

Grand Master
Ruth Luff (Luffly)

Joint Masters
Dave Sykes (Scrotey)

Jon Watson (Dogcatcher)

Scribe Master
Mick Peach (Dildo Baggins)

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)

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Next Run No: 1685

Date: 12th November 2012

Start: Lowery Cross

On Down: Drake Manor, Buckland Monachorum

Hares: Stopcock and Ernie

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Hallowe'en Hash

Literate Limerick

**There was an old pedant called Slush;
To critique others' prose he would rush.
But it soon was his turn
To feel big concern
That his mag would be spell checked by Lush!**

On arriving at Norsworthy Bridge I felt very short changed. Having looked forward for weeks to the prospect of pulling to pieces reading the Slushmeister's virgin hashmag, there was now no sign of him as the crowd assembled for its Glani run fix. (The latter of course is the opportunity to follow a highly intricate maze of trails round and round an area of no more than 20 square metres finally disappearing up one's own pumpkin. Not to mention the 193 checks.) So I consoled myself with marvelling over the life size Glani skull complete with authentic black locks which was attached to the Glanville mobile and emitting ghoulish cackles. Slack Alice was sitting among flickering Hallowe'en lights, checking in with a spooky bucket and lamp but keen to get back to reading her new Dr Who book. Every time a hasher approached she force fed them Haribo Sour Mix in the shape of little broomsticks. 'What do you mean you don't want one? It's Hallowe'en!'

No run for me tonight; being pulled round the OMM by a frisky Pony had left my legs in a state of anguish not experienced since the last time she convinced me it was a good idea to follow her up some very big hills. No sign of her, either. Probably doing an hour of Boot

Camp before relaxing with a gym session and bike ride home, I mused, bitterly.

So I relied on my informants to report on the hash rather than present first hand evidence. And a very good one it was too, considered Arguilles, who judged it 'a fine run, I enjoyed it very much indeed. It must be the most checked run on record!' Turbo Tom, back from the geriatric pleasure grounds of Exmouth where they have miraculously found some youngsters under 70 for him to educate, arrived at the bucket most out of breath, and gasped 'the best and worst run I have done for 8 weeks!' Don't let anyone try and tell you that teachers are a fit and healthy bunch. Spike had brought his Mum; I suppose Dartmoor is a more salubrious venue than Devonport with its topless attractions. He had seemingly told the poor lady that sensible attire for running was big boots, thick trousers and a duvet jacket. Cheddar looked happy as she trotted in, but that could have been because she was basking in her recent elevation to Chamber Pot status, displacing poor old Do Do, who has been blamed by the GM for presiding over the re naming of Dildo Baggins. Apparently the Boy Scouts think that nicknames should be banned, because they encourage bullying. What a lot of PC rubbish, I hear you cry. Dildo is happy and relieved now..... His new name has prevented him being elected president of the Boring Name Because Glani and Sturmer Weren't There on the Night Club.

Back at the pub- oh joy! There was Slush, handing out his hashmags. My spies tell me that he missed the run as he was doing his yearly admin. Hmm. Methinks it may be tax return time. For light relief whist wrestling with his invoices, (that could be a bit pervy) he had produced a four page TVH3 booklet, complete with topical jokes! Eyes glinting, he pressed one into my hand. 'Your very own copy, Gannet', he teased, 'there is a spelling mistake in there, find it if you can!' No problem, matey. This is Mrs Literacy you are talking to here.

An hour later I was still frantically searching.....my status in the hash about to be trashed. He didn't set a time limit so I enlisted the services of Luscious, who is a stickler for correctness. Remember the withering contempt for the bar beck? Whilst skimming and scanning she told me that she and I will be unable to sweep all before us in the hash quiz because she is going on a romantic night out with Whinge. I will probably get Scrote on my team now, which is the worst that can happen to anyone on a quiz night.

To distract me from this awful prospect, I sought out wit and conversation at the bar. It was good to see Doghouse and Hotlips – they were back from Somerset on a half term jaunt. Doghouse looks like a streak of pump water, goodness knows what Hotlips has been doing to him. Frothy Top was having a busman's holiday, checking out the opposition. Slush is getting a new shagginwagon. Yes, it was the usual gossip and trivia.

I tuned into the hash hush, where Luffly, in very fetching witch outfit, was wrapping Guy the virgin in a pink sash and exhorting everyone to attend the quiz, where there will be fish and chip suppers and fantastic prizes. Start is 7pm sharp at Yelverton Parish Hall, Saturday 1st Dec. Only £2. The quizmasters, ever professional, had met at Well Laid and Underlay's house the other day to meticulously plan the entertainment. Can't Remember and Hurricane took Ruby the Cockerdoodle along to meet the furry friends of the hosts....I have it on good authority that the little darlings s—t all over the house in their excitement, and the dogs were pretty naughty too.

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NB Always be careful not to muddle practise and practice!

