

**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**  
Sarah Jones (Pony)  
Peter Jones (Von Trapp)  
**On Sec**  
Brenda Cotterill (Cheddar)  
**Hash Cash**  
Hayley Sampson (H)  
**Hare Master**  
Charlie Lloyd (Wobbly Knob)  
**Hash Flash**  
Steve Davis (Hurricane)

**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: 1859**

**Scribe: Biff**

**Date: 14/03/2016**

**Start: White Hart Inn, Chilsworthy**

**On Down: White Hart Inn, Chilsworthy**

**Hares: Slush and Dodo**

Howdy Folk's.

Welcome to this weeks literary extravaganza, otherwise known as a Turd Mag or more accurately a complete and utter load of bollocks.

Firstly some announcements on behalf of our GM, Captain Well Laid.

- He would like to convey his thanks to all who helped at the "Posh Frocks", both committee and non committee members.
- For the benefit of those who were not at the "Posh Frocks", Pimp was presented with a glass tankard, in recognition of the fact that he has been on most committee's, updates the website and is the heart and sole of the hash.

Alas I have to report a case of rat napping, some vile miscreant kidnapped my one eyed rat "Stiffy" at the Posh Frocks do, I trust that the culprit is taking good care of him, he responds well to a gentle stroking and is probably in need of a good wash, as he was residing in my crotch on the evening in question.

Whilst on the subject of the Posh Frocks, I was intrigued as to what the landlord does to his beer before serving; I can only surmise that he removes it from the cask, pours it onto the blacksmith's anvil, hammers it flat, puts it back into the cask and flogs it to us at £3.50 a pint.

So to the hash, I confess I was somewhat surprised not to say confused on arrival to discover that Burrator Dam had been relocated several hundred yards nearer to Dousland, but I suppose with Glanni one should learn to love the unexpected.

Dirty Oar was making her way towards the dam, but on driving past the meet, saw our car lights, mistook them for doggers, and decided to join in, imagine her disappointment to discover that it was us after all, rather than the mouth watering delight she had been expecting.

Whilst signing in, Well Laid announced to all and sundry that he was a Queen and Nipple Deep confided that he hadn't his leg over in ages, Windy had gone running and locked Underlay in the car and I have no idea as to whether the afore mentioned are linked in any way.

The hash itself turned out to be a rather pleasant little affair, I even managed to complete the short

without getting my feet wet, a most agreeable state of affairs especially considering the weather we have had this winter. All in all quite triumph for the hares Glanni and Biff.

All the remaining vacancies for scribing between now and the AGM have now been filled, whilst this is of course good news for me, it is **very** bad news for those who have not written a hash Mag this year, for many years or even ever. My last hash Mag as scribe master will appear at the AGM; it might be the naming and shaming edition and could be complete with some of the lamest excuses that have been proffered over the course of the year, only time will tell.

Remember this is an Equal Opportunities Hash!!.

The Burrator was as usual welcoming and hospitable; eventually the GM raised himself onto his back legs and proceeded with the hash hush, amongst a rambling and chaotic presentation, Mark ?...? was named Pretty Polly, in my view he got off bloody lightly considering his get up at the Posh frocks; We were informed that Quakers was off globe trotting, for a couple of years, our best wishes to her; Happy birthdays were sung to Delilah and Slush, one or both of whom had reached the age of 50.

Whilst at the On Down I was accosted by Dog Catcher, always a mildly alarming occurrence at the best of times. The story he was trying to impress upon me was so incredulous as to warrant a phone call on Saturday night to check the details.

It appears that a year or two ago he did a hash with City Hash in London, having forgotten his trainers (no surprise there then) he decided to hash in bare feet, resulting in a trail of blood on the pavements of our capital city. My understanding is that for some reason best known to himself he has made a donation to the City Hash for the beer for some “Down Downs”, (hopefully he will do the same for us), thus in a manner of speaking so sponsoring the City Hash, (I hope you are still following this as I lost the thread a couple of sentences back).

Dog Catchers connection to the city hash being a hasher known as “Bent Roy”, who presumably has a connection to our GM and Nipple Deep as well!

The outcome being that he wanted this mentioned in the hash Mag, which I have duly done.

I have to confess that hashing in London must have some attractions, a complete absence of particularly steep hills, world renown landmarks, seat of government and I presume an almost complete absence of shiggy; however a well laid hash in and around Romilly street, Lisle street, Peter street, Bateman street, Newport Court and Brewer street, could lead to plenty of sharp climbs to second floor flats and plenty of shaggy.

Remember the AGM is just a month away now, in reality it should be only a week away, but definitely time for those who have not been on a committee lately to start sweating, I have to commend the current committee’s choice of my successor, a hasher who has never before written a hash Mag, Bold choice if I may say.



ON! ON!

