

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'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Chris Laurence-King (Bloodnock)

Life Pee'er
Angus Colville
Hereditary Pee'ers
Sara Laurence-King (Shortcut)

Simon Trehane (Trehanrehan)

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Next Run No: 1846
Date: Monday 14th December 2015
Start: Plymbridge (Wrigley's side)
On Down: The Lopes Arms, Roborough
Hares: Knoblass & Quackers

Well, its been a while since my last mag and there's been a load of titbits to write about....

Most scribeworthy articles have got lost forever on the cutting room floor, probably due to my amazing memory! Thankfully there are some that remain.

One day during the summer, whilst working up on the roof, I was somewhat surprised, to say the least, to hear the unforgettable clucking tones of Cheddar emanating from the radio. Could this be the start of a new career for her, I thought to myself, she having recently retired. Apparently not, the acting plans have had to be scrambled – there's a lucrative hash egg supply role that Tampax has proposed – smashing.

Meanwhile, at Scrotey Towers, Gannet clearly has far too much time on her hands in her retirement. As well as stalking Fiona Bruce during the summer my reporter over heard her talking to Biff in a "daydreamy" voice - "of course, men are ok in a vest as long as that's the only thing they are wearing!". I know what Scrote will be getting for Christmas.

Our intrepid trail setter tonight was none other than Tight Arse, an ex Teign Valley Hasher. This group uses a different "minimalist" laying method he informed me. Hopefully the next time he'll use more than one bag of flour!

Off we set from the car park with three "D" instructions from the Hare, something about Depth, Direction and Doh I've forgotten to lay all the flour!!

A fourth "D" immediately sprang to mind. :)

Meanwhile out on the run, Hot Rocks got very confused, thinking we were on the same lanes as last week, when we were running at Brentor. Don't worry though, Buffy was in the pub so he should be able to find his way home.

Plain Jane and Sister Sludge were too busy chatting their way around so they missed all the flour. Luckily they bumped into chief shortcutter Grandpa and followed him on his two laps of the war memorial before heading back to the bucket.

Just before I got back to check in, I remembered from last week, that we were in a supposed high crime area, hoping for the van to be still there and the keys on the wheel where I left them earlier.

I needn't to have worried – Hash top security had come to my rescue – all the other keys and hash cash were in the wide open back of the unmanned sign in vehicle – phew.

Ernie had to make an emergency call to the public toilets in the car park on his return. He was afraid to stop for a quick pee whilst on the run because it was too dark. On entering the conveniences he came across Hurricane and Pimp, both bare chested, and Scrotey (in a vest?) about to drop the kids at the pool before going to the pub!?!?

One of the first comments I overheard in the pub came from Biff. She had experienced incredible suction the day before, no wonder Giani was looking slightly jaded.

I then stumbled across Racey selling her wares – Hash tee shirts, with your name on them too, all for an incredibly cheap £12.50, bargain.

For a rough guide on sizing, Dogcatcher is a large and Racey herself, extra small, from the front, not the rear!

Dodo is a medium.

Underlay woke with a start after having a bad dream, that she was the only person working in the village.

Next weeks hares are to be joined by a guest layer visiting from foreign climes, K2. I was reliably informed by Sturmeroid the reason for her hash name – Kacky Knickers, after an unfortunate downhill slide on some mud. After experiencing the same effect earlier on in the evening, he now wishes to be known as K3.

A few tasty titbits;

- Dodo, perhaps in a trance, absent-mindedly completed the whole run in his pub shoes.
- Turd thought that Well Laid was very pleased to see him after mistaking the Pirate cutlass for something else.
- Well Laid has recently retired – no car, no housework, no cordon bleu cuisine and no Virgin Hat until next week for Come Again.
- Now that she has escaped to the country, Pony prefers a lie in on Sunday mornings rather than going for a trot.
- Not having seen Ramraider and Wobbly Knob for a while I asked Argles if he had heard of their whereabouts. He mumbled something about the Welsh Rugby team... and Lloyds Pharmacy??

- At the time of submitting this mag to the printers Hash pregger, Bad Girl, has not yet had her baby.

Celebrating her 70th, Happy Birthday was sung to Gnashers. I prefer 69 she said initially and was then heard to say "wears the candle", "yes it does", came the unanimous reply :)

And finally, Scupper Sucker has no titbits.

On On

So that the money saved from everybody not having to buy each other a Christmas card this year, H has been passing around a joint! card for people to sign in aid of Winstons Wish, a charity for bereaved children, please give generously

Finally finally, more than 50% of the hashers named in this mag have never written one!!!!