

Grand Masters

Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)

Joint Masters

Judith Nash (Gnasher)

Simon Snowden (Slush)

Scribe Master

Paul Glanville (Glani)

Hasherdabber

Bruce Trower (Ernie)

**Chamber Pots**

Steve Darbyshire (Do Do)

Chris Lloyd (Ramraider)

On Sec

Erika Smith (Tosh Potty)

Hash Cash

Vron Maynard (Sore Arse)

Hare Master

Heather Smyly (Sludge)

Hash Flash

Stephen Langton (Frothy Top)

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: 1646****Date: 13th February 2012****Start: Royal Oak, Meavy****On Down: Guess****Hares: Pony and Von Trapp**Neil "Plankton" Marcer 7th June 1951 – 28th January 2012

You know how sometimes a song goes round and round in your head, sometimes without even having heard it in ages? Well for the past week one song in particular has lodged itself in my brain, and I suspect a number of other hashers may have had the same experience. Because last Saturday we lost a great friend and true character, Neil "Plankton" Marcer, after a long battle with cancer. Neil completed 150 runs with TVH3 before illness restricted his appearances, and took part in several mountain marathons with K2. The origin of his hash name is lost in the primordial shiggy of our collective minds – some say it relates to a fondness for pondlife whilst I've always thought it a hash variation on plectrum. Neil will always be fondly remembered for entertaining us at many a hash do with his band Nightschool – for many of us The Flintstones and Nightschool are fused in our memories. More recently Neil had taken to wearing funny hats, bells and peculiar shirts and waving wooden sticks around, but my abiding memory is of Neil at his 60th joining Dad Dancing for a brief number - and half an hour later he was still up on the stage enjoying every minute.

And so to last Monday's Hash. After a brief but fitting eulogy from Gannet, Windy dedicated the run to Neil and announced that all the proceeds of the bucket would go to Myeloma UK. And then we were sent off into the cold night to play hunt the flour. The keenies headed off in the direction of Wheal Josiah, hopes raised by the occasional faint glimmer of flour on the track. Before too long the trail had gone cold though and the keenies were forced to retrace their steps whereupon they found a nice big arrow pointing back towards the underpass beneath the main road. How did we all miss that we wondered.

On into Hatch Wood we went where Slush and the GM decided to abandon hash and head back to the bucket. (Is it just me or is the committee looking more and more like the crew of the Concordia?) The trail carried on through the mud looping past the spectacular viewpoint at Chimney Rock – at least I was told by Racey and Well Laid that the view was spectacular on Sunday morning when it was nice and sunny, but by 8pm on Monday evening it was all I could do to see the path in front of me. Still, with the aid of a bit of judicious short-cutting we were back at the bucket just before 830pm. Some complained about a lack of flour on the run, but I put that down to inexperience/naivety/lack of cunning - I found that if you ran just behind Windy there was plenty of dust to follow!

Many thanks to Windy, Racey, Well Laid and Underlay for a great hash in an area we haven't used in a long time.

On Down to The Copper Penny Inn (WTF?) aka The Chipshop.

Well done to Ed Ames for finishing first junior in a mountain biking/orienteering event at Dartington last Sunday. Krakow and Caught Short were also pleased with their ride at the same event, finishing ahead of Whinge and Aimless. Was that the reason why Whinge described Caught Short in the pub as "looking like a lifeboat"?

Apparently Bloodnock was also wondering around the woods on Sunday – was he trying to get a sneaky preview of the trail? At least Well Laid assumed he was thereabouts due to the presence of a car with a Plymouth Jazz Club sticker in the car park – a rarity indeed. (Mind you, you can normally hear Bloodnock from at least 2 miles away.)

Well Laid had intended to hare the run but was injured after setting the run on the Sunday. Apparently every time he goes into the woods with Windy he gets a big surprise and ends up with a sore arse. Plain Jane was also not running because of a sore arse, although I'm not sure if Windy can take the credit for this as well.

Nice to see Bad Girl again after her jaunt in Nepal. Mind you she seems to be spending a lot of time on the phone – I thought she was busy texting her beloved but it turns out she has a Kama Sutra app on her phone!

Now as many of you know Slush is always glad of an excuse to get his tool out in the pub and on Monday night he was pleased to be able to show a rapt audience of Dogcatcher, Uncle and Dodo just what he could do with it. I decided to beat a hasty retreat when he started asking for a volunteer to "give him a hand".

Hash Olympics do – 3rd March at Yelverton church hall with buffet and great band (Black Friday). Tickets only £15 each but < 10 left so get your skates on if you haven't got your name down yet.

Having reached the end of January I thought it was time to carry out a quick survey of how much success people were having with their New Year's resolutions and I gleaned the following :

	Resolution	Success Rate
Slush	To find the start of the run by 730	So who turned up at the pub tonight at 730?
Biff	To be more organised !!! (bit like the Pope saying he wants to go to Mass more often)	Difficult to say at this stage but judging from appearances the other resolution seems to be going extremely well.
Krakov	To remember what his New Year's resolution is.	No luck yet.
Dribble	To look more forlorn and hungry in the hope of getting more chips in the pub.	Not working very well yet – these hashers are a stingy lot.
Wobbly	To be polite to the landlord on a Monday night	Lasted until January 2 nd before failing spectacularly
Racey	To buy more clothes !!! (see Biff above)	Another difficult one to achieve but I understand that construction of the wardrobe extension (cunningly disguised as a new house*) is going well.

* For a long time Racey and Windy have been trying to fool us into believing that they are building a new house in their grounds. They even invented a mysterious cash buyer for the existing house who, amazingly, was happy for them to carry on living in the house whilst they continued building the new house wardrobe. But inside information from a local builder has confirmed what many of us have long suspected.

Hash Quiz, 28.1.2012

Huge thanks to "H", Delilah, Hurricane, Can't Remember, Well Laid and Underlay for a great quiz night at Yelverton. Underlay especially enjoyed the opportunity to control proceedings in her own inimitable way – I'm surprised no-one ended up in detention. It was good to see the hall packed, and not just with the usual suspects, but a more youthful contingent or two as well. The "Team That Will Win" lived up to their name fully...
...except they didn't win.

Special thanks also to Blossom and her Mum for cooking up a super meal (did Lost really think there would be anything left?)

During the interval we were tested to see whose thought processes were most akin to those of Barney. The joint winners were Scupper Sucker and Miss; so does that mean we'll start getting Indian Rules from Scupper Sucker as well from now on?

After much technical wizardry we reached the end of the quiz with the GM's team (Secret Seven) narrowly beating the Nipples and Boobies, the latter starting well but fading fast in the second half.

And finally, all together now :

"And its Hi Ho silver lining, and away we go.
I see your sun is shining"

On On Neil.