

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
Steve Derbyshire (Dodo)
Diann Davis (Can't Remember)
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: 1898
Date: 12 December 2016
Start: Cox Tor Car Park
On Down: The Whitchurch Inn
Hare: Squits
Scribe: Tweedle Dum

THE DECAYING POETS SOCIETY.....

Never let it be said that Hashers are without culture or a certain nobility of spirit when declaiming in the mother-tongue of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Pam Ayres. Hence last week's hash began with considerable anguish for many.

Having assembled us by the side of the road in darkest Woolwell the hare, one Dogcatcher, proceeded to clamber on the the bonnet of his car. "Oh Good – he's going to throw himself off", we thought. Alas no. What followed was a crime against art, including piss-art (our specialist subject), as he began to declaim verse that may once have belonged to Kipling, and left us all thinking that it would have best been left there tucked safely under that crumbly pastry with the bits of sugar on the top..... Metaphor piled upon diphthong and rhyme crashed into pentameter in a way that left many writhing on the floor and others wishing he would just shut up and tell us which way the dust was!

Following the lead of last week's Scribe I can say that the hare was:

Poetically Inappropriate Loudly-proclaimed On a Car.

Things did not improve as he then sent us off in two opposite directions at once both of which apparently contained the trail. To add insult to injury the hash was set in dark sawdust – an interesting substance which under conditions of night-time, streetlight, and torchlight is completely indistinguishable from sand, dried mud, dried dogshit and dried leaves which pretty much made up everything under foot, and led to lots fun in deciding where the hell we should be going!

Still, despite all this, a good hash was eventually had by all, not least with excellent checking out and checking in by the lovely Footloose –so many thanks to her and her dad!

Hobo was of the view that at least half the hash would be terrified at being so close to the Child Support Agency offices – I asked him why and said: “Because of the other half” – cryptic indeed!

Yet again NO BEER! It’s alright being one of these bright young things you know, but us old lags get thirsty, particularly if we have had to put up with Dogcatcher’s poetry, so a little lubrication for the bucket would be greatly appreciated!!!! Ginger Rogers fell over (again) and Stopcock was sorry not to have any dogshit on his shoe in place of Dartmoor mud.

In an uncanny act of cannibalism von Trapp fed pony to Pony and she liked it. A worrying trend could start – think of SturmerSteaks, or even worse: Glanniburgers!

On the subject of Glannis, Her Maj the GM, in a stunning display of modesty chose to award herself a medal and provide us with cake to celebrate 30 years since her first date with Evil Allan Plug – many congratulations! She’s looking quite well on it, so it does make you wonder.....



BBC image of a normal person faced with the prospect of spending 30 years with Glani

Glani said she was still here because he was like a donkey – in other words he is stubborn has big ears and smells a bit.

As the youngsters headed for the door the old-uns came over all misty-eyed for times long past and former-headmistress K2 decided to get everyone lined up in descending order of time in the hash, or youth or vitality or something, so from longest in the hash to the least

Glani, K2, Milko, Biff, Hot Rocks, Scrotey, Gannett, Buffy....
Combined hashing years: 4,372

PARISH NOTICES:

- Keep 11 March free for a party
- 1,900th run t-shirts: £7.50 – see K2 – get them for Boxing Day!
- Bere Beer beer – Hot Rocks and Buffy’s brilliantly crafted ales redolent of the flavours of Devon, light, refreshing and likely to make you sing along! Bere Brewery ale available from the Olive Grove stall at Tavistock farmer’s market – get some before Nippldeep drinks it all.