extreme wild wee-ing on the fuse box on the platform at Bere Alston station, and Streaky playing roadside chicken with some laminate. Think we're gonna need a bigger lockup. And if that wasn't enough, Buffy and Hot Rocks are revelling in the recent acquisition of a Clap Mattress and Camper Khazi for their orange van (an orange van?? Orange??!!) What isn't clear is whether the mattress is pre-infected or it breaks into spontaneous applause after each successful round of hide the parsnip. As for the Khazi...oh no, think that's just tipped OTK right over the edge.

### **Parish News**

Whilst enjoying one of the Plough's delicious butternut squash, beetroot and goat's cheese burgers I caught sight of someone rummaging about under the table that was the seat of all the shenanigans earlier. The next minute a Well Laid Verity – looking somewhat dishevelled and a lot shorter than I imaged – appeared, slapped on Ross Poldark's tricorn and leapt up on a chair to do the hash hush.

Amongst the usual heckling, well deserved praise was again heaped on Embarrista and Chopper, heroes of the hour, for the Central Park run last Monday. Happy Birthday was sung to Krakow and Pimp The Pensioner - who's revelling in now paying lower NI contributions (saddo!) - and Jess, who is a girl guide in her spare time, was called forward to navigate the Well Laid naming plank. After 'Chocolate Brownie', the 'Funky Gibbon' (which I quite like but then I can remember the Goodies - "*Scarlet Gibbons, scarlet gibbons, scarlet gibbons for her hair*" - they were the days), and 'Oooh, oooh, oooh' were shouted the result was inconclusive, so she remains unnamed – unless you know different of course (but probably best to keep that loose cannon Dildo out of it until he's out of therapy).

Disbelieving the number of virgins present, Verity Well Laid then announced the popular decision to donate the bucket (as in the cash not the bucket itself – although they could probably do with that too) to the Nepal Disaster Appeal via K2 who we're hugely pleased to hear is safe and well in a tent since she was rendered homeless by the earthquake.

### **Well Laid Manifesto**

Having been greeted at the door by a Windy Riff Raff - who enthusiastically attempted to divest us of multiple layers of clothing on the basis (he said) that the WindyRacey Eco-Castle is too energy efficient – your committee got into a huddle on Friday around some extreme food (Racey handling chicken) and alcohol, and endeavoured to knock up a plan for the year ahead. Working on the 80/20 rule the general plan was to get Hot Socks and Chopper to do all the thinking on the basis they've got younger brains. Anyway the manifesto. What is it? Well that's a very good question, and let me tell you, it will balance the books and ... hang on a minute, what's this note say: 'There are no committee baseball caps or T-shirts left as I've forgotten what I did with them – Slush'. Bet you can count on the fingers of one hand how many GM's have made that mistake. Four in Sir Slush's case.

Hash Flash C(r)ash and Chief Embezzler signing off as off to do some baking for Delilah's cakey tea.  
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